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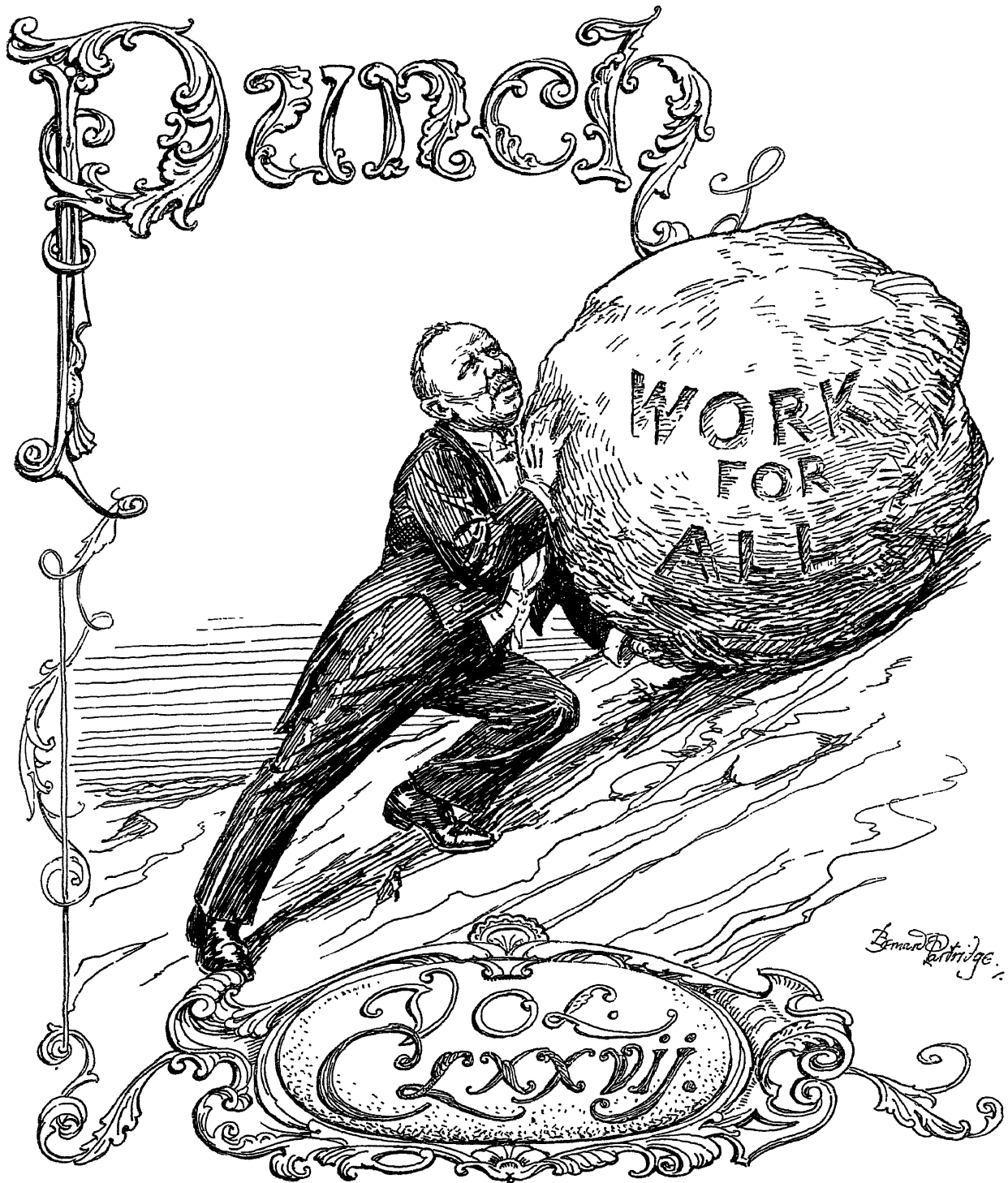
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PUNCH

Vol. CLXXVII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1929.



Bernard Partridge.

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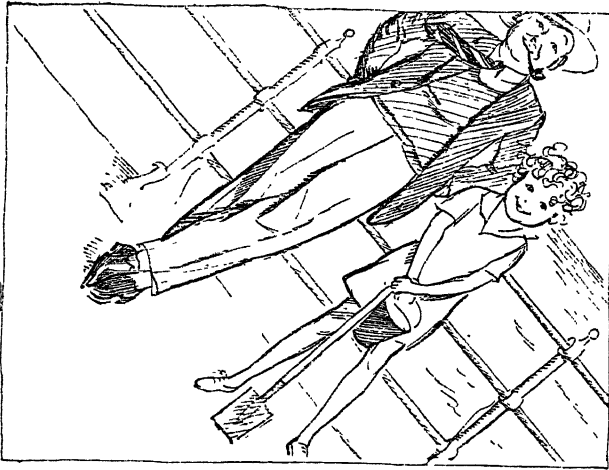
WHAT IS HUMOUR?



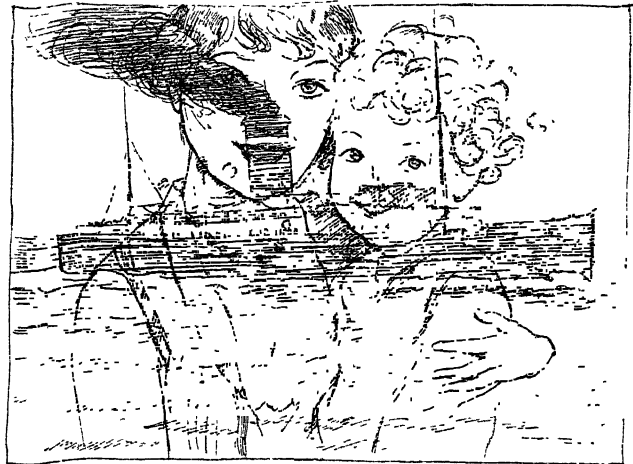
MY IDEA OF A REALLY HUMOROUS IDEA IS THE IDEA OF A HUMORIST TRYING TO GET A REALLY HUMOROUS
IDEA OUT OF THE FACT THAT HE CAN'T GET A REALLY HUMOROUS IDEA

HOLIDAY SNAPS.

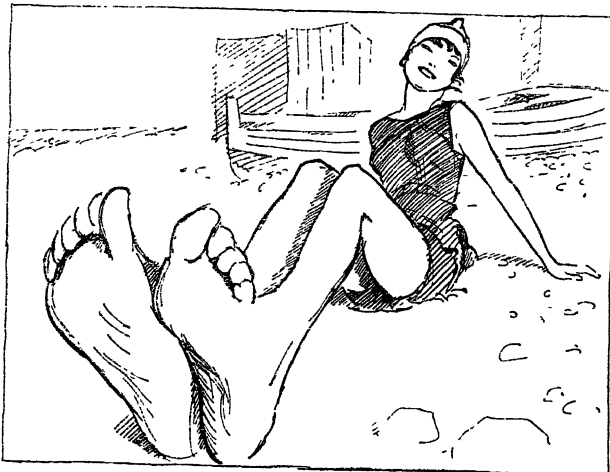
THE JONESES NATURALLY PUT ALL THEIR BEST HOLIDAY SNAPS IN THEIR ALBUM.



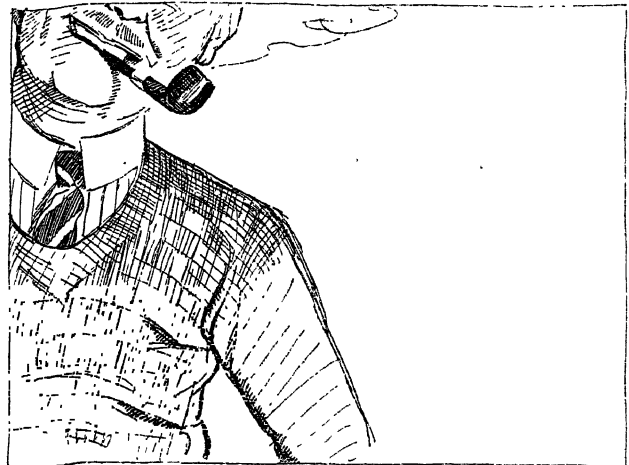
BUT—



YOU—



SHOULD SEE—



THE ONES—



THEY DIDN'T—



PUT IN.

EURYTHMICS AND A SENSITIVE SOUL.



TAKING A COURSE OF EURYTHMICS DURING HER SUMMER HOLIDAY—



SHE FINDS HERSELF INVOLUNTARILY EXPRESSING HER REACTIONS TO SUNSHINE—



AND CLOUD—



COLD—

EURYTHMICS AND A SENSITIVE SOUL.



—AND HEAT—



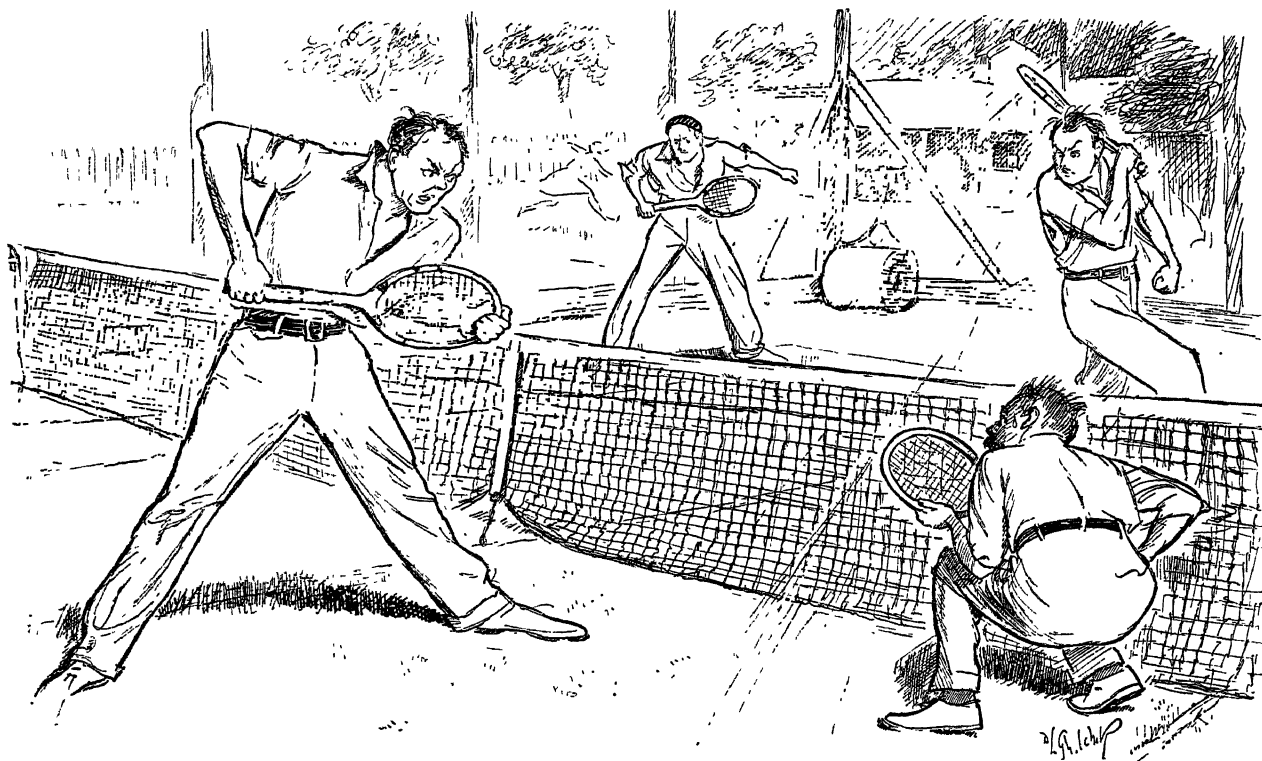
EVEN TO SOCIAL TROUBLES—



OR JOYS—



TILL HER HOLIDAY ENDS.



Tiger (to partner). "HIT THE BALL, MAN! DON'T COWER BEHIND THE NET LIKE A PARALYSED RABBIT!"
Partner. "W-WHAT'S THE NET FOR, THEN?"



Minx (who has just scrambled in as train starts). "PHEW! NEAR THING! APOLOGIES, EVERYONE! COULDN'T RESIST ONE FINAL BATHE BEFORE LEAVING."



THE ARM OF THE LAW.



THE DUD WHO MISSED EVERYTHING.



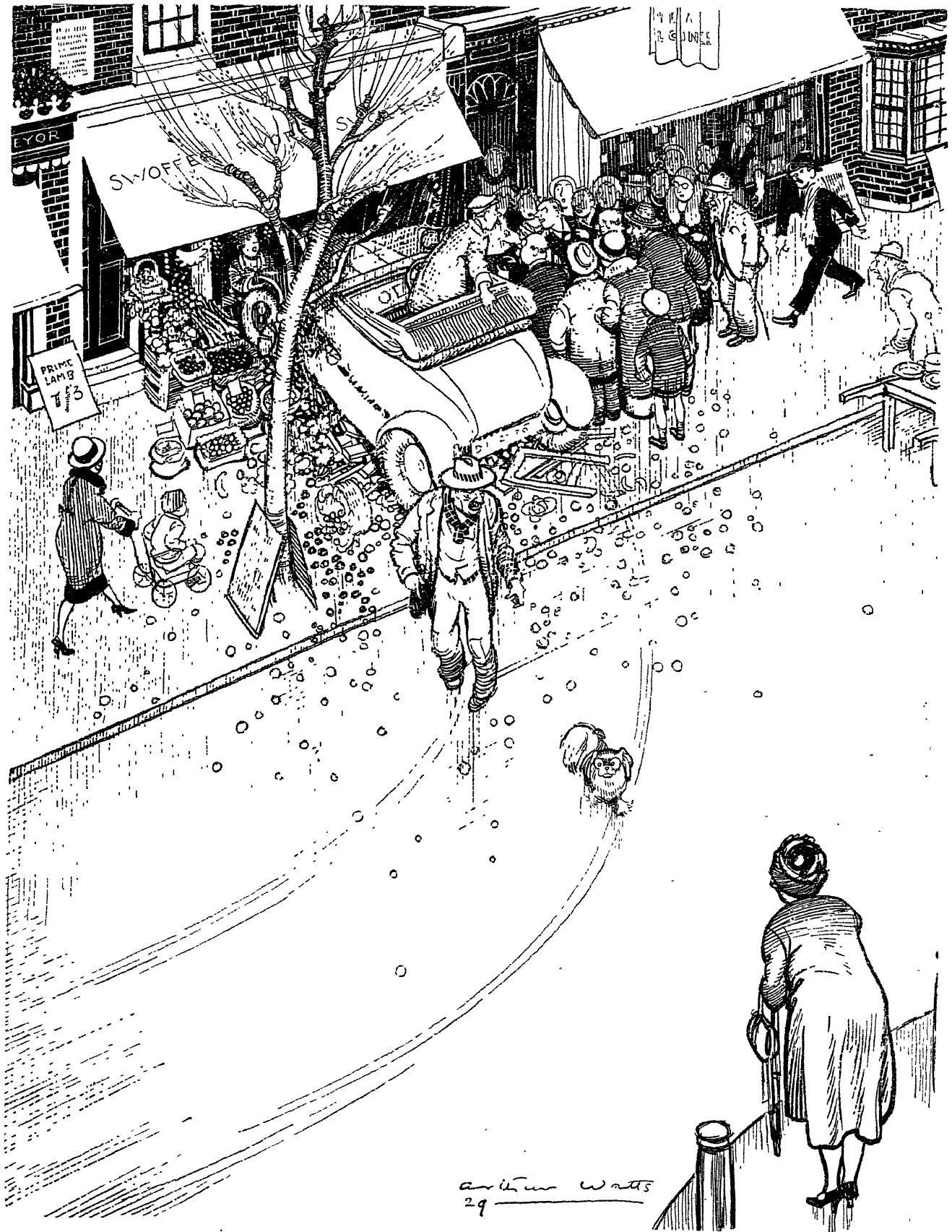
THE DUD WHO MISSED EVERYTHING.



Leader (playing "House," to unpopular playmate). "YOU WILL BE THE MAID, AND IT'S YOUR AFTERNOON OFF."



Mother. "I DON'T BELIEVE YOU SAID YOUR PRAYERS TO-NIGHT."
Guilty One. "W-W-WHY, HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED ALREADY?"



Mistress (to the cause of all the trouble). "DID THE NASTY CAR TRY TO RUN OVER MOTHER'S PRECIOUS, THEN?"



Seaside Photographer. "AVE YER PHOTO TAKEN, LADY? I MAKES A SPECIALITY OF ENGAGED COUPLES."
Young Lady. "OH, WELL, I'M ENGAGED; BUT I'M SHORE I DON'T KNOW IF THIS YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS OR NOT."



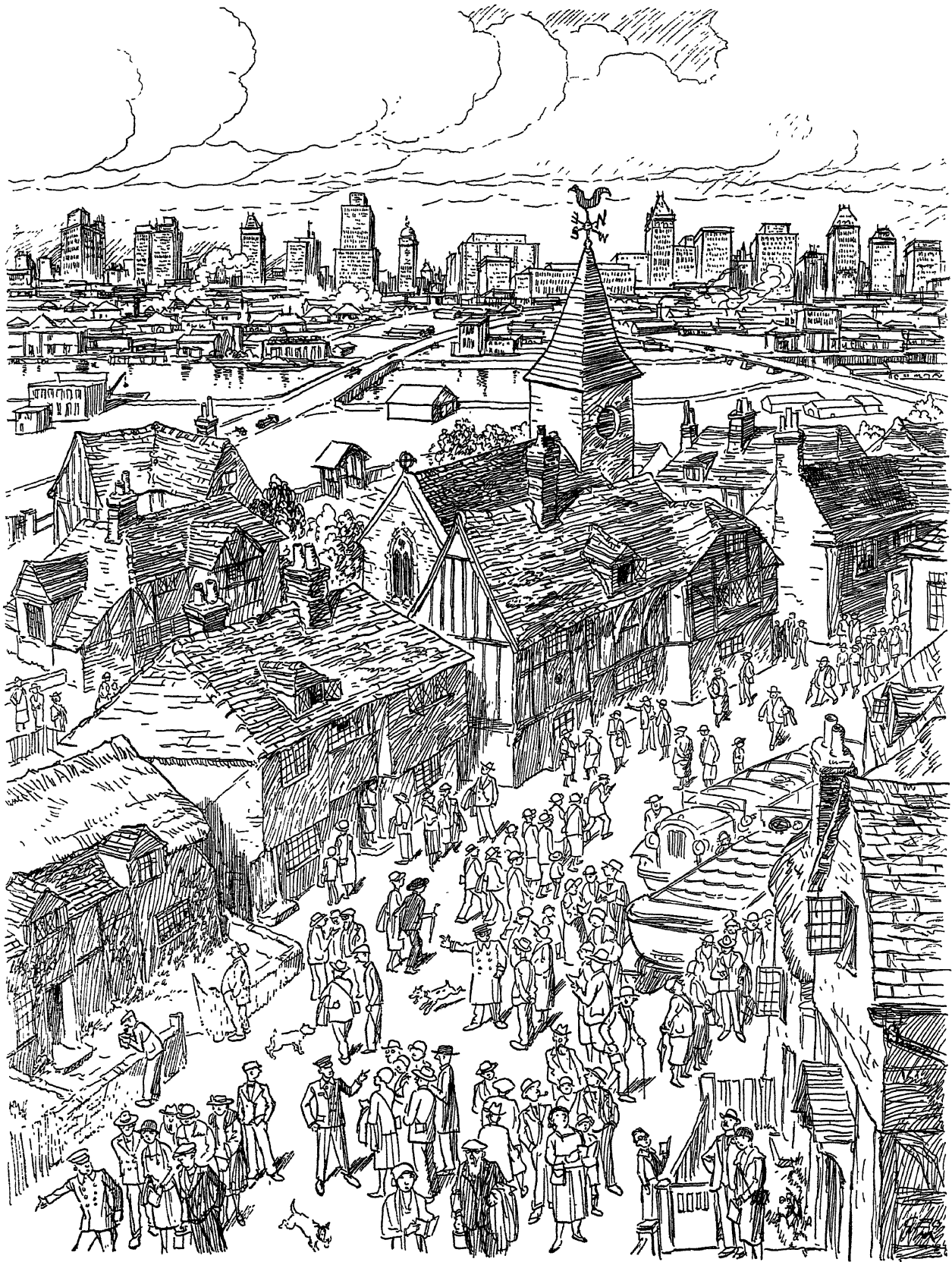
Wife. "WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU SO LATE?"
Husband. "I TUMBLED DOWN THE CLIFF, MY DEAR."
Wife. "WELL, THAT OUGHTN'T TO HAVE TAKEN YOU LONG."



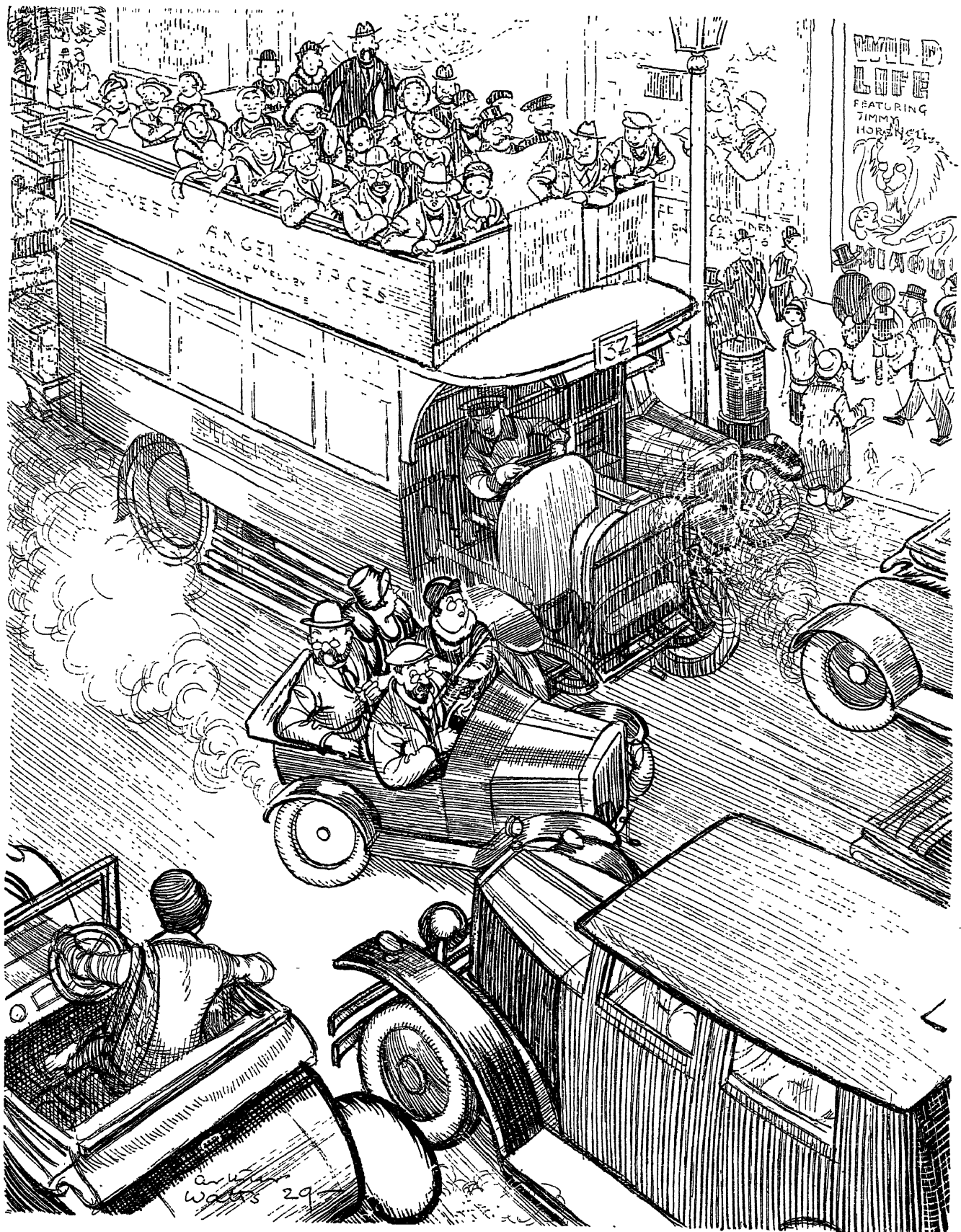
Important Personage (welcoming aviator). "WHAT A MARVELLOUS ENGINE YOU HAVE! WE DIDN'T HEAR YOU COMING."
Aviator. "GUESS WE WERE TRAVELLING SOME. THE SOUND WILL BE ALONG IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES."



"THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE IS THAT I AM SO MUCH MORE REFINED THAN MY HUSBAND."
"MY DEAR—HOW TOO TERRIBLY OLD-FASHIONED!"



A PARTY OF ENGLISH TOURISTS PAY A VISIT TO THEIR NATIVE VILLAGE WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSPLANTED *EN BLOC* TO THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF AN AMERICAN CITY.



Bus-driver (to small car cutting-in). "AN' 'OO MIGHT YOU THINK YOU WOS? THE FLYING SQUAD?"

THE MURDER AT THE TOWERS.

The Most Marvellous Mystery Story in the World.

N.B.—No clues will give you the slightest assistance in unravelling this weird mystery.

BEGIN NOW, SO AS TO FINISH SOONER!

CHAPTER I. DEATH!

Mr. Ponderby-Wilkins was a man so rich, so ugly, so cross, and so old that even the stupidest reader could not expect him to survive any longer than Chapter I. Vulpine in his secretiveness, he was porcine in his habits, saturnine in his appearance, and ovine in his unconsciousness of doom. He was the kind of man who might easily perish as early as paragraph two.

Little surprise, therefore, was shown by Police-Inspector Blowhard of Nettleby Parva when a message reached him on the telephone:

"You are wanted immediately at The Towers. Mr. Ponderby-Wilkins has been found dead."

The inspector was met at the gate by the deceased's secretary, whom he knew and suspected on the spot.

"Where did it happen, Mr. Porlock?" he asked. "In the shrubbery?"

The stout officer's face was like a mask, but paler at the point of the nose.

"In the shrubbery," answered Porlock quietly and led the way to the scene.

Mr. Ponderby-Wilkins was suspended by means of an enormous woollen muffler from the bough of a tree which the police-officer's swift eye noticed at once to be a sycamore.

"How long has that sycamore-tree been in the shrubbery?" he inquired suspiciously.

"I don't know," answered Porlock, "and I don't care."

"Tell me precisely what happened," went on the inspector.

"Four of us were playing tennis under the ordinary rules when a ball was hit out into the bushes. On going to look for it at the end of the set, I found Mr.

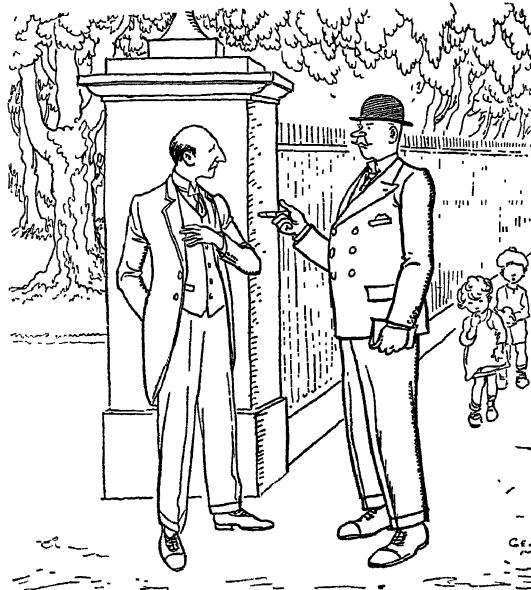
Wilkins dangling as you see him, and called the attention of the other players to the circumstance at once. Here they all are."

And pushing aside the boughs of a laurel, he showed the police-officer two

young women and a young man. They were standing reverently in the middle of the tennis-court, holding their tennis-racquets sombrely in their hands.

"Do you corroborate Mr. Porlock's account of the affair?" inquired Blowhard.

"We do," they answered quietly in one breath.



"THE INSPECTOR WAS MET AT THE GATE BY THE DECEASED'S SECRETARY."

"Give me one of those tennis-balls," said Blowhard.

Porlock gave him one. He threw it on the ground. It bounced.

"Hum!" mused the inspector, stroking his chin. "By the way," he

speaking together, "and we thought it better to go on playing tennis as funereally as possible until you arrived."

"Quite right," said Blowhard. "I shall now examine the whole household *viva voce*. Kindly summon them to the drawing-room."

They went together into the large white-fronted mansion, and soon the notes of a gong, reverberating through the house and all over the grounds, had summoned the whole house-party, including the servants, to the Louis-Seize salon overlooking the tennis lawn. The gathering consisted, as the inspector had foreseen, of the usual types involved in a country-house murder; namely, a frightened step-sister of the deceased, a young and beautiful niece, a major, a K.C., a chapèron, a friend, Mr. Porlock himself, an old butler with a beard, a middle-aged gardener with whiskers, an Irish cook, and two servants who had only come to the place the week before. Every one of them had a bitter grudge against the deceased. He had been about to dismiss his secretary, had threatened to disinherit his niece, sworn repeatedly at his step-sister, thrown a port decanter at the butler's head, insulted the guests by leaving *Bradshaws* in their bedrooms, pulled up the gardener's antirrhinums, called the cook a good-

for-nothing, and terrified the housemaids by making noises at them on the stairs. In addition, he had twice informed the major that his regiment had run away at Balaclava, and had put a toad in the K.C.'s bed.

Blowhard felt instinctively that this was a case for Bletherby Marge, the famous amateur, and sent him a telegram at once. Then he ordered the body to be removed, walked round the grounds, ate a few strawberries and went home.

CHAPTER II.

BEWILDERMENT!

Bletherby Marge was a man of wide culture and sympathy. In appearance he was fat, red-faced, smiling, and had untidy hair. He looked stupid, and wore spats. In fact, whatever the inexperienced reader supposes to be the ordinary appearance of a



"THE GATHERING CONSISTED OF THE USUAL TYPES INVOLVED IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE MURDER."

continued, "I wonder whether life is extinct?"

He went and looked at the body. It was.

"A glance showed us that life was extinct when we found it," said the four,

detective was exactly the reverse of Bletherby Marge. He was sometimes mistaken for a business man or a bi-metallist, more often for a billiard-marker or a baboon. But whenever Scotland Yard was unable to deal

with a murder case—that is to say, whenever a murder case happened at a country house—Bletherby Marge was called in. The death of an old, rich, and disagreeable man was like a clarion call to him. He packed his pyjamas, his tooth-brush and a volume of *Who's Who* and took the earliest train.

As soon as he had seen the familiar news-bill—

**"ANOTHER COUNTRY-HOUSE OWNER
INEXPLICABLY SLAIN,"**

he had expected his summons to The Towers. Telegraphing to the coroner's jury to return an open verdict at Nettleby Parva, he finished off the case of the Duke of St. Neots, fragments of whom had mysteriously been discovered in a chaff-cutting machine, and made all haste to the scene of the new affair. He had now dealt with forty-nine mysteries, and in every single case he had triumphantly killed his man. A small silver gallows had been presented to him by Scotland Yard as a token of esteem.

"We are in deep waters, Blowhard, very deep," he said as he closely scrutinised the comforter which had been wrapped round Mr. Ponderby-Wilkins' throat. "Just tell me once more about these alibis."

"Every one of them is perfect," answered the police inspector, "so far as I can see. The butler, the cook and the two housemaids were all together playing poker in the pantry. Miss Brown, the deceased's step-sister, was giving instructions to the gardener, and the K.C. was with her, carrying her trowel and her pruning-scissors. The chaperon and the friend were playing tennis with Mr. Porlock and the major, and the niece was rowing herself about on the lake, picking water-lilies."

A gleam came into Bletherby Marge's eyes. "Alone?" he queried.

"Alone. But you forget that the lake is in full view of the tennis-court. It almost seems as if it must have been constructed that way on purpose," added the inspector rather crossly. "This girl was seen the whole time during which the murder must have occurred, either by one pair of players or the other."

"Tut, tut," said Bletherby Marge. "By the way," he went on, with a slight hoisting of his eyebrows, "I suppose you have been into the pigeon-loft?"

"No," replied Blowhard, with a slight drooping of his moustache. "The holes were too small."

"Have you walked about in the lake?"

"Not yet," answered Blowhard. "It is too full of mud."

"Excellent," said Bletherby Marge. "Now take me to the scene of the crime."

Arrived at the sycamore-tree, he studied the bark with a microscope, and the ground underneath. This was covered with dead leaves. There was no sign of a struggle.

"Show me exactly how the body was hanging," he said to Blowhard.



"DON'T LET GO," SAID BLETHERBY MARGE."

Police-Inspector Blowhard tied the two ends of the comforter to the bough and wrapped the loop several times round Bletherby Marge's neck, supporting him, as he did so, by the feet.

"Don't let go," said Bletherby Marge.

"I won't," said Blowhard, who was used to the great detective's methods in reconstructing a crime.

"Have you photographed the tree from every angle?" went on Bletherby.

"Yes."

"Were there any finger-prints on it?"

"No," replied Blowhard. "Nothing but leaves."

Then together they wandered round the grounds, eating fruit and discussing

possible motives for the murder. No will had been discovered.

From time to time one or other of the house-party would flit by them, humming a song, intent on a game of tennis or a bathe in the lake. Now and then a face would look haggard or strained, at other times the same face would be merry and wreathed with smiles. Once Bletherby picked up a large stone under a bush. It had an earwig on it, and he put it down again.

"Do you feel baffled?" asked Blowhard.

Bletherby Marge made no reply.

CHAPTER III.

SUSPENSE!

The house-party were having a motor picnic at Dead Man's Wood, ten miles from The Towers. The festivity had been proposed by Bletherby Marge, who was more and more endearing himself, by his jokes and wide knowledge of the world, to his fellow-guests. Many of them had already begun to feel that a house-party without a detective in it must be regarded as a literary failure.

"Bless my soul!" said Marge suddenly, when the revelry was at its height, turning to Blowhard, who was out of breath, for he had been carrying the champagne across a ploughed field; "I ask you all to excuse me for a moment. I have forgotten my pipe."

They saw him disappear in a two-seater towards The Towers. In little more than an hour he appeared again and delighted the company by singing one or two popular revue-songs in a fruity baritone. But as the line of cars went homeward in the dusk Bletherby Marge said to Blowhard seated beside him,

"I want to see you again in the shrubbery to-morrow at 10.30 prompt. Don't begin playing clock-golf."

Inspector Blowhard made a note of the time in his pocket-book.

CHAPTER IV.

DISCOVERY!

"Perhaps you wonder why I went away in the middle of our little outing?" questioned Marge as they stood together under the fatal sycamore-tree.

"I suspected," answered Blowhard, not moving a muscle of his face except the ones he used for speaking, "that it was a ruse."

"It was," replied Marge.

Without another word he took a small folding broom from his pocket and brushed aside the dead leaves which strewn the ground of the shrubbery.

The dark mould was covered with footprints large and small.

"What do you deduce from this?" cried Blowhard, his eyes bulging from his head.

"When I returned from the picnic," explained the great detective. "I first swept the ground clear as you see it now. I then hastily collected all the outdoor shoes in the house."

"All?"

"Every one. I brought them to the shrubbery on a wheelbarrow. I locked the servants, as though by accident, in the kitchen and the gardener in the tool-shed. I then compared the shoes with these imprints, and found that every one of them was a fit."

"Which means?"

"That every one of them was here when the murder took place. I have reconstructed the scene exactly. The marks of the shoes stretch in a long line, as you will observe, from a point close to the tree almost to the edge of the tennis-lawn. The heels are very deeply imprinted; the mark of the toes is very light indeed."

He paused and looked at Blowhard.

"I suppose you see now how the murder was done?" he barked loudly.

"No," mewed the inspector quietly. "Ponderby-Wilkins," said Marge, "had the comforter twisted once round his neck, and one end was tied to the tree. Then—at a signal, I imagine—the whole house-party, including the servants, pulled together on the other end of the comforter until he expired. You see here the imprints of the butler's feet. As the heaviest man he was at the end of the rope. Porlock was in front with the second housemaid immediately behind him. Porlock, I fancy, gave the word to pull. Afterwards they tied him up to the tree as you found him when you arrived."

"But the alibis?"

"All false. They were all sworn to by members of the household, by servants or by guests. That was what put me on the scent."

"But how is it there were no fingerprints?"

"The whole party," answered Bletherby, "wore gloves. I collected all the gloves in the house and examined them carefully. Many of them had hairs from the comforter still adhering to them. Having concluded my investigations, I rapidly replaced the boots and gloves, put the leaves back in their

original position, unlocked the kitchen and the tool-house, and came back to the picnic again."

"And sang comic songs!" said Blowhard.

"Yes," replied Marge. "A great load



"ONE OR TWO POPULAR REVUE-SONGS IN A FRUITY BARITONE."

had been taken off my mind by the discovery of the truth. And I felt it necessary to put the murderers off their guard."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Blowhard, examining the foot-prints minutely.



"I THEN COLLECTED ALL THE OUTDOOR SHOES."

"There is now only one difficulty, Mr. Marge, so far as I can see."

"And that is?"

"How am I going to convey all these people to the police-station?"

"How many pairs of manacles have you about you?"

"Only two," confessed Blowhard, feeling in his pocket.

"You had better telephone," said Bletherby, "for a motor-omnibus."

CHAPTER V.

HA! HA!!

The simultaneous trial of twelve prisoners on a capital charge, followed by their joint condemnation and execution, thrilled England as no sensation had thrilled it since the death of WILLIAM II. The Sunday papers were never tired of discussing the psychology of the murderers, and publishing details of their early life and school careers. Never before, it seemed, had a secretary, a step-sister, a niece, an eminent K.C., a major, a chaperon, a friend, a butler, a cook, two housemaids and a gardener gone to the gallows on the same day for the murder of a disagreeable old man.

On a morning not long after the excitement had died away Bletherby Marge made his way up the drive of The Towers, which, owing to the recent tragedy, was still

"To Let." Avoiding the main building, Bletherby Marge went to the stables and fetched a ladder. Propping this against the pigeon-loft he ascended. He put his hand into one of the compartments and drew out an egg. Stifling an exclamation of annoyance he tried again, and found a dusty bundle of papers tied together with a bootlace.

It was Ponderby-Wilkins' will. On the first page was written—

"Nobody loves me, and I am about to commit suicide by hanging myself in the shrubbery. If Bletherby Marge can make it a murder I bequeath him all my possessions, which are lying in jam-jars at the bottom of the lake."

"My fiftieth!" murmured the great detective as he came down the ladder with a smile. EVOE.

"To let, small boot repairing shop with good bay widow."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*
We prefer the chestnut kind.

There was an unfortunate man
Who was mentioned in a Limerick that
didn't scan.

It also included a line
That didn't quite rhyme;
So forget him as quick as you can.



Fisherman (in extremely sophisticated Cornish town). "AH, FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF VAN GOGH, SIR!"

LOVE TRIUMPHANT; OR, AN URBAN PASTORAL.

ALL BY

"COME with me to Ascot, Phyllis,"
Strephon piped, and Phyllis came.
All the Season's Fairest Lilies
Hung their heads for very shame;
None so strong in half-a-million,
None so bold as Strephon Brown
When he bore her on the Pillion
Of his Palfrey to the Down.

BY

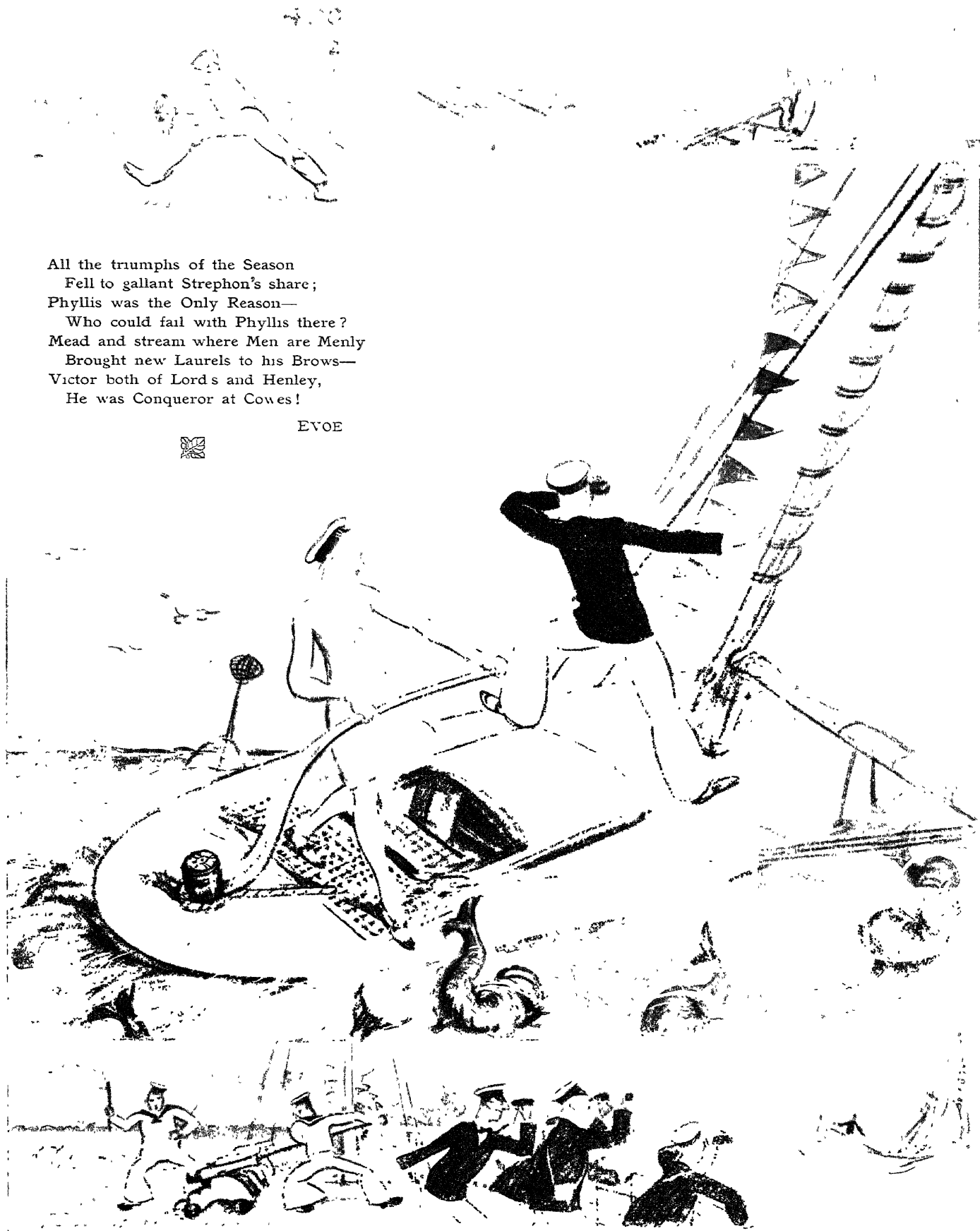
Phyllis loved him - she inspired him,
Riding both with Tact and Pace,
So that everyone admired him,
He secured the Foremost Place.
People were delighted doubly
When they saw him mopping up
Quantities of Golden Bubbly
From the famous Golden Cup.

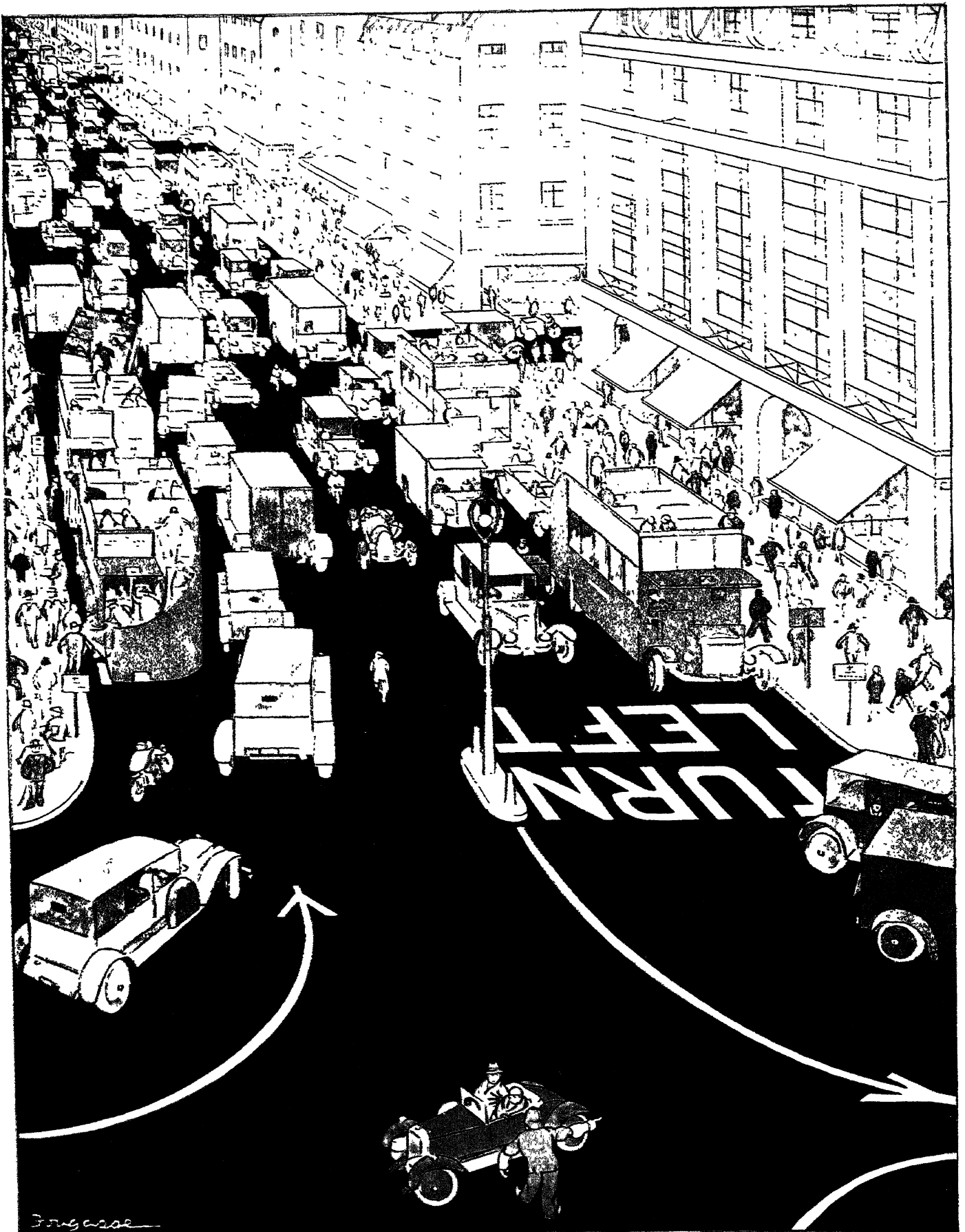


LOVE TRIUMPHANT; OR, AN URBAN PASTORAL.

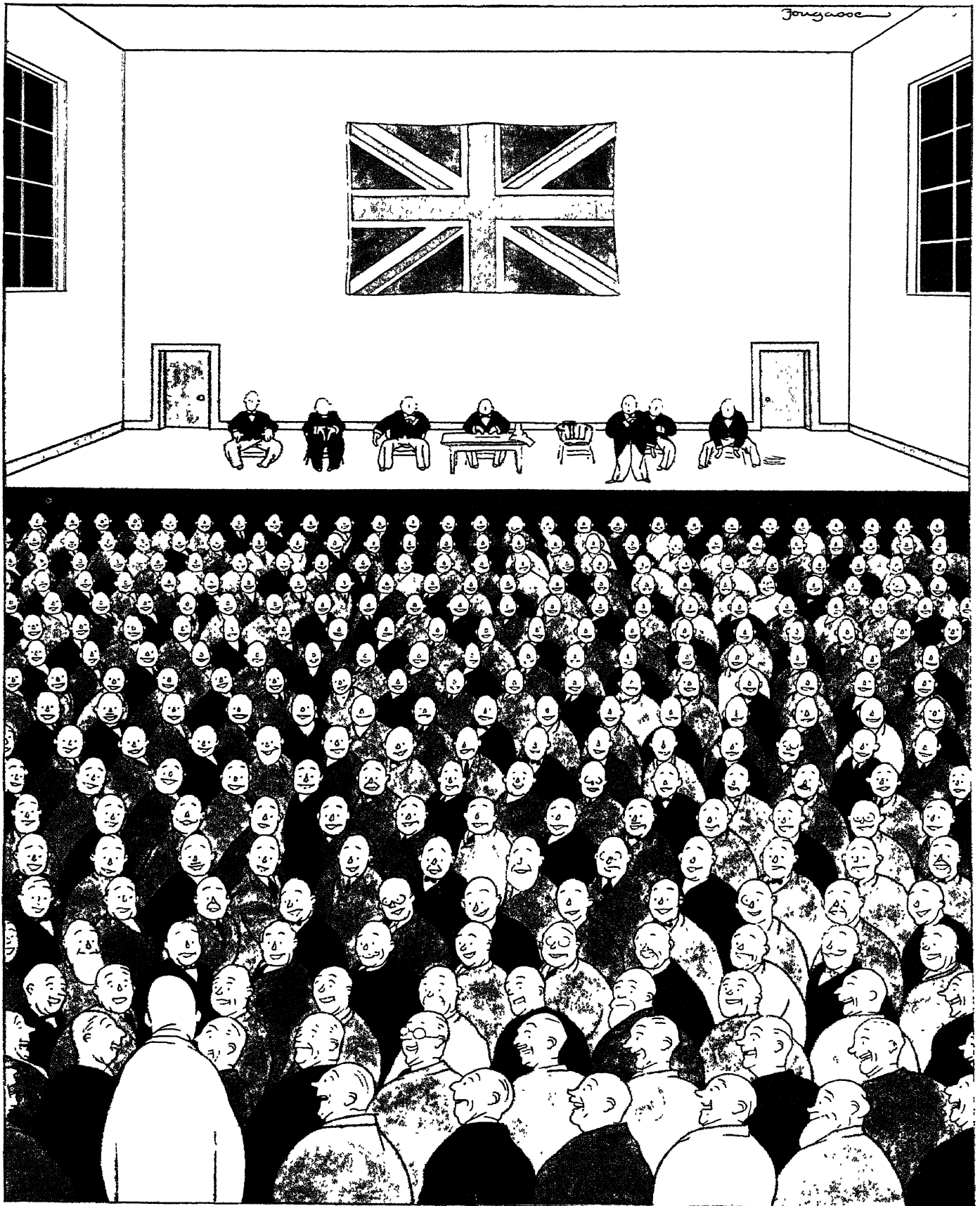
All the triumphs of the Season
Fell to gallant Strephon's share;
Phyllis was the Only Reason—
Who could fail with Phyllis there?
Mead and stream where Men are Menly
Brought new Laurels to his Brows—
Victor both of Lords and Henley,
He was Conqueror at Cowes!

EVOE





"NOW, THEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? CAN'T YOU SEE THE WHITE LINE?"
"WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, OFFICER, HE'S COLOUR-BLIND"



"WILL THE CANDIDATE TELL US WHY THE UNION JACK ABOVE THE PLATFORM IS UPSIDE DOWN?"

"I CAN ONLY SUPPOSE THAT IT IS BECAUSE THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR PREPARING THE HALL WAS SO LACKING IN LOVE FOR THE FLAG OF OUR GLORIOUS EMPIRE AND ALL IT STANDS FOR AS TO BE SHAMEFULLY IGNORANT OF THE CORRECT POSITION."

"WELL, IT ISN'T UPSIDE DOWN"



Frank
Reynolds

WHAT OUR FATHERS HAD TO PUT UP WITH.



DECORATIVE PANEL FOR A MUSIC-ROOM.

A TOUCHING SCENE FROM THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD: THE LAST DIPLODOCUS BEING CHARMED BY THE SONG OF THE FIRST ARCHÆOPTERYX.



WESTERN INFLUENCE.
THE EASTERN ARTIST DOES WHAT HE CAN WITH IT.

SAFETY FIRST.



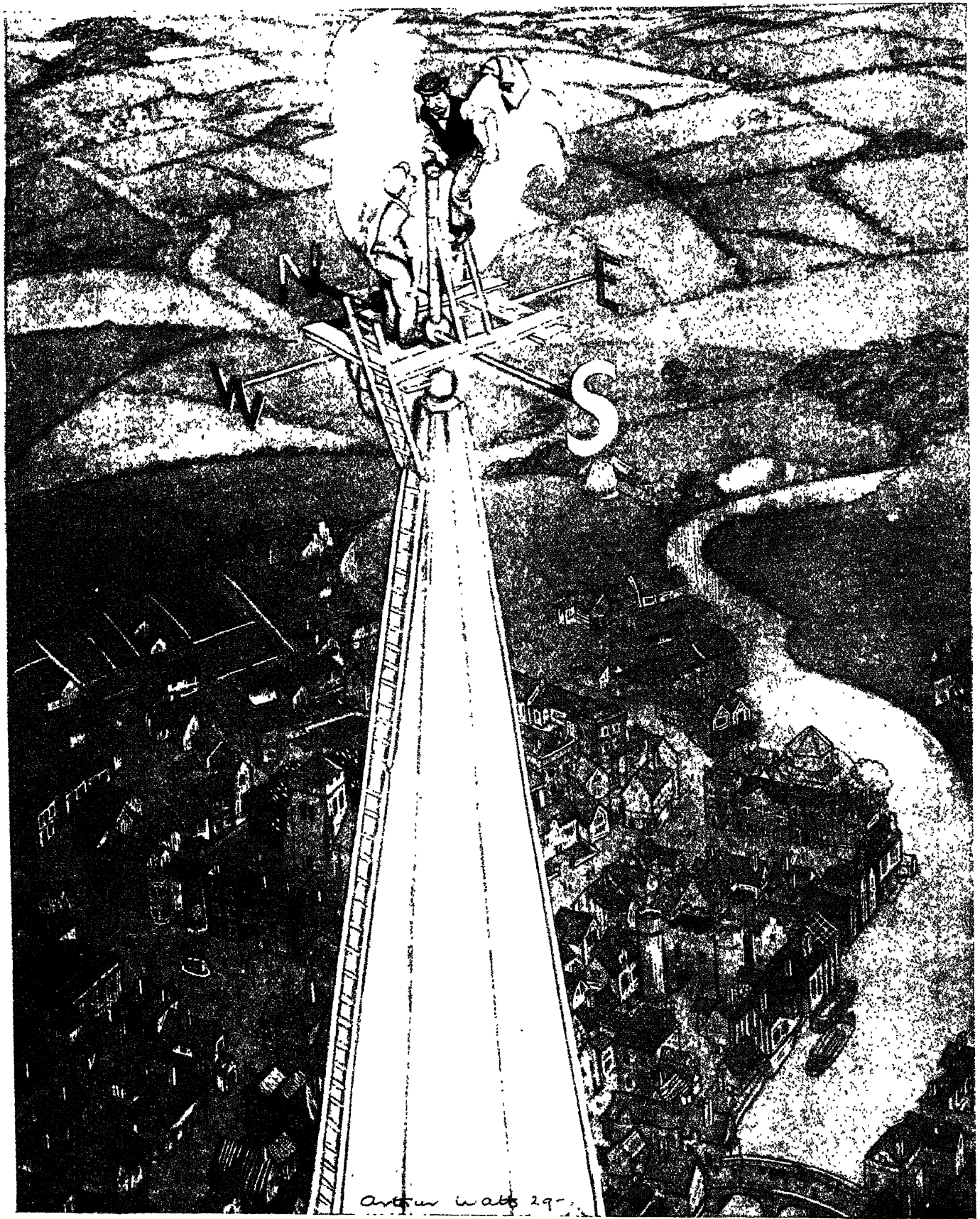
Friend (to Candidate for Atlantic honours). "WHAT! NOT GOING AFTER ALL?"

Intrepid Airwoman. "NO. BERT SAYS IF WE CARRY ALL MY MASCOTS WE SHALL FINISH IN THE SEA; AND I DAREN'T GO WITHOUT THEM, SO THE FLIGHT IS OFF."

DEVELOPMENT.



"WHAT WE WANT, JOE, IS FOR SOMEBODY TO COME AN' TURN THIS 'ERE PLACE INTO ONE OF THESE 'ERE PALM BEACHES."



"JUST RUN 'OME AN' FETCH ME MY SMALL 'AMMER, ALBERT"

THE CAPULET CRIME.

[An American Professor of Journalism, it is reported, has instructed his pupils, as a technical exercise, to approach the plays of SHAKESPEARE from a journalistic point of view. Mr. Punch hopes that the following may be of service to them.]

From "The Evening Star"—Friday.

TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

THREE DEAD IN TOMB.
CHURL TWICE BURIED.
RECTOR ARRESTED.

Early this morning three persons, among them the son of a peer, were found dead in the family vault of the Capulet family, well-known residents of the picturesque town of Verona. Foul play is suspected. The tragedy presents several features of a baffling character, but Inspector Boot of the C.I.D. has the matter in hand and is pursuing certain promising lines of inquiry. Two arrests have already been made, including the Rev. Laurence, the popular Rector of the parish church. Poignancy is added to the drama by the extreme youth of two of the victims. Below our Special Correspondent, who was early on the spot, gives a graphic reconstruction of the crime.

The Slain.

The Honourable CHARLES PARIS. Aged 25.
Mr. ROMEO MONTAGUE. . . . Aged 17.
Miss JULIET CAPULET Aged 14.

Arrested.

The Rev. T. LAURENCE Aged 41.
A man named BALTHASAR, aged 26, manservant to the late Mr. MONTAGUE.

Verona (Friday).

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Three well-known families have been plunged into gloom by the discovery this morning of a tragedy without precedent in the annals of this quiet countryside. A Mr. First Watchman, summoned to the old yewed churchyard by a boy, page to the Honourable Paris, was surprised to find bloodstains at the entrance to the family tomb of the Capulet family (famous as the repository of the last remains of Thomas, Fifth Earl Capulet). At once suspecting bloodshed, he entered the tomb, which had been forcibly broken open with some metal instrument. In the tomb he was horrified by the spectacle of three dead bodies. Of these his attention, naturally, was first directed

to that of the Honourable Paris, the popular son of the Lord Lieutenant, who has done so much for sport in the county. The young athlete lay bleeding from a wound in the side. "I could

in her vicinity has already, I understand, suggested a certain hypothesis to the police.

And now comes the first baffling feature in this extraordinary mystery. On touching the deceased, Mr. Watchman is positive that the remains were still warm, pointing to the conclusion that death in each case had been recent.

But Miss Capulet had been, officially, dead for two days!

On Wednesday morning, following a family bereavement, and, it is understood, an angry scene with her father and mother, as to which Mr. and Mrs. Capulet decline to make a statement, little Juliet, a pretty girl with blonde hair, was found dead, or perhaps it should now be said, unconscious, by her aged nurse. Death from syncope and nervous shock was immedi-

FLASHLIGHT VIEW OF THE TOMB OF THE CAPULET FAMILY.

(Inset) Mr. First Watchman, who discovered the bodies.

not believe my eyes," Mr. Watchman told me. Near him lay Mr. R. Montague, jun., dead, but bearing no traces of violence; and at his side was the body of Miss Capulet, also bleeding from a wound in the heart, as to the origin of which the presence of a dagger

ately presumed, without, it appears, the formality of a medical certificate, and the body was at once conveyed to the family tomb. But on the evidence of Mr. Watchman it is a reasonable assumption that the girl was alive as late as 3 A.M. on the fatal night, and it can only be supposed, therefore, that she feigned death in a fit of childish pique, of which many instances are on record, or was the victim of some form of paralytic seizure from which she woke only to receive the assassin's knife in her breast. Whichever hypothesis is adopted the mystery of her death remains unexplained.

Meanwhile Mr. Second Watchman and Mr. Third Watchman, following their colleague to the scene of the catastrophe, had apprehended the man Balthasar and the Rev. Laurence, who were both found lurking in the churchyard, the latter carrying a spade and mattock. Both will be formally charged to-morrow morning with loitering with intent to commit a felony.

"The Evening Star"—Saturday.

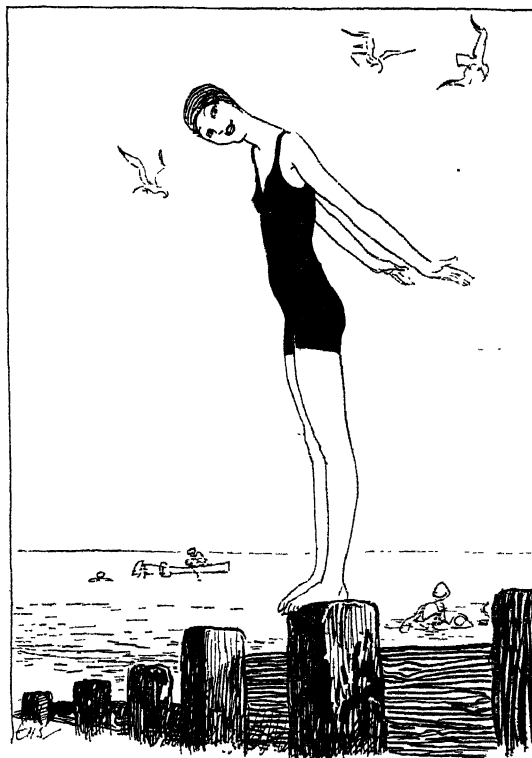
TOMB TRAGEDY.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.
DEATH PACT THEORY.

Verona (Saturday).

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Sensation follows sensation in the Capulet Crime Conundrum. To-day I learn that one more must be added to the death-roll. Mrs. Montague, mother of young Mr. Romeo Mon-



A HAPPY PICTURE OF MISS JULIET CAPULET.

tague, succumbed last night, due to prostration and shock. Meanwhile my inquiries have led me into a bewildering labyrinth of fact and conjecture.

First, as to fact. I secured a long interview with the late Miss Capulet's Nurse, who, unlike some of the participants in this extraordinary tangle, made no attempt to conceal the truth. It appears that Verona, like other small towns, is, socially, split into two conflicting coteries or cliques, one of which is led by the Montague family and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Capulet. The Capulets are an old-established Conservative family, and were for generations recognised as the leaders of the little town. The advent of the Montagues, however, comparative strangers, with a strong Free Trade tradition and of an intellectual turn of mind, in addition to a taste for entertaining, which the late Mrs. Montague's fortune made it easy to satisfy, threw the whole county at once into two opposing camps. Public quarrels and "scenes" have been frequent recently, culminating in a brawl last Sunday, in which two men, Mr. Mercutio and Mr. Tybalt Capulet, unfortunately lost their lives. The late Mr. Romeo was, it appears, involved in this affair, but the magistrate, in view of his youth, bound him over, provided that for two years he absented himself from Verona and its vicinity. The presence of the young man's body in the Capulet tomb seems to suggest that he had ignored the magistrate's order; but as to that my informant was reticent.

I then questioned her about her late charge, Miss Capulet, and, in spite of a tiresome exhibition of grief, I was able to piece together a vivid picture of the dead girl-woman. Miss Capulet, it seems, was a precocious child, the type of our modern girl in the making, not yet fourteen, but emotional beyond her years. She was of a dreamy and philosophical temper, much addicted to poetry. "She would stand on that balcony," said the weeping old retainer, "and talk blank verse at me by the hour together." Otherwise she had not a fault. Incapable of deception, obedient to her parents, to whom she was devoted, the Nurse could offer no explanation of the part the child had played in this extraordinary catastrophe. Questioned, she believed

that Miss Capulet had met Mr. R. Montague only once, at a masked ball at her father's house on a Sunday, to which the latter had obtained admission without an invitation. But she had no "boy-friends" and knew nothing of love. Indeed a laughing remark of her father's that one day she would have to marry Mr. Paris had seriously alarmed the child, and was the cause of that exhibition of temper of which I wrote yesterday. Miss Capulet, I was told,

the two lovers, alarmed by this unforeseen event, then enter into a mutual death-pact? The information of the Nurse, whom I have no reason to disbelieve, is all against this hypothesis. Indeed it is difficult to see how a girl so young and carefully guarded can have had the opportunity or the inclination for a serious conspiracy with a young man not *persona grata* with her parents. Personally I incline to the view that the affair will be shown to have been in its origin no more than a childish prank which, through some unexpected turn of fate, had tragic consequences, assisted, it may be, by the modern taste for the literature of crime, violence and sudden death.

But then what was the Rev. Laurence doing in the churchyard at 3 A.M. with the spade and mattock? Which died first—Mr. Paris or Mr. Montague? Was the death-pact, if any, between Miss Capulet and Mr. Paris? These two perished by weapons of violence, but Mr. Montague, it appears, by poison. Did young Mr. Romeo, his insane suit rejected by Miss Capulet, first slay his rival with the sword, then stab the girl with his dagger, and at last, in a mad fit of remorse, poison himself? Who can tell? Turn which way one will, the mystery grows deeper. And there, till the inquest on Monday, I must reluctantly leave this unparalleled enigma.

A leading article in "The Sunday Sun."

"PRECOCITY."

Whatever may be the solution of the many perplexing problems which present themselves in connection with the shocking affair at Verona,

there are certain side-issues about which something may be said at once. Readers of *The Sunday Sun* will not be surprised if we draw from this deplorable curtainment of three young lives the same moral which we have fearlessly advanced in these columns before. All is not well with our modern youth. Some of our contemporaries, we observe, speak more charitably than wisely, of "childish pranks," "precocity" and so forth. Some of us, who have more regard for the future of the race, might use harsher expressions. A society in which a young girl of thirteen is permitted by her



THE HONOURABLE PARIS, ONE OF THE VICTIMS, A KEEN SPORTSMAN.

(Inset) Mr. Romeo Montague.

had often spoken of going into a nunnery.

Here fact ends and conjecture begins. Personally I see no daylight. Did Mr. Montague and Miss Capulet form a school-boy affection at the ball on Sunday—their only meeting? Did they, after Mr. Montague's banishment, conspire to abscond together after the style of some of our current romantic literature? Were they interrupted by Mr. Paris, walking in the churchyard (but for what purpose)? Was there a quarrel, as a result of which Mr. Paris fell mortally wounded? Did

parents to meet strange young men at a masked ball can only end one way. Such a condition presages a loosening of standards and the break-up of the home. Harmful reading and light example may lead many of our boys and girls to the bloody end of the unfortunate Miss Capulet if our fathers and mothers do not bestir themselves.

NEXT WEEK.

(Exclusive to "The Sunday Sun.")

"MY LIFE WITH THE
CAPULETS."

Being the Full, Frank, First and
Only Narrative of

MISS JULIET'S NURSE,
in which the home-life of the Capulets
is fearlessly revealed.

Order Now.

From "The Morning Star"—Tuesday.

TOMB TRAGEDY INQUEST.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES.

GIRL-WIFE'S SECRET WEDDING.

DEATH-BRIDE DOPED.

RECTOR SPEAKS AT LAST.

Vienna (Monday).

"Truth," it has been well said, "is stranger than fiction." Certainly no author could expect to find credence who presented his public with a tale so incredible as that which was unfolded to-day in the sunny court-room at the "Cow and Beanstalk." The court was crowded when Dr. Block the coroner took his seat, many fashionably-dressed women being noticed in the well of the court. Mr. and Mrs. Capulet met with a hostile demonstration from a section of the on-lookers as they approached the building, following a rumour that harsh treatment in the home had contributed to the dead girl's demise. A representative of the N.S.P.C.C. was present. Sir Henry Sloop, K.C., appeared for the Rev. Laurence. Mr. Montague, a pathetic figure in black (his wife died the same night as his son), identified the body of the latter.

After the police evidence Mr. and Mrs. Capulet were the first witnesses to be taken. A thrill ran through the court as Mr. Capulet, a tall soldierly figure, was questioned as to the alleged quarrel between himself and daughter on Tuesday, the night previous to her (presumed) death. Sharp questions from counsel elicited the admission that he (Mr. Capulet) had commanded his daughter to marry Mr. Paris on Thursday.

Counsel. A girl of fourteen?

Witness. Thirteen.

Counsel. Thank you, Mr. Capulet.
Mrs. Capulet, a rotund woman

in lavender and black, confirmed her husband's evidence, but in a dramatic moment, during which a pin could have been heard to drop in the crowded court, confessed with sobs that during the



THE CORONER, DR. BLOCK.

quarrel already referred to she had expressed the wish that her daughter was in her grave.

"Call the Rev. Laurence!"

The cry rang out along the corridors. All eyes were turned upon the ascetic face of the clergyman in the box, who

was dressed in black and appeared to feel his position acutely.

In level tones the Rector told his story—surely the strangest story the old walls of the "Cow and Beanstalk" had ever heard.

SECRET MARRIAGE.

"I married them."

Calmly the clergyman described the clandestine nuptials of young Romeo Montague and Juliet, the child-bride, and his own subsequent attempts to reunite them after the banishment of Mr. Montague; how he supplied the girl with an anæsthetic which should induce unconsciousness for forty-two hours and cause her parents to suppose her dead; how his message to Mr. Montague, apprising him of the situation, was not delivered; how at dead of night he proceeded to the tomb in order to rescue the girl on her awaking from her ghastly prison; how he arrived, by an unlucky chance, a minute or two too late, to find the tomb already broken open and Mr. Paris and Mr. Montague lying dead beside the young woman, the latter, unhappily, having assumed her dead from the fact of finding her lying motionless in a tomb, and having then impetuously taken his own life; how Miss Capulet then awoke (again, unhappily, a minute too late); how he was about to lead her to safety when a noise caused him to leave the tomb; how, during his absence, the headstrong girl decided to do away with herself and did so; how, meanwhile, the reverend gentleman found a mattock and spade with which to enter the superfluous bodies in the tomb; and how with these incriminating implements he was arrested.

The Rector's tale, simply told, caused a profound impression in the court.

A Juror. That's all very well, Mr. Coroner, but we've nobbut parson's word for it.

"Call Miss Capulet's nurse."

The aged servant, dressed simply in black, denied all knowledge of any intrigue between Mr. Montague and her charge, repeating with curious fidelity the story which has already been printed by one of our contemporaries. Breaking down in cross-examination, however, she confessed to being privy to the clandestine marriage referred to by the Rector, and described in homely terms the secret meetings of the ill-fated couple on the verandah of Miss Capulet's room, where, unsuspected, she (the nurse) had been a constant and interested eaves-dropper.

This evidence, following on and corroborating that of the previous witness, turned the whole course of the inquiry. The coroner, in his



MISS CAPULET'S NURSE.

(Inset) Her small charge: an early portrait.

address to the jury, during which there was a great deal of coughing in court, directed them to find that Miss Capulet had committed suicide while of unsound mind, and that Mr. Montague had murdered Mr. Paris while sane and taken his own life while of unsound mind. During the last hour of his address Dr. Block made certain observations on the subject of passion, remarking that no doubt the unhappy protagonists in this case would be held up as examples of a pure and ennobling passion; but if ordinary people behaved as these young people behaved they would be locked up, and if everybody behaved in that way the world would be uninhabitable.

The jury returned a verdict in the terms mentioned above, with a rider that in their opinion the supervision of the young was inadequate. The Rev. Laurence was released, but was re-arrested on the charge of unlawfully administering a noxious drug.

From "The Sunday Sun."

NEXT WEEK

Exclusive to "The Sunday Sun."

The Rev. LAURENCE, protagonist in the Verona Mystery, will contribute a stirring article on—

GIRL-BRIDES.

How I MARRIED MISS CAPULET.

From "The Evening Star."

We learn that Miss CAPULET'S Nurse has been engaged for three weeks to appear at the London Palladium in a song-and-dance turn.

From "The Morning Moon."

Mr. BALTHASAR, man-servant to the late Mr. R. MONTAGUE, has received several offers of marriage. He states his intention, however, of devoting himself to film-work. A. P. H.

WHEN HILARY SAW THE SIGHTS.

When Hilary came to London Town,
We took a bus to the Zoo;
We saw a baby elephant there,
And a tall giraffe with a lofty stare,
And best of all was the Polar-bear
(We liked the brown one too).
We watched the lions and tigers fed,
"But they didn't look dreadfully fierce,"
she said;
"They were all shut up in a great long
shed,
With nothing at all to do."

When Hilary came to London Town,
We visited Peter Pan;
We sailed right by in a lovely boat
Where all the ducks and the moor-hens
float,
And Hilary splashed her new red coat,
As only a small girl can.

We watched, but the fairies never came,
Though Hilary'd thought of a lovely
game,
But we heard them fluttering just the
same
As over the grass we ran.

When Hilary came to London Town,
We stayed up late o' nights;
Once we went to a truly play,
And everything ended the proper way,
And we had our breakfast in bed next day,
With shaded electric lights.
We didn't do all that the guide-books told,
But a wonderful spell of *lo, and behold!*
Had made old London a realm of gold
When Hilary saw the sights.

Pigging It.

"Mr. and Mrs. — are stying at the —
Hotel."—Buenos Aires Paper.

Smith mi. Again.

"The Magna Carta was a large waggon in
which the dead were collected during the
Black Death."
Hence the expression "*Habeas Corpus*."

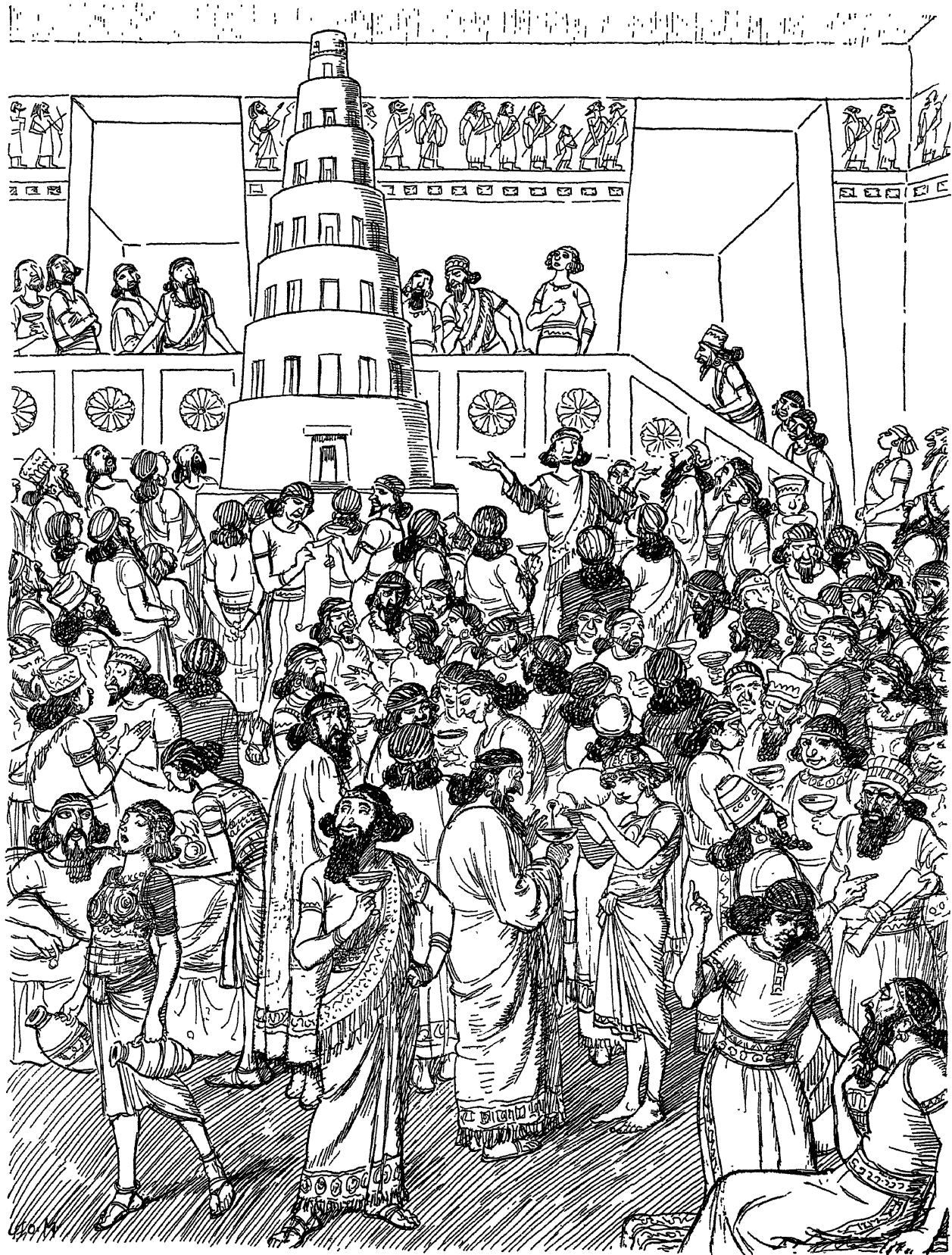
When Should a Lecturer Stop?

"LECTURES.

The subject dealt with was the 'Roman
Question.' Miss —, who spoke for 2½ years,
with lantern illustrations, showed a masterly
grasp of the subject. The Lecture will appear
in our next issue."—From a Magazine.
It should be a bumper number.



Young Lady (spinning for choice of partners). "ROUGH OR SMOOTH?"
Novice. "HUSH, THEY'LL HEAR YOU."



THE DESIGNER OF THE TOWER OF BABEL INVITES A FEW FRIENDS TO A PRIVATE VIEW
OF THE SCALE MODEL.



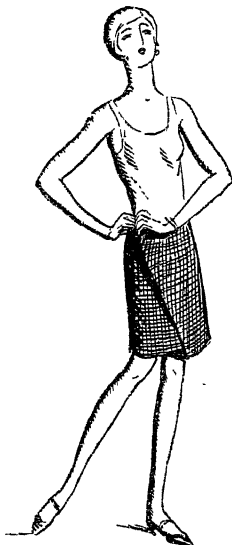
Boatman. "ANY MORE FOR THE SKYLARK? A SHILLIN'!"
Saleroom-Porter (on holiday). "ONE-AN'-TUPPENCE."



Tourist. "WELL, I MUST BE OFF TO THE NEXT VILLAGE."
Yokel. "WILL 'EE TAKE OI IN THE CAR? I BE OLDEST IN'ABITANT THERE TOO."



THE FASHION PARADE HAS SHOWN—



THE DETACHABLE SKIRT—



REVEALING THE NATTY BATHING-SUIT.



WHY NOT THIS DETACHABLE SKIRT—



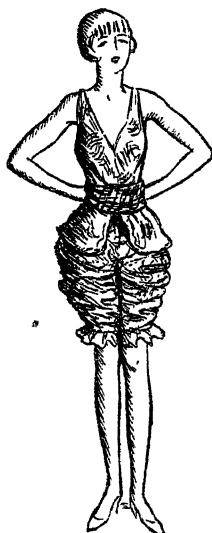
REVEALING—



THE PATENT TELESCOPIC SPORTS-
TROUSERINGS?



OR THIS—



SHOWING—

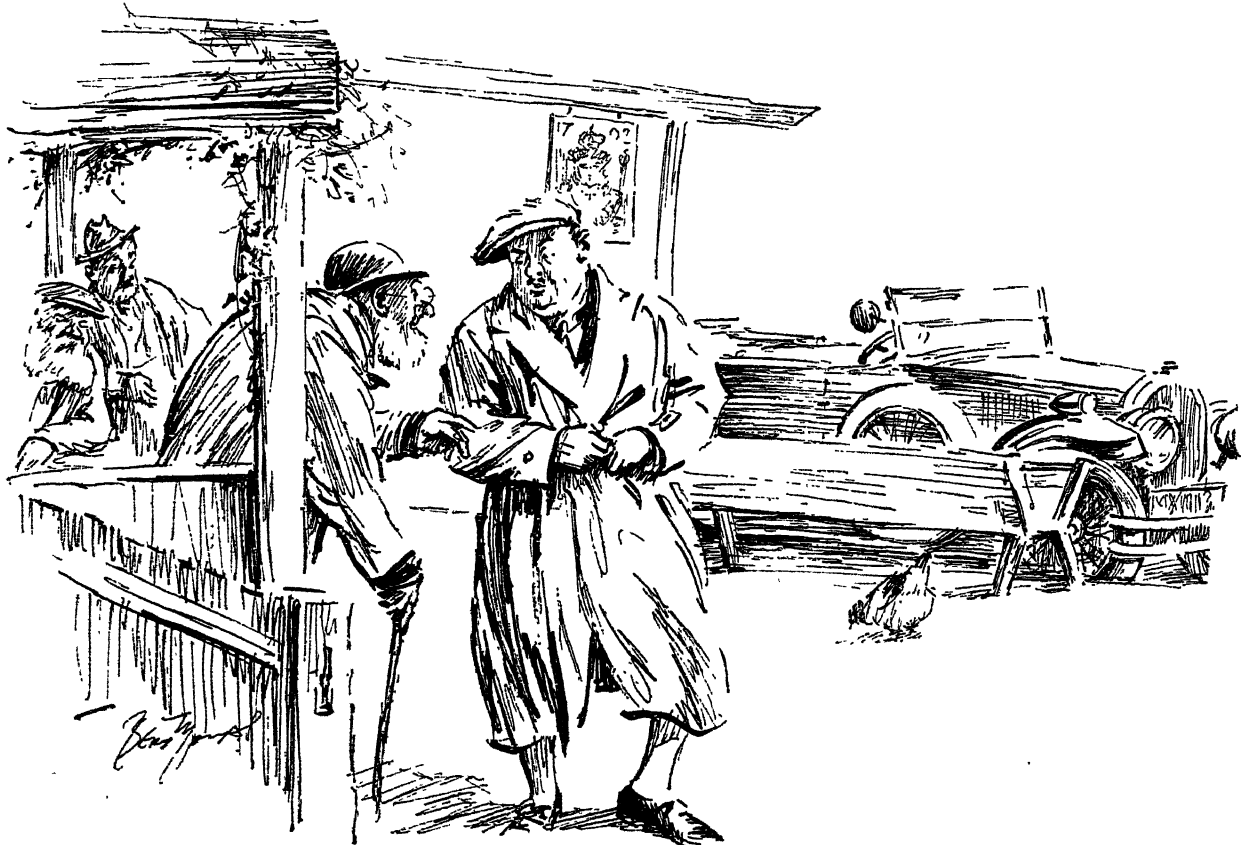


THE BOHEMIAN COCKTAIL-
PARTY SUITING.

Wallis
Mills.



Boatman. "ANY MORE FOR THE SKYLARK? A SHILLIN'!"
Saleroom-Porter (on holiday). "ONE-AN'-TUPPENCE."



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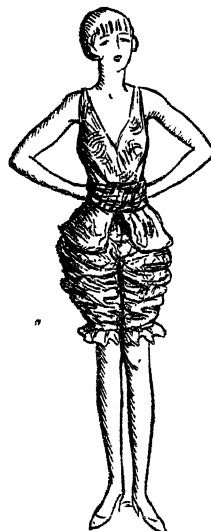
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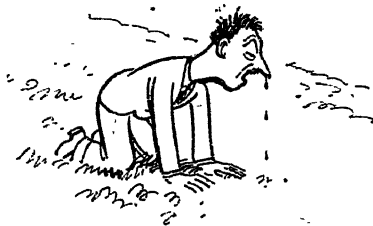
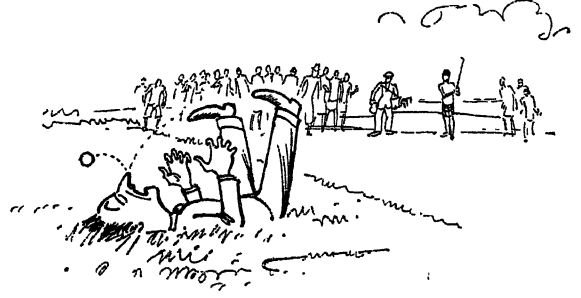
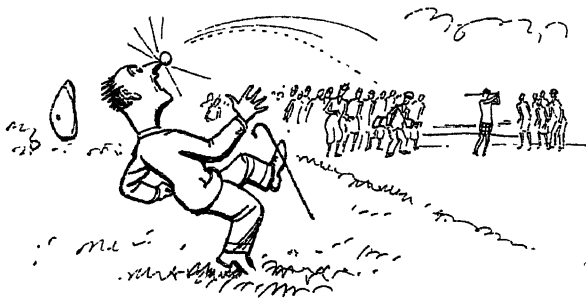


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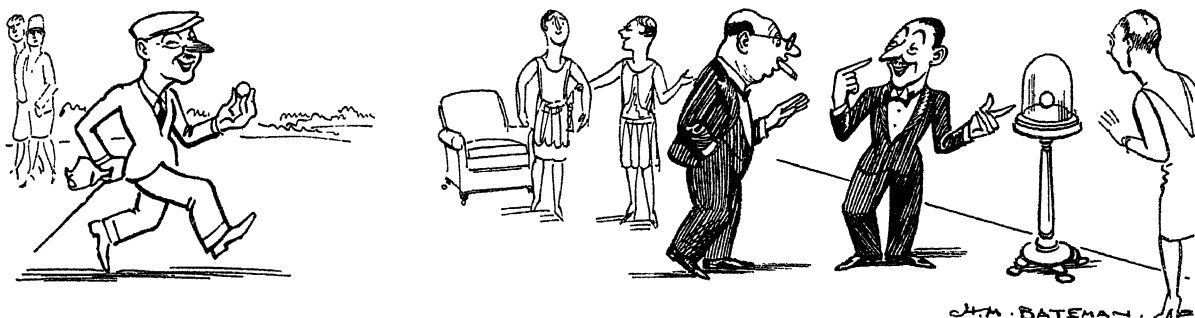
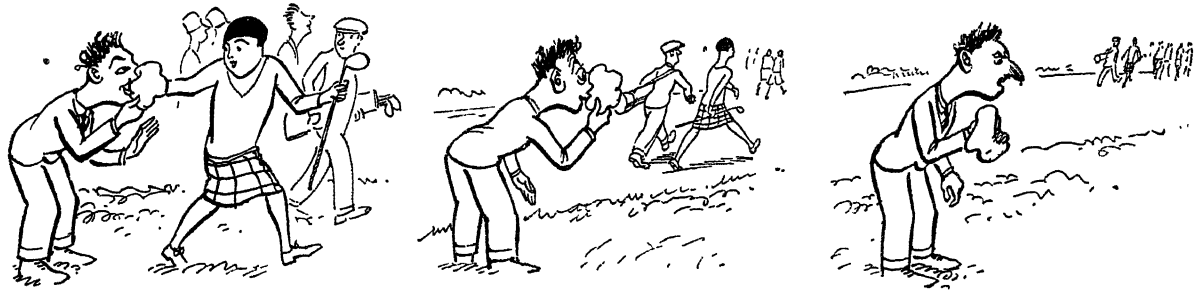


Wallis
Mills.

THE BOHEMIAN COCKTAIL-
PARTY SUITING.



THE LADY CHAMPION'S BALL: A ROMANCE OF THE LINKS.



J.H. BATEMAN.

THE LADY CHAMPION'S BALL : A ROMANCE OF THE LINKS.

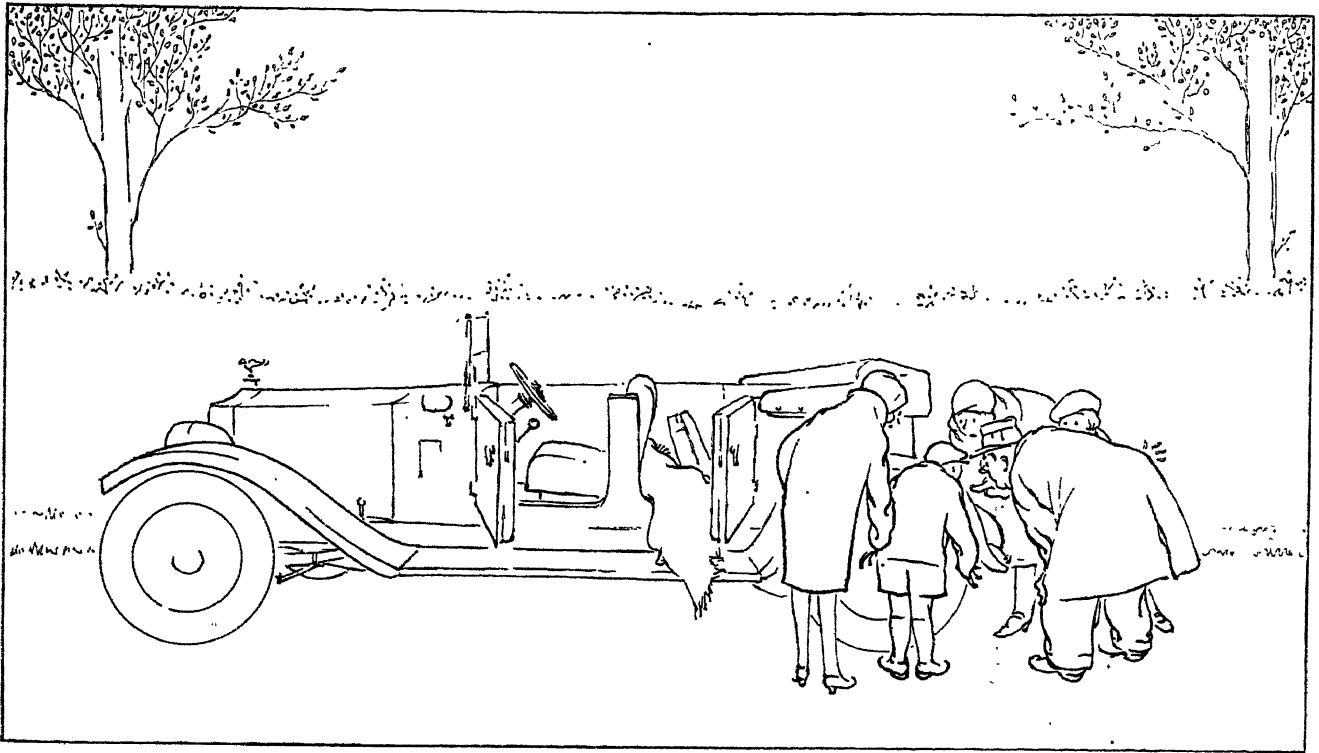


Race-goer. "I'LL BET YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW LORD DURBY."

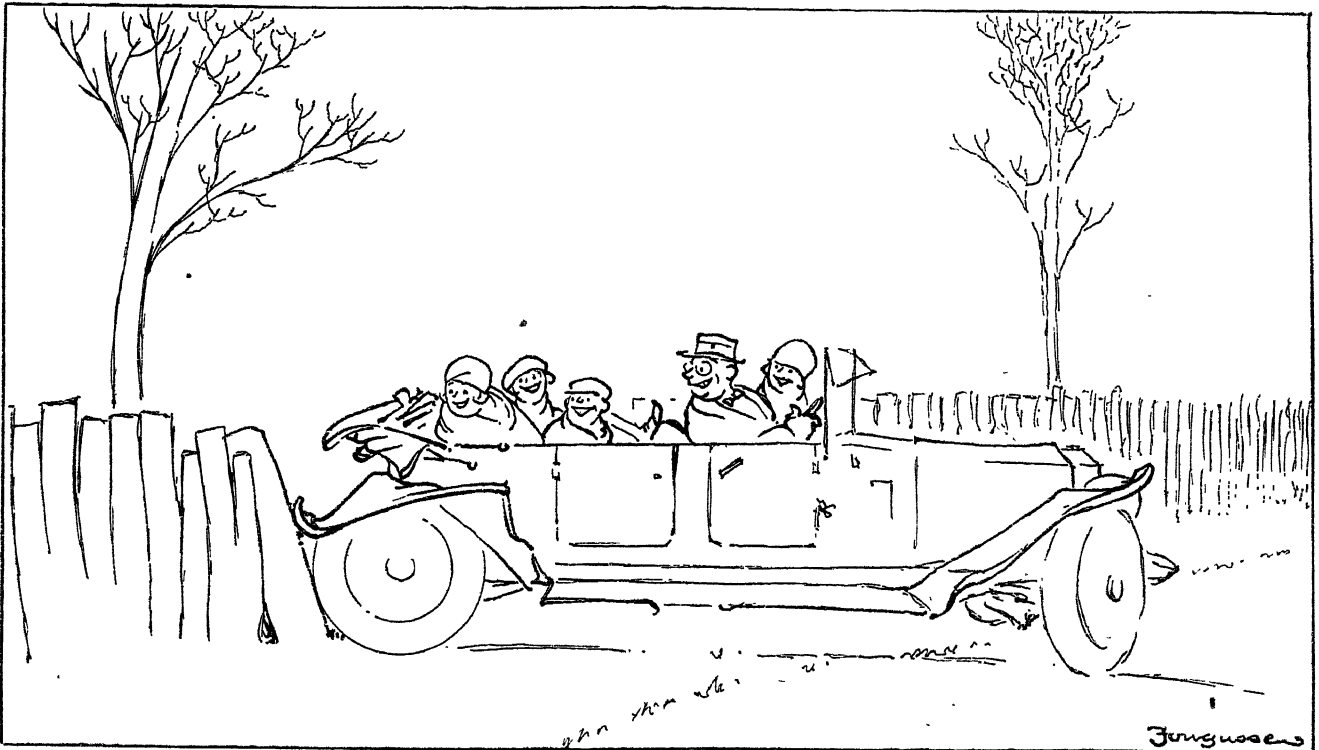
Tipster. "WELL, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, 'OP INTO THE PADDICK AN' ARSK LORD LONSDALE."



"WHY DON'T YOU PUT YOUR BLINKIN' FEET WHERE THEY BELONG?"
"IF I DID YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN FOR SEVEN WEEKS"



THE FIRST SCRATCH—

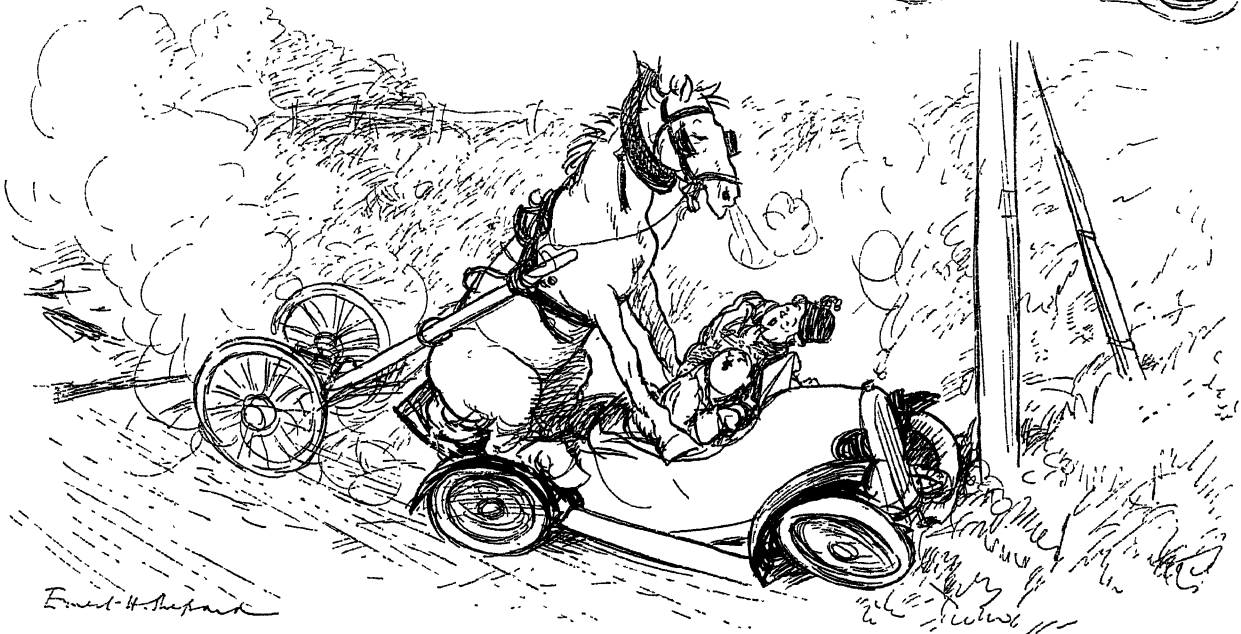
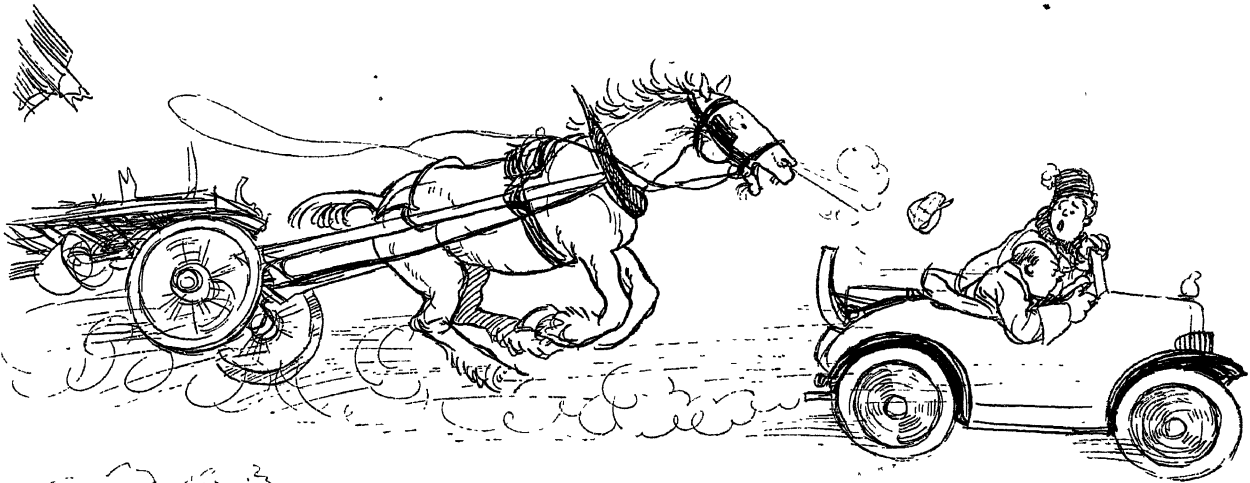
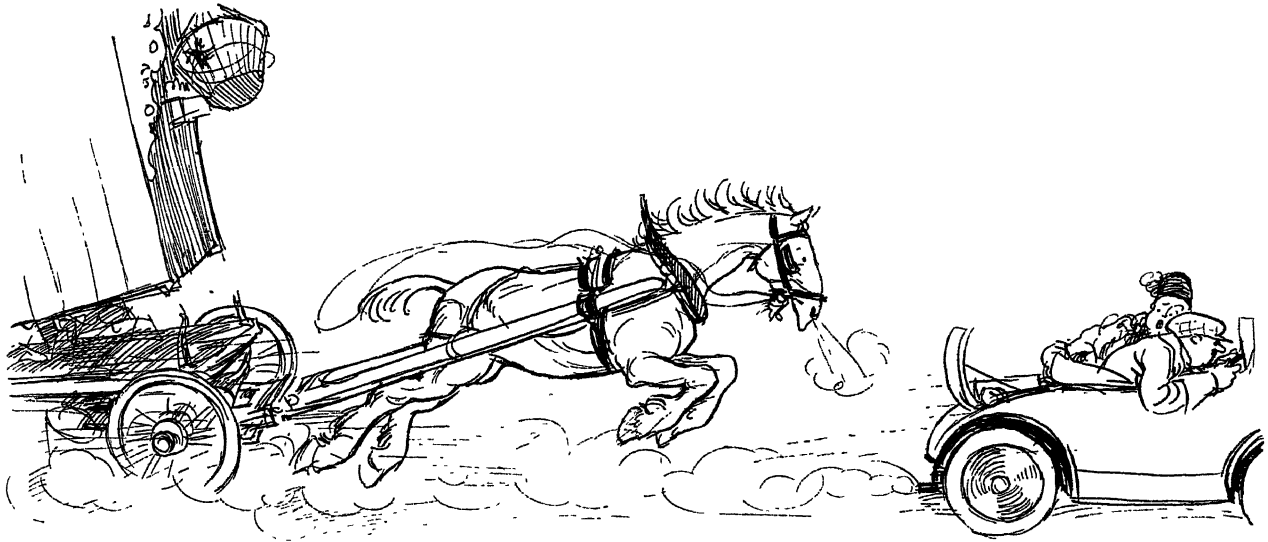


AND THE LAST.

Jungersen



THE HORSE THAT GAVE WAY TO AN IMPULSE.



Ernest H. Shepard

THE HORSE THAT GAVE WAY TO AN IMPULSE.

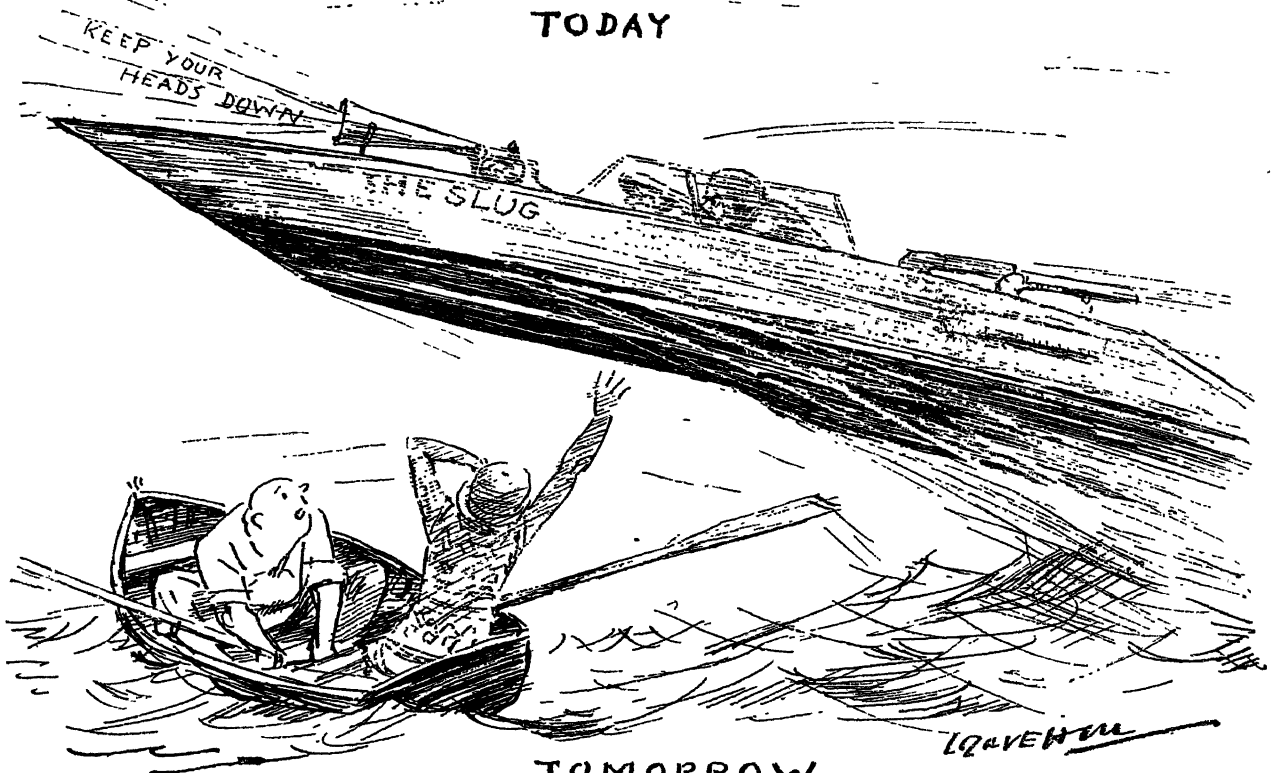
THE PLEASURE-BOAT.



YESTERDAY



TODAY



TOMORROW

OUT OF THE TOILS.

IN deference to the demand for accuracy of local detail Miss Hilda Bleat has enlisted the aid of the following staff of experts in writing this story, though here and there the urge of her inimitable style has led her to transcend the strictest adherence to fact:—

Topography:

Prof. MAPPIEBECK, F.R.G.S.

Oriental Languages:

LAL JAM SINGH (Failed B.A. Bombay).

Natural History:

ELSIE THROSTLE.

Dress:

YVONNE.

Medicine:

DIGGORY BLISS, M.B., CH.B.

Army:

General ST. JOHN BURN.

CHAPTER I.

IN the dusty main street of Ramgunge (situated on a tributary of the Ghool; pop. 547; jute, rice, flax, teak, mahogany, and chutney) Lieut. ffolliott walked slowly towards the river. Behind the Himalayas the golden rim of the sun could be seen sinking to rest, and the moon, in the east of course, rose slowly to assume her nightly reign. The sky emptied itself of colour save for the silvery glow of Ursa Minor and Taurus, visible in the north.

Anthony, in disobedience to His Majesty's Regulations regarding conduct of troops in the East (para. 34B), leaned over the rail which fringed the river bank and plumbed the moonlit depths of the river for a solution to his troubles.

Even in that dim pale light his handsomeness was not obscured. The clean-cut chiselled features revealed the characteristics of the ffolliotts. For generations they had kept the flag of Old England flying in the remote outposts of the Empire. The day he was born his name had been put down for Eton, Sandhurst and the Harlequins, though at various times he had longed to be an engine-driver, a tram-conductor and a bank-clerk. Yet he would stifle those ideas. Had not his father, the bluff old Brigadier, declared in a voice hoarse with emotion, "Go East, my son, go East. The East would go west without the ffolliotts"?

Anthony gazed at the quiet water

that flowed silently past him to join the Huteh a few miles further on. One or two late fishermen in their "khow" dragged the deeper pools for "gong," which are similar in appearance to halibut, though their *modus vivendi* is vastly different. Gong have been known to swim twenty-three miles with young on their back, to feed. But no such thoughts occupied Anthony's mind. Thirty pounds, to be paid in a week. If not—well, the Colonel was omnipotent at Ramgunge. The prospect was too hideous to be faced. A ffolliott drummed out of the Army—it was impossible.



"THERE IS DANGER, DEAREST. THIS IS THE MATING SEASON FOR GNUS."

How vividly he remembered Colonel Gore inveigling him into buying the machine. It was a 7-h.p. Boom-Stiffley, with a double cam, four-speed gear, overhead valve and electric horn. He had emphasised upon the young man the necessity of possessing modern means of locomotion and dwelt picturesquely upon the happy days he had spent on or in the road speeding with open throttle from Kabul to Kandahar and back *via* Peshawar. "I am too old," he had said, "for my motor-bicycle; you must have it, ffolliott;" and the young soldier clicked his heels smartly together, saluted and signed an I.O.U. in triplicate. Bitterly he remembered the gibes his brother-officers had made about his purchase. I will not weary

you with mechanical details. Suffice it to say that it was what his comrades called a "dud," and, though the Colonel's ingenuity enabled it to leave the Mess under its own steam, the next few miles revealed its weaknesses. The wheels had long since ceased to revolve.

CHAPTER II.

The bungalow was early astir. Outside the hoarse cries of coolies, wallahs and bheesties omened unusual activity. In front of his mirror Anthony tied his tie with trembling hands. He buckled on his Sam Browne and sword, pocketed his *Field Service Regulations* and glanced at himself. He was ready now.

A large tear welled up in his eyes as he stood over his wife, still sleeping. The purple rays of the sun filtered in to caress hersweet face framed in a mass of black curls. He paused before waking her. "Be a man, Anthony," said he to himself as he brushed away the tear and shook her gently.

"Darling, I am going away—hunting."

"Oh, why, Anthony, why? There is little hunting now. All our four-footed friends are enjoying their winter sleep. The jungle no longer echoes with the furtive pad of the lioness foraging for her cubs. The ibexes or ibices are at all times extremely elusive and seldom venture from their lairs till the late spring. There is danger, dearest. This is the mating season for gnus, when they are particularly savage and intolerant of man's interference."

He took her up in his strong arms. "Look," he

said tenderly, "at yonder mountain-peak (probably Mt. Oojah; 26,317 feet according to PHELPS, but MUNCHAUSEN insists upon 26,328 as the more accurate figure; it was ascended by McWhortle in '96, only after losing two coolies and a mule) shrouded in snow. Among those slopes, crested with coniferous and deciduous trees, elephants are to be found. As you probably know, darling, elephant-tusks are valuable owing to the increasing popularity of the game of billiards, and at the moment stand at 94—94½ f.o.b."

"Must you go, dearest?"

"It is to settle a debt of honour, Angela. Love must not stand in the way."

He put his arms round her tiny

shoulders, pressed his lips to hers and, carrying his 270 elephant-gun at the slope, went out.

"Hurryup! Gettonwithit, wallahs!" he shouted as he rejoined his followers, speaking in the dialect they understood. They rose from their prayer-mats, rolled them up gravely, put their Korans in their pockets and answered, "Allah ekbah, Huzoor" (Allah knows it will be a difficult business, great white master, but we can do no more than our best), using in the excitement of the moment the Hoodoo future-imperfect where they might in more normal circumstances have used the perfect-optative.

So, at one word from its leader the expedition moved off in close column of route, save for those members who, having consulted the entrails of a sacred pig, in accordance with their religious scruples, and found the omens unpropitious, had tacitly withdrawn.

CHAPTER III.

The punkah (fan) slowly rose and fell, for in spite of the snow, owing to the prevalence of seasonal simooms and trade winds, which are dry winds, but in crossing the Bay of Bengal pick up sufficient moisture to produce abundant rainfall in the Northern latitudes, it was warm at Ramgunge. With trembling hand, Angela knitted the final "E" of "WELCOME" on the front-door mat in expectation of Anthony's return.

"One purl, two plain," she cooed to herself, and, as the last stitch was completed, ran to the glass to tidy her hair. She was in her best frock—a creation of mushed velvet. Its quiet tones of periwinkle were relieved by festoons of organdie and hummocks of shot silk, the waist-line of course being calculated by the relative length of the corsage.

Her heart missed a beat. In the glass was reflected the face of a man.

"Hopp ith quikh," he snarled to the punkah-wallah (fan-operator).

They were alone.

The kindly benevolence which his long white moustache and bald head lent him was belied by the fierce passion of his voice.

"Mrs. folliott—no, Angela!" "You here, Colonel," she gasped, throwing back her head in cold disdain and stifling the fear that clutched at her heart.

"Yes, my dear. Although it was calculated to encourage insubordination amongst the men and contrary to the conduct usually attributed to senior ranks of the service, not to mention the possibility of its encouraging a spirit of unrest among the subject races, I organised a game of hide-and-seek in the Mess and stole over here—ha! ha!—under the cover of night. Angela, I love you." He leant forward to kiss her.



"THE COLONEL IS DEAD. HE ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THESE PAPERS."

"Never!" she cried and, lashing a tiger-skin rug tightly round her breast, placed a waste-paper-basket on her head.

"Very well, young woman," he answered with a devilish laugh, "I must force you to kiss me. Look at this." He flaunted the I.O.U. in triplicate before her eyes.

"Thirty solid jimmy o' goblins!" he went on in his rough soldierly way, "and your dear Anthony is hunting elephants that don't exist: I shot 'em all last Monday. Ha! Ha! Kiss me once, Angela, and I'll hand over one of these I.O.U.'s; kiss me twice and I'll tear up the whole d—set. But refuse and I send him on a very dangerous expedition against the Hugabcos (a fierce and unscrupulous tribe which is a con-

stant source of annoyance to our troops, and, though nomadic, frequently interrupts the milk supplies at Ramgunge), which moves off Friday, 24th November, seventeen hours."

She stood with her back to the writing-table. In spite of her proud pose of defiance her courage was ebbing. After all, she was only a woman. Her fingers tapped the table nervously. Suddenly she thought—the kris! The kris! Her only salvation.

It may seem difficult at first to imagine what a kris is doing here, being, as readers are aware, an instrument peculiar to the Malayan Peninsula and used with deadly effect in Dyak warfare; but Anthony had presumably picked it up during his travels or had been presented with it by some relation. He may have used it as a paper-knife.

Her fingers closed round the handle. The Colonel stood in front of her, leering grotesquely and brandishing those pieces of paper that meant so much. He laughed a guttural laugh.

Suddenly, with a movement so swift that the tiger-rug, taken off its guard, became unlashd and slipped from her breast to the floor, she swept the weapon from the table and was about to plunge it in his breast when the man doubled up and collapsed like a felled ox.

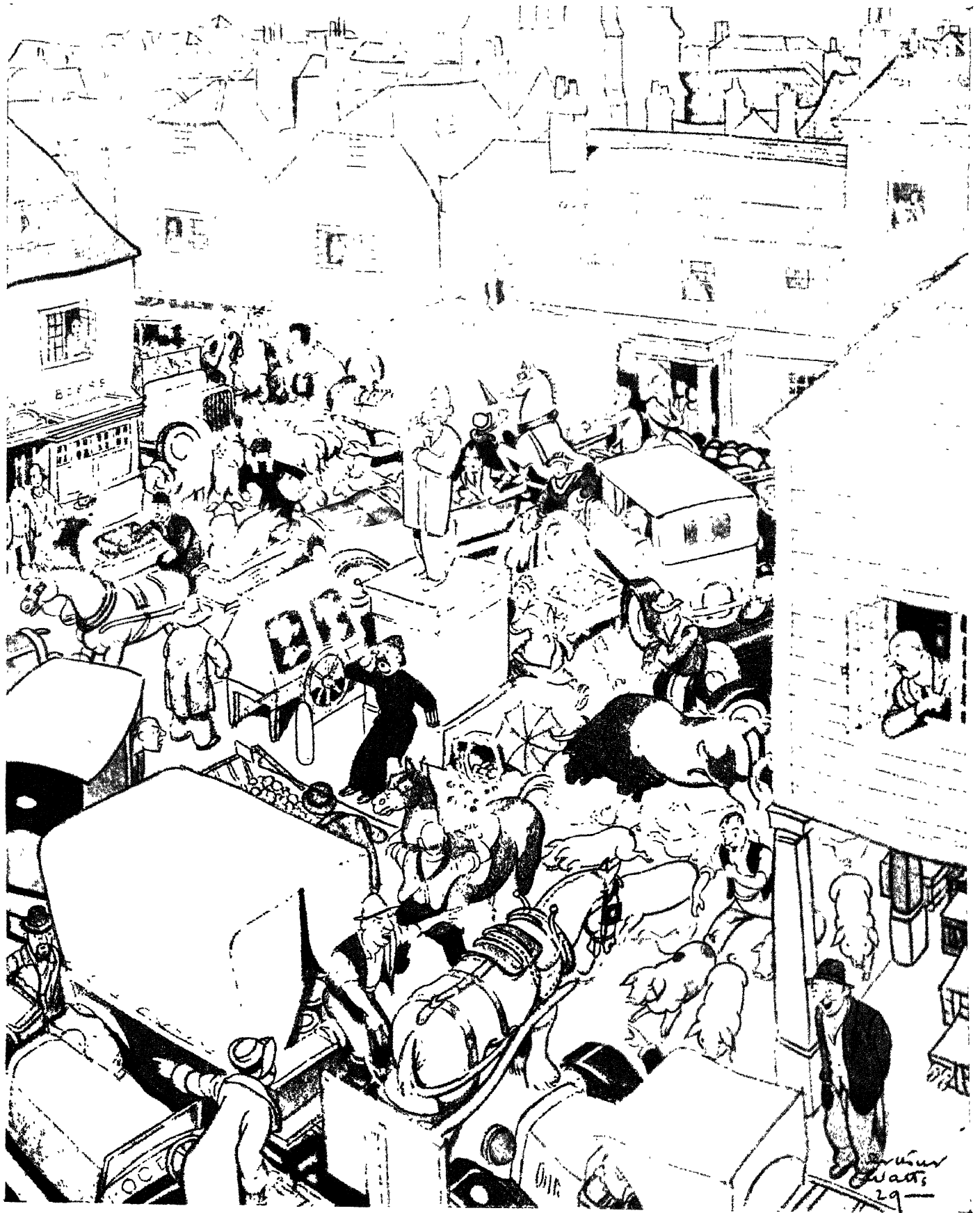
The extreme pitch of emotional excitement had reacted upon

the normal action of the heart, which was already somewhat impaired owing to long service in tropical climates to such an extent that cardiac oscillation resulted with the attendant failure of the semi-lunar valves and retardation of the auricular systole. The strongest heart cannot suffer this phase without risk. Death must have been instantaneous.

The door opened—or, rather, the hangings of the entrance parted.

"Anthony," she cried, "the Colonel is dead. He asked me to give you these papers."

The young soldier saluted, removed his topee (hat), sang "God save the King," followed by the School Song, and murmured reverently, "Then he was a gentleman after all."



OUR MARKET TOWN TRIES OUT THE ROTARY SYSTEM.



A FRACTIONOUS STEED.



MADAME POMME D'OR.

Madame Pomme d'Or (oh! unless you're a dunce
 You'll note the true blue of the blood in her veins)
 Is a lady by birth, though, I'll tell you at once,
 She works for her living like work-a-day Janes;
 You shall see her; she's (shortly)
 Tall, just a bit portly,
 A well-preserved blonde of distinction and brains.

Yes, her years have been kindly to Madame Pomme d'Or,
 Still her eyes are pure gentian, the sun's in her hair;
 And she rules like a queen on a calm second floor
 And all the best duchesses visit her there;
 For both home and her duty
 Is her Temple of Beauty,
 The Sign of the Apple, Old Bond Street, Mayfair.

The Rollses glide up with an opulent purr;
 At her door there's an absolute love of a page
 (With a torch on his buttons) to name you to her,
 To Madame, who, smiling and kindly and sage,
 Can (of words to be thrifty)
 Make *twenty* of *fifty*
 And assure after *sixty* triumphant mid-age.

For her *Cyprian Cream*'s not the usual mess,
 But the smoothness of bliss and the blandness of joy;
 And her *Bloom Aphrodite* is magic, no less,
 To the matron who's falling in love with a boy.
 Oh! no Eve lacks for Adams
 Who'll patronise Madame's,
 Whose *Mead of Mount Ida* "makes Helens of Troy."

She was feeding the sparrows to-day in the Park,
 Taking tea, and the pigeons persistently coo'd
 And craved of her bounty some similar mark,
 When she bent with a smile to the clamorous brood
 That (scuffle and flutter)
 Thought brown bread and butter
 And curranty cake most ambrosial food.

And softly she said, "Do you take me—how dear!—
 For Someone beloved long ago, a great while,
 Grown *old*" (but her voice was like music to hear),
 "Who the doves and the sparrows could always beguile?
 Ah, the blue-eyed Sea Pansy,
 The Foam-Born. Well, fancy!"
 As she crumbled her cake she continued to smile. P. R. C.

OUR YACHT AGAIN.

I.

ONCE more, it appeared, Captain Percival wished to sign on Crew Apple for a yachting trip on the high seas of the Norfolk Broads; for only the other day the devoted crew, while complacently recalling happy days on (and sometimes off) the *Merry Widow*, was roused by a telegram from his old captain:—

"Ahoy my hearty will you come fortnights voyage in gay caravel stop heave anchor littlehurst wednesday week percival."

After a hurried reference to maps of Norfolk, Crew Apple wired back:—

"Delighted sign on galleon if necessary stop what part broads exactly is littlehurst stop map here uncommunicative stop respectful obedience apple."

A decidedly brusque wire resulted:—

"What hell mean stop littlehurst is in hants anchor in main crossroads."

This was too much for poor Crew Apple. He soon located Littlehurst in Hampshire all right, but could find no water, ornamental or useful, anywhere near the main crossroads or even near the village. Feeling, however, that perhaps the poor old lower-deck brain was at fault, he restrained his natural inclination to be offensive and wired politely:—

"What depth water anchorage littlehurst crossroads."

Captain Percival may have experienced the same natural inclination, but failed to restrain it. His wire ran:—

"Consult mental specialist stop urgent percival."

After which there was a cold silence on the wires for about two days, till Apple, suddenly realising that possibly the game, instead of being for two players only, had been for three, including a telegraph operator, went over to see Percival in the flesh.

He was right. It turned out that Percival's idea had been to have a caravan trip, leaving the Anchor Inn at Littlehurst on Wednesday week. . . . So perhaps this had better not be OUR YACHT AGAIN, but

OUR CARAVAN (FOR THE FIRST TIME.)

I.

Percival is not good at organising. His first attempt at writing round to his friends to collect a mixed half-dozen for caravanning resulted in five feminine acceptances, with himself as the only man. This party, smacking as it did

of an Oriental potentate touring England incog., had to be hurriedly dissolved, and Percival started all over again. The next effort resulted in five men and one girl, and after a four-page letter from the girl's mother Percival apologised and had another try. This time, after the ensuing correspondence had been dealt with, recounts demanded, Board of Trade regulations complied with, and all telegraphic errors explained to that old sea-dog, Apple, Percival found himself with a team of four men and two girls.

His next move was to write to us all full instructions as to what we were to bring in the way of utensils and clothes, and to ask who among us knew how to look after the horse. He then followed this with a hurried wire to each of us, asking urgently if we knew of a caravan to hire. From subsequent letters we learnt that he had only just remembered to tell the man at Littlehurst, whose caravan he had been proposing to borrow, of his intention and now found it had been promised elsewhere. Somehow I don't think Percival has a methodical mind.

Nothing falls so flat as a caravan trip without a caravan, and so we all made strenuous efforts. I think it was lucky that we didn't each one of us secure a caravan simultaneously. We should have been an impressive sight, only needing a sea-lion in a cage and a few monkeys to make us indistinguishable from the real thing. As it was, Percival wired to us all two days later to say the man had put the other people off.

At lunch-time on the great day we converged in cars on the Anchor Inn at Littlehurst. Percival had been there a day, and by the time we arrived he practically *was* the Anchor Inn at Littlehurst. We garaged our cars for the fortnight, surreptitiously extracted the numerous volumes on "Horse Management" and "Equine Care" which we had all brought, and went out to inspect the caravan, which stood in the yard. It was a gleaming daffodil-yellow, varnished over, and looked like a missing portion of sun, but by the time we had shaded our eyes and got it in focus it wasn't so bad.

We then prepared to inspect the horse. Percival gazed blankly at us and dropped his jaw on his chest.

"Hell!" he said. "I *knew* I'd overlooked something."

All the local horse-owners having had time to size Percival up, we found that there was unfortunately not a horse for hire in the village, so by a five-to-one vote we selected Percival's car and called it Dobbin. We are leaving the Anchor this afternoon. Percival as a treat is

being allowed to organise the payment for the farewell lunch, but a couple of us are going to supervise him doing it.

A. A.

DANGER AT TABLE.

MR. HENRY FORD, of Detroit, U.S.A., is a man of theories, and one of them is that crime is the result of bad dieting; but he refrains from telling us explicitly what foods are the sources of what sins.

Does gorgonzola, for example, incite to murder, or lobster mayonnaise to blackmail? Is haggis an instigator of robbery with violence? Are nine out of every ten embezzlers clotted-cream addicts? For what, if any, criminal impulse may (a) roast pork and (b) tripe be held responsible? Is raspberry mould demoralizing? And what of dressed crab? Does a passion for dressed crab explain the evil designs of the company-promoter?

If Mr. Ford's theory is a sound one, the diet served up in our prisons and penitentiaries will need a deal of watching. It might be very well to take an inveterate forger in charge and strictly keep him off marmalade-pudding (supposing marmalade-pudding to be the basic nutriment of the forgery impulse) during the term of his sentence. But of what avail would that be if by allowing him to partake of onion broth we eventually released him with his stomach seething with the urgent instincts of the habitual cat-burglar?

Meanwhile, lacking expert guidance in the matter, those of us who are as yet only potential criminals must, I suppose, continue with our ordinary feeding and take the risk of acquiring felonious tendencies.

It may be if to-morrow I indulge myself in the consumption of cucumber sandwiches at tea, or of *canard sauvage* at dinner, I may be sowing the seed of libel or arson. Or you, perhaps, masticating a seemingly virtuous mutton-chop at the luncheon-hour may be qualifying for some feat of motor-banditry.

We shall just have to carry on and take the risk. The only certain way of avoiding it—by starvation—would only end in self-destruction, itself a detestable (and in this form very painful) act of crime.

You Pays Your Money and You Takes Your Choice.

"A YOUNG PARLIAMENT.

Grey-bearded or bald-headed men seem almost entirely to have disappeared."

"There was a surprise yesterday for those who thought that the new House of Commons was a House of youth. Bald heads, white heads and grey heads were in a very large majority."—*Two Daily Papers under the same proprietorship.*



A LOST ART OF THE ROAD.

RESUSCITATED DRIVER OF OLD-TIME HORSE-BUS (*who has been trying the jokes of his period on the chauffeurs of passing motor-buses*). "THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE NO SENSE O' YUMOUR."

[The Centenary of the Omnibus is being celebrated this week.]



THE CULT OF THE UNTIDY.

Fashionable Young Woman (as Lady of no importance passes). "MY DEAR, HOW CHIC! I DO BELIEVE IT'S THE DEAR DUCHESS OF DILLWATER."

TRIALS OF OFFICE.

Two corn-buntings swayed on the solitary telegraph-wire that led to the Glen Post-Office and Store. Safe from disturbance, a collie dog lay flat in the middle of the hot white road. Tonalwillie the postmaster slumbered as he sat on a coil of rope with his cheek cap over his eyes. Morag, his monolithic assistant, leant motionless against the lintel of the open door. She stared unwinkingly at the road dipping through bog and heather towards the cliffs and the policeman's cottage.

"Yonder's a man," said she, moving no visible muscle.

Tonalwillie lazily arose to see the strange sight, and slouched to the door, pushing his cap rakishly over one ear and scratching the free side of his head with arboreal abandon.

"My conscience!" he ejaculated as he saw the figure in the distance drawing nearer. He seized his field-glasses and focussed them. "It's himself," said he—"the police-inspector, the new man from Glasgow whatever! And Jimsie out in the boat! If that is not too unfortunate. Run, Morag, and blow the whistle that is in the cart!"

Morag, uprooting herself with a painful effort, yawned her way to the back of the shop where lay the cart and there blew two shrill blasts upon the whistle.

Jimsie the policeman, out on the bay at ease in his shirt-sleeves, hastily drew in his line and anchor and rowed for shore, for that double blast signified, he well knew, the advent of an inspector or some such inquisitive person, who would be interfering with the liberty of his hard-working fellow-man. Indeed now he saw the wretched Lowland fellow for himself, and he was going from the police-house towards the post-office.

"And the wife away at her good-sister's and me out and all!" groaned Jimsie. "It was very foolish indeed of him to come without telling, and he would not have found me in whatever, for it is this very day I should have been at Finabeg."

"Did Jimsie not get my letter yesterday saying I was coming to-day?" inquired the inspector, hot and irascible, of Tonalwillie.

Tonalwillie rearranged his cap and thought deeply.

"I could not be saying as to that,

Sir," he replied at last, "but this would be his day for Finabeg, I am thinking."

Then a horrid sinking sensation took Tonalwillie beneath his crocheted waistcoat, for it flashed across him that a letter On His Majesty's Service had come for Jimsie the previous day, but the postman, remarking that "they things were not of much account," handed it over to Tonalwillie, who undertook to give it to Jimsie some time when that guardian of the law would be passing the post-office, and had straightway dismissed the matter to the depths of his Unconscious.

The inspector, complaining that his car had broken down on the Mallin hill and he had walked the three miles from there on his two feet, sank down with a weary groan upon the coil of rope, lamenting that he had ever left civilisation for this Hebridean outpost. Tonalwillie, feverishly discoursing upon the weather, the price of eggs and the immense amount of work that devolved upon a country postmaster who is also the storekeeper, furtively searched the shelves for the letter. There were old accounts there and chunks of tobacco, jujubes and ink-bottles, stumps of pencils and the twopence-halfpenny left by

Mrs. MacDonald for the stamp to be put on her letter to her son in Brazil.

And there now was another worry for Tonalwillie! Had he put on that stamp? Sighing deeply over the hurly-burly of life, he slipped the coppers into his pocket, and his fingers felt an envelope. Unobtrusively he drew a corner of it out, discovered that it was the missing letter and hastily pushed it back again. He misdoubted that the inspector would not be sympathetic towards the postal ways of the Glen.

"Indeed and it would be difficult to say what letters would be coming," said he evasively in his sweet soft drawl; "there is too many altogether for to be remembered."

Abstractedly he killed a cheese-exploring fly and with the ham-knife flicked it on to the floor, remarking that one might spend a day at it and yet not be rid of them. However, for he was a Highlander, the duties of hospitality became paramount. "Morag," he bawled as that hefty damsel hove into sight, "bring refreshment!"

Refreshment with its healing touch provided, Tonalwillie, with incoherent murmurs about hens, cows and that girl Morag, sidled from the shop. Once round the corner he set out hot-foot over the fields and met Jimsie, now correctly garbed and hastening towards the post-office. He drew him into the shelter of the little Free Church porch and hurriedly explained the situation while Jimsie read the belated letter.

"Mphm! And would he be knowing that it was me out in the boat now?" inquired the policeman thoughtfully. "And indeed moreover I was but trying to catch a flounder for his tea."

In perfect unspoken accord the two hastened shopwards, Jimsie taking the high road that led to the front-door, and Tonalwillie the low road that led to the back-door. As the latter strolled into the shop he was dismayed to find the inspector having words with the postman.

"And is it to be expected that one man will remember all the places he will take the letters to?" demanded the postman in shrill indignation. "Look at this very morning; I would be having as many as three-dozen letters for the Glen! The policeman's might be one of those letters and again it might not be one."

The inspector pointed to the long weary stretch of road that led to the policeman's solitary cottage. "You'd remember if you'd gone there," said he grimly, "and I shall inquire into the matter. You'd better look in your bag."

There was the sound of a smart footstep, and Jimsie, severely official, appeared and saluted the inspector with



Very Obliging Barber. "AND WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SHARPEN THE PENCIL BEHIND YOUR EAR, SIR?"

brisk precision before giving expression to his desperate grief at being out when his superior officer called. He mentioned the flounder for tea as extenuation. Eggs, he explained, were not to be had, for the hens had laid away. "And," said he, "if you will be excusing me for mentioning it, Sir, you would not be telling me here the time you would be coming."

He drew the letter from his pocket, and the postman as he saw the missive gave an involuntary sigh of relief. His honour as a Government official was vindicated.

He turned to the inspector. "You see?" said he, adding more in sorrow than in anger; "what was it that I would be telling you just this very moment?"

* * * * *
The inspector gone at long last, Lowlander routed by Highlander, the three officials, with other men of the Glen, sat on wooden cases in the shop and, as their thoughts ran upon the happenings of the afternoon, basked in the bliss of conscious communal rectitude.

The heavy silence was broken by the policeman.

"Ay, ay," said he with a comfortable sigh, "them that's set in high places needs the subtlety of the serpent."

"Ah!" agreed the postman, "we do that."

Tonalwillie smiled dreamily, an angelic light in his eyes. "Yes, now," said he, "a lie will be a very wicked thing indeed. But with the wisdom that the good God has seen fit to give to us"—he took a long soul-satisfying suck at his pipe—"it is not necessary!"

Morag, who for a diversion had attended Election meetings in the school-house, lunged at the little group with elephantine playfulness.

"Y' M.P.'s!" said she admiringly.

"POULTRY, CAGE BIRDS.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

Never allow fowls to mope about under a hot sun. Keep them exercising with gentle exercise of an amusing kind.—*Irish Paper.*

Egg-and-spoon races, however, are to be avoided.

PRELUDE TO WIMBLEDON.

THE first day at Wimbledon is a marvellous tribute to something or other—I am not sure what. "Implacable efficiency" perhaps would be the best phrase.

If you say to a friend, "I am going to see TILDEN and COCHET and BOROTRA," "Have you got tickets?" he will inquire. "No," you answer meekly. "Then you must rise at dawn, the day before yesterday," he will tell you, "and take with you sandwiches and a camp-stool and a flask."

It is very true that the gates are opened for the first day's play at Wimbledon at eleven o'clock, and that long, long before eleven o'clock a queue is there. In a spirit of dare-devilry I determined to do none of these things, but just go to Wimbledon. I found it rather amusing. But queueing for queueing's sake has become a habit amongst Londoners. It is a kind of perverted passion. I often wonder whether a great super-queue could not be held in London which people would attend for hours and hours for the mere pain of it, without any ceremony to witness at the other end. At all events, when the queue for Wimbledon on the first day is over, about three hours elapse during which almost nobody arrives at all. After that the ticket-holders appear.

To anyone, therefore, making the great adventure during these three hours a very curious spectacle of English life unfolds itself. You may travel by car down long leafy lanes placarded with helpful notices and instructive arrows and punctuated by policemen on foot and on horse, and for the sum of half-a-crown acquire the privilege of parking your motor-car in a vast deserted meadow, assisted by the kindly offices of some forty or fifty A.A. men or R.A.C. men, whichever you please. Scarcely any of the queueists have come by car—they have probably crawled on all-fours for the purpose of torturing themselves—and the serried ranks of officials greet the rare stranger with frenzied gesticulations of delight. They have forgotten nothing. The whole field is pegged and taped into partitions for motor-cars, including a special crèche for baby motor-cars. His lonely vehicle left to the ministrations of this enormous bodyguard, the visitor proceeds on foot, escorted by

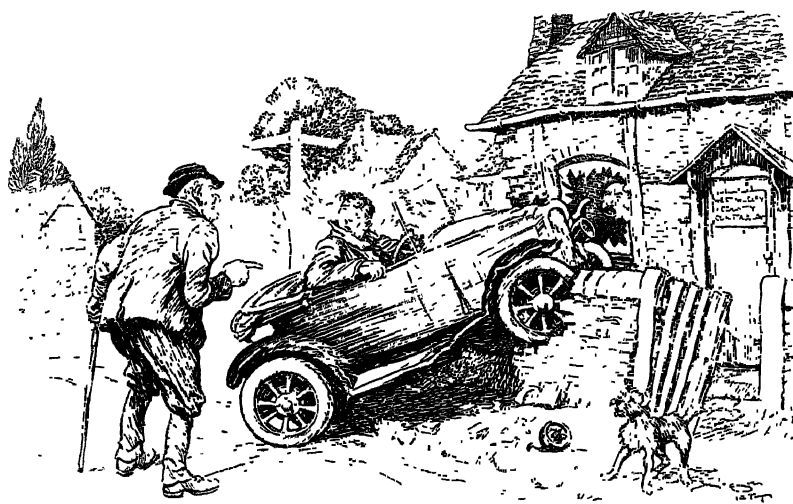
posses or potuisses of police, to the outer precincts of the tennis-shrine, where he selects one of the countless officials doing nothing at the turnstiles and boldly demands admission to the ground.

Not so. He must first have change. The tolerant police, the kindly officials, gather round and tell him where to get it. Did he suppose he could walk through a turnstile as easily as that? As a matter of fact, if he is going to the centre court, he gets his change, chooses what ticket he will buy, goes through a turnstile, walks up a long empty alley, buys a ticket, goes through another turnstile and even then is not inside the ground. He gets (at last) inside by showing at the final rampart the ticket he has so gloriously won. Now almost past hope and resisting the temptation to

countenance again. The crowd really was thickening. And afterwards I was able to feel quite undistinguished amongst the throng which waited for the arrival of foreign champions in pen-noned cars.

I liked this ceremony, because the modest champions, disembodying hastily with bundles of racquets into the club-entrance, were almost invisible as they did so. How they would have envied, I thought, had they known it, the majesty and pomp with which I, a mere spectator, had been received!

I then wandered round a little and looked at the lawns. A lawn at Wimbledon is so perfect and so shaven that it looks like a piece of cork matting painted bright green. I tried to imagine a moment when by some inconceivable carelessness a plantain had made its appearance upon a Wimbledon lawn—the hasty gathering of select committees, the harried telephone message to Scotland Yard, the sacking of groundsmen, the consternation of the populace, the green-and-purple ball-boys discovered sobbing as though their hearts would break. But the strain on my imagination was too terrible, and, having diligently searched the labyrinths and passed through the survey of three or four more policemen and five or six more officials, I found my seat on the centre court.



Reckless Driver (with much-endorsed licence). "ANY CHANCE OF GETTING THIS AWAY BEFORE THE POLICE SEE IT?"
Native. "DUNNO, ZUR. THAT'S THE POLICE-STATION YOU'VE RUN INTO."

believe that it was only in order to buy a ticket and not in order to see the play that he has performed these many rites he does actually get in.

"Go through that turnstile and join the queue," I was told very solemnly at one of the outer barricades. I went carefully through the turnstile. I was the queue.

Never in my life have I seen so magnificent a retinue of badged and uniformed attendants so occupied in the marshalling of a crowd consisting of a single man. I should have felt happier if I had been wearing robes and a crown and could have had one lackey at least in my own private pay. Still, I got in.

By lunch-time, when I was trifling with the hard-court crust of a portion of veal-and-ham pie in the thorough draught admitted by an open tent on a windy day, enough ticket-holders and umpires and straggling strangers like myself were about me to put me in

There I saw TILDEN and there I saw COCHET and BOROTRA. A racquet is tossed into the arena. TILDEN magnificently follows it. He serves. When he hits the net-band the ball comes back nearly to his feet. A champion, I notice, begins to play in a sweater and takes it off after the first set to show that, since he is not yet playing another champion, it is so far mere child's-play to him. He carries no fewer than four racquets, whereas a man who is merely playing a champion must not carry more than two. It is hard to see why this should be so, since any first service by TILDEN or BOROTRA looks to me as if it would knock a hole in an ordinary racquet, if an ordinary racquet should be so presumptuous as to get in the way of it. A champion smiles when he misses a stroke and (if he is from America) says "Shaht!" or (if he wears a beret) "O oui!" The man playing against a champion smiles all the rest of the



RHODODENDRON-TIME.

"THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT 'AVING A CAR, 'ERBERT; YOU NEED NEVER GO 'OME EMPTY-'ANDED."

time, as who should say, "I am merely here to show you how wonderful the champion is." Both men smile at the end, but the beaten man more warmly, because he is far more hot.

Still the champions *do* lose rallies occasionally, even against their will, and I honour those who can make them do it. It is like staying the stars in their courses.

The ritual of the centre court, even on an opening day, is awe-inspiring as ever. Nothing is changed. The glass bowl is still there. It still has no gold-fish inside. At a casual glance there seem to be about eight strong and grave-looking men seated round on chairs, from one of whom, at the least expected moment, comes a loud roar, when one has almost forgotten his existence, indicating that a ball has missed a line by an inch. And the ball-boys (though they are not very safe about "lets") have a pleasant little game of their own, throwing up balls to the principal ball-boy, who is going to throw them up to the server.

Ex-King MANOEL is watching. Microphone and amplifiers re-echo the score. I am fascinated by the centre court.

How on earth, one asks oneself, can any game be conducted at all on the minor courts where poor AUSTIN has

to play, where there is only one official besides the umpire on the ground?

As he changes over from game to game the photographers still pursue BOROTRA with an alacrity worthy of his own. TILDEN seems to grow taller, COCHET more impassive, with the years. But the true connoisseur of Wimbledon should sometimes cease from watching the play. Every now and then he should watch the spectators opposite. Then he sees the extraordinary spectacle of a crowd turning its faces mechanically *left—right, left—right*, exactly as we used to do for the physical drill instructor in the Great War. An elderly Oriental in a blue turban, standing opposite, seems to the eye of imagination to be giving them the time. The rally ends and they stand at ease again. It is a wonderful sight. The neck-muscles of forty different nationalities are being loosened at once by the interchange of a little white ball. Forty different languages are being spoken around me. Whang. Whang. Whang. This is the hub of the universe. This is the true Geneva. Now BOROTRA is serving again. Men and women of forty different nationalities are envisaging the concept—"Forty—Love!"

Alas, that my exit from Wimbledon is not so triumphant as my arrival.

The squadrons of police, the battalions of A.A. men almost justify their existence. The car-park is a turmoil. The procession to Putney Bridge is a catafalque. With no more honour and no more glory than a mere queue-maniac or a millionaire ticket-buyer, huddled in the mob, I return. EVOE.

The Predominant Partner.

"Mr. Webb has chosen the title of Baron Passfield of Passfield Corner in the county of Southampton.

Mrs. Webb yesterday told me of her decision in one sentence, writes a *Daily Mail* reporter: 'I intend to continue to be Mr. Sidney Webb,' she said, and nodded her head in determined emphasis."—*"Daily Mail."*

No More Tuppenny Damns.

"For exhibiting a poster containing the word 'damn,' Peter — incurred the maximum penalty at Govan (Glasgow) Police Court on Tuesday, when he was fined £1, or 10 days' imprisonment in default of payment."

Daily Paper.

Whatever politicians may say, post-war prices are still very high.

"Criminal proceedings are to be taken against Major — on a charge of conspiracy with a bus owner to bribe in respect of a bus route concession. with full orchestra."

Daily Paper.

Selections from "Trial by Jury" seem indicated.

CHARIVARIA.

MISS BETTY NUTHALL is to have a hundred pounds if she reaches the age of twenty-one without having smoked, and it is hoped that the L. T. A. will not take the view that abstinence for a financial consideration savours of professionalism. * *

The Freedom of Inverness is to be offered to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Mr. BALDWIN, whose mother was a MacDonald, in recognition of the distinction they have brought to the clan. In certain quarters it is felt that it would be a delicate compliment to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE if they made him an honorary MacDonald. * *

A racing-pigeon has succeeded in flying two thousand miles in America. It is only fair to the intrepid Frenchmen who recently flew the Atlantic to say that the bird did it without a stowaway. * *

The police recently arrested an eighty-two-year-old burglar. In house-breaking circles it is felt he ought to retire and let youth have a chance. * *

Before ceasing to exist as an authority, the Metropolitan Asylums Board is to be officially photographed, and it is hoped that souvenirs of this picturesque feature of our national life will be obtainable in postcard form. * *

We see it suggested that cricket spectators develop a sixth sense. This may be the explanation of their habit of following the game with their eyes shut. * *

"Miss Gleitze Does the Wash in Thirteen Hours," says a headline in a morning paper. It doesn't say whether this includes the drying and starching? * *

Sound-films of weddings are expected to become the vogue in America, and the feeling in Hollywood is that no time should be lost in making arrangements for similar records of the subsequent divorces. * *

LORD CASTLEROSSE complains that the conversation he has to listen to in fashionable crowds is more than his temperament can stand. It is greatly to his credit that he doesn't allow his hyper-sensitiveness to interfere with his gossip-writing. * *

To Liberals, according to Lady OXFORD in a letter to *The Times*, "'tis always morning somewhere in the world." Wherever Mr. LLOYD GEORGE goes the dawn is visible.

With reference to Dean INGE's suggestion that there should be a distinctive dress for every profession, it is said that the Amalgamated Union of Burglars and Burglars' Assistants is strongly opposed to the idea. * *

Roman cross-roads have been discovered near Lichfield, but no evidence of dirty work at them seems to have been brought to light. * *

When a sound of snoring detected by a judge in the Chancery division the other day was traced to a man in the public gallery, some surprise was felt that the Bench failed to remind the offender that the Court was not a place of amusement. * *

A medical writer is sceptical about so-called "miraculous" cures by shock. We ourselves have never felt any better for seeing our doctor's bill. * *

We read of a chess-player who takes the precaution of ordering an extra pair of sleeves with each new coat. It may not be generally known that confirmed chess-players are distinguished by callosities on the elbows. * *

In view of the prediction that the piece of sculpture which Mr. EPSTEIN is now completing on the new Underground building will flatten the bourgeois, we trust that every care will be taken to ascertain that it is securely attached. * *

It is stated that many Americans are too shy to come to this country. Quite a number, however, manage to overcome this diffidence. * *

Southall people are protesting against the building of a gasometer three hundred feet high. This is another set-back for the organisers of the Campaign for Bigger and Brighter Gasometers, with which is incorporated the Society for the Propagation of Roadside Petrol Pumps. * *

The latest American innovation is a huge organ, incorporating all the present jazz effects, which can be played by one man, who is concealed from the audience. "Safety first," as the Tory slogan said. * *

At a West-End wedding the other day there were twelve bridesmaids. We note that the old custom of having only one bridegroom was still followed. * *

Norwegians are now making use of aeroplanes to catch whales. It seems rather a heavy variety of fly-fishing.

In the discussion on a famous view in Lakeland a writer regrets that so many poets are too short-winded to climb the necessary height. Our feeling is that he shouldn't judge them by their attempts on Parnassus. * *

We understand that laundries object very strongly to the newly-formed Men's Dress Reform Party, on the ground that it is extremely difficult, even with the most up-to-date machinery, to put a nice fine edge on soft collars. * *

A professional dancer in Vienna danced continuously for seventy-four hours. It is understood that he sat out the next dance.

LYRA LUNATICA.

I'm fond of horseback exercise
Upon a quiet gee,
But find the camel's action tries
The nether part of me;
Turtles I carefully eschew,
And honestly I feel
I'd sooner sit a kangaroo
Than ride a conger-eel.

I'm very fond of singing-birds,
And yet, to be sincere,
The cuckoo's preference for thirds
Wounds my fastidious ear;
The bulbul's song I dote upon,
And yet I sometimes think,
Were I a king in Babylon,
I'd ban the bobolink.

I reverence the canny Scot
And have abundant cause
To like the Jocks and Macs, but not
The clan of the Macaws;
I never knew a cockatoo
Whose singing voice was nice,
And yet I love the cockatoo
More than the cockatrice.

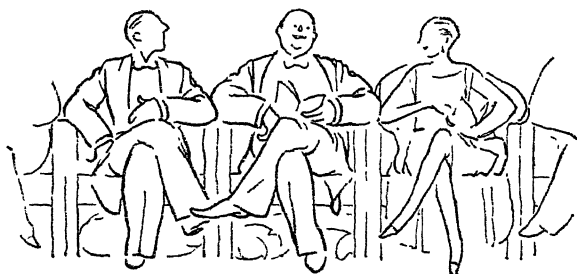
From certain beasts, through fear
or doubt,
Instinctively I swerve,
But others I admire without
A shadow of reserve;
And, if I had a million pounds,
Or preferably two,
I'd make the feature of my grounds
A really perfect Zoo.

For there I'd build a hippodrome
With terraces and cliffs,
A happy hippocampal home
For weary hippogriffs,
Where kinkajous and cachalots
Should warble in the shade,
And marmosets be fed on pots
Of Oxford marmalade.

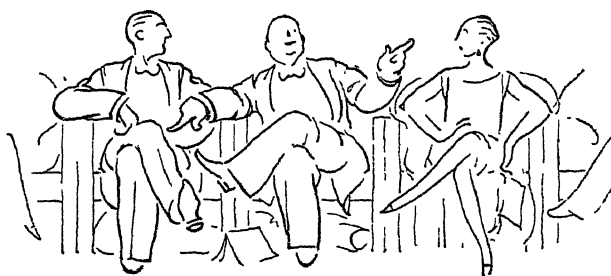
The Monstrous Regiment.

"After the ceremony, Mrs. — held a reception in the Caledonian Station Hotel. 25,800 girls."—*Glasgow Paper*.

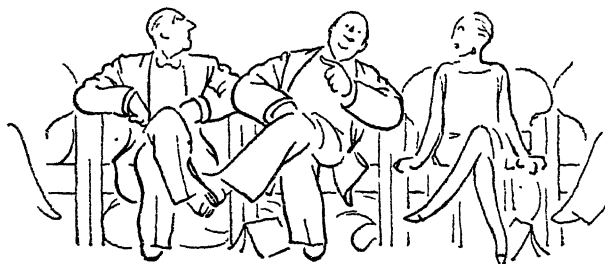
THE THEATRE GUIDE.

Jorgason

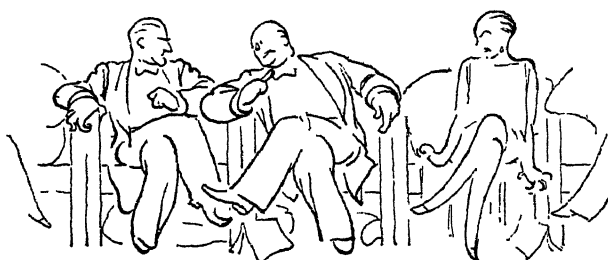
"OH, YES, I'VE SEEN THIS PLAY BEFORE—VERY THRILLING; YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT—"



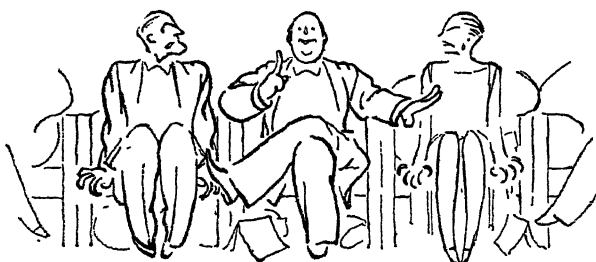
THAT'S THE VILLAIN—THE ONE WITH A BEARD—THOUGH NO ONE SPOTS HIM. AND ERIC HASN'T REALLY STOLEN THE DIAMONDS—HE'S ONLY SHIELDING DORIS; AND SHE'S NOT REALLY THE MAID, BUT WE DON'T KNOW THAT YET—AND SMITH ISN'T REALLY THE BUTLER; HE'S A DETECTIVE, AND NOBODY GUESSES IT UNTIL THE END—



NOW SIR JAMES IS GOING TO BE SHOT IN A MINUTE, THROUGH THAT WINDOW ON THE RIGHT, AND NO ONE SEES IT DONE—IT'S REALLY DR. ROBINSON, BUT EVERYONE THINKS IT'S ERIC—



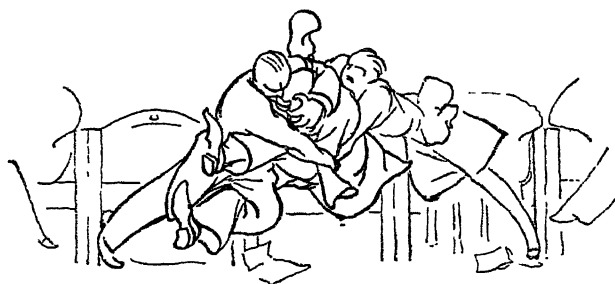
AND NOW MRS. ARKWRIGHT IS GOING TO FIND THE WILL BEHIND THE CLOCK ON THE MANTELPiece, BUT IT ISN'T THE WILL REALLY, IT'S A FORGERY; THAT WE DON'T FIND OUT TILL THE LAST ACT—



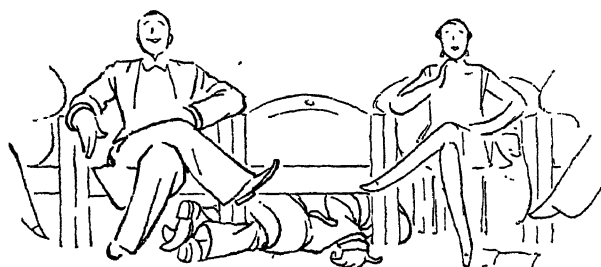
NOW CAPTAIN HOLDSWORTH IS GOING TO DRINK A WHISKY-AND-SODA THAT'S BEEN SECRETLY POISONED BY THE CONTESSA—BUT HE ISN'T REALLY GOING TO DIE; HE KNEW ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME."



AND NOW VERY SHORTLY A MAN IN THE STALLS, WHO'S BEEN SPOILING EVERYONE'S ENJOYMENT—



IS GOING TO HAVE HIS SILLY MOUTH SHUT WITH HIS OWN OVERCOAT—



AND THE BODY IS GOING TO BE DISPOSED OF UNDERNEATH THE SEAT.

A SCHOOL FOR SERIALS.

AT 10 A.M. Mr. Bertram Coke, founder and senior member of the Coke School of Serial Writing, was seated at his office desk. At 10.5 A.M. the other member, Lancelot, the office-boy, opened the door with a suddenness that told of high training and made the following observation:—

"Mr. Dudley Sparks, Sir."

"Show him in," replied the founder and senior member without looking up.

A tall pale youth of seventeen or eighteen years walked quickly into the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Sparks. Sit down," said Mr. Coke. "You are, let me see"—he was referring to a note-book he had taken from the desk—"ah, yes, here we are: 'About leave school anxious devote life serial writing daily Press.' Good. And I see that on your last visit I gave you our exercise 3b, which is to write an instalment representing chapter iv. or v. of a serial so that it would interest and satisfy those who start the story at that chapter."

"I have it here," said Mr. Sparks eagerly.

"This morning," continued Mr. Coke, taking the sheets of paper held out to him, "I shall go through it with you and criticise it in detail."

Mr. Sparks flushed slightly and his hand shook with nervous excitement.

"'Passion Bleeds,'" read out Mr. Coke, 'specially written for . . . by Ruby Sprot.' Yes. I told you, I think, that as regards titles you will find it advisable, at any rate until you become known to the public, to include some reference to love or blood. You, I see, have contrived to combine the two. A little strong, possibly, but you err, if at all, on the safe side, Sir. 'Specially written for . . . ' Good again. Nobody's going to read a story that might be just casually thrown off for anybody who cares to publish it. You, of course, are not quite sure at the moment what journal you are specially writing it for, but that can be filled in later by the editor who accepts the serial.

"'Specially written by Ruby Sprot—Sprot,' I beg your pardon," continued Mr. Coke. "Right again. It's prac-

tically essential nowadays to adopt a feminine *nom de plume*. Men do not show that knowledge of life possessed by women, and, apart possibly from purely detective stories, the public are becoming less and less inclined to read anything in the serial line written or acknowledged to be written by a man.

"Summary of story up-to-date. *Thelma Blake*, a pretty brown-eyed bingled blonde with a broad brow, delicately chiselled nostrils suggesting refined sensitiveness, small ears and

and enable you to put your soul into the work, well then disguise it from the reader, please. '—a minor mole, hurrying down the escalator at Earl's Court station one morning bound for the office, steps off with the wrong foot first and stumbles. Her head is within a foot of the concrete floor when she is suddenly and mysteriously saved. She finds herself in a vertical position once more, and clasped firmly in the arms of, and staring straight into the face of,

"*Kenneth Boscombe*, who has been stupidly approaching the descending escalator under the impression that it is ascending. He is a handsome young man with flaxen hair, long nose and ears, a close-clipped auburn moustache and commanding eyebrows. *Thelma* is confused, not by the shock of the fall but by the strange feeling she experiences in the presence of *Kenneth*. Is she in love? She is unable to answer this question, but she feels pained when he, though having appeared to be strangely interested in her, abruptly raises his bowler hat and leaves her on the platform. But that very evening, while taking some light refreshment in the company of

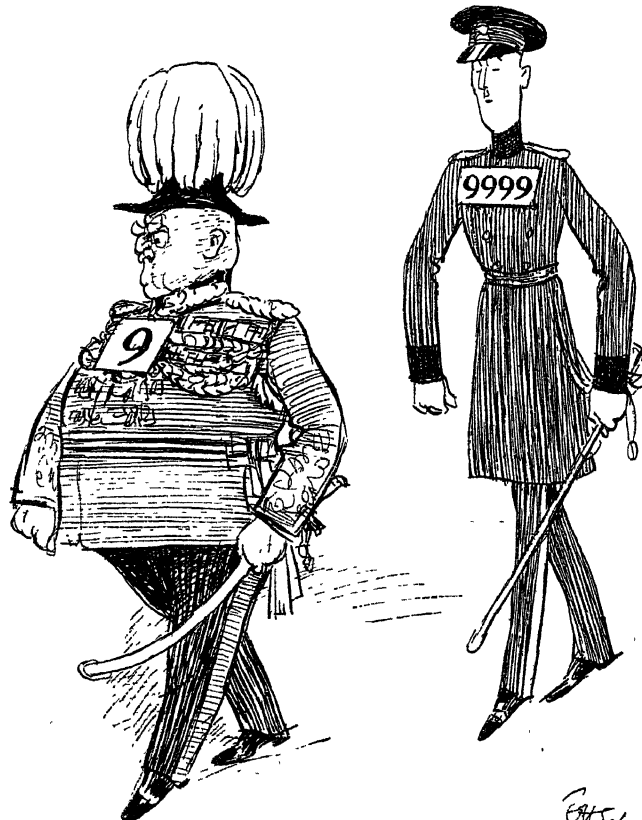
"*Magnolia Rice*, her office companion, she is surprised and vexed to see her rescuer of the morning feeding in the company of

"*Calorie Fender*, a former schoolmate of *Thelma's*, a pretty but depraved girl who had been expelled from Grainger's Academy for putting live beetles in the matron's linen-basket. *Thelma* feels strangely uncomfortable. Shall she go across at once

and tell him of the kind of girl with whom he is associating? Somehow she cannot. And she is surprised and annoyed to find herself at this poignant juncture on the verge of tears.

"'Poignant juncture,'" repeated Mr. Coke. "H'm. I know the schools of journalism advise the frequent and unrestricted use of the words 'poignant' and 'piquant,' but so far—the fashion may alter, of course—there's no such demand for them among serial readers. I should be inclined to avoid them, at all events in the synopsis.

"'At this moment *Magnolia* casually remarks, 'Why, there's *Calorie Fender* and her handsome brother, *Ken*.'"



NUMBERING OUR OFFICERS.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT IN FUTURE THE WAR OFFICE WILL ALLOT OFFICIAL NUMBERS TO OFFICERS.

mouth and a bold round chin, beneath which is partially hidden its only blemish, a minor mole'—oh, no, no, no, Mr. Sparks! Come. I told you that you must describe your characters in detail and leave nothing at all to tax the reader's imagination, but it would be fatal to your chances to attach any unsavoury physical feature to the heroine. She is the heroine, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Sparks; "she's the heroine."

"I presumed so," said Mr. Coke. "The heroine should, of course, always head the synopsis. Very well. Cut out the minor mole. If she must have one to satisfy your artist's conception

"Thelma feels she ought to be relieved at the news conveyed to her by this observation, but for some mysterious reason she finds herself wondering what right Magnolia has to call him Ken or handsome. Then to her amazement she sees at the next table but three

"*Marmaduke Brandenburg*, the boy with damp carrot-coloured hair she met at—"

At this point, Lancelot, the junior member of the Coke School of Serial Writing, opened the door suddenly and made the following interruption:—

"The Duchess of Plumstead and Mr. Barton have arrived, Sir."

"Ah," replied Mr. Coke, "I'm afraid I shall have to cut your time rather short this morning, Mr. Sparks. I have two clients down for 10.30: the Duchess of Plumstead, who gives all her spare time to this class of work, and Mr. Barton, the famous professional footballer, who intends to occupy himself with it during June and July when apparently for some reason they don't play foot-

ball. They are both talented—distinctly so; and I am thinking of advising them to collaborate.

"As regards yourself, Mr. Sparks, I have pleasure in saying that your work shows very great promise indeed. You appear to have mastered the basic principles without which no serial can succeed. By the way, my eye caught something down here. Where was it? Ah! Having finished the synopsis you write 'To-day's magnificent instalment.' Again you err on the right side. It may come to that; it probably will; but at present it's more usual to wait till the end and then write 'Another fine—orpowerful—instalment-to-morrow.'"

Mr. Coke rose from his chair. "You go ahead too fast, Mr. Sparks," he said. "That's all that's the matter with you!"

And he laughed as he showed his client to the door.

Mr. Dudley Sparks did not laugh. But he looked very happy. And he continued to look happy for some time after he had left the office. C. B.

MUMPS DEFERRED.

[The Headmaster of Rugby on Speech Day stated that school epidemics were on the increase, and that he attributed this to the great care which boys received both at home and in the Preparatory Schools, which were the places where they should have these minor ailments.]

Good keeper of the circumspect
Preparatory College,

Your sanitary schemes erect

A bar to useful knowledge;

So in your new curriculum

Be good enough to mention,

Though many a parent's look be glum,

That 'tis your firm intention

To introduce next term a few

Preparatory ailments too. A. K.

Now that the contents of LLOYD
GEORGE's chest

Have largely in the late campaign
"gone west,"

Rejected Candidates, dismayed and
stunned,

Re-christen it the Liberal Sinking Fund.



First Theatre-goer (returning after interval in the open-air). I SAY, THE SECOND ACT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH BEARING ON THE FIRST."

Second Ditto. "OF COURSE IT DOESN'T. WE'VE COME BACK TO THE WRONG THEATRE."



Lady at Sales (with her capture). "I WONDER WHAT THIS WAS!"

OUR VANISHING CRAFTS.

It is a dour village, this, to which a convalescing measler has hurried the family. Its main street winds uphill all the way—yes, to the very end. It is the sort of place you would go to if you wished to write a sequel to *Wuthering Heights*; it even suggests that, having finished your manuscript, it could accommodate you with a Low Fever as well. Its shops deal only in Necessities, which, broadly speaking, mean sardines, bibs, linoleum and maize, and its natives are, like their cottages, neutral-tinted, flinty and exclusive.

The fabric of the church, of course, badly needs restoring, and the Vicar is in the usual despair. His extremity was such that he came to tea with us, bringing his nephew, Angus, with him. The parish is a poor one; nobody likes bazaars; whist-drives have ceased to attract, and the village has had seven jumble sales in the past year.

It was the old story.

As the Vicar left we promised to do

what we could to raise the wind, and it was while I was gloomily looking out at the village street that my inspiration came to me.

"We'll have a Progressive Witch-Drive," I said. "Isn't this village terrible and grim even when the sun is out? And dating from Celtic times? And full of Druidical remains, plus a ducking-pond? And doesn't the guide-book distinctly state that Baal was worshipped on that knoll by the oak-trees we walked to yesterday? And aren't the villagers silent, repellent and self-contained? And ill-favoured? And known to hate visitors? And doesn't the combined result give you the perpetual pip? It does? Very well. *Market that pip.* Organize the local malignance."

"Say It With Curses! Mobilize your mutterings," beamed the Vicar's nephew.

Slowly the notion caught on. "Have you any old witches? We pay highest prices for them," said Mother.

"Quite. It's known that witchcraft is still practised in Wales and Cornwall, and, now the newspapers have

given the trade a puff, they'll come out into the open."

"I believe we could raise no end of 'em in the High Street," said my sister, adding hopefully, "An old woman made a frightful face at me as I passed yesterday, and I *think* she muttered something."

"Give me her address," I responded promptly.

"Rose Cottage."

"You'll want a few warlocks," cautioned Mother, who thinks of everything.

"What's that?"

"A male witch, you fool," answered the invalid with that candour that prevails between sisters, notably during the offensive stage of convalescence.

"I want this affair to be a money-maker. We'll charge a shilling admission. Come to our Fancy Coven. We might have hourly demonstrations of the Black Mass if the Vicar would lend his lawn."

"And cattle-maiming contests for prizes."

"And passenger-flights on broom-

sticks at two-and-six," gloated the Vicar's nephew. "I know an awfully sound fella at the Flying School ten miles off, and I'm sure he'd wangle us a machine. Have to camouflage it, of course, an' lash your broom-sticks laterally."

I smote the table. "And a Love-philtre Bar."

"But—they might work," objected Angus.

"Well, I'm on your waiting-list if they do," piped the convalescent, who suffers all the year round from susceptibility.

"Perhaps," said Angus, "it might be more prudent to dilute the philtres with soda-water. Or ice-cream an' nuts. A Witches' Sundae, you know. You see, we aren't addicts."

"What are philtres made of?" worried the invalid.

"Powdered dormice, one grain; leg of frog and tum-te-tum—we'll look it up. In any case that's the witches' affair. No non-brewers need apply. And they must all bring their cats."

"Oh, I say! They'll fight like damall."

"All the better. Sounds of keening and conflict will be part of the noises off. And we'll have a side-show of clay models. Patrons with Grudges will pay sixpence, select their mommet, and witch in attendance will stick pins in same. Death of Enemy guaranteed."

"Oh, great work!" and Angus beat me painfully about the shoulders.

"I'll send to the Stores for a dozen witch-balls," promised Mother, "they're really only large Christmas-tree ornaments."

"And now let's go and dig up the old dears."

* * * * *

At the end of the week we assembled to compare finds. The result was depressing. Half the village took advantage of the fact that their Vicar's nephew had "called them out of their name" to demand extra soup, snuff, blankets and coal; the other half, representing presumably the literary coterie, instantly perjured themselves, and rampant was the ambition of each beldam to prove herself the most notorious evildoer of the village. (Their claims in this respect were singularly monotonous and Angus remarked that he was at last in perfect sympathy with the Royal College of Herald's.)

But, when it came to proofs of actual artistic ability, fortunes with tea-leaves and cards were all they were able to contribute, and a *fête* consisting entirely of thirty *clairvoyantes* was too much for us. Even besoms were scarce, the popular mode of cleansing being with dust-pan and brush, bar-soap and pail.

I myself hastened in desperation to Rose Cottage.



*The Bunker King. "A LITTLE MORE SAND, PLEASE."
His Caddy. "LUMMY, AIN'T YOU 'AD ENOUGH?"*

"Mrs. Galer," I began, "when my sister passed you the other day she tells me you—er—gave her a very odd glance."

"Would she be the one with red hair? Eh, but she's purty. I just had to stare. She's like my Ellen, in service. She went wrong, like;" and the crone wept and offered me a huge slice of "seedy" cake.

"Bless you!" I muttered morosely, and left.

You can guess the end, of course; how at the (eighth) jumble-sale one contribution consisted of a mound of glittering witch-balls, and how, as the sale drew to a close, we marked them down and down and down. . . . RACHEL.

High Jinks at Horncastle.

"The Messrs. Strawson and Waddingworth were dressed in pale salmon satin, with wreaths of flowers, and carried baskets of maidenhair fern, axabis and forget-me-nots."

Horncastle Paper.

High-water Mark.

Along the shore, among the shells and weed,
Strange things lie gleaming as the waves recede;
So, high and dry, when Labour's billows ebb,
Shall shine the cast-up coronet of WEBB.

"One of the screen's most dramatic pictures of nudeworld life is to be seen in 'Man, Woman and Wife.'"—*New Zealand Paper.*

Few of our municipalities would permit this sort of thing.

"We opposed in this journal, strongly and persistently, the lengthening of hours in 1926; and everything that has happened since has confirmed us in our opinion of the unwisdom of that act of Mr. Baldwin's Government."

Weekly Paper.

This date of course is incorrect, as BALDWIN did not become King of Jerusalem until 1100 A.D.



THE POPLAR LANCE: A CHALLENGE.

[If the Government's apparent decision to revive "Poplarism" by superseding the Guardians whom the late Ministry appointed at West Ham and elsewhere to correct the scandal of excessive rates is anything more than a gesture, it constitutes their first direct challenge to the Opposition.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 25th.—The more Governments change the more they say the same things about the Speaker-elect and the duty of Parliament to be a model to the legislative assemblies of less enlightened democracies, about the judiciously deaf ear and the diplomatically blind eye, and the happy combination, in the person of the House's choice, of the hand of steel in the velvet glove and the guide, philosopher and friend.

That is only to be expected; but those concerned have no excuse for not trying to say the old trite things in a new and interesting way. Mr. GILLETT, who moved that the Right Hon. EDWARD ALGERNON FITZROY take the Chair of the House as Speaker, apologised for not adorning his remarks with the traditional Latin quotation. He might just as well have run the whole gamut of hoary convention, since, even if the Finsbury Fabians regard the language of CÆSAR with justifiable suspicion, there is no reason why a banker should not have a little Latinity. Reviewing Captain FITZROY's many qualifications for the Chair, Mr. GILLETT warned the new Members not to be overawed by the fact that he had been trained as a man of gore. He was, they were advised, the mildest-mannered militarist that had ever said "Shun!" to an awkward squad.

Lord HUGH CECIL, who seconded the motion, made, as might be expected, the polished oration demanded by the occasion, enlivening the natural solemnity that the subject called for by referring to his old friend, the Member for Twickenham—soon to be translated to a more tranquil sphere—as "angel face."

Captain FITZROY, rising to submit himself to the House, modestly disclaimed the handsome things said about him. Only the austerity and accuracy that bankers habitually practised caused him to accept at their face value some of the flowery compliments of the hon. Member for Finsbury. However, if the House did him the honour of choosing him as its Speaker, he would endeavour to carry on the traditions of the office in the dual capacity of stern and impartial occupant of the Chair and personal friend of every Member.

One would like to record—again in the interests of tradition—that Captain FITZROY at this point made a bolt for the door or hid behind Lady ASTOR (whose coveted seat he had temporarily filched) or otherwise exhibited with some show of realism the resistance the Speaker-elect is supposed to show to those who come forward to escort him to the Chair. It cannot be done. EDWARD ALGERNON went quietly—too quietly for Lord HUGH, who is a stickler for tradition, and was obviously aching to impart a bit of cave-man stuff to the ceremony.

Later came the felicitations of the leaders—Mr. MACDONALD, who spoke like a prologue; Mr. BALDWIN, more desiccated than is his custom, and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, arrayed like SOLOMON in a new summer suit, but lacking his

one had blundered." It remains to be seen whether Mr. SPEAKER, who, after interviewing the Commission on Wednesday, assured the Commons that the KING had graciously confirmed "all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges," exacts a proper apology.

Swearing-in time is the only time when Dukes are three-a-penny on the actual floor of the House of Lords. Their influx to-day was preceded by the ceremonious introduction of the new LORD CHANCELLOR. He was already there, of course, as Lord Chancellor, but it took a red robe and any number of obeisances and the repeated raising of three-cornered hats to make Baron SANKEY OF MORETON in the County of Gloucester thoroughly at home. The scene "featured," as the film people say, the young Duke of NORFOLK, bedight for the first time in the panoply of Hereditary Earl Marshal.

Wednesday, June 26th.

—The SPEAKER-ELECT duly presented himself before the Commission for the approval of His MAJESTY, the same being graciously accorded as well as the ancient and undoubted privileges of the House of Commons, which include the placing of a most favourable construction on all their actions. The SPEAKER then returned to the House of Commons amid cries of "Hats off, Stranger!" and other glad noises.

Swearing-in proceeded apace in both Houses, a newcomer to the Lords (with the ceremonial as before) being Viscount BRIDGEMAN.

Thursday, June 27th.—It is a pity the elevation of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS to the peerage had to await the Dissolution Honours List. He would have made such an attractive foil to Baron PASSFIELD, whose unimposing presence is more suited to the placid haunts of statistics than to the pomps of state. However, he did his best to look natural in his three-cornered hat, and his obeisances, conducted under the eye of Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB, were all that could be desired.

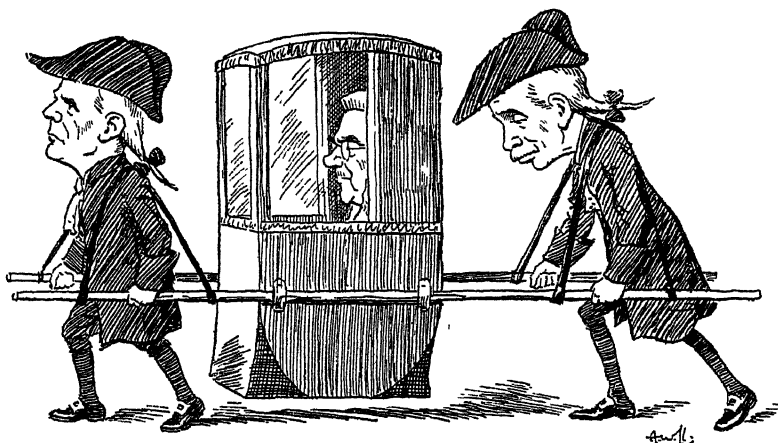
The Cabbies' Chorus.

"Mr. Ben Smith does not forget the days when he drove, first a horse cab and then a taxicab, in London's streets and cabmen have a staunch champion in him.

("tyiw yowaof yowam wogab kogabq."

Daily Paper.

And so say all of us.



The Man in the Chair. "IF MY COURSE COULD ALWAYS RUN AS SMOOTH AS THIS!"

MR. GILLETT, THE SPEAKER AND LORD HUGH CECIL.

usual felicity of expression. Indeed one noted a certain stony absence of expression on the faces of all the Liberals present, but whether it was due to a sense of awe at finding themselves on a front bench again or a sense of disgust at finding Sir NICHOLAS GRATTAN-DOYLE firmly anchored in the middle of it, one cannot be sure.

While these matters were in progress the House of Lords was busy committing a grave breach of the ancient and honourable liberties of the Press by hoofing the reporters out of the Press Gallery—it being then 2.45 P.M.—"until after prayers." At the same time, it appears, the Commons' Gallery was also locked in the faces of those Members who were unable to crowd up to the Bar of the House to hear the Commission read.

As prayers, if they come at all, do not come until after this ceremony is performed, it was obvious that "some-

THE IMPOSTOR.

THIS is, I regret to say, a true story.

I have always wanted to meet a genuine "impostor," one of those fabulous people who elaborately pretend to be something which they are not (and get away with it), one of the large-scale liars on which the plots of so many comedies depend. Now I have met one, a master impostor, and have been myself, with others, impostured; and I am glad.

Not that I give the man much credit. Most of us in this honest age are *prima facie* (as the lawyers say) disposed to believe what people say to us, especially if there seems to be no point in their lying; and therefore, given the necessary impudence, deception must be fairly easy. Still, I am interested to have met the snake; and he has made half the comedies and farces of the world suddenly seem plausible and real.

I was (speaking of comedies) at a certain theatre, and the manager asked me to go to his private room and meet Mr. X. of *The Daily* —. Mr. X. of *The Daily* — is a well-known humorous writer who delights me weekly, so I hastened gladly to be introduced.

(I had better say at once that, as we know now, he was not Mr. X. nor anyone connected with any newspaper.)

He had walked in, it seems, announced himself as Mr. X. of *The Daily* — and said that he wished for a paragraph or two about the play for the miscellaneous gossip-page in *The Evening* —, which he had recently taken over. I happened to know that the editor of that page had recently given it up, and the only thing which surprised me was that this celebrated writer should find it necessary to do this sort of work as well as his original articles; but one never knows. (Later he explained to me that there was more money in gossip and he was trying to save.)

Well, Mr. X. was very pleasant. He mentioned modestly his article on "Cows" which we had all read that week. He took down in shorthand on a reporter's pad a number of interesting observations by the manager. He even watched the play for a couple of minutes. After the first minute he said it was a very fine show and he had had an idea;

after the second minute he came out and explained it.

The idea was this. Mr. X. was a flying-fan and belonged to a London flying club. One of the things he said, by the way, was that flying was food and drink to him; he had an hour's flying every day of his life (in his own machine), as you or I do the morning exercises. (I want to mention everything, because it is just possible that something the gentleman said was true, in which case it may be a clue for his capture.) Well, this flying club had some kind of a "do" or show on the following Thursday, and his idea was that the whole cast should be invited to this "do"—for the purposes of mutual "publicity" and a jolly after-

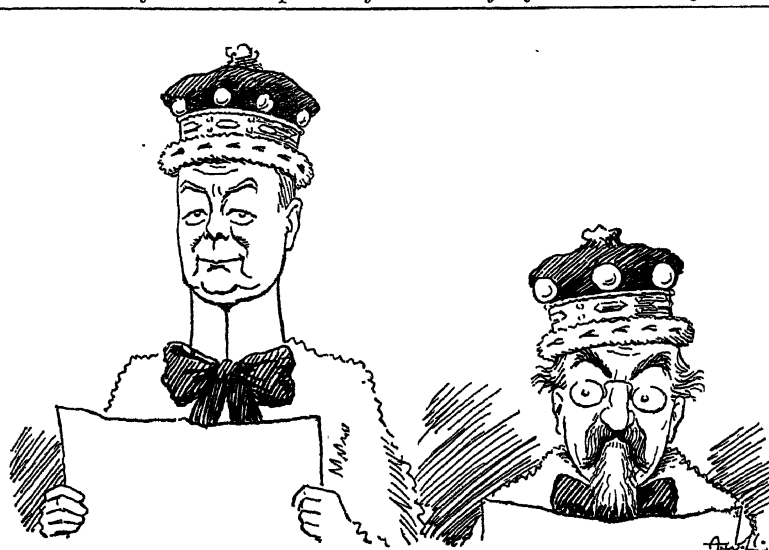
would be up bright and early for his morning fly.

He then revealed that he also wrote little personal sketches in *The Sunday* —. Two spaces he had, one six inches long and one about four (he was very exact and measured them off with his fingers). Could he perhaps write something about some of the company? So he was taken "behind" and solemnly "interviewed" the three principal ladies, who were all delighted to meet the amusing Mr. X. of *The Daily* —.

All through, the industry and thoroughness of the man were remarkable. He spent about thirty-five minutes "interviewing" the ladies, filling page after page with shorthand notes of their past history and future hopes. He had a

practised and a conscientious air, took great pains to get everything clear and was most anxious not to put anything down which the ladies might not like. One of the ladies had in her hand-bag an article by Mr. X. which she had cut out because it amused her so much. Mr. X. was modestly pleased to hear this. Unofficially, all the ladies were invited to the flying party. On the stairs we met some of the chorus and they were invited too.

But work is work, and Mr. X. had to telephone to his office. I said that, if he liked, he could come to my house, not far away, and telephone comfortably from there. After



PAR NOBILE..

"We are Peers of lofty station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British Nation!"

After Iolanthe.

LORDS BRENTFORD (né JIX) AND PASSFIELD (né SIDNEY WEBB).

noon. They would all have free flights; and I think he said that the PRINCE OF WALES would be, quite informally, there.

He mentioned, by the way, that he had been that evening to Drury Lane with the same proposition, but Drury Lane had been rather "up-stage" about it, and now he had decided to cut Drury Lane right out of it.

The manager said he was sure that the company would be delighted to fly.

We gave him a drink and he told us things about the hard life of a gossip-writer, which interested me. He had visited that evening already the A— Hotel and the B— Restaurant (besides Drury Lane); and when he left us he would have to go to the Embassy Club, Lady M.'s ball and probably Somebody's party. Bed about four, after sending in his paragraphs. Yet he

that, I thought, we would have a yarn about the world of humour. He accepted readily. (By this time, by the way, attracted, no doubt, by my company, he had given up the idea of going on to the Embassy and the Ball.)

While I was getting out the light refreshments he sat down, business-like, at the telephone and got out his notebook. "Afraid I'm going to bore you now," he said. "Not at all," said I. And indeed I was thrilled to see a real paragraph-writer really at work.

I did not hear what number he asked for, but very soon he was having a hot argument with somebody at the *Daily* — office. The man at the other end was clearly upbraiding Mr. X. for not being present at some important function or other. But Mr. X. took a strong line, saying he was tired and didn't feel like it. "Well, put me on



"PLEASE, SIR, DO YOU WANT A STOWAWAY?"

to the Night Editor," he said at last petulantly. He had words with the Night Editor too, but they parted friends, and he was put on to Tom.

Mr. X. then carefully and wearily dictated a series of paragraphs dealing with his supposed doings earlier in the evening.

"At — Restaurant I met Lord —. He told me that in the last thirty-two years he had only backed a winning favourite once.

"The new ball-room at — will be eighty feet long, etc., etc.

"The Duchess of York, etc., etc.

"Rumours of a new amalgamation in the Sound Film world are rife, etc., etc."

I drank it all in.

It was a masterly performance. Sometimes the imaginary Tom questioned Mr. X.'s grammar, and then Mr. X. would irritably reply that if Tom didn't like the sentence he could re-write it himself. Sometimes he would throw off a few words airily and ask Tom to develop the theme. Once Tom accused him of intoxication, which was hotly resented.

There were several references to the article on "Cows." Once he said angrily, "Well, am I running this page or are you?" Tom was quieter after that, and Mr. X. told him about the play he had just seen and the arrangements he had made for the flying party.

The whole conversation lasted at least ten minutes. At the end of it Mr. X. wearily replaced the receiver and said, "Well, that's hard work."

I agreed, and gave him refreshment. We then had a yarn. He knew the world and was very wise. He told me he had a play running in Paris. He wrote it in English and all the managers refused it. Then it was translated into French; and it had now been running for three-hundred-and-twelve nights. Knowing Mr. X.'s versatility even this did not surprise me.

The play, by the way, is to be produced in London by Sir GERALD DU MAURIER.

He then invited me to lunch with the Editor of *The Daily* —. I was too busy. No matter. He lunched with the Editor of *The Daily* — nearly every Monday.

The man was temperate. He refused a second drink. He spoke charmingly of my work and thought he might be of use to me. We talked; it grew late. He spoke of bed but found that he had left his latch-key in his flat. What of that? He would go to a Turkish Bath. I offered him a sofa, all the beds being occupied.

He protested, unwilling to give trouble. I pressed the distinguished author to remain. At last he agreed. A thorough Bohemian, he slept in his clothes, was up early, refused the loan

of a razor and talked brightly at breakfast.

He invited my wife and me to dinner and the play. Again we were engaged. No matter—he would ring us up and arrange another day. And any time we wanted to go to Paris he would fly us over in his own machine.

Then he went off to the office. . . .

So passed out of my life one of the most remarkable men I have ever met.

I learn from *The Daily* — that this thing has happened several times already. Always he is Mr. X., and invariably he presents himself at a theatre.

And what is it all for? That night the man worked hard for four or five hours. And what he got for it, so far as we can discover, was two whiskies-and-soda and a free sleep on a sofa. Scarcely worth it, one would say. He never suggested borrowing money; on the contrary he offered to lend some to one of the actors who found himself short—held out a real ten-shilling note in his hand.

As for me, I have had a good deal of entertainment from the toad. I do not however advise him to try it again.

A. P. H.

"There is no fear of trouble in the railways while Mr. J. H. Thomas is in the saddle."
Daily Paper.

Nor in the racing world while Lord LONSDALE is on the footplate.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE STRANGER WITHIN" (GARRICK).

The Stranger Within is ripe melodrama. The plot, I should say, owes something to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and something to *Rain*. There is also a *deus ex machina*, the *machina* in this case being an invalid-chair. Its aged occupant is completely paralysed and dumb, except for a few gasps and splutters during the Third Act. But he is not deaf nor blind. A very restful part is this, especially in these days of talkie cinemas, and one that I should like to play myself. It is not, however, the only silent part in the piece. There is also a baby who neither moves nor speaks, but is dropped on the floor and killed at the beginning of Act III. It seemed to me to be a great pity to spoil a perfectly noiseless baby like that.

But we must turn to the more articulate characters in the play. Outside a lonely ranch in the Middle West an express train had an accident, which caused the sudden projection into a God-fearing Bible-reading family of two or three actor folk. One of them died immediately. He was the man who had backed the show, and that very night he had forced *Molly*, a young chorus-girl, to come into his sleeping saloon. *Molly* (very naturally) remained at the lonely ranch to marry the youngest of the three God-fearing brothers, though it should be mentioned in youth's defence that he only feared God slightly, whereas

of the other two one was practically a nincompoop, and the eldest, marked out for villainy from the start, read passages of the Bible aloud every night. He was, in fact, just reading, "It is better to marry than to burn" (I. Cor. vii. 9) when the railway accident happened and his barn began to burn. (It didn't smell like a burning barn in the least.)

The plot is now plain. A man who has done all that farming and Bible-reading on a lonely ranch is bound to be full of pent-up desire. On a Sunday morning, then, all in the house but the paralytic father, *Molly* and her baby and the eldest brother, who says he has an injured foot, go off to church, and whilst *Molly* is amusing the paralytic with some comedy scenes from her past life—rather a good situation this—the Bible-reader comes from his room and tells her that he is going to do his worst.

He has a secret hold on the girl because he has overheard her seven months ago telling the old invalid what happened to her in the railway train. She has not confessed this to her young husband, although he confessed to her before marriage an indiscretion of his own.

The agony is rendered more poignant—too poignant for me—by the fact that the eldest brother makes his announcement at the moment when *Molly* is about to feed her baby. This is, I venture to think, almost the only thoroughly original situation in the play; but not a very pleasant situation, since the baby has to be rushed about the room on her mother's arm, pulled this way and that, and finally dropped on the stairs. I

Brother is Slayer of Child. The conscience-smitten man then rushes out to shoot himself, but is apparently captured off, so that he may meet the righteous doom of bibliolaters, and the drama closes to the sound of the express train passing by the lonely ranch once more.

It is not really so bad as it sounds. There is a good deal of "grip" in the piece in spite of the tendency of sensationalism to overreach itself. But I am rather tired of provocatively dressed, essentially virtuous young women who turn round with righteous moral indignation on lascivious and God-fearing men. I should like for a change to see some colony of rough Bible-reading women,

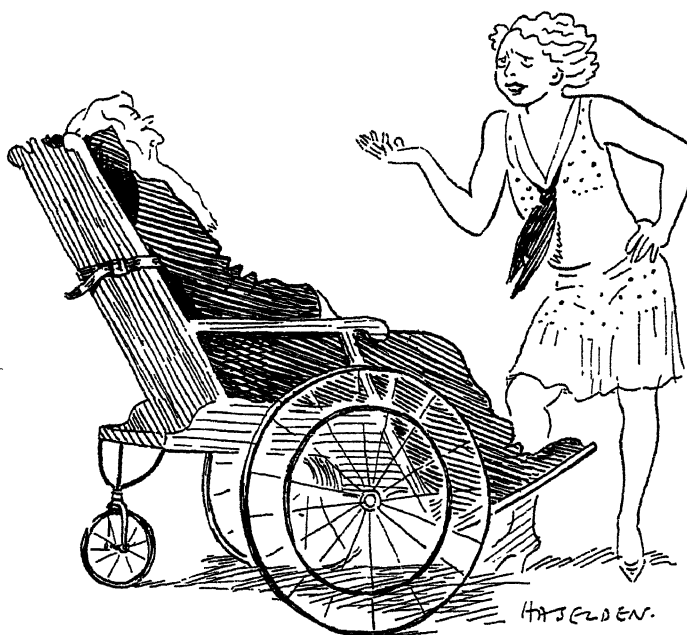
amongst whom a provocative but essentially righteous male film-star was suddenly thrown. Was not Orpheus torn into pieces by the women of Thrace?

Miss OLGA LINDO, who was *Molly*, had an extremely strenuous part, and played it with remarkable skill. She had to portray the whole range of melodramatic emotions—frivolity, love, fear, hate, hysteria, repentance, madness, rage—in fact, everything you can imagine. Mr. MALCOLM KEEN as *Simon*, the eldest brother, was also very good, perhaps too good for melodrama, since one felt a certain mild compassion for him. There is not very much in the other parts, for that of *John*, *Molly's* husband, though it gave LAURENCE OLIVIER some romantic scope in the First Act, left him with little to do but look horrified

in the later scenes; nor could ANNIE ESMOND as *Abigail*, the old man's wife, do more than suggest the simple Fundamentalism of a Middle-Western home. Mr. REGINALD BACH, the producer, was the motionless old man in the chair. I think he is to be complimented on his acting. And so is the baby. No dramatic baby (except of course Mr. Punch's) has suffered more grievous pain. EVOE.

"MURDER ON THE SECOND FLOOR"
(LYRIC).

Mr. FRANK VOSPER is to be heartily thanked for *Murder on the Second Floor*, a most agreeable and amusing entertainment. If I say that it is a blend of Mr. C. K. MUNRO's *At Mrs. Beam's* and the latest gush of blood from Mr. EDGAR WALLACE's pen, I shall be saying no more than the author himself admits in



AN UNDEMONSTRATIVE AUDIENCE.

Mark Hardy MR. REGINALD BACH.
Molly MISS OLGA LINDO.

doubt whether even a prolonged course of Bible-reading would make a lonely rancher treat a young woman with a hungry baby so ill. He should, I think, have forced her to put it down in its crib.

At the moment when the baby's neck is broken the family returns from church, and the great question Who did it? arises. *Molly*, for the time being insane, is unable to give any account of what occurred, and the eldest brother accuses her of murder, saying that she wanted to get rid of the baby because it was not her husband's child. He tells the sheriff and the doctor this when they arrive, but is faced with the sudden indignant testimony of *Molly*, now restored to her wits. The paralytic father, pressed by doctor, by sheriff, by *Molly*, by *Molly's* husband alike, to reveal the truth, indicates by gurgles that Eldest

the first scene. The whimsical method of presentation makes this criticism in no way derogatory. *Murder on the Second Floor* is at the same time a crook-play and a pleasant piece of satire on a crook-bound stage.

Hugh Bromilow, it seems, was composing some highbrow stuff for the serious theatre in the drawing-room of a Bloomsbury boarding-house. He is in love with the proprietress's daughter. She urges him to write something more profitable, something more gripping, something more like the plays of Leonard Swanage, which make so many thousands of pounds. Well, then, he will. The boarding-house shall be the scene, the boarders shall be the characters. If *Sylvia* will come to the corner of the stage and watch for a moment, she shall see a blood-curdling drama begin. And begin it does.

Mr. Joseph Reynolds, a not too refined gentleman suffering from corns, re-enters as a gross libertine, the lover of *Sylvia's* mamma, the betrayer of the boarding-house maid-of-all-work, and deeply concerned in the traffic of dope. *Jam Singh*, the comic Indian student, is his helper in this nefarious trade. A huge box of cocaine is to be smuggled into the house that night when all are in bed. Add to this that the betrayed servant-girl has vowed revenge and that *Mr. Armitage*, *Sylvia's* father, is to be away at Brighton for the night, which is Saturday night. Only *Miss Snell*, a poor bridge-player and an inconsequent prattler, preserves (apparently) her spinster simplicity.

At breakfast-time on Sunday morning horror upon horror is piled. *Mr. Reynolds* is found murdered in his bedroom, a knife in his throat. *Lucy*, the maid-of-all-work, had been seen at midnight entering his room by *Hugh Bromilow* and *Sylvia* as they stood on the stairs; for they too are now merged in the drama of thrills. The audience has seen the box of dope arrive. *Lucy* in the morning has disappeared. *Jam Singh* is not in his bedroom, nor is *Miss Snell* in hers. The police are called in. No one may leave the house. It is proposed to trap the other inmates when they return. *Miss Snell* returns. She refuses to speak. The suspicion against her is terrible. She struggles with the police. Then she whispers to *Sylvia* and is allowed to pass to her room. It turns out that she had been to church without her teeth. *Jam Singh* returns. Seeing the police, he imagines that the dope game is up and tries to bolt down the stairs, for the splendid *mise en scène* of this Act is the staircase and two landings of a boarding-house. Just that and no more. The banisters break as *Jam Singh* tries to bolt, hurling him and a police-

man down into the hall. They are not badly damaged, and *Jam Singh* is able to convince the inspector that cocaine, not murder, is his crime.

It is clear now that *Lucy*, the ser-



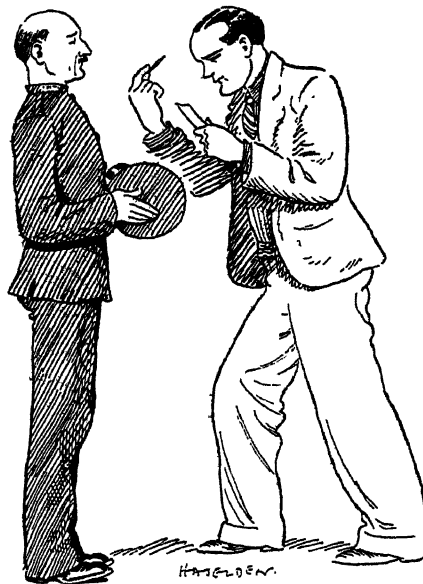
AN ASSAULT ON THE LAW.

Miss Snell . . . *MISS MURIEL AKED.*

Police-Constable

Rogers . . . *MR. ERNEST HAINES.*

vant-maid—but is it? *Hugh Bromilow* suspects—the police are incredulous—I will say no more.



Inspector (Mr. ERNEST MAINWARING). "YOU AMATEUR DETECTIVES THINK YOU KNOW A LOT."

Hugh Bromilow (Mr. FRANK VOSPER). "WELL, AS AUTHOR OF THIS PLAY I OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE CRIMINAL."

Anyhow, this grisly drama ends, and once again the boarding-house characters reassert themselves in their primal and innocent fatuity. Then one of them reads out loud from a newspaper the notice of a triumphant new success by Leonard Swanage. The play is the play we have seen, a play of boarding-house thrills. Who then is Leonard Swanage? Can it be —? Why, of course it is.

The ingenuity of this treatment is commendable because the murders in this piece are just so far removed from reality as are the murders in a detective novel, and as the murders in a crime-play are not; and the gaiety of many of the incidents becomes the more care-free in consequence. And of gaiety there is no end. *MISS SARA ALLGOOD* at every time, and especially when confronted by the police, is superb. I do not suppose she could be anything else. *MISS MURIEL AKED* as *Miss Snell* caused delighted laughter throughout the play, and *MR. FREDERICK LEISTER* was not a bit less good as a thoroughly bad man than as a boring boarder with tribulations in the feet. *MR. FRANK VOSPER* as *Hugh Bromilow* sustained the whole show on the stage as ably as he had contrived it on paper, and *MISS NORA SWINBURNE* as *Sylvia*, though romance was a little out of place in this combination of mirth and murder, helped him to give such a delicate tone of raillery to their love-making that the burlesque was in no way marred. The standard of stage police-inspectors at the present time is almost incredibly high. It is every actor's ambition, I doubt not, as playing *Hamlet* used to be, to fill this great part worthily and well. I will say of *MR. ERNEST MAINWARING* that he was every inch a cop.

The house (in the second week) seemed very full. It laughed. It laughed and was terrified by turns, and then it laughed again. EVOE.

"LIGHT BLUE BOWLERS TREATED LIGHTLY."
Headline in Western Paper.

We too refuse to take freak headgear seriously.

"And there was *Mr. Winston Churchill*, with a cigar and a twinkle in his eye."

Lady ELEANOR SMITH in Sunday Paper.

A better arrangement is one in each eye.

"*Jean Borotra* scintillated like a sunbeam in beautifully creased trousers."—*Daily Paper.*

Few sunbeams are scintillating in bare legs this season.

"Five-roomed Cottage, conveniences, suit cows, fowls, Moonah, 5 acres."

Advt. in Tasmanian Paper.

If it's good enough for Moonah, the cows and fowls can hardly complain.

AT THE PICTURES.

RETROGRESSION!

WITH great courage—considering that it is the least suitable auditorium in London for films—the Hippodrome is filling in a gap in its ordinary programmes by showing a silent picture, *The Wonderful Lie*. I wish this film were better, so that the diehards might enjoy themselves more. But, although well acted and well photographed, it is far from satisfactory, principally because each member of the triangle fails to win our sympathy. *Nina Petrowna* (Miss BRIGITTE HELM) fails to win it because her infidelity to her protector strikes us as unfair; the *Colonel*, her protector (Mr. WARWICK WARD), fails to win it



J.H.D.

THE CORNET TAKES OVER FROM THE COLONEL.

The Colonel . . . Mr. WARWICK WARD.
The Cornet . . . Mr. FRANZ LEDERER.
Nina Petrowna . . . Miss BRIGITTE HELM.

because of his malignant enmity to his rival, and that rival, the *Cornet* (Mr. FRANZ LEDERER), fails to win it because he is such a Joseph—an incredible Joseph to anyone who knows anything of the manners and customs of officers in the Russian army before the revolution. We are indeed put by the author of this melodrama into a very awkward position: we don't want *Nina* to be so naughty, and we want the *Cornet* to be naughtier. Being thus unsatisfied we are never carried away by anything that happens—as at a good film we should be. Nor are we convinced either that *Nina* was so enchanting or that the *Cornet* would cheat at cards.

I heard my neighbours remarking how they missed the talking; but that experience was not mine. Personally I enjoyed the absence of speech and

found a new amusement in guessing how the captions were going to be worded. I enjoyed too the unceasing commentary of the orchestra, for *The Wonderful*



J.H.D.W.D.

Cornet (to very sinuous heroine). "NINA, THE WORST OF YOU IS I NEVER KNOW WHETHER YOU'RE GOING OR COMING."

Lie is silent only as regards the actors' vocal chords. Every moment has its more or less appropriate musical note.

A German production—Ufa—this film has all the German emphasis on detail; and, if for no other reason, I look forward to a German talkie to see how the passion for minutiae is either gratified or sacrificed. Since on several occasions in the story we have to know



J.H.D.

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Colonel (having composed *Cornet's* confession of card-cheating). "SIGN, PLEASE."

what the time is, accurate animated photographs of clocks assail us: first the dial, then the hands moving to the hour and then a new picture of the works showing us the hammer striking the gong—eight strokes, twelve strokes, whatever it is. The *Colonel's* clock is an elaborate ormolu affair, very florid and costly. When, however, the capricious light-o'-love exchanges the guilty splendour of his mansion for a small apartment more suited to the circumscribed means of the *Cornet*, and again we have to know the hour, the information is conveyed to us by the agitated inhabitant of a cuckoo-clock, who has to utter his cry a round dozen times even though the hands point to midnight. Here the sound accompani-



J.H.D.

THE ORCHESTRA CATCHES THE SPIRIT OF THE DRAMA.

ment may be said to be carried too far. Either the hands or the cuckoo, not both.

If the minds of German audiences, for whom, I suppose, Ufa films are primarily made, are so slow that they need this iteration, these italics, well and good; but I can assure Herr ERICH POMMER, the producer, that in this little island we are quicker. Not one of us, for instance, was in any doubt as to what shoes *Nina* had put on before she committed suicide. We had divined that we were to see them again when we saw them first, both in her hands and in the close-up; but in his fear that we might not grasp this symmetrical sentimental touch Herr POMMER takes a final "still" of the dead woman's ill-shod feet, shouting the while, "You shan't miss the point, you shan't, you shan't!"

E. V. L.



Collector (in curiosity-shop). "HAVE YOU ANYTHING NEW TO-DAY BESIDES THIS OLD MASTER?"

THE PRODIGY.

WHEN Johnson rang up to tell me he was bringing a man along "to play cricket on Saturday," I went straight to the point.

"Is he any good?" I asked suspiciously.

Johnson seemed highly amused.

"My dear old Coot," he replied, "star performer—old College cricketer—once bowled two Blues in an over."

I am always rather doubtful about Johnson's star performers—his swans so often turn out to be ducks—but this certainly sounded good enough for village cricket, and in any case we of Little Dithering are always short of bowling. So I told Johnson to bring his friend along on Saturday.

When brought along on Saturday the friend was revealed to us as a tall and weedy young man with glasses.

"Would he like to go on first?" I said quietly to Johnson. I had as usual lost the toss.

"I shouldn't put him on first if I were you," he advised. "He'd rattle 'em out too quickly, I expect; spoil the

game. Keep him up your sleeve, old boy."

I kept him up my sleeve with the result that the opening batsmen collected 50 for the first wicket. Every time I suggested putting on the star bowler Johnson demurred.

"Plenty of time," he said cheerfully.

At lunch the score was 103 for one wicket, so after lunch I took my courage in both hands and frankly ordered the star bowler to bowl. He seemed amused at the idea and then somewhat startled, but, in response to my urgent appeal that he should bowl, and bowl with all the cunning at his command, he finally consented to have a try.

"How do you like the field?" I asked him.

"Charming, charming," he replied.

"I mean," I said, "how would you like them placed?"

He gave me a friendly smile.

"Oh, I see," he rejoined. "I don't know that it matters much. Leave them as they are."

"See some fun now," Johnson whispered to me.

We did see some fun. The star

bowler after a stately run delivered three slow wides. He was then no-balled twice and subsequently delivered six highish full-tosses to leg which were suitably dealt with by the batsmen. His first over cost us 29 runs and I was for taking him off.

"No, no," said Johnson. "Wait till he finds his length."

The star bowler's next over only cost 24.

"He's not coming off to-day," Johnson declared.

"Oh, yes, he is," I returned, "he's coming off now."

We lost the match.

Resolved to get to the bottom of the matter I tackled the friend in the pavilion afterwards as he was sipping gently at a ginger-beer.

"I hear," I said pleasantly, "that you once bowled two Blues in an over."

He gave me another friendly smile.

"Yes," he replied, "I did once. It was when I was up at the Varsity. We had a sort of rag game and I went on to bowl. One of them was a running Blue and the other one was President of the Boat Club."

Woon.

A BABBLING BALLAD.

Oh! listen to the love-affair of Christopher and Barbara,
That started while the latter was a visitor at Scarborough;
Some elderly relations in the place the giddy flapper owned,
Who sent her to the promenade inadequately chaperoned;
And consequences serious as serious could be arose
From talking to a stranger as she listened to the Pierrots.
Because he wore a bowler hat and treated her with deference
She took him for a somebody—a baronet for preference.
But frequently in judging by appearances the best are wrong.
And Chris was just a waiter in a place he called "The
Restarong."

Yet, spite of his position (a comparatively lowly one),
The love of this ridiculous romantic little soul he won;
And, though he fully recognised a sort of social barrier,
He came to the conclusion that he'd really like to marry
her;

And, when to give an answer to his suit he would insist of her,
She murmured rather coyly, "Well, I'll think about it,
Christopher;

I thank you for your offer; though I'm all agog to seize
it, I'm

Afraid with Pa and Ma we shan't exactly have an easy time;
For Ma is so particular and Pa is so cantankerous
It won't be simple sailing in the Port of Love to anchor us."
(And, if you say you've never heard of people in her set
afore

Indulging in the luxury of parabolic metaphor,
You'll please to bear in mind that she'd been sent to school
at Tottenham

And learnt a lot of fancy tricks and hadn't quite forgotten
'em.)

Her mother, who in early life had practised as a milliner,
Some social aspirations had endeavoured to instil in her;
And Pa was very worldly; his prophetic soul would fancy her
Respectably affianced to a prosperous financier,
A City-going gentleman with topper, spats and toffish airs,
Who'd made a pretty fortune out of rubber, tea and coffee
shares,

And so, when Chris confronted him and stammered out,
"I promise I'll

Attempt to make her happy in my humble little domicile,"
He answered him indignantly, "To talk of wedded bliss is sin
For such as can't afford a proper home to keep a missis in."
And no appeals of Christopher could Father's sense of duty
dim;

In point of fact from out his house he violently booted him.
Then Barbara declined her food, got pallider and pallider,
Behaving very rudely to her mother when she rallied her.
(For, reader, if, neglecting proper use of knife and fork, you
pine,

You'll find yourself as fretful as the ghost-in-Hamlet's
porcupine.)

And Christopher got melancholy; all the season through he
sighed,

And, though he never actually contemplated suicide,
He did so far forget himself—incredible but true it is—
As not to put his hand out for the customers' gratuities.

Well, that's the end of chapter one. I've got so much
material

I tried to get the Editor to print it as a serial;
But, since he won't agree to this, objecting to the ditty's
size

(A point that I acknowledge he's a perfect right to criticise),
I've had to scrap the middle, for at this he rather sniffed,
a part

That tells us how it is the lovers gradually drift apart

(Their various emotions and a hundred lines or thereabout
Of character-analysis he didn't seem to care about);
And, since on such affairs as these the last word (and the
first) is his,

Imaginative reader, you must fill up the interstices.
Though this of course the strong dramatic interest diminishes
And ruins all the story, I can tell you how it finishes.

The father never prospered since he warned Chris off the
premises;

The mother too eventually felt the force of Nemesis
And wished again for Christopher, at whom she'd been a
caviller,

For Barbara skeddaddled with a coarse commercial traveller;
And Chris became director of the Restarong and married an
Immoderately wealthy but unprepossessing harridan.

THE SHORT CUT.

It was an obvious short cut across the two meadows
to the village and already in imagination we were lolling
in the shady inn porch dallying with tankards of nut-brown.
Small wonder that we were annoyed when a half-baked
rustic attempted to stop us.

"Yew can't goo across them medders," he said; "my
guv'nor's got——"

"Can't what?" interrupted George, fixing him with a
glittering eye. "Since when, my friend, have the footpaths
of this green and pleasant land been forbidden to free-born
thirsty Englishmen?"

The fellow scratched his head. "Bean't no footpath
'ere," he murmured, "and my guv'nor's got——"

"My dear friend, will you cast your eye upon that?" I
broke in, thrusting out an ordnance map. "See, here is
the north, here the east and here are we—roughly, of course.
Now behold this dotted line traversing your sacrosanct
meadows and dare to tell me there is not a footpath here."

The fellow stared at the map. "Doan't unnerstand maps,"
he said, "but you can't goo across there because my
guv'nor's——"

"The fact is," said George sternly, "we want more
Hampdens in our villages, men who will stand on their
ancient rights and defy usurpers and guv'nors! Why, my
friend, you've allowed half your commons and footpaths to
be pinched from you already and here you are backing up
the pincher. Ginger is the substance wanted, ginger three
times a day in a little strong ale."

Without waiting for a reply we vaulted over the gate
and set off alewards across the meadows.

"You can always get over these rustics with a little
bluff," chuckled George.

"And a map," I added.

"Held upside down," said George.

"The whole mixed with a nice selection of longish words,"
I concluded.

We laughed joyously; it was a glorious summer day.

I suppose it must have been about three minutes later
that we found ourselves back again at our starting-point.
George was now in a prone position, while I was seated
in a clump of nettles. We had landed thus after tumbling
over the gate at break-neck speed.

The rustic fellow helped us up and dusted us with his
red pocket-handkerchief; he was not laughing, but he was
distinctly cheerful.

"The guv'nor's old bull doan't unnerstand maps neither,"
he said slowly.

C. M.

"An Exclusive Self-contained Estate, containing 8 well-planned
Houses. . . . Designed and built in harmony with the delightful
and soi-disant surroundings."—*Adv. in Evening Paper.*
Probably they only go half round, if the truth was told.



AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR SEFTON BRANCKER.

Through that small pane his dexter eye
Surveys the vast of earth and sky,
And when, upon some windy beat,

Gallant and gay he rides the air
He has a way of getting there
And never falls but on his feet.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XCVIII.



"YOUR 'USBAND DIDN'T GET ANY PRIZES, THEN?"

"NO; ALL 'E PULLED OFF WAS THE EGG 'E GOT 'OLD OF IN THE EGG-AN'-SPOON RACE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I ALWAYS thought that *Clio*, like *Hanging Hermiston*, had "no call to be bonny," and that justice, not acceptability, was the prime requisite of the historian. So, though it is probably true, as Mr. FISHER maintains, that the writer does not exist who could describe Italy "sympathetically" for everyone, I feel that that is hardly sufficient reason for suspending the original rule of "The Modern World" series to present none but "balanced" surveys of contemporary states. However, the gesture with which Mr. FISHER hands the job over to Professor LUIGI VILLARI, if intellectually defeatist, is sufficiently candid. Professor VILLARI is "a frank defender of the Fascist régime," and his book, *Italy* (BENN), gives a detailed and useful picture of the special qualities, temperamental, political and economic, which render Italy inapt to assimilate constitutional government. It traces a decline of Liberalism, which is not restricted to Italy, a decline which has betrayed the high republican ideal of men like MAZZINI and rendered Liberalism dangerously democratic when democracy is barely a step removed from Communism and anarchy. All this I would allow Professor VILLARI, while wishing he had lavished more generosity on political opponents. Why MAZZINI should be decried because he "lacked the sense of hate"; why BENEDICT XV. should be denied the praise due to his "political agnosticism"—an excellent quality in a pontiff—I cannot imagine. Nor can I easily swallow the notion that the Liberalism of the *Corriere della Sera*, continued until that paper was bought up, persisted because of its owner's disgust at his exclusion from Fascist pickings. On the other hand, the book's

presentment of Fascist ideals, particularly its exaltation of disciplined personal work, is a genuine contribution to political thought and an effective argument on the side of Order in Order's unadjusted quarrel with Liberty.

When Mr. F. E. SMITH, an unknown member of a small and depressed party in the House of Commons, made Parliamentary history in a long-remembered maiden speech, few persons present can have realised what manner of man this really was, or guessed what was the career opening before him. That masterpiece of studied insolence, with nearly twenty other examples of a type of oratory which Lord HUGH CECIL justly compares with that of Lord MACAULAY, is now available in *The Speeches of Lord Birkenhead* (CASSELL) for leisured study. These examples of the spoken word make distinctly better reading than most of his essays, published not long ago, yet, whatever be the topic, whether he is subtly insinuating into an American audience unpalatable British definitions of honesty and honour in respect of war-debts, for instance, or expounding an uncomplimentary scheme of House of Lords' reform, the main fascination of the volume lies in its revelation of the author's persistent duality of character. In handling Divorce Law reform or in recommending a statesmanlike Irish treaty, he weighs the evidence with all the masterful resource of a great and impartial logician, and when arraigning one accused of High Treason in time of war his utterance attains a memorable dignity; but with the turn of a page arises some question that he feels to be really in dispute, and he is all the politician again, the same exultant fighter who laid artful traps on that first occasion for a crowd of helpless opponents, his first-person-singular well

thrust forward, and his faculty for seeing both sides of a question cast aside as a useless encumbrance. So much the better for the reader, I think. His disquisitions on Female Suffrage and International Law may well be filed for reference; his occasional talks on nothing in particular amount to nothing in particular; but his fighting sallies will be read and chuckled over long after the occasions that provoked them are forgotten.

Six Mrs. Greenes, by LORNA REA,
Indicates in a general way
That the various wives in a family tree
Do not invariably agree.

Grandmama spots the minutest flaw
That exists (or not) in her daughter-in-law;
And she in her turn the like detects
In the bright young woman her son selects.

The youngest bride quite probably thinks

Her husband's sister-in-law a minx,
And as for his earlier females, they
Went out of date in VICTORIA'S day.

Themes like this, and others beside,
Far less obvious, more untried,
LORNA REA works into the plan
Of her excellent book (from HEINEMANN).

Under the spell of the tenets of psycho-analysis—in particular of Dr. ADLER'S views on the inferiority complex—Mr. SISLEY HUDDLESTON has written a biographical study which is honestly enriched and not complicated by its author's prepossessions. *Louis XIV. in Love and War* (CAPE) is a sufficiently over-laboured theme. If the reviewer exists who is not letter-perfect in the amatory and military operations of *Le Roi Soleil* he must either take his duties very lightly or have an extraordinarily happy knack of forgetfulness. But the motives of these operations are another story; and it is this story, the sub-conscious side of it especially, which Mr. HUDDLESTON sets out to relate. Louis, he maintains, was first and foremost a puzzled mediocrity, a very ordinary little person in an extraordinarily great position. The morbid self-assertion of his reign was a natural answer to the repression of his minority. Bullied and neglected by his mother and MAZARIN, yet acclaimed as *puer triumphator* on the Cardinal's war-medals, the boy found his kindest monitor in his valet. In after life he preferred the company of inferiors, partly, thinks his biographer, from sympathetic chivalry—this I am inclined to doubt—partly because his patronage and their adulation magnified his puny stature for himself and his world. His relations to women, ministers and generals are explained on these grounds. Only in religion he is allowed—quite rightly, I think—a less adulterated outlook. Mr. HUDDLESTON is so sensitively critical where his hero is concerned that I wish he had knit his thesis even closer and avoided such general disquisitions as his unhappy chapter on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His psychological



Footpad (having lifted watch). "WHERE'S THE CHAIN?"
Nervous Victim. "I'M S-SORRY, THEY AREN'T W-WORN NOW."

estimate of LOUIS and the material with which he feeds it constitute his book's claim to sustained consideration.

Sheila Both-Ways (BENN) is one of those books of which my brain approves while my heart does not quite like them. Miss JOANNA CANNAN writes extremely well and often very amusingly, even funnily, and can draw character, but by proclaiming loudly that *she* doesn't expect all this romantic gilt on the plain gingerbread of life and love she creates such an atmosphere of bleak intellectual honesty that creatures of sentiment like myself are not even able to raise protesting voices with any effect. Her heroine, *Sheila*, marries, in the first chapter, a worthy prosaic young man (yes, Miss CANNAN, I quite agree that there are lots of them) and has three pleasant children; then, meeting another young man who, if no more worthy than her husband and something of a bounder, is yet more attractive, she considers his invitation to elope with him to America, and, for the sake of her children, decides against it. And then middle-age comes quickly, and comfort instead of adventure, and contentment instead of hope. (It may all be true, Miss CANNAN, but need you rub

it in? Hope and adventure are so lovely, and some people keep them to the end.) After all these kicks of sentiment against the pricks of common sense, I must confess that her alert half-amused attitude to her characters and some of the things they say and do could scarcely be bettered, as, for instance, when *Sheila* "sat in silence darning socks and wondering a little scornfully that a spoilt pudding could so damp the immortal spirit of a man." I should have enjoyed this book enormously if Miss CANNAN could have spared me just the least little bit of guilt.

Those who enjoyed, which is to say those who read, *Extremes Meet* will be glad to rediscover a number of old acquaintances in *The Three Couriers* (CASSELL); for in this book, which for a transient moment is his latest, Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE pursues the adventures and ingenuities of *Commander Waterlow, R.N.V.R.*, of the Secret Service, and of his queer and poetically nicknamed accomplices. It will be remembered that at the end of the earlier volume of this chronicle of surreptitious events which, though presented as

fiction, are probably in their essentials true history, *Commander W.*, as his fatuous but not altogether inefficient lieutenant, *Crowder*, persisted in calling him, was hoping to get free from the meshes of intrigue and to be sent after German submarines in one of those fantastic Q-boats of which a recent film has revived the memory. We have not travelled far into the sequel before we know that he is to be disappointed, and that he is to spend some further time in that neutral Balkan capital, the anonymity of which is one of Mr. MACKENZIE'S neatest touches of farce, in the hectic hunting of

mare's-nests or in the endeavour to put salt on the tail of an elusive Teutonic bird of passage. *The Three Couriers*, as its title implies, is a triptych; and it is gratifying to British pride to find in the third panel an apotheosis of British enterprise and cunning. But it would not have mattered very much had all three of the Teutonic birds homed safely to Berlin, for the story of their endeavours and the counter-endeavours to bar their passage is such excellent fun.

The Fight for the Ashes, 1928-29 (HARRAP), with its excellent illustrations and informing diagrams, can be backed for a place in every cricket-lover's library. Mr. M. A. NOBLE makes no excuses for Australia's lack of success, but he does give one reason: why, in his opinion, Australian cricket was for the time being under a cloud. "We have been," he says, "up against a stone wall in the Board of Control." Upon a question so entirely domestic it would be impertinent to comment, but it cannot be intrusive to say that there was general gratification in England when the younger Australians were given a chance to show their ability. After the protracted Test matches, of which even those of us who had only to read of them grew weary, I was eager to see what Mr. NOBLE thought about them. Flatly he has no sympathy with a time-limit, nor does he consider that present-day

wickets are responsible for these prolonged encounters. The blame, in his judgment, rests with the bowlers. "The need of the moment," he tells us, "is for men of the stamp of TRUMBLE, TURNER, HOWELL, McKIBBIN, FERRIS, J. T. HEARNE, BARNES, RHODES and other medium-pace spinners to lift the game out of the Marathon class into which it has drifted in recent years, not, let me repeat, because of prepared wickets or defensive batsmanship, but simply because of lack of bowlers to cope with the situation." Many of us who are keenly interested in cricket will think that these are words of wisdom.

Mr. CHARLES COOPER, for many years editor of *The Epicure* and *The Table*, writing in a vein that suggests that in his time those journals would have been very intelligently filled, crowds a great deal of miscellaneous learning into *The English Table* (SAMPSON LOW), surveying and commenting on our national habits as trencherman from the gross plenty (for the governing folk at least) of Plantagenet and Elizabethan days down to our own decadent age, when, though

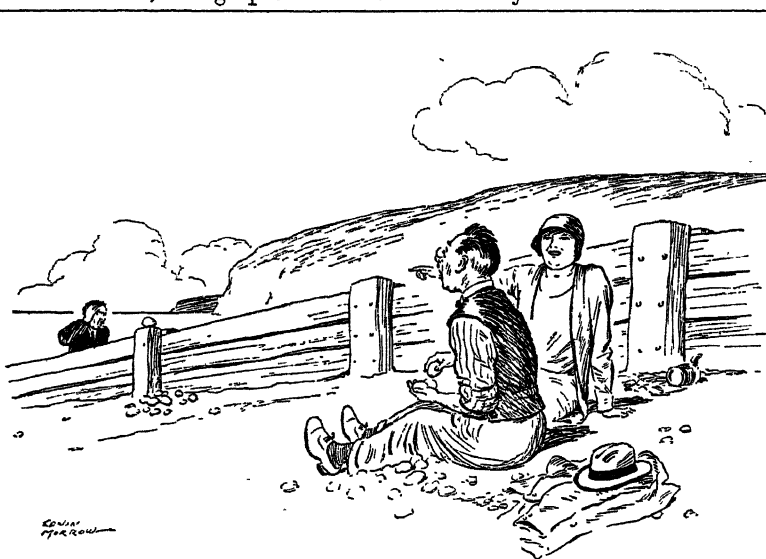
we are sane enough to eat less, we have in general completely forgotten how to cook! Mr. COOPER gives us learned notes of many worthies—the cookery book-makers, Mrs. GLASSE (she, alas! was a man, and "first catch your hare" was merely a misprint), Dr. KITCHENER, "MEG DODS" and his own predecessors, the commentators "ORIGINAL" WALKER and ABRAHAM HAYWARD. Many delightful and gorgeously extravagant recipes are given. And among them one notes those for the solid and heady beverages, mead, metheglyn and hydromel. Perhaps one

of our Bright Young Hostesses will start Metheglyn and Hydromel Routs to replace the foolish cocktail parties of to-day? Congratulations, Mr. COOPER! But why, why so sparing of commentary on your most intriguing illustrations? We are not all as learned as you. A good index completes this excellent book.

From Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG we can always expect a thoroughly competent and thoughtful story, and her admirers will find that their expectations are fully realised in *The Barrier* (THE BODLEY HEAD). Its scene is laid in Capetown, where a self-willed doctor offends his young wife by adopting a girl of mixed parentage. At the time of this adoption he thought that the girl was his daughter, and, when he subsequently discovered that she was not, his fatherly devotion changed into feelings far from decorous. Once more we are given good reason to recognise how paramount the question of colour is in South Africa and how intense the feeling against those who try to ignore it. A tragic story, sincere and full of purpose.

The Cynic at the Linotype.

"Sir — — —, one of the new Jeers in the recent Birthday Honours List, has taken as his title Baron — — — of — — —."—*Daily Paper*.



"LOOK, GEORGE—THERE'S MR. PERKS, AND TO THINK THAT WE'VE BEEN WITHIN A STONE'S THROW OF HIM ALL THE AFTERNOON!"

CHARIVARIA.

MR. P. F. WARNER advocates putting on a googlie bowler just before an interval, when the batsmen have their eyes on the clock. Another good plan is to instruct the wicket-keeper to whisper to them that there are shrimps for tea.

It is stated that Americans never refer to collar-studs as anything but "buttons." Over here, of course, the best people never refer to them at all.

There has been a bitter controversy in Washington as to who discovered America—a Spaniard, an Italian or a Norwegian. All Americans have to face the fact that it wasn't an American who discovered America.

When stalking with a camera, writes a big-game hunter, it is advisable to be accompanied by a man with a rifle in case of attack. Press-photographers have no such protection against infuriated celebrities.

A London omnibus-driver has won a prize certificate for an essay on fathercraft, in which he quoted CONFUCIUS. CONFUCIUS was rarely quoted by the old horse-bus drivers.

Sheffield is now exporting thousands of safety-razor blades to Turkey, and an authoritative pronouncement by MUSTAPHA KEMAL as to the disposal of used ones is anxiously awaited.

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS has stated that in his opinion London is bright enough. The Brighter London movement may therefore safely be abandoned.

Dalmatian hotel-keepers are reported to have had difficulty in catering for MR. G. B. SHAW. As a strict vegetarian he would of course reject "spotted dog."

"Gladstone's wonderful smile," says a political writer, "is still talked about where Parliamentarians foregather." They often mention it in connection with what he said in '79.

A sweet-pea grown from a seed found with an Egyptian mummy has been

exhibited. It is a moving thought that with better luck it might have been PHARAOH'S button-hole.

By way of announcing his recovery from an operation, Signor GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO caused a salute of eleven guns to be fired from his private battery. Conjecture is rife as to how many guns he would consider appropriate to the birth of a poem.

On the authority of a lady professor of Egyptology it is stated that wizards are still numerous in England. Sup-

Agriculturists all over the country complain that the effects of the prolonged drought are bound to be serious, but it seems only fair to remind them that MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD gave no pledge to put an end to it.

Indications that the North Sea coasts of Germany are again rising are reported, and the French view is that expansion in this direction is contrary to the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles.

Little surprise is expressed at the recent discovery of prehistoric sling-stones and arrow-heads in the Transvaal, where so many outrageous fortunes have been found.

The victory of a thirteen-year-old boy in the Marbles Championship of New York will have revived regrets that British supremacy at this fine game has been lost through the neglect of our public schools.

In compliment to the United States, five South American republics were *en fête* on Independence Day, and developments of the sympathetic holiday idea are predicted. A simultaneous observance of August Bank Holiday, for instance, should materially assist the *entente* between Thanet and Hungary.

In a recent newspaper interview, LEON TROTSKY says everything will come right in the end, but he omits to say whose end.

If it is true, as we hear, that a new musical instru-

ment combining the saxophone and the bagpipes has been invented, then the worst has come to the next worst.

The talkies are said to be bringing a new type of face to the films. And yet there are people who decry this form of entertainment.

Norwegians are now making use of aeroplanes to catch whales. It seems rather a ponderous form of fly-fishing.

"Bags and shoes must match," says a fashion article. At the risk of being considered *démodés* we shall continue to wear yellow brogues with our beige flannels.



Angry Employer. "CAN'T YOU HEAR THE TELEPHONE?"
Typist. "IT'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S ONLY ONE OF MY BOYS, AND I'VE FINISHED WITH HIM."

porters of MR. LLOYD GEORGE cling to the belief that there is only one in Wales.

The famous U.S. army pigeon, "President Wilson," has died, but there are good reports of the U.S. naval dove.

Patience is advocated by a school-teacher in dealing with the timid child who is given to telling lies. Improvement comes with confidence and practice.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS describes his personality as containing a *Caliban* and a *Prospero*, who have terrific tussles. The winner of the week edits *The Sunday Express*.

OUR CARAVAN.

II.—WESTWARD HO!

Percival's car, "Dobbin," having been satisfactorily attached to our caravan (which was luckily designed for horsepower in any shape), we left the yard of the Anchor Inn at Littlehurst at 2.30 P.M., Greenwich Mean and Closing Time. Captain Percival was driving; Crew Apple was out in front doing what he called "conning caravan," and the four others of the party were fully occupied in getting out of the light. We took away with us pleasant hopes, high hearts and part of the gatepost of the Anchor yard.

For some hours we bowled merrily along under a blazing sun towards the south-west of England. Percival was still at Dobbin's helm, Henry beside him reading the map, the two girls chattering in the back of the car, all the tinned food and teaspoons clattering in the rear of the caravan, while Crew Apple and David were sitting dustily on the caravan's back porch. Crew Apple's function was to apply the brake at steep hills, and David's to remind him to take it off when the bottom was reached. In between hills they thirstily discussed SHAKESPEARE and the musical chink of glasses.

At 5.30 P.M. Greenwich Mean and Opening Time, Crew Apple, hot, dry and dusty, discovered a new use for the brake. A likely-looking inn approached, and Percival and Henry, deep in arguments about roads and maps, showed every intention of cutting it dead. So Crew Apple, braking with all his force, neatly brought the caravan to a standstill at the Private Bar entrance and dropped off for a glass of milk (David concurring).

At 5.35 P.M. they came out to find Percival and Henry bent double in the road and looking at the back end of the car and the girls sitting in the hedge looking at the back end of Percival and Henry.

Crew Apple unobtrusively resumed his seat on the back porch and released the brake. Dobbin and the caravan at once started to move gently forward down the slope, whereat with cries of self-congratulatory triumph Percival and Henry and the girls leapt into their seats—and haven't found out to this day. Once more we bowled merrily along, Crew Apple now keeping a sharp look-out ahead, with one hand on the brake, not necessarily for hills.

We had intended to camp near Wilton, but Percival said the girls made such a row laughing that he thought Henry said "Turn left," and the girls said it was because Henry couldn't read a map, and Henry said it was because Percival wasn't paying attention to his

directions, and the result was that we found ourselves in a narrow bumpy lane. The first intimation poor Crew Apple had of the misunderstanding in front was being jerked up off his back porch and not coming down again till it had moved too far on to be of much help to him.

We came to a standstill, Captain Percival talking about his tyres and Crew Apple about his back axle. It was then discovered that one cannot back a caravan drawn by a car. A caravan drawn by horse is of course different. You seize the bridle on either side, assume the expression of *IL DUC* on the eighteenth green and gaze into the animal's face, whereupon he starts back in alarm and continues to do so until you get him where you want him, when you switch off the power of the human eye. A car, on the other hand, is unaffected by the power of the human eye. So we had to continue forward. Crew Apple, who said he preferred not to sit for a little while, thank you, walked ahead, reporting all pot-holes, ground-swells and heavy ruts in nautical terms.

By evening we had penetrated deeper into primitive rural England than any caravan had ever done before, and decided we ought to outspan and form *laager* for the night. So Henry went on ahead to a small aboriginal farmhouse to ask if we might use a field and to reassure the natives in case they had never yet seen motor-cars in these parts.

An hour later we were encamped, and Henry, David and Apple were taking it in turns to try to work the *Incomparabilis* stove. An aged farmer stood by in an interested manner, while Percival talked to him in a superior fashion about the advantages of civilisation, wonderful modern inventions and the *Incomparabilis* stove. Twenty minutes later still the *Incomparabilis* was winning full marks as a beacon, but as little else. Then it was that the antique native, now quite intrigued with the wonders of civilisation, offered to help. This suggestion, savouring as it did of the request of a fascinated South Sea Islander to be allowed to adjust the magneto of a motor-launch, we turned down, whereupon the farmer withdrew.

He returned in five minutes, just as Crew Apple was seriously considering whether he had not better go and ask him to make fire by rubbing two sticks together. Carefully shielding it from the wind, he bore with him an *Incomparabilis* stove alight and roaring.

"Here you be, gemmen," he said affably; "you borry this. I got the missus to start up one of ourn for ye. They be mortal tricky things if you don't know 'em."

A. A.

AT HENDON.

THE Air Display, it would appear, Grows more exciting every year; And we who gratefully descend on The broad campaign of breezy Hendon May witness with a pleasant thrill Yet bolder feats and subtler skill. With sullen dronings deep and gruff The heavy bombers do their stuff; The speedy seaplanes let it rip, The saucy Siskins reel and dip In mimic combats which recall The brightest lines of *Locksley Hall*; And every sort of agile 'plane Gyrate about the vast inane, Providing palpitating shocks For pretty girls in summer frocks.

While wondering laymen press to see This brave aerial pageantry, The seasoned experts puff their pipes And quiz the latest super-types. Their sharp discriminating eye Explores the wherefore and the why Of gadgets which I must confess To me are wholly meaningless. Their countenances quickly kindle At sight of some new slot or spindle, Or they'll exclaim with lively joy, "Observe that trunnion block, dear boy; Now what could be more neat and snappy?"

And off they trot supremely happy.

Elsewhere (a long-awaited treat) Old friends from distant Stations meet; They slap each other on the back And talk of evenings in Iraq, Recalling with a pleasant glow Binges and japes of long-ago. Oblivious of the stunts and loops They chat in animated groups, Or seek the cool refreshment pav. And ask each other what they'll have.

Thus out at Hendon everyone Enjoys his own congenial fun. The simple soul may stand and gaze In admiration and amaze; The Service veteran grins with glee And greets a pal from overseas; The keen technician smacks his lips And resolutely gets to grips With quadrant arms and pivot clips; But they are all agreed on this— That here's a show too good to miss.

C. L. M.

A Parochial Apology Which Impends.

"At my church last Sunday we had no music at all during the collection; the choir just sang an anthem instead."—*Incumbent at Suburban Church Council Meeting.*

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is another who enjoys a cigar; he usually takes one after lunch, when he can settle down in his hair and enjoy it quietly."—*Daily Paper.*

We always thought that this capillary scheme was the copyright of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.



SOME OF OUR GRANDS PENSEURS.

"WE ARE THINKING AND WE SHALL CONTINUE TO THINK."

Mr. MACDONALD in the Debate on the Address.



DIRTY WORK AT LORD'S.

Aunt (whose nephew has been caught at silly point). "I'M TOLD THEY PUT A MAN IN A SPECIAL PLACE ON PURPOSE TO CATCH REGGIE. I DON'T CALL THAT FAIR, DO YOU?"

"I WANT YOU."

A LITTLE GROUSE.

WILL people who are rich and busy enough to have private secretaries and telephone-operators kindly remember that there are other people who may also be busy but are not rich enough to have these conveniences?

Mr. Cube (shall we say?) wishes to speak to me, though it is on the cards that I have no wish to speak to Mr. Cube. Mr. Cube is in a large office, well-manned, or rather well-womaned; and it is nice and easy for Mr. Cube to say to his secretary, Miss Potts, "Ring up Mr. Haddock." Having said that he goes into the next room or wanders about the building. Miss Potts rings through to the private operator, the private operator calls the Exchange, and the vile bell rings at Mr. Haddock's house.

It is a hot day and I am working in the garden. I rise mutinously, put

down my papers (which the wind blows into the pond) and run into the house.

I remove the receiver and pant into the transmitter mouthpiece. The girl at the Exchange says, "Are you Riverside 18943?" I say "Yes," and she says, "I want you." I say, "Who are you?" but she has gone away.

After a minute another girl says, "Is that Riverside 18943?"

"Yes."

"Is that Mr. Haddock's house?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Haddock at home?"

"Speaking."

"Is that Mr. Haddock?"

"Yes!!"

"I want you," she says brightly; very brightly and happily she says it, as if I were just going to hear that I had been left a fortune.

I say, "Who are you?" But she has gone away.

I wait for a minute or two, drawing pictures on the wall.

Then a third girl says, "Hullo?" "Hullo."

"Is that Mr. Haddock's house?"

"Yes."

"Is that Mr. Haddock?"

"Yes."

"Mr. A. P. Haddock?"

"Yes!!!"

"I want you," she carols, bird-like.

"Who are you?" I say; but she has gone away.

I have no idea who any of these young women are. They pay no attention to anything I say. They all want me—few men can have been wanted so much—but the moment they have got me they go away. The incalculable mystery of Woman!

I wait. I wait a full minute. Tired of drawing on the wall I kick holes in the sideboard.

At last the third young woman who wants me says, "Are you there?"

"I am. Who are you and why do you want me, please?"

"I am sorry to keep you waiting," she says very sweetly; "Mr. Cube has gone out of the room."

"Who is Mr. Cube?"

"Would you mind holding the line? Mr. Cube wants to speak to you."

"Then why did he go out of the room?"

No answer. She has gone away. Fanatically devoted to Mr. Cube's interests, she takes no more notice of what I say than if I were a sheep bleating at the entrance to the slaughter-house.

Against my better judgment I hold the line. For all I know Mr. Cube may be an editor or the PRIME MINISTER's secretary; he may have to tell me that all the time I held a winning ticket in the Calcutta Sweep. Besides, the third girl has a sweet voice.

I hold the line till my ear swells.

Then the sweet voice says, "I am very sorry, Mr. Cube cannot be found at the moment, but he is somewhere in the building."

"What is the building?"

"I will call you again."

"Who is Mr. Cube?"

But she has gone away.

The episode has lasted about five minutes. I return to my work, fuming.

Five minutes later the foul bell rings again. Again we go through the protracted ritual by which Mr. Cube is put in touch with the outside world. Again the three girls pass me along, as men throw bricks from one to another, unloading a barge. They do not care how long I wait or what questions I ask—I am mere telephone-fodder for Mr. Cube.

At last a loud and masterful male voice says, "Hullo!"

"Hullo."

"Look here, old chap, about to-night. You know there's no doubt in my mind that we've got to be firm with Footle and his lot or he'll stampede the whole Committee. Well, I'll tell you what I've done—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Hullo? Hullo? Is that you, Mortimer?"

"No. It's Mr. Haddock. I was told somebody—"

"Mr. Haddock? Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought my secretary said—Hullo? Is Mr. Haddock there then?"

"Yes. Speaking."

"Is that you, Mr. Haddock?"

"Yes."

"Mr. A. P. Haddock?"

"YES!"

"Oh! Well, Mr. Haddock, I hope you don't mind my ringing you up. It's like this—"

But let us not prolong the painful story. Mr. Cube has no idea of giving me money. On the contrary, he wants me to do something for him; he wants



Irishman (in the boat). "HI! DANNY, I WANT YE TO MEET A FRIEND AV MINE. SHAKE HANDS WID MISTHER O'HOOOLIHAN."

me to make a speech at some ghastly dinner, he wants me to lecture at a school, he wants me to write an article about a deserving charity, he wants me to insure my life . . . And he has taken up ten whole minutes of my valuable time besides poisoning my mind with irritation. Curse you, Mr. Cube! Let me tell you that my time is as valuable to me as yours to you, and, having no young women to assist me, I have even less time to spare. I do not mind your ringing me up, but I hotly object to your ringing me up on the instalment system.

Curse you, Mr. Cube! A. P. H.

He-Women at Henley.

"L. H. F. Gunther, who comes from Holland, is also out for the Diamond Sculls.

There is an unusually large number of women competitors."—*Evening Paper*.

If they will give diamonds as prizes this is only to be expected.

"LADIES TAKE PRIDE IN KNOWING VENUS HAD NO SHAPE.

Famous Artists And Dressmakers Declare De Milo Was Too Fat To Get Into A Taxicab And Would Not Be Accepted In Police Society Today."—*Headlines in Hankow Paper*.

But if police night-club circles are half as exclusive in Hankow as they are in London this means nothing.

SCULPTURE IN 1929.

I DON'T think that the people of England definitely resent sculpture. On the whole they acquiesce in it. Once given the lead, however—well, what happened to the statues that the Romans left behind in their villas and the effigies of the saints when the Ironsides of OLIVER CROMWELL got at them? Rouse his attention and every Londoner has a stonebreaker's hammer in his attaché-case.

The daily papers, therefore, do no good service to the cause of peace in taking note of the various carvings, bas-reliefs and specimens of statuary which are breaking out like a rash on our new residential and industrial mausoleums. These things, if no fuss were made about them, would pass off quietly enough and in a few years' time be sufficiently dirty to fade unobtrusively into the rest of the surrounding grime. A city that has allowed Trafalgar Square to become an arena for the display of its most blatant advertisements is not going out of its way to be bothered by a few statues stuck up halfway to the sky in its narrower streets.

Stung against my own better judgment by curiosity about the new Underground Offices at St. James's Park Station, I made a special journey to behold them, taking with me a man who knows the right thing to say about sculpture (however fierce) when it occurs. An anxious little knot of persons (holding newspapers) was already gathered on the pavement, hurting their necks in the effort to appreciate the colossal building which soared whitely up into the sky. But there was no serious traffic-jam. Now and then a large yellow motor-bus, full of Americans, would arrive and, slowing down but not stopping altogether, permit the guide, shooting out one hand, to explain what the little *furor* was about. British workmen were poised here and there on scaffolding-planks, wearing the sardonic look of those who serve Art indignantly and at trade-union wages alone.

I opened my mouth, threw back my head and scrutinised first of all the reliefs on the higher precipices, representing, as I understand, the West and the East Wind, Red Dragon and Pung.

They seemed to me to be very good. I should not have guessed off-hand that a wind or whatever it was would be represented by the figure of a stout female Channel-swimmer whose legs were fatter than her head, but, on thinking it over and looking at it again and again, I found myself wondering how any wind could be represented more beautifully and significantly than that. The Underground Railway is the cave of the winds, and no one who has gone round a corner and been suddenly overwhelmed by one of those wild gusts

few moments, regained their self-composure and went by.

The figure of Night is a grim sitting shape with one massive stone paw held above a body prostrate on its knees—the body of an old or a tired man.

"Is it beautiful?" I asked my friend.

"I don't know what you mean by 'beautiful,'" he said. "It is Night."

"It is not administering corporal punishment to Day, is it?" I inquired. "It is blotting-out the exhaustion of Toil," he told me. "It is magnificent. It is tremendous. An eternal gesture in stone."

"You are sure it is not meant to be Lord ASHFIELD?"

"No."

"Well, I think it's very fine," I said. "Let's come and look at Day."

"The infernal idiocy of all this criticism," he burst out suddenly, "lies in the fact that everyone in England who looks at a piece of sculpture expects it to be vaguely Greek. They forget that all sorts of races have hewn grotesque and terrible gods out of the mountains, that kings have wished to represent themselves with tremendous feet and arms to show their strength, with huge wings, with great eyes—"

"And big noses," I broke in.

"Or anything you like," he said impatiently. "Just because the Greeks concentrated on certain harmonious proportions of the human figure people seem to think that that is the only imaginative idea which sculpture can properly express."

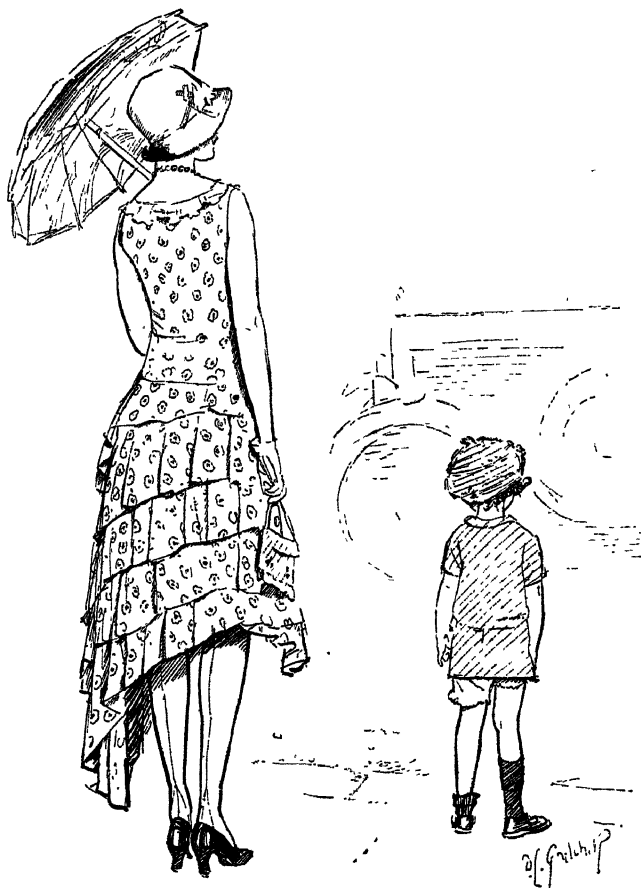
By this time we were looking up at Day. I knew immediately, from what he had told me about Night, that we were on to another good thing. Superficially this other

grim monster, in front of which a child seemed to be standing with arms uncomfortably twisted back so that the palms were laid upon the monster's shoulders, might not have seemed to represent Day, any more than it represented Devolution or the late Cabinet's Local Government Bill.

"This is the morning youth of Toil," said my friend. "See how the hands of Day support it as it goes out reluctantly to face the struggle renewed."

"I thought he didn't look very bucked," I said.

"I suppose you'd have liked to see a god racing through the clouds on a chariot?" he suggested.



THE LOP-SIDERS.

smelling of brown-paper which rage through it can deny the symbolical truth of these charming bas-reliefs.

I then lowered my eyes to contemplate EPSTEIN's monumental figures of Night and Day. They surmount porticos, or what I imagine will be porticos. You have to walk round the corner from Night to look at Day. After that, if you are not run over, you walk round the corner from Day and look once more at Night. Several people were doing this. Others happily going about their paths, busy middle-aged men, slim and elegant girls, became suddenly conscious that some accident had happened, gazed up uneasily, wavered a



Prospective Employer (after unsatisfactory replies). "WHAT QUALIFICATIONS HAVE YOU GOT?"
Flapper. "WELL, ANYWAY, I'M A TYPICAL SMILING FRANK-FACED ENGLISH GIRL."

I thought about this for a while.
"Are you *quite* sure that the larger figure doesn't represent Lord ASHFIELD?" I asked.

"Quite."

"And the smaller one a strap-hanger?"

"Quite."

"I wonder why Day has such a very flat head," I said at last, not knowing what else to say. "It will be a wonderful rendezvous for the pigeons."

And then, moving a little apart from him, I tried to overhear the words of another Londoner, who was also talking about Day.

"S'far as I can make out," he was saying to his companion, "it's all a kind of joke to get publicity for the thing, as you might say. They get people talking about it, and they come and see it and write letters to the papers, and the whole thing acts as a kind of advertisement, if you take my meaning."

The other man chewed the cud of this great thought. Then his face brightened.

"Ah, well," he said, "I dessay in a few weeks it'll all be forgotten."

Not far off from the white head of Day I noticed a bronzed and burly

English workman holding a rope and looking down at us with infinite scorn. Then I heard the first man speak again.

"What I say is," he argued, "that before doing anything like that they ought to submit it to the public, and put photographs up in the stations. Like a beauty contest, if you take what I mean. Who uses the Underground, I should like to know? Me and you, don't we?"

"Ar," said the other man.

Emotionally exhausted and returning my neck to its original position with a click, I called upon my friend to lead me home. As we were having our tickets clipped in St. James's Park station, I said to the clipper, "What do you think of ERSTEIN'S statues of Day and Night?"

"Can't say that I've seen them yet," he answered a little brusquely. "Except in the papers."

"You ought to," I told him. "They are eternal gestures in stone."

He gave me a stare in which I like to think there was more pity than disdain. EVOE.

"In Palestine they speak the aromatic language."—*Schoolboy Answer.*
Just like in Billingsgate.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

ST. PAUL'S.

HAVE you been to St. Paul's?
It's the loveliest place
That ever I've seen.
In front there's a Queen
(This will help you in case
You don't know when you're
there),

And high in the air
Is a very big dome;
I could show it to you—
Oh, ever so far!

On a clear summer day
From the attic at home.
Inside it's all grey;

And statues there are
Of people who're dead;
And over your head

In beautiful rags
Are banners and flags.
There's a gallery too
Right up in the walls
Where the tiniest sound
Goes all the way round.
You'd love it I know—

Do go

To St. Paul's.

R. F.

"Wanted, Junior Shorthorn Typist."
Advt. in Bristol Paper.
We find the Red Jersey kind are the best.

A LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

As a beacon ashore to a mariner lost in the ocean,
Who, blistered and bored, is aroused to new life at the sight
And observes, in stentorian accents suffused with emotion,
"Land Ho!" (if that's right);

As the fairy-borne glimmer that comes in the deeps of the fen-land

To persons who've given up visions of shelter and grub
And directs them, avoiding the bogs, till those night-ridden men land

In peace at a pub;

O star in the cinema's blackness, O ruddy and radiant,
Whose path down the gangway I follow with faltering feet

By invisible perils and down a precipitous gradient
At last to a seat,

So, and more so, are you. But for you I am weak and unsteady;

You find me the fauteuil wherein I deposit my weight
With a sigh of relief; and, if somebody's in it already,
We know that it's fate.

In the mental repose that the cinema somehow induces,
When thought wanders out in a kind of reflective content,

Which, considering all things, is one of its principal uses,
Though not what was meant,

I remember the torch, and I ponder awhile on the bearer,
The shape among shadows that led me; the light was too dim

To observe her as well as I would, but—I couldn't say fairer—

She struck me as slim.

Are you lovely, O maiden? If so, to be lost in the darkness,
To move as a ghost in the midnight, were little but shame;
Though of course, if you're plain, with a form of spinsterial starkness,

It's all in the game.

Do you rise with delight for the thought of the day and its talkies,

And pass to your rest with a tear for the joys that are gone?

Can you thrill all the week to a week of continuous squawkies?

Or, t'other way on,

Are you sick to the heart of the reel in its infinite reeling?
The sea-lion bellow of heroine, hero and vamp,

Has it pulped you and squashed you, and left you a thing without feeling,

Just nothing—a lamp?

O shade unsubstantial and dreamlike, half seen and half guessed at,

O silhouette seemingly comely, I'm quite unaware
What you really are like in your smartest of frocks and your best hat,

Nor do I much care.

Your position in life may be pleasing, perhaps, or pathetic;
Your personal charms may be many or, possibly, none;
But I thought, as a subject for verse, you might turn out poetic;

And here it is, done.

DUM-DUM.

ELIZABETH AND THE RUSHUN BALLY.

"My new young man an' me 'ad a bit of an argyment about this Rushun bally," remarked Elizabeth. "I thort it was a sorter concert-party, but 'e was certain it 'ad some-think to do with the Bolshie bizness.

"We mighters well go an' see wot it's orl about," 'e ses. 'P'r'aps there'll be a scrap where we can orl join in.' 'E's a reel sporty young man, you see, 'm, an' likes a bit o' life. An' that's 'ow we come to go."

"I hope you enjoyed yourself, Elizabeth," I said politely.

"Lor, 'm, you don't go to the Rushun bally to enjoy yourself. 'Arrowin' is wot I calls it. I once read about the Rushuns 'avin' a miserable sorter life. But I never thort things could be so un-'omelike for them. There was one scene where a chap and 'is wife 'ad such a small 'ouse they 'ad to come out into the street every time they wanted to 'ave a bit of a quarrel. An' the neighbours 'ad no manners, they orl rushed on in the very middle of the scrap an' took sides. Wot would married life be in England if that sorter thing went on... I mean, if you couldn't 'ave a fight in peace? There'd be an end of orl lor an' order in no time.

"And the queer way these 'ere Rushuns go on... don't seem to tork to each other like you an' me, 'm, but dash about the place dawncin', endin' up with one leg in the air. I tell you, 'm, I should find it a strain that sorter thing—carried on reg'lar. W'y they must 'ave got a dawnce for everything they want to say in Rusher. If they want to tell the butcher to leave pork chops for dinner, I suppose they've got steps for that. But life can't be easy goin' on in that way. It's a blessin' to 'ave a tongue in your 'ead, I ses."

"Not always," I replied. I endeavour to check loquacity in Elizabeth, but it is uphill work at times. "Don't forget to close the door when you go out, Elizabeth."

The hint fell on stony ground.

"Certainly, 'm; now, where was I?"

"Where you've been for the last ten minutes, Elizabeth—standing near the window rather in my light."

"Sorry, 'm. But as I was sayin' about the queerness of the Rushuns—to see them 'avin' a picnic beats orl. They put a tablecloth on the ground, set out glarses an' so on, an' I ses to myself now they're goin' to 'ave a good set-to. But they got no further than spreadin' the cloth. Just as they sat round, one of 'em starts dawncin' an' that sets 'em orl orl. That blessed picnic ended in 'em orl standin' on one leg without so much as a pork-pie bein' cut into or a bottle of pop gettin' uncorked. I lawfed out loud at that, but a woman near gave me a nudge an' tole me that you must never lawf at a Rushun bally but 'old yourself in, even if you're in a state to split your sides.

"An' then to see the fuss they makes o' small things. The way they went on when one of 'em brought 'ome a bird in a cage. They 'ung it out in the street, there being no room in the 'ouse, as far as I could see. An' then they dawnced round about it, an' fetched their friends and neighbours, an' they dawnced round it too. They couldn't 'ave made more to-do if it 'ad been a white elephant. Pore things, it made me fair pity 'em. In a manner o' speakin'—"

"You certainly have a manner of speaking," I interposed. "Was that a ring at the front-door, Elizabeth?"

"No, 'm. An' the queer idee come to me, 'm, that lots o' Rushuns must go on like that, tyin' theirselves in knots when they're extra pleased about somethink, an' p'r'aps they die if nobody's there to undo 'em.

"My young man couldn't make 'ead nor tail of it. 'If that's bally Russher, give me 'ole England,' 'e ses. I don't wonder the pore things came out so bad in the War. An'



Boy. "I HAVE TO LEAD HIM BECAUSE HE FIGHTS SO. HE LIKES BULLDOGS WORST."

the next time *I* goes out for an evenin' it'll be to the pictures, where I can get a good laugh or a good cry—you can't 'ave neither at the Rushun bally." F. A. K.

A Glimpse of the Impossible.

"Inner Cabin with 2 Berths above each other."

Shipping Announcement.

Le Mot Juste.

"ROLLER SKATING. Three Sessions Daily."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*
We always consider that we have escaped lightly if we get off with three painful sessions to the minute.

Nest-Eggs for the Nether Regions.

"Sir,—Mr. — seems to have missed the point of my previous letter. I stated that a beneficiary . . . if he dies before he has entered on h's pension all his contributions, plus accumulations at compound interest at 2½ per cent., will be returned to him."

Letter to Northern Paper.

TO A FAT FRIEND.

[A doctor recently stated at the London Sessions that a good test of a man's sobriety was his ability to lace up his boots.]

Charles, if some zealous but misguided creature,
Deeming you drunk, should order your arrest,
Not yours, I trust, though innocent, to feature
In this unseemly test.

Slim men may pass this new ordeal. For them it is,
If guiltless of the charge, a simple feat;
Your upper with your nethermost extremities
Have long since ceased to meet. A. K.

"An American visitor asked me what we English do with our fire-places in the summer."—*Gossip Column in Morning Paper.*
We could have told him. We burn coal in ours.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE FOUNDLING.

Soon after Sarah November was born her mother left her on a doorstep because she had several children already and thought somebody else might take care of this one for her. But she didn't leave a label or anything like that with her, so the people at the Home had to find a name for her, and they called her November because that was the month they found her on the doorstep, and Sarah because they believed in giving foundlings unfashionable names so that they shouldn't think they were as good as other people. And they dressed her up as a foundling so that there shouldn't be any mistake about it.

Well when Sarah November was old enough to earn her living they said to her what work would you like to do? And she said well I have never cared much about doing work. And they said no we know you haven't, but of course you must earn your living, would you like to go out to service?

And she said oh well I can try it, so they got her a situation and she went out to service.

Well she didn't care much for it except that she didn't have to dress up as a foundling any longer, but she could imitate people rather well, so when they grumbled at her for not doing enough work she made them laugh, and so they kept her on longer than they would have done. But at last they said well this can't go on for ever, laughing is all very well but it doesn't wash up plates, you must find another situation.

Well she didn't take any trouble about doing that, but on the last day before she had to leave she put on her best clothes and went out, and one of the first people she saw was a rich old lady in a bath-chair. So she went up to her and said do you want a companion who can make you laugh? because if so I shall be out of a situation to-morrow and I could come to you.

And the old lady said well I shouldn't mind that, I like laughing and the last companion I had was rather dismal, what could you do to make me laugh? And Sarah November said oh I could imitate the people who come to see you after they have gone. I will imitate the bath-chairman for you if you like.

So she did that, and the old lady laughed, especially when the bath-

chairman got angry about it, and she engaged Sarah November as her companion, and she imitated all the nephews and nieces who came to see the old lady, and the doctor, and the clergyman of the church she went to, and the old lady laughed a good deal and felt all the better for it. But presently nobody came to see her any more, because they didn't like being laughed at, so she said to Sarah November well I think it is time I had a new companion so you must find another situation.

And Sarah November said well I don't mind, I have got rather tired of this, but you must give me three new

Well the next thing Sarah November did for a living was to be a mannequin in a very expensive shop, because she had some nice clothes now and she could imitate being a lady, so when she went to the shop they thought she was better than she really was and they were lucky to get her. And they paid her plenty of wages and gave her some more nice clothes as well, because if she wanted anything very much she didn't show it off well, and they said oh that is no good you can have it for yourself.

And that went on for some time, but Sarah November got rather tired of it because the hours were too long and there was too much standing to suit her, so she said to herself I don't see why I shouldn't go on the stage.

So she went on the stage, and they were glad to have her there because she had seen so many duchesses and countesses and people like that when she was a mannequin and could imitate them so well that she was almost like one herself, and they like that on the stage.

Well she got on fairly well on the stage and several people fell in love with her, because she was quite nice-looking especially when she was dressed up. But she didn't want to get married just yet, and it was a good deal of trouble to learn up her parts, so she thought she would go on the films.

So she did that, and she was quite a success on the films, and she made plenty of money besides by letting them put pictures of her in the newspapers saying she owed it all to somebody's face cream or tooth paste, and presently the people in the Home said why there can't be two Sarah

Novembers and this must be

our one, but we never should have recognised her, she looks quite like a lady.

Well that wouldn't have mattered much, but Sarah November's mother whose real name was Mrs. Bunce saw a film one night with her in it, and she had found out what name they had given her in the Home, so she went there and said I want my daughter.

Well the end of it was that Mrs. Bunce made herself a positive nuisance to Sarah November, because her husband was dead by this time and her other children weren't any good to her, and she was so poor that she couldn't buy herself proper clothes and looked simply awful. And Sarah November didn't mind giving her money, but she



"If you go on like this people will begin to talk."

dresses and some hats and shoes to go with them, and twelve pairs of silk stockings.

Well the old lady was rather surprised at that, and she said what will happen if I don't? And Sarah November said well I will tell you what will happen. When you go out in your bath-chair I shall go out in another one behind you and imitate you all the time, and people will laugh at you.

Well the old lady didn't want that, so she gave Sarah November those things, because she was quite rich enough for it not to matter to her, and Sarah November thanked her and said she would come and amuse her sometimes for nothing.

would spend such a lot of it on gin that she wasn't any more respectable than before, and Sarah November could never get rid of her.

So she said to her mother look here if you go on like this people will begin to talk. It would have done me a lot of harm already only that I have told everybody that you are a drunken charwoman who once saved my life in a fire and so I go on being kind to you.

But Mrs. Bunce only hiccupped, so then Sarah November knew she had got to do something about it. So what she did was to have it put in all the newspapers that Mrs. Bunce was really her mother who had left her on a doorstep when she was a baby, and she was a foundling and had gone out as a general servant when she was only fifteen. And she had a photograph taken of herself and her mother together when her mother was sober, and had that put in the newspapers too and then waited to see what would happen.

Well what happened was that everybody said they couldn't have believed it that anybody like Sarah November

could have had a mother like that, and been a foundling and begun by going out to service, and it was wonderful how she had turned herself into what she was. And they said she must have a heart of gold besides not to be ashamed of it, because most people who had got on so well would have wanted to hide up all that.

So Sarah November became the people's idol, and made so much money that she hardly knew how to spend it. But by this time she had got rather tired of being on the films, because it was such hard work, so when a Viscount asked her to marry him she said she would, and she pensioned off her mother and took up collecting Toby jugs. A. M.

Another Impending Apology.

"PARLIAMENT.

The Prime Minister took the oath Scottish fashion."—*Evening Paper*.

"Sandham became brighter and scored five 4's off four consecutive balls . . ."

Evening Paper.

And they still say cricket is dull!

Big Bill.

A certain dyspeptic old toucan Said, "People think birds at the Zoo can Swallow any old thing From potatoes to string, But if I can't I'd like to know who can."

The American Passion for Souvenir-Hunting?

"During this spell Tilden saved five match balls."—*Daily Paper*.

"ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY'S NEW CHANCELLOR.

At a meeting of the General Council of St. Andrews University yesterday, the Principal read a letter from Mr. Baldwin accepting the office of Chancellor of the University."

Sunday Paper.

These Scots villages are so confusing.

"WIMBLEDON TENNIS.

Miss Ridley beat Mrs. Bundy, 6-3, 6-2. Water, Pass of Plumes, Prince Alex, Bally-murphy, Pure Fur, Paramount."

Devonshire Paper.

We consider it extremely unfair to report exclamations which could only have escaped in the heat of the game.



Burglar (who has made an easy haul, to Householder). "YOU DON'T OFTEN GET BURGLARS 'ERE, SIR, FROM THE LOOK OF IT."

THE RING.

IN a novel, directly the hero has declared his passion, he whisks a magnificent ring out of his pocket and slips it on to the young lady's finger. Failing that, they go to the jewellers' next day and choose it together. But in real life—mine at any rate—it is not so.

When William and I came to a certain romantic conclusion behind the potting-shed, no mention was made of rings. The next day we were both too shattered by the awful step we had taken to trifle with jewelry. But when weeks passed and still no reference was made to it I felt that I ought to help him. I knew that he had no female relations, was a noted woman-hater and had always shunned society. Being that rare thing, a Naval officer with a passion for hunting, he had spent all his scanty leaves with horse and hound. It was possible that he had never read a novel. So I broached the subject tactfully.

"Ring!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean a wedding-ring?"

I explained that it was customary to plight one's troth with something more substantial and costly than words.

"That just shows my ignorance of the world," he said. "How should I know what people do when they're engaged? I've been at sea since I was sixteen, and I don't waste my time ashore at parties. Well, I'm

always out to learn. But what use would a ring be to you? I'd much rather give you a saddle."

I told him not to heed my idle chatter and we changed the conversation. But it had planted a disturbing seed in his mind. He sought my mother's advice.

"Look here, Mum," he said, tramping into the hall, very worried—"what do you think that the child wants me to do now? Buy her a ring. She says it's the correct thing to do. It shows how unfitted I am to be a married man; I know nothing about you wonderful women."

Mother replied soothingly that it was natural that I should want to wear something that he had given me. It need not entail gross extravagance. A signet-ring would do very well.

His face brightened. "With my crest on it, you mean? Like a man wears? Then she could seal up parcels and things with it. I love giving her

presents, but I don't want to waste my money on trinkets. A *useful* ring, of course, would be quite different; I can see some sense in that. You are such a comfort to me, Mum. I don't know what I should do without you."

Next day he returned from hound exercise with a pleased expression. "Well, old lady, I had a look at those rings on the way home," he said, anxious to show himself interested in my ideas. "Between ourselves, I find that I can get a very handsome one, solid gold and so on, for a fiver. However, we agreed not to announce the engagement yet, so I bought you a pair of spurs instead. Now, that is the sort of present that I really enjoy giving you—more in my own line."

Time passed too swiftly, and he rejoined his ship abroad. The seed which

This great effort having failed, William wrote me a despairing letter. He said that the whole business was beyond him; he knew nothing about these jewels. I was to do as I liked, and he would provide the price of a saddle to pay for it. His Great-Aunt, thoroughly roused, wrote by the same post, offering me in William's name a dazzling choice of gems. It sounded like a rajah's royal gift. After deep thought I told him that I had chosen diamonds (white stones) and rubies (red stones).

The ring amused William's family for a month. They took a personal interest in it. His Great-Aunt kept remembering tags of lore about pearls being unlucky to a bride, and that was what I would be some day, so one could not be too careful; and, of course, diamonds meant "faithful unto

death," and she was sure we should be that; and wouldn't I like to include my birthday stone, which is a blood-stone, in the ring?

James, who is an artist, thought that rubies would not suit me. He fancied a sapphire, to match my eyes. Or had I considered a chrysoprase? There was a nice-bit about them in the Bible.

Mother, not to be outdone by my future in-laws, favoured emeralds, with an alternative leaning to topaz.

The pace was too good to last. William, returning from exercises with the Fleet, found

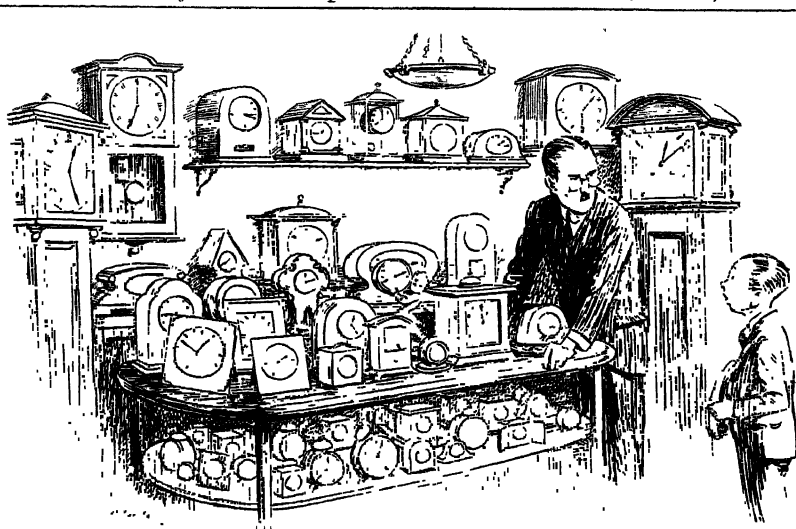
that his favourite polo pony had died. He wrote to say that the tragedy had precipitated a financial crisis. Would I be a sportsman and drop the ring question until next quarter? Meanwhile would I please send him out two tail-bandages and a pair of clippers?

As it happened, his ship was ordered home unexpectedly and we were married at once. James helped William to choose the wedding-ring. That was the only one he ever bought me.

So you see what I meant about rings? The novelists are misleading.

"Why go to the Russian Ballet when you can see a Scotsman dance?"—*Sunday Paper*. Or why listen to CHALIAPIN when you can hear HARRY LAUDER?

"For disposal, mineral water business; vendor has new ideas."—*Daily Paper*. We hope no one has put alcohol into his head.



Jeweller (engaging boy). "NOW I WANT A LAD WHO 'LL TAKE AN INTEREST IN HIS WORK, AND NOT ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYE ON THE CLOCK ALL THE TIME."

I had planted sprouted. One day a letter arrived from his Great-Aunt Jane, saying that her dear nephew had asked her to help him with the difficult matter of the ring. So she had just reminded him of his grandmother's jewelry, which had been left to him.

This was followed by an excited letter from William, whose ideas were now soaring above signet-rings. Wasn't it a splendid scheme of G.-A. Jane's? Now that he came to think of it, he did seem to remember seeing his grandmother wearing rings. Not that he'd been interested in rings before he met me, of course. There was sure to be one that would fit me.

At this juncture his brother James took a hand in the game. He said that Great-Aunt J. had consulted him about the rings, and he had written to tell William that they were quite unsuitable. I gathered that they were either cameos, or made of plaited hair.



Visitor. "I'M TERRIBLY SORRY MY WIFE WON'T BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU A SITTING THIS MORNING."
 Very Modern Artist. "NEVER MIND; YOU'LL DO."

"... AS ILLUSTRATED."

I WANT, if I may, to introduce to you one or two friends, fellow-customers of ours at the Stores. They are awfully nice people really. A trifle unexpected now and again perhaps, but one gets used to that in time. They are all people we have been meeting regularly once a month for some time now in the Stores' monthly circular.

The very young married gentleman with the nicely brushed hair whom you see on the front cover, using his right arm to mow a crazy pavement with a very special lawn-mower, priced complete at 45s. 11d., and carrying under the other a super-Wimbledon tennis-racket, is Horace. Horace is a great gardener. Despite the evidence of the tennis-racket, I don't really think that Horace finds much time for games. But Mrs. Horace, whom you see peeping roguishly out of the latest rot-proof canvas couch-hammock and keeping Horace well down to it, usually lets him carry a sports implement of some sort around with him. No doubt it all helps.

You don't meet many fellows like Horace, even in the pages of the Stores' circular. A little earlier in the year we saw him trundling a concrete-filled garden-roller about with one hand, his pipe tightly grasped in the other, smiling urbanely and looking as if he really enjoyed it. Mrs. H. was there, of course, giving him her encouragement and waiting to give him moreover an all-British solid steel edging-tool as soon as he finished the rolling.

The young chap on page 3 is Algernon. Now, frankly, Algernon is a little vain. As you can see he has recently closed with an astounding offer of a four-piece plus-four suit at 89s. 6d. in shades of brown, grey and lovat; and, so that you may make no mistake, he is walking about (in, I think, Hyde Park, though I can't quite place the landscape) wearing the coat, vest and knickers and carrying the lounge trousers over his right arm. This, I admit at once, is not in the best taste.

Still it is only fair to say that, proud as he is of his clothes, Algy does not always do things quite so blatantly. Last month, it is true, he bought some

new undies and half-a-dozen poplin shirts in neat stripes at the bargain price of 10s. 6d. each to clear, and proceeded at once to get inside the undies and stand about in them only, with the shirts draped three over each arm. But he was photographed doing this in the privacy of his own apartment, leaning against a gentleman's wardrobe in a rich dark shade of oak with ample hanging and drawer accommodation.

I should now like you to meet the middle-aged gentleman (page 13) whom you see on the "Popular Gents' Roadster Bicycle." He is a very old friend of ours. He used to play golf quite a lot. But he always employed an inordinately high tee, his stance was unusual, and somehow or other he never seemed to me to be bringing the club-head through properly. I am not altogether surprised to find that he has given the game up for cycling.

Of course he has to take some form of exercise. As you can see (you can see still better by turning to page 16, where he appears in nothing but a suit of the new artificial silk underwear for discerning men), he has just a tendency



Small Girl (studying her Father's "Who's Who"). "OH, NANNIE, I'M IN PRINT."
Nurse. "NOW, MISS BETTY, YOU COME AND GET READY FOR YOUR WALK."
Small Girl. "BUT I AM IN PRINT—'ONE d,' THAT'S ME."

to obesity. I hope the cycling will do him good. But he really must take it seriously. He mustn't mind losing the crease in his pleasing shade of grey soap-shrunk flannel trousers.

I find I haven't yet introduced you to the ladies. This, to be candid, is because, apart from Mrs. Horace, I frequently have a little difficulty in distinguishing them. But I think I definitely recognise the pair of legs on page 8 as belonging to the young lady enclosed in the inexpensive but smart bathing-wrap overleaf—the one standing in the queue immediately behind the girl in the useful tennis frock for warm days. If I am not mistaken she is the rather bright young thing whom a month ago we saw in a more intimate garment smiling coyly across the page at Algy as the latter (in combinations) was adjusting one of his improved sock-suspenders. This, so far as we know, was the first time they had met.

Perhaps, as I hinted, they are a little out of the ordinary, these fellow-customers of ours. But most likeable people when you get to know them.

A Piercing Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Mr. Smith fired several shots into the head of the lion, and was no doubt eventually responsible for its death."—*Daily Paper.*

FROM THE UP-TRAIN.

OH, scarce you've time to see things
 When sixty is her run;
 Impressions break like tea-things,
 Fly all to bits like tea-things,
 But look, I've saved you one,
 I've caught and kept you one
 This very day, and framed it
 For all it fled so fleet;
 And "Nymph" is what I've named
 it,
 I've named it, I've named it,
 And "Nymph" is what I've named it
 "With poppies in the wheat,"
 All frolic and complete.

I glimpsed her for, I've reckoned,
 One fraction of a view,
 One half of half a second,
 One quarter of a second,
 We running over-due
 (At Taplow over-due),
 We up the track a-whooping
 At sixty miles an hour,
 As down she bent, just stooping,
 Just stooping, just stooping,
 As down she bent, just stooping
 To pick one scarlet flower,
 A girl like sun and shower.

Yes, April caught in Summer,
 She stooped among the corn,

And (blue it did become her,
 Did very much become her)
 Her gown was blue as morn,
 Blue-vivid as the morn;
 Her head was golden, golden;
 Her face I failed to see,
 But here I am beholden,
 Beholden, beholden,
 But here I am beholden
 To rose-buds on the tree—
 A wild rose it shall be.

Now, since I've gone a-guessing,
 I'd better just be bold
 And add that she's a blessing,
 A perfect little blessing,
 With heart, like head, pure gold—
 A very girl of gold;
 And, if you doubt my cunning
 To paint a portrait true,
 When next to Town you're running
 (At Taplow over-due),
 Just look where fields lie sunning,
 Lie sunning, lie sunning,
 Just look where fields lie sunning
 And, slim and gold and blue,
 Perhaps you'll see her too;
 Good luck at least to you!

P. R. C.

Commercial Candour.

"S. — & Son, Worst Wood Carvers, Jewel-
 lers and Silversmiths."—*Indian Advertisement.*



THE PARTY CHEST.

MR. MACDONALD. "THIS IS OUR NEW DESIGN, SIR. I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU FAVOUR DRESS-REFORM?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "I DO; BUT I SHOULDN'T CARE TO EXPOSE MY CHEST LIKE THAT."

[The PRIME MINISTER has stated that any consideration of electoral reform would include an inquiry into the use of "huge central funds" employed for party purposes.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, July 2nd.—In an atmosphere of morning-coats and tranquil gentility, with only the scarlet and ermine of the LORD CHANCELLOR and the robes of the other Royal Commissioners to enliven the scene, the KING'S Speech was read to the respectful Commons. All concerned had already discovered it to be a lengthy document setting forth an ambitious programme of Ministerial industry, but not indicating in any detail how its enumerated beneficences were going to be achieved.

When the Commons had gone back to their own place and the Lords settled down to business the spectacle of seven forlorn figures occupying the Government benches at once took the eye. It was hard to believe that these seven represented the "doings," the serried hosts of Conservative peers being, as one might say, merely the conversational trimmings. Earl RUSSELL, apologising for moving the Address in place of some younger occupant of the back benches, said they had only to look at the benches (empty) to understand the reason. Lord DE LA WARR, seconding the motion, was slightly more exuberant than his colleague in support of the Government's programme. Lord SALISBURY and Lord BEAUCHAMP both paid glowing tributes to the memory of the late Lord ROSEBURY. Lord PARMOOR explained the Government's intentions, or rather continued to conceal them, in much the same phraseology that the PRIME MINISTER was using in another place. Then Lord BLEDISLOE flung in the stony faces of the seven a despairing wail on behalf of the farmers, and that was that.

The Commons assembled in their own House at the customary hour to hear the KING'S Speech read and—as they hoped—some of its manifold generalities elucidated by the PRIME MINISTER. One observed that Sir NICHOLAS GRATTAN-DOYLE had abandoned his determined effort to give tone to the Liberal Front Bench. One also observed the grey top-hat of Major GRAHAM POLE—surely the first emblem of

its kind that ever flew from the top-perless towers of Socialism. Here indeed was an omen, a promise that the Party in office would be at all costs respectable. One saw the Clydesiders eye the monstrous portent with unaffected disgust, and Mr. WHEATLEY, so far fallen from grace as to wear a black coat and a buttonhole, looked ill at ease.

They took heart when Mr. SNELL, in a pair of shore-going trousers, moved the

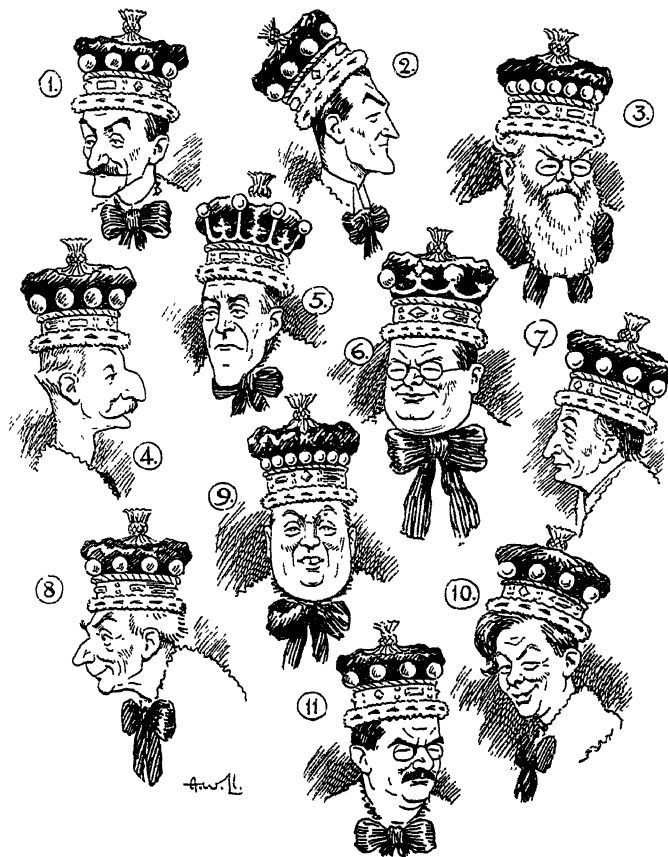
Only once did Mr. SNELL permit himself to stray from the narrow uncontroversial path. He declared that he personally liked the appearance of the new House better than the old. This, as Mr. BALDWIN later pointed out, was all very well, but what was Mr. SNELL'S artistic standpoint? Did he see his colleagues through the eye of an ERSTEIN or of a Royal Academician?

If the House, rather overwhelmed but in no way disturbed by the comprehensively un-socialistic KING'S Speech, expected to be thrilled when Mr. MACDONALD'S turn came to proceed from the general to the particular it was grievously disappointed. The gist of his remarks was that whatever they intended to do would be discovered when the time came to do it. Even on the questions propounded by Mr. BALDWIN, chiefly relating to foreign affairs, the PRIME MINISTER was non-committal. He did, however, explain that there would be no more Safeguarding and that the existing duties might be butchered any time Mr. SNOWDEN decided to take a Roman holiday. He also dealt with the mysterious paragraph in the Speech about electoral reform, but left the House (and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in particular) wondering whether it was zeal for a better representation of minorities or hostility to "huge central funds" that most concerned him.

Apart from this the PRIME MINISTER, whether touching upon India or reparations or disarmament or domestic affairs, was once again the supreme exponent of the art of saying nothing in many and impressive words.

The House adjourned after he had spoken. One felt that the polite formalities were now all at an end. The opponents had had their photographs taken together; they had shaken hands. To-morrow they would get down to the real business of pasting each other in the jaw.

Wednesday, July 3rd.—This afternoon we got down to business, and the business man was the LORD PRIVY SEAL. There were few glowing spots in the patchwork quilt of unemployment-relieving schemes that Mr. THOMAS pre-



POSSIBLE PEERS TEMPORAL AND TEMPORARY.

- (1) Lord AMMON OF CAMBERWELL. (2) Lord THURTELL OF SHOREDITCH. (3) Lord TURNER OF BAILEY AND MORLEY. (4) Lord MCENTEE OF WALTHAMSTOW. (5) Lord WEDGWOOD OF NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME. (6) Lord WHEATLEY OF SHETTLSTON. (7) Lord TILLET OF SALFORD. (8) Lord PETHICK-LAWRENCE OF LEICESTER. (9) Lord HAYDAY OF NOTTINGHAM. (10) Lord BUCHANAN OF GORBALS. (11) Lord KIRKWOOD OF DUMBARTON.

"Humble Address." The tedium commonly imported into these speeches is attributable to the knee-breeches customary to the occasion. They, or perhaps the thought of the bill that will presently be presented for them, cramp the speaker's style and not, as congratulating leaders always insist, the inhibition against polemics. It must be so, for how otherwise would Mr. SNELL, freed from the trammels of Court dress by the absence of ceremonial in another place, have made the best speech on the Address that the House has heard for a long time?

sented to the House, nor could it in any way be described as an original composition. The proposals were not "nebulous," as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE suggested, but few of them were new and most of them savoured of more Capitalism in our time. Or so Mr. MAXTON and his malcontents, glowering from their fastness, seemed clearly to think. But at least Mr. THOMAS made no pretence that the Government would shortly deliver prosperity to everybody's door in a ten-ton truck.

Mr. CHURCHILL offered the LORD PRIVY SEAL both congratulations and approval, and dwelt, not without gusto, on the trouble Mr. THOMAS, who had already succumbed to Mr. SNOWDEN's financial orthodoxy, would have with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who did not care two rows of buttons for orthodoxy.

He then turned to survey the general political scene and incidentally to give the neophytes a taste of that scintillating Parliamentary dialectic that unfortunately nobody else in the House but Lord HUGH CECIL can achieve. Naturally his best pickled rods were reserved for Mr. SNOWDEN; but they can hardly have stung worse than the mock sympathy he extended to the Maxtonites, who "thought they were clearing a pathway to Utopia for the toiling masses and discovered they had only set up a ladder for Sir OSWALD MOSLEY to climb."

The dissatisfied voices of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE first and then Mr. MAXTON gave prompt support to Mr. CHURCHILL's taunts. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE thought Mr. THOMAS's unemployment relief proposals lacking in boldness, and he warned the Government that, while a serious examination of the problem of electoral reform would find the Liberals veritable lambs, any attempts to burke the question would transform them into roaring lions. Mr. MAXTON condemned them as the reverse of Socialistic, and demanded, as the Government's first act and deed, legislation that would put the unemployed beyond the reach of "starvation and insult." It fell, by the irony of fate, to Mr. LANSBURY to answer this complaint; but Mr. LANSBURY, like a wise man, answered nothing.

Thursday, July 4th.—To-day was the new Parliament's first Question day; most of the Ministers made their bow, and some of them got what the

theatrical folk call a "hand." Mr. GRAHAM looked blushfully surprised to find himself so popular. Miss BOND-FIELD was congratulated by her first questioner, and indeed it is some achievement to be the first woman Cabinet Minister in British history, perhaps in the history of all Parliaments. She promptly established another record by being easily the most audible occupant of the Treasury Bench. With the exception of Colonel LANE-FOX, who always gave the impression that he was being strangled by his collar, the late Government was definitely more audible. Questions elicited nothing of import-

tion," the more so as he immediately proceeded to give a practical example of administrative ignorance by putting the estimated cost of the Liverpool Street electrification scheme at seventy-five million to one hundred million pounds, when it is actually one-tenth of that sum. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS and Mr. O. STANLEY both criticized Mr. THOMAS's proposals in speeches that were a mixture of sympathy and chaff.

HARLEY STREET.

A THOUGHT.

As I walk down Harley Street, dazzled by brass-plates and awed by the great names upon them, I think with wonder, "All these great specialists were once medical students."

As I enter the quiet consulting-room and see the grave face behind the shiny table, radiating wisdom and confidence and calm, I think with wonder, "This sagacious healer was once a medical student."

As I see my dear old doctor bending over the bed, soothing, gentle and sympathetic, I think with wonder, "This magical fellow was once a medical student."

Why the wonder? you ask. Because, to judge from the newspapers, the medical student (I have never met one) is a person strangely different from the full-grown doctor.

Many students, we know, are apt to turn a little wild from time to time; there seems to be something in study which inflames the blood. But no sort of student is so very wild and so often wild (to judge, I hasten to say, by the newspapers) as the medical student.

Whenever I read about him he is behaving like a wild beast. He goes to meetings and throws "stink-bombs" at the speakers; he distributes frogs, mice, squibs and bad smells among the audience; he paints buildings red and disfigures ancient monuments; he arranges gigantic practical jokes, hoaxes, impersonations, which often lead to free fights between opposing parties of students.

After these battles some of the medical students appear at the police-court, and some go to hospital. They are (I still speak according to report) noisy, violent, intolerant, ruthless. A desperate set.

Now one can understand the occasional riots of common miscellaneous lay-students, youths who have yet per-



Well-meaning Rustic (to tired long-distance runner). "BE CAREFUL, ZUR—SPED LIMIT BE ONLY TWELVE MILE AN HOUR THROUGH THE VILLAGE."

ance except the names of the British delegation to Geneva, which is to include two women and Viscount CECIL OF CHELWOOD, and the fact that Thomas Atkins, Esq., will continue to whet his teeth on the well-whacked Argentine steer and not on the prime home-killed that a benevolent Conservative Government promised him on the eve of the Election.

The debate on the Address, continued, produced Sir OSWALD MOSLEY's maiden speech as a Minister. He has some of the good and most of the detestable qualities that make for Ministerial success, but it was a bit early for him to speak of his increased confidence "since being confronted with this problem [of unemployment] in practical administra-



A POLICEMAN'S LOT.

Provincial. "EXCUSE ME, CONSTABLE, BUT COULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT US TO LONDON'S UNDERWORLD?"

haps no clear purpose in life and may do anything or nothing. The rowdiness of a stockbroker still in the larval stage will cause little surprise. But I maintain that a habit of corporate disorderliness is worthy of remark in a body of young men who have already heard their call and chosen their course. There is nothing else like it that I know of. Theological students are not particularly noisy; we never read that the law students have demonstrated *en masse*; and even art students seldom get together and throw "stink-bombs" at their elders.

No, there seems to be something in the study of medicine which makes young men unusually liable to fits of frenzy and violence, in which they delight to put on false noses and inflict bodily harm on other young gentlemen who have dedicated their lives to the profession of healing. Can it be that the continual dissection of dead frogs produces a kind of hard indifference to the human being? Or is it that suddenly there comes to the industrious boy the thought of a lifetime in Harley Street and a tail-coat, and, picking up the nearest "stink-bomb," he determines to be mad while he may?

I do not know. No one will ever know. But, whatever the explanation

of that, the much more interesting question remains—at what point does the medical student we read about turn into the tender doctor we know? It cannot surely be the work of a day and follow automatically the Final Examination. There is no precedent in Nature for such a change, except the odd transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly, and even that takes time. No, no, I suspect that traces of the larval wildness must linger on under the tail-coat long after the stage of maturity is reached; and, if that is so, how much more must we applaud that self-control and rigid discipline with which we are all familiar! Many a patient, they say, has been slowly carved to pieces by an earnest young surgeon, still absent-mindedly supposing that he has a dead frog to deal with. And, just so, in off-hours the old Adam (or rather the young Adam) must crop up sometimes. What disorderly yearnings there may be in Harley Street at the close of day! The last patient goes, the last two-guineas is entered in the book, and I see the tired young specialist turn guiltily to a secret cupboard, the museum of his student days. He takes out some favourite old "stink-bomb," a tin of red paint, a false nose or two; he fingers them lovingly and longs for a jolly rag.

And—who knows?—perhaps he is not content with longing. It is always hotly denied by the boys of Oxford and Cambridge that any members of their University were present in the West End on Boat Race and Rugger Nights. The noise, we are told, is the noise of others, though the undergraduates get the blame. Perhaps, after all, this is true, and the worst excesses of Leicester Square are the work of Harley Street physicians having a night out *incognito* (or *-ti?*).

And of course it may be that the newspapers are wrong (such things have happened), and medical students are not very different from miscellaneous students. In which case, of course, the interesting speculations above are without foundation. I am anxious to make it plain that that hypothesis has not escaped me.

Nevertheless, as I walk down Harley Street. . . . A. P. H.

We have a new maid called Chrysanthemum,

Who said, "I've been living at Grant-ham, Mum,

But my mistress took fright,

For I snored in the night

To the tune of the National Anthem, Mum."

AT THE PICTURES.

THE MARX BROTHERS.

AFTER seeing *The Cocoanuts*, the new musical talkie at the Carlton, I have but one wish in life and that is to see the MARX BROTHERS on the real stage. For they are something new in low comedy, fusing the methods of, say, CHARLIE CHAPLIN and STANLEY LUPINO, which would tend to show that there must be something funnier in the Italian blood than one ever perceives in Italy. I have sat in many music-halls in that country failing wearily to detect any drollery in their vaunted drolls; but mix the blood of the Italian buffoon with other strains to be found in England



EVERY COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR PROVIDES GUEST WITH GARAGE, ELECTRIC LIGHT, LIFT AND LOVE.

Mrs. Potter . . . Miss MARGARET DUMONT.
Hammer . . . MR. GROUCHO MARX.

and America, and something irresistible to an Anglo-Saxon can be the result.

I am pursuing the natural assumption that the MARX BROTHERS are of Italian extraction because of their Christian names and that Mr. LUPINO is of Italian extraction because of his surname, and it is notorious that CHARLIE, although born in Manchester, is in part a product of that nation. To carry the inquiry further an ethnologist would be needed; and so I leave it with the final remark that I wonder if this sea-change is pleasing or displeasing to the DUCE.

Anyway I advise all amateurs of nonsense to see *The Cocoanuts*, because there they will find it in fullest flower. Take as example the scene in the hotel lounge where the two incredible guests, Harpo, the red-headed mute, and Chico, his companion, first enter. That Harpo should at once go to the correspondence rack and begin to tear up the visitors'

letters is surprising and monstrous enough; but for the proprietor, instead of protesting, to help him and add that he is sorry the next mail is not in yet, is to make the absurdity gigantic. This spirit controls the evening; and one is bored only by such plot as has been thought needful, by the saccharine songs



Speaking Player (to dumb ditto). "YOU SPOILA DIS SHOW. IT IS A TALKIE, AN' YOU GETTA DI BIGGEST LAUGHS."

Chico MR. CHICO MARX.
Harpo MR. HARPO MARX.

and by the dances of the chorus-girls, which are always too long. No matter how good those variations might be, we should be affronted by them as interruptions; because such inspired fools as these MARXES are too rare, and we hate everything that checks them in their thefts (even of false teeth from the mouth and the shirt from a detective's back), their music and their back-chat.



NON-STOP HUMOUR.

PATRON TRYING TO GET THE PRESENT JOKE, WHILE HIS NEIGHBOURS ARE STILL ENGAGED WITH THE LAST BUT THREE.

And—what is really odd—we are bored also by the laughter which follows every remark made by the funniest of the quartet—the inconceivable hotel-proprietor. Why bored by that? Be-

cause here we have another defect of the talking-film which must swiftly and surely be dealt with and removed. Owing, I suppose, to the necessity of recording all conversation in silence, it was not possible to try the effect of this riot of absurdity on an audience new to it and thus estimate the time to be allowed for the laughs when it should reach the public. On the stage proper the comedian does not take up his next joke until the laughter caused by the last one is finished. But this most amusing rogue, GROUCHO MARX, whose every word is provocative, never pauses at all; so that about half of what he says is lost to us. It is odd that not one of the usual formidable array engaged in the production of this film foresaw such a contingency.

On the evening that I was at the Carlton the principal attraction was preceded by brief items, one of which



THE INDISPENSABLE "SHOT."

was the best pure talkie I have yet seen: a dialogue called *Moonshine*, very moving and pointed, carried on by the head of a gang of illicit stillers and a captured revenue officer. Here the new medium, if necessary at all, may be said to justify itself; for the space is constricted and there is little movement. For such dramatic episodes is it fitted. But oh! how earnestly I warn the readers of this page to avoid a would-be humorous item called *Boyhood Days*, featuring "BORRAH MINEVITCH and his Musical Rascals"! Rather than sit again through this agony I would cross the Haymarket on hands and knees.

E. V. L.

"If you walk from Land's End to John o' Gaunt you won't find a better crowd."

Extract from Derby Broadcast.

Please consult EINSTEIN on this combined problem of Time and Space.

"TELEVISION IN COLOUR.

Successful Demonstration in New York.

. . . Thereafter in succession there were shown a man eating a piece of water melon, a pot of geraniums, a pineapple, a bunch of roses of different colours, and a young woman in a coloured frock."—*Daily Paper*.

He probably enjoyed the fruit most.



Tramp. "Hoi! WILL YER BE USIN' THAT 'AMMICK TO-NIGHT?"

THE TALKIES: A PROTEST.

Do not mistake me. This is not a protest against the motion picture with accompanying dialogue. To anyone who objects to that there is always open the most practical form of protest—staying at home. No, it is the name, the "Talkies," that is worrying me.

It is all wrong. The "Movies" are pictures which move, and move only. Therefore the "Talkies" should be pictures which talk, and talk only. But they are not; they are pictures which both move and talk; and their name should suggest both moving and talking. Is that not perfectly clear to you? Of course it is. Any fool—I mean, any intelligent person—must see it at once.

The question is, what should they be called? Neither the "Malkies" nor the "Tovies" is very pleasant to the ear. The "Moviologues" is accurate but rather chilling and pedantic. The "Shout-and-Shuffles" is alliterative but rather rude.

My own contribution is the "Moundies," which is intended to suggest a combination of movement and sound and is a comfortable word.

Not that it is perfect. It may be thought to sound a little too much like another of those delightful families who went to the Panjandrum wedding—the "Picinnies" and the "Joblillies" and the "Garyulies." Or it may be taken merely to indicate people who sit on the Large Mound at Lord's. Clearly it can easily be improved upon. Perhaps someone will start a competition, offering one of those enormous prizes that we read of.

Only it must be done quickly or the "Talkies" will have taken too firm a hold.

A. W. B.

THE MIDGE.

I've settled the sand-fly and mauled the mosquito,
I've walloped the wasp and I've flouted the flea,
And many a time I have maimed the magneto
That buzzes the bee.

But for downright directness in frontal attacking
No Cameron Highlander storming a ridge,
With a kilted battalion behind him for backing,
Can match with a midge.

I find him on Tummel, I find him on Tayside,
I find him wherever the rivers run free,
If I fish, if I walk, if I wilt by the wayside
The midge is with me.

He bites like a bulldog; the blight of his blisters
Disfigures my sensitive Sassenach skin,
Till I curse him, his dam and his sire and his sisters,
His kith and his kin.

He dogs me and daunts me, he drives me demented;
Each season my face is increasing in size,
Though I fight him with everything fair- and foul-
scented
The chemist supplies.

Once more going North, I've no doubt I shall find him
Awaiting me there at the pool by the bridge,
Abroad in the sun with his bullies behind him—
Unbeatable midge!

W. H. O.

AT THE PLAY.

"WATER" (LITTLE).

THIS play presents a curious blend of realism with indifference to known facts. On the one hand we are given a carefully-observed study of the characters and domestic environment of a Lake-country dalesman's family of to-day; on the other hand, the question of their probable behaviour in certain circumstances is treated speculatively as if the identical conditions had not already occurred in the actual history of the very neighbourhood and within the knowledge of everybody in the theatre.

The *Scarsdales* had been on their farm in Westmorland (the author's observation does not seem to have included the right spelling of this county) for generations; and now the Manchester Corporation (which has no bowels) proposes to submerge their home by damming and raising the lake just below it for the purpose of a water-supply. This comes as a terrible shock to *Tom Scarsdale*, who is apparently unaware that the scheme is supplementary to one of precisely the same kind which had been carried out, some years ago, at Thirlmere. It is true that he was not a close student of events, but even from the local weekly, which was his only source of information, one would say that he must have gathered

some faint rumour of the devastating operations conducted only a few miles away.

To this strange ignorance his simple nature—almost too simple in these days even for a dalesman—adds an equally strange credulity. When the engineer from Manchester, a coarse and assertive type (played without pressure by Mr. POULTON), represents himself as the one man for his job, *Scarsdale* accepts his statement literally, and under the impression that, if he can be disposed of, the scheme will fall through he takes him up to the top of a beetling crag and throws him over. When he learns, to his great surprise and chagrin, that the resources of the Manchester Corporation are not exhausted by the loss of a single engineer, and that a second is forthcoming (to be followed, if necessary, by a steady succession—one down,

another up), he regrets the futility of his murder and goes out and drowns himself.

These episodes, if they supply us with drama (happily done off), do not help us much to believe in the author's view—which it is one of her main purposes to impose—that the simple old-world dignity of life in the dales compares favourably with the modern pushfulness of Manchester.

In the last scene, twenty months later, the widow *Scarsdale* revisits at night-fall her dismantled kitchen (the permanent scene of the whole play). The rising waters of the dammed lake, supplemented by a terrific deluge, are at its door. She is warned of her danger, but elects to sit perfectly still by the

affection, as he did in the opening scene. However, he soon corrected this deviation, and never smiled again.

Mr. ROBERT HARRIS, as the son of the house, could do little with the awkward first moments which the author, here rather stagey and abrupt, had given him on his return home, disillusioned by city life; but when once he had got out of his Manchester clothes he found himself.

Miss JESSIE TANDY, as the daughter *Maggie*, was just that, and never attempted—a common fault with the stage-daughters of simple folk—to be too picturesque. Excellent also were the local character-studies of Mr. NICHOLSON as a prying postman (his accent was right Westmorland; the others talked Lancashire), and of Mr. HUBERT LESLIE as a Schadenfreudist whose pleasure it was to croak like a raven over his neighbour's misfortunes and pilfer his tobacco like a magpie. The light touches of humour with which he relieved the persistently dour and depressing scene were better than the blatant fun of *Flora Dickson* (Miss NADINE MARCH), a tea-shop flapper who had had a glad eye for *George Scarsdale* in Manchester but found the atmosphere of the dales too stuffy for her urban tastes and incredibly persuaded the hired bumpkin, *Joe*, to desert *Maggie* and follow her to the gay city.

You will gather, by the way, that a lot of new light was thrown for us upon the lure of Manchester. No wonder that, with all its rain, it needs more and more water to alleviate the heady wine of life.

But this is London, where our gaiety needs no watering. Still, there is good stuff in the play, and when it quits this mortal stage—not prematurely, I hope—we shall have no reason to record in its epitaph that it was "writ in water."

O. S.

"THIS THING CALLED LOVE"
(APOLLO).

This Thing Called Love is what I would call a semi-de-Americanised play. The action is said to take place in a flat in New York, but the familiar intonations of the New York tongue are for the most part wanting. I am left in doubt as to how far allusions to the life of



The Father. "NO FATTED CALF FOR YOU, MY BOY."

The Son. "COULDN'T TOUCH IT IF THERE WERE."

<i>Tom Scarsdale</i>	MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
<i>Maggie</i>	MISS JESSIE TANDY.
<i>Janet</i>	MISS NANCY PRICE.
<i>Joe Backhouse</i>	MR. WALTER SCHOFIELD.
<i>George</i>	MR. ROBERT HARRIS.

empty grate. In the dim light we detect the water trickling in at the door—only a pailful (as we saw when the curtain, having kindly screened her impending submersion, rose again for our applause), but enough to illustrate and justify the title of the play.

For whatever was elementary in the plot Mrs. MARSHALL-HOLE's gift of characterisation made more than amends. In *Janet Scarsdale* we are shown a nature as stubborn as her husband's in its loyalty to family tradition, but tempered by some very human qualities. Its interpretation by Miss NANCY PRICE was a great achievement. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL has made so confirmed a speciality of grim fierce parts that we are apt—quite wrongly—to suspect insincerity when he brings into play the facial muscles, a little slack from want of exercise, that express geniality and

that great city have been, so to speak, bowdlerised. There was some talk of Sixtieth Street, of "boys" and "beaus." A lady with an unsuccessful tea-shop had "the sheriff" in it. And so on and so forth. But the general effect was mid-Atlantic, if the phrase may be used. It is not a quite unimportant point because, amidst furniture of unparalleled magnificence and waited upon by a butler more beautifully attired than an English wedding-guest, the characters exhibited a reposelessness of voice and manners which even in a farcical comedy was puzzling until one realised that the labels of social origin had been partially obscured.

The central notion of the piece is not bad. It is love and its attendant jealousies that spoil a decent marriage; an ingenious variant of the idea that it is marriage with its unpleasant domesticity that ruins a decent love. The notion is perhaps a little too "slick," but at times, with the generous assistance of Mr. ROBERT LORAINÉ and Miss MARJORIE MARS, it works out very amusingly indeed. *Dolly* and *Fred* (we will not worry with their surnames) were unhappily married. They were on the point, in fact, of a divorce. They were also about to give a dinner-party, to which *Fred* had invited a certain *Miss Alvarez*. *Dolly* says that if *Miss Alvarez* comes she will smack her face, which in fact she does as soon as dinner begins. Dinner was held off, so that this moment of horror, out of delicate regard, I daresay, for the Aristotelian proprieties, was not witnessed by the audience. *Ann*, who is *Dolly's* sister and receives a proposal from another guest, a bluff millionaire enriched by Peru, decides that she is not going to have any of this "sex appeal" nonsense in her marriage. She is going to be a very superior house-keeper, receiving a large salary; but she will return to her own rooms at night. She can have her "boy" friend. Her husband also can make what arrangements he pleases. For the sake of dramatic convenience his arrange-

ment is *Miss Alvarez*, who has now become detached from *Fred*.

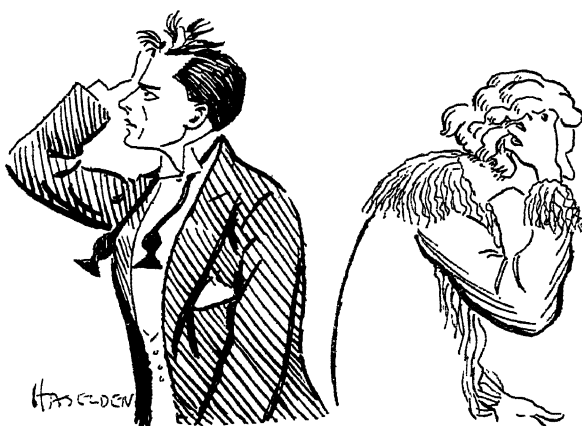
The fun lies simply in the blatancy of the scheme. Thus, *Ann's* "boy friend" is horrified when the millionaire, *Tice Collins*, apologises for interrupting a love passage with *Ann*. "Here am I kissing your wife, and you won't get

riage a real marriage, the same old trouble of jealousy crops up. So that when *Dolly* and *Fred*, now re-united after their divorce, because *Fred* will keep borrowing back the alimony which he pays her, and she can't live without it, call on the philosophical pair, they find them in precisely the same quandary as they themselves had been at the beginning of Act. I. The difficult situation is only elucidated by a spasm of heroics, when *Ann's* former "boy friend," intoxicated (by wood alcohol, I feel sure), threatens to shoot *Tice* and *Ann's* arm is grazed by a bullet.

It will be seen that the matter of the play is farcical enough, though it is marred by some extremely inappropriate lapses into genuine sentimentality. There are some good lines in it, and also some of the worst and silliest I have ever heard uttered on the stage. One of the brightest moments occurred when *Fred*, about to be re-married to *Dolly* and asked when the happy event is to be, declares, with all the passion of a *Romeo*,

"As soon as ever our decree is made absolute!" But there were other hits which equally amused the audience and were probably refused as dullish by the Editor of the first issue of *Comic Outs*.

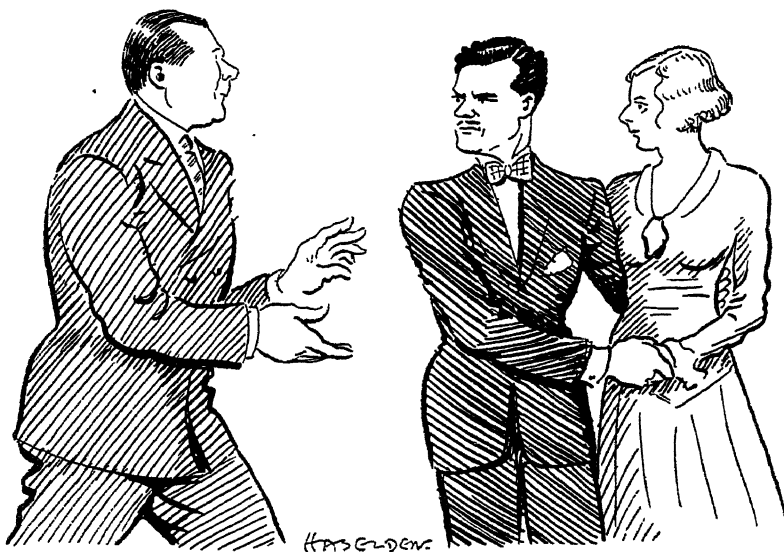
Mr. ROBERT LORAINÉ, who wore a lovely pink-and-green tie in the Second Act (the club-colours of the New York Nabobs), was delightfully brusque, delightfully debonair as the man with millions made in Peru; and Miss MARJORIE MARS played *Ann* with the utmost gaiety, allowing us to believe also—no easy feat—that genuine romance may blossom in a farcical Transatlantic flat. Miss WINIFRED WYNNE managed the somewhat hysterical part of *Dolly* with great skill, and Mr. RUPERT LISTER was a butler *sans peur et sans reproche*, mixing cocktails with a kindly smile and wearing boots, trousers and a morning-coat that should silence all this talk of dress reform. On the whole, the play is a not unworthy addition to the comedy of Dissension and Divorce. EVOE.



DISCORD FOR TWO.

Each to the Other. "KEEP YOUR HAIR ON."

Harry Bertrand . . . MR. HENRY FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Florence Bertrand . . . MISS KATHLEEN GRACE.



HARMONY FOR THREE.

The Complacent Husband. "SORRY I BARGED IN. CARRY ON."

Tice Collins . . . MR. ROBERT LORAINÉ.
Normie de Wit . . . MR. CECIL LANDEAU.
Ann Marvin . . . MISS MARJORIE MARS.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

A POSER FOR ST. ANDREWS.

IN our particular corner of Mandataria we take our golf light-heartedly. True, we are proud of our course at Ubea, but we accept its shortcomings in a spirit of levity. There is only one piece of approximately level ground in Ubea. This serves indifferently for the fairway of all our six holes and for the football-ground of the Ubea Unicorns. It is of course awkward that, owing to the shortness of the evening hours available for sport in Mandataria, golf and football have to take place simultaneously as well as on the same site; but this is a detail. All the "greens" (made of beaten earth) are corrugated, and they bristle with unauthorised hazards in the shape of ant-hills. Also in inclement weather their centres are three inches deep in water, and in these conditions we don our gum-boots and splash manfully through.

Once, having decided in a burst of enthusiasm to try to affiliate the club to the Royal and Ancient, we duly applied and received a questionnaire to fill in; but, when we did so, with such veracious details as

Number of Members . . . 3,

Nearest Railway Station . 284 miles, the Secretary of St. Andrews returned it to us with unflattering comments on our status.

Our self-esteem thus rudely shattered was to some extent restored when Dingle said he would like to drive up from Regina and play with us. Now Dingle had once won the Administrator's sugar-tongs at Obo, a very superior course with nine holes and pukka tee-boxes, and this meant that, judged by local standards, he was a golfer to be reckoned with. So we felt ourselves duly honoured by his condescension in offering to play with us, especially considering the state of the road between Regina and Ubea. This road climbs three thousand feet in a disproportionately small number of miles, and strong men have been known to blench and repent of their sins when confronted with it after the rains. One of the gentlest gradients is known affectionately as Hell's Playground, and there is one nice hairpin bend where the Deputy-Commissioner, driving home once after a festive evening at Hone's—but I will let you off that one.

Anyhow, Dingle duly arrived in his two-seater (familarly known as The White Man's Grave) without sustaining any damage other than a large tear in the hood from an overhanging bough at Cut-Throat Corner, and the game began, Dingle and Grant against Hone

and Ervine. Now Dingle, as befits a holder of the Administrator's sugar-tongs, takes his golf seriously, not to say a little heavily, and we could see from the start that he didn't exactly like the prevailing promiscuity of games and that he was not, like us, hardened to driving through a serried mob of gesticulating Unicorns. However, at the third tee, from which we think ourselves lucky to get on the green in three, Dingle said, "I'm awfully afraid of over-driving the green." It was a good drive and he might almost have done so; hence he was not at all pleased when in mid-flight the ball struck smartly against a goal-post and settled coily into a cavity at the bottom in a desperately unplayable position. He was still less pleased when, at the fifth, a beautiful second of his was stopped short by colliding in mid-air with the Unicorns' football, and Ervine (who as a police officer is our authority on the laws) told him that under local rules this was a fair hazard and he could claim no redress.

By these and similar chances Hone and Ervine, though really the weaker side, managed to keep their heads above water and at the last tee they were all square. When at this stage both sides, fired by the excitement of the moment, put down new balls, Dingle's temper had reached breaking-point. Hone and Ervine got on the green in three and, with the aid of a little local knowledge, contrived to splash through the North Sea (or German Ocean) and hole out in five. Dingle, left by Grant on the edge of the green in four, had one putt to halve the hole and save the match. I must say that it was a good putt, for a player without any local knowledge even a brilliant putt. The ball steered itself between the Scylla and Charybdis of the port and starboard ant-hills, made unerringly for the Great Rift Valley, took to the water like a duck and remained floating gently but uncompromisingly two inches immediately above the hole. Dingle had unwittingly put down a floater at the last tee.

The question then arose, was the ball holed out? and the dispute which followed on this point between Dingle and Ervine (that stickler for the law) was too poignant to be repeated here.

We are thinking of referring the disputed point to St. Andrews for a ruling; but really, after their last letter. . . .

Another Tudor Giant.

"Above are shown six hands taken from famous works in the Glasgow Art Gallery. . . . (2) the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Circa."—*Caption in Scots Paper.*

Circa, of course, belonged to the schools of Ibid and Vide Supra.

OXFORD REVISITED.

Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse: a faithful few

Follow the classic Muses on Boar's Hill;

Elsewhere our young Barbarians eschew
The ancient paths, the Heliconian rill.

What can be found in *Thyrsis* to delight

Those who have never even heard of CLOUGH?

He who would cater for their appetite
Must give them ranker, more exotic stuff—

Russian for choice, strong meat, and freely sluiced

With draughts of sweet new German-Jewish wine,

Followed by curious savouries *à la* PROUST,

Subtle, sophisticated, saturnine.

"Oxford" and "Cowley" fill the trump of fame

From the Equator to the lands of ice,
And MORRIS lends new meaning to the name

Of him who wrote *The Earthly Paradise*.

The High is thronged with hustlers, eager-eyed,

The Corn with aliens from the Woolly West;

The Broad is all too narrow for the tide
Of ruthless motors driven six abreast.

In close and garden the melodious moan
Of doves is silenced by the radio's hum,

And evermore the gramo-saxo-phone
Punctures the academic tympanum.

The "dreamer" is alert and wide-awake,
And undergrad and undergraduette
Together matutinal cocktails shake
And puff the matutinal cigarette.

The Oxford accent, moulded by the lips
Of students drawn from many a foreign strand,

Suffers a sad cacophonous eclipse;
The Oxford manner has become unmanned.

The merry charabanker, bright and blithe,

Arrayed in pants of mauve and Trilby hat,

Descends in hundreds upon Bablock Hythe

And flouts the elegiac muse of MATT.;

While fritillaries, such as still are left,
In sorrow droop their heads on Isis' marge,

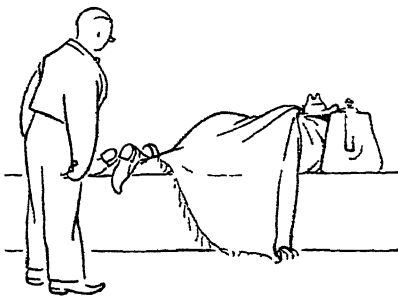
Where savage Vandal hands have lately reft

The Brazen Nose from Brasenose College barge.

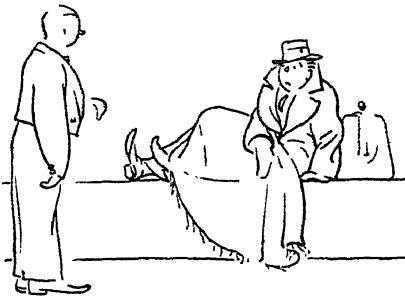
THE CHANNEL CROSSING.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN CROSSING THE CHANNEL WAS A MOST COMPLICATED AND CONFUSING BUSINESS. NOW-A-DAYS, HOWEVER, WITH SUCH VAST CROWDS TRAVELLING ACROSS EVERY DAY, NATURALLY THE ROUTINE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO THE VERY SIMPLEST.

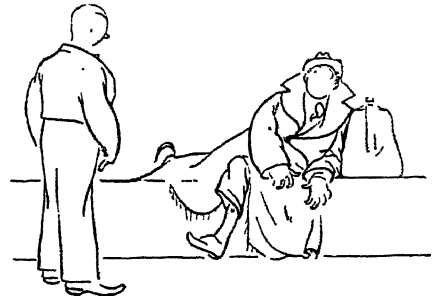
Jung



"WE'LL BE ALONGSIDE IN FIVE MINUTES, SIR. YOU'LL NEED TO FIND THE PURSER, SIR, AND SHOW HIM YOUR TICKETS, AND SEE YOU GIVE UP THE RIGHT ONE AND GET A LANDING-TICKET FROM HIM—



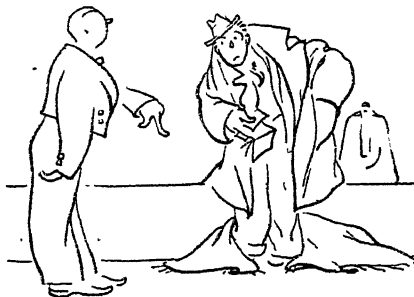
AND YOU'LL REQUIRE TO GO TO THE PASSPORT-OFFICER IN THE SECOND-CLASS SMOKING-ROOM, AND SHOW HIM YOUR PASSPORT, AND SEE YOU GET IT BACK, AND GET A LANDING-PASS—



AND WHEN THE PORTERS COME ON BOARD YOU'LL WANT TO GET HOLD OF ONE FOR YOUR HAND-BAGGAGE, AND SEE YOU TAKE HIS NUMBER, SO AS YOU'LL KNOW HIM AGAIN—



AND GET ASHORE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN, BECAUSE THE TRAIN GETS OFF PRETTY SMART, AND YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP YOUR LANDING-PASS AT ONE END OF THE GANGWAY AND YOUR LANDING-TICKET AT THE OTHER—



AND WHEN YOU GET TO THE CUSTOMS YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND YOUR PORTER—JUST KEEP HOLLERING OUT HIS NUMBER—AND SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR KEYS HANDY TO OPEN YOUR BAGGAGE—



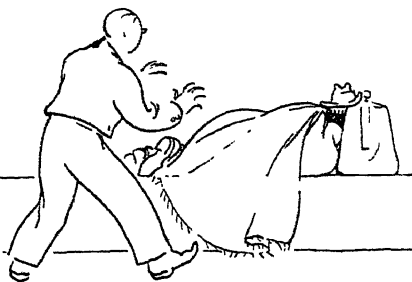
AND THEN YOU'LL WANT TO SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR RAILWAY-TICKET TO SHOW AT THE BARRIER, AND SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR PULLMAN TICKET TO SHOW THE CAR ATTENDANT—



AND SEE THAT YOUR PORTER HANDS OVER YOUR BAGGAGE TO THE TRAIN BAGGAGE-MAN, AND SEE THAT THE TRAIN BAGGAGE-MAN PUTS IT AWAY SOMEWHERE HANDY FOR YOU ON THE TRAIN—



AND SEE THAT THE CAR ATTENDANT GETS YOU YOUR RIGHT SEAT, AND THEN, AS SOON 'AS EVER THE TRAIN STARTS, YOU'LL BE QUITE ALL RIGHT, BECAUSE—



ROUND, THEY'LL COME WITH YOUR LUNCH."



WHAT OUR DRESS-REFORMERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

THE MAN WHO GOES ONE BETTER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AMONG the more resonant names of the last century none, I think, is seldomer mentioned nowadays than the name of ZOLA. His once unique brand of naturalism has been improved out of all knowledge—the manner is more selective, the matter even less select. Had ZOLA suffered from contemporary disregard I doubt whether he would be considered worth reviving now; and I equally doubt whether the earlier novels of Herr HEINRICH MANN—which are the nearest possible approach to the work of a German ZOLA—will make much appeal outside Germany to-day. This author—elder brother of THOMAS MANN, famous for his regretful pictures of German aristocracy—is and was a democrat. His first important novel, *Im Schlaraffenland*, now translated as *Berlin* (GOLLANCZ), satirises the Capitalist society of the 'nineties. *Andrew Zumsee*, a needy young Rhinelander in search of a soft metropolitan job, is advised by a helpful friend to abandon journalism and try his luck with women. As the well-kept pet of *Adelheid Türkheimer*, middle-aged wife of an elderly financier, *Zumsee* not only enjoys his mistress's favours but for a considerable time her husband's benevolence, the fact being that he has ousted from *Adelheid's* arms a financial rival of the doubly-embittered *Türkheimer*. The world in which the trio move, a world of gross appetites

ministered to by the most etiolated of intellects and arts, is described in the unwieldy cumulative style of its period; but half-a-dozen of its principal characters float conspicuously in the scum, and the final catastrophe is both artistic and unexpected. The American translation is a cruel disability. Where lodgers are "roomers," entr'actes "intermissions" and a fastidious adulteress assures her "honey" that she is "very choosy," the atmosphere of pre-War Berlin has a particularly small chance of survival.

Mr. ARNOLD LUNN, lover of Switzerland, does not fail to remind one, in his latest biographical study, *John Wesley* (CASSELL), that the vagabond for God who took all England for his parish properly rejoiced in mountains at a time when his contemporaries could see them only as uncouth objects which "blocked the view." Perhaps it is this tie of kindred feeling that has helped the author to a portrayal which is sympathetic without being partisan, critical and yet never hostile. To be sure the noblest little autocrat of the unlovely eighteenth century, who covered a quarter of a million miles in forty years of travel before the days of railways, and for whom financial problems had no existence, since, after allowing twenty-eight pounds a year for his own expenses, he simply gave away whatever remained over, may well be chosen as an inspiring subject for heroic biography. No one, however desirous, could write a life of *Wesley* without touching on questions of theology and Church govern-

ment, and this Mr. LUNN does with a kind of simple directness that may disarm even a present-day critic, yet he never loses the personal touch and is particularly happy in tracing the persistent presence of the Oxford don, precise and a little formal, in this founder of a popular order, even after a lifetime of tumultuous hatred and even more devastating applause. He does not stop short of a little chaff on the leader's propensity not only for providing his followers with an entire library of works of his own composition, but for physicking them into the bargain; yet he is perhaps most successful in his delicate treatment of the blundering unhappy mismanagement associated with his hero's woeful failures in love. In the face of a record so entirely free from vulgar self-assertion as this the efforts of certain thrusters of to-day seem just a little childish.

Here are records; here's the story
Of a family of fame;
Yorkshiremen acclaim its glory:
SYKES of Sledmere is its name:
Sykes of Sledmere too is title
Of this PHILLIP ALLAN tome,
FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH'S recital
Of a quint of squires at home.

Famous characters and horses
Move throughout this tale of Tykes,
But the author most discourses
Of the first Sir TATTON SYKES;
Shrewd, eccentric, upright, dearly-
Loved, gold heart and iron rod—
Here's "oad TAT," outstanding clearly,
Still a Yorkshire demi-god.

You will read this book with pleasure:
Man and horse, the best are here
Shown us in the nameless measure,
Alchemy, called *atmosphere*;
Here you'll learn, an you be heedful,
Reading in 'twixt stud and shire,
What beside t' brass is needful
To the making of a squire.

The danger of the expert when writing on the object of his enthusiasm is that he is apt to illuminate it from the inside rather than the outside, with the result that you emerge from absorption in his work as from prolonged transit through an Alpine tunnel—amazed to find that there is a world elsewhere. This, at any rate, was my experience with Professor KINGSLEY MARTIN'S *French Liberal Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (BENN), a masterly survey of its own ground but a little weak on the comparative side. In envisaging the Liberalism of the *philosophes* and the humanitarian creed of progress as substitutes for religion, Professor MARTIN ignores the fact that religion is primarily worship and its social issues comparatively unimportant. However, the French undoubtedly gave considerable time and attention to secular creeds and appropriate ritual, and it is French Liberalism—modified by the English constitution of 1689 and the theories of the utilitarians—that Professor MARTIN



Bather (in difficulties). "HOORAY, SAVED! HERE COMES A LIFE-BELT."

sets out to examine. Starting from the Edict of Nantes, his method is roughly chronological, with subdivisions devoted to outstanding men and particular questions. What, he asks, did Liberalism mean to its French founders? What can we salvage nowadays from its admitted shipwreck? He traces the work of the theorists from BAYLE to CONDORCET and shows how doctrines adapted to an agricultural age may be readapted to an industrial one. He might, I feel, have made more of a republican Liberalism—the only alternative, as KANT said, to the despotism of the tyrant or the mob; for this not only had its French supporters but was considered compatible with English limited monarchy. And I suggest, but with diffidence, not having the authorities by me, that it was from BECCARIA, through PRIESTLEY, that BENTHAM derived his "greatest happiness" theory—not from HELVETIUS.

Of the two protagonists, who are also antagonists, in *The Invader* (HEINEMANN), Miss HILDA VAUGHAN's new novel, one is inclined to repeat *Alice's* final verdict on the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter*; for neither of them is a very pleasant person. There is, it is true, something heroic in the grim persistence with which *Daniel Evans* demands and gets another slice—of his neighbour's land; but it cannot be said that he is either amiable in temper or honourable in method. As for *Miss Webster*, she is a most distressing mixture of the prude of fifty years ago and the aggressive feminist of twenty. Her battle with *Daniel* is over the farm of Plas Newydd, which, as you may have guessed, is in the principality of Wales. *Daniel* has held it for many years and has nearly attained to his life's dream of being able to purchase it. But the owner dying leaves it to *Miss Webster*, who, being head of a ladies' agricultural college, decides to farm the place herself. So the indignant *Daniel* has notice to quit and retires to a smaller farm in the neighbourhood, thence to conduct his unscrupulous operations. The end of the struggle is inevitable, for *Miss Webster* is both incompetent and tactless and has the whole countryside against her. It is a pity that Miss VAUGHAN did not make her sufficiently attractive to enlist our sympathy, for she is certainly very roughly used. As it is, one does not care a halfpenny what happens to her. Indeed none of the English folk in this book is very interesting or convincing: they are too conventionally drawn. Her Welsh, on the other hand, who have some virtues with their vices, are admirably real. There are some purely rustic scenes of a rich humour worthy of HARDY.

MR. CLAUDE E. BENSON seems to have a double object in his *Mountaineering Ventures* (T. C. AND E. C. JACK). He wishes to entertain the mountaineer with thrilling

stories of the historic climbs associated with a number of more or less familiar mountains, and he wishes to rope in novices. The first object is his main one, and I think he succeeds in it better than in the other. Climbers, like other enthusiasts, can never hear too much about their favourite pursuit, and Mr. BENSON gives good measure and good quality. But for anyone who is so little of a mountaineer that he never goes up a staircase if there is a lift it is not enough to explain the technical terms and then to describe, with humour that is a thought deliberate, the ascent of what is apparently a rock-face two thousand feet high and absolutely perpendicular, excepting in the fancy spots where it leans outwards. The novice may well want to know step by step how it is done, or at least demand more minute details than the author can find room for. Without them the feats described must seem frankly impossible, and to say, as Mr. BENSON

does, that they are no more dangerous than hunting, yachting or flying, generates either complete incredulity or a doubt whether there isn't a catch in it somewhere.

Oliver Trimble, otherwise known as "*Salty*," may perhaps best be defined as one of Mr. W. W. JACOBS' 'longshore characters transplanted into a Devonshire setting.' *Salty Ashore* (COLLINS) is the fourth volume in which Mr. CHARLES WESTON has chronicled his exploits, and it is sufficient testimony alike to the fertility of the author's invention and the congenial nature of his theme that the humour of them has not yet worn thin. In the present collection this highly-unscrupulous but entertaining personage is introduced in the capacity of "a 'ighly respectable man with affable

manners, engaged to strike terror into the 'earts of the caddy boys" at the local golf-club, and it is with his activities in that rôle—with occasional interludes of a marine nature—that most of the chapters are concerned. I don't know that this particular blend of childlike simplicity and low cunning is especially edifying to encounter in real life; but there can be no denying the fact that its doings make uncommonly lively reading.

Bretherton (BLES), the subtitle of which is "Khaki or Field-Grey?" is at once a tale of mystery and a realistic story of the War. Curiously constructed, it may almost be said to begin with its ending; its atmosphere is extraordinarily intense and affecting, and *Gerard Bretherton* is drawn with a skill for which his creator, Mr. W. F. MORRIS, deserves many marks of credit. In the scenes of war, most graphically pictured, *G. B.* remains a little aloof and aloft, but is liked by those with a knowledge of character and respected by all who recognise a real soldier when they meet him. Yet he is often placed in positions that

make him appear to be an enigma. You must read this story, for it knocks the ordinary sensational tale of the day, however cleverly concocted, clean off the map.

On the wrapper of *The Davidson Case* (BLES) I was astonished to see that Mr. JOHN RHODE's famous sleuth, *Dr. Priestley*, had for once been "outwitted." I could not, however, believe that Mr. RHODE had treated him really badly, and I was right. For, although *Priestley* was not entirely successful in this case, he was correct in many of his deductions, and in comparison with *Chief-Inspector Hanslet* of Scotland Yard he emerges from a difficult job with colours flying. Two or three of the actors in this drama of thrills are of a type to which we have become accustomed, but in the weaving of his plots Mr. RHODE can be trusted to be both original and ingenious.



Seaside Landlady (relating unsatisfactory experience with pretentious boarder). "AH," I SAID, 'A WHITE SPAT MAY OFTEN 'IDE THE CLOVEN 'OOF.'"

CHARIVARIA.

A CLERGYMAN's denunciation of South-end as the nearest thing to hell is resented, and it is hoped that he will come round to the more moderate view that this popular resort is as far from the Devil as it is from the deep sea.

"I came along in an omnibus to the office to write this article and all the time the conductor was whistling a tune," says Lord CASTLEROSSE. It is well that the newspaper-reading public should know what our gossip-writers have to put up with.

Talkie films are to be introduced on many ships at sea, it appears. "Heaven help the sailors on a night like this" will take on a new meaning.

A criminologist remarks that, although a famous murderer painted Academy pictures, he is remembered only as a murderer. A comparatively lenient view of course is taken of the painting of Academy pictures.

CHARLES ALBANY, a Philadelphia boy, has been proclaimed Marbles Champion of the Universe. Considering how little is known of the marbles form of other planets the claim seems injudicious.

It is anticipated that the newly-formed Witch Doctors' Association of South Africa will take disciplinary measures with medicine men who use the Press as a means of advertisement.

The Daily Express prints a plea for "Brighter Bathrooms." Will it organise Community Bath Singing?

With reference to the suggestion that the public would appreciate a Naval Tattoo, an old lady writes to us saying that she has always understood that this method of personal decoration is to be seen at its best among sailors.

An artist claims to be able to paint pictures that can be washed. This should assure their being hung on the line.

Among West-country centenarians, we read, there is no unanimity as to the secret of longevity. Old Cornish

folk, for instance, ridicule the theory that it is due to living in Devonshire.

With reference to the statement that the Government was considering a proposal to signal divisions by flashing a red light from the Clock Tower, it is rumoured that some Ministers advocate a pink light to begin with.

Dust from Vesuvius is alleged to be affecting the colour of our skies, but not, it is thought, to a degree necessitating representations to Signor Mussolini.

In Russia, we learn, a couple can be married by a female registrar puffing a cigarette, and, if they wish, divorced the

Since the discovery that the cases and works of Swiss watches were being smuggled into the United States separately, and there assembled, the revenue authorities are believed to be keeping a sharp look-out for contraband cuckoos.

With reference to the jubilee of Somerville College it is pointed out that women undergraduates are still subject to certain restrictions. Still, it is their own fault if Oxford is regarded as the home of lost corsets.

Tortoises, we learn, are among the livestock kept at the research establishment where efforts are being made to find the influenza germ. The idea is of course to test the theory that there is nothing too slow to catch it.

A fire which started in an Ohio coalmine forty-five years ago is reported to be still burning. We wish our coal-dealer would deliver stuff like that.

There are 33,568 children in Cardiff who have not been taught the Welsh language. The idea, we fancy, is to let it come to them as a surprise later on.

Some three thousand Chinese demonstrators recently let off Chinese crackers outside the residence of President CHIANG-KAI-SHEK. It is said that, if this sort of horse-play is to continue, the PRESIDENT has decided to cancel the civil war altogether.

A Hollywood film-actress has filed a divorce petition in Paris. Hundred-per-cent Americans are of the opinion that it is the duty of film stars to patronise home industries.

A party of New Zealand farmers is to tour Great Britain next year. They are to be welcomed by our farmers with three hearty British grumbles.

"Thames-side bungalow plots are fetching good prices per foot," says an advertisement. In flood-time, of course, they are sold by the gallon.

Amongst the latest novelties is a drinking-glass which is said to talk. Scotsmen are praying that it won't say "When?" too soon.



Brown (to Station-Sergeant). "I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH THE MAN YOU'VE ARRESTED FOR STEALING MY CAR? I WANT TO FIND OUT HOW HE MANAGED TO GET FIFTY MILES AN HOUR OUT OF HER."

next day by the same woman puffing another cigarette. It would of course be considered precipitate to ask her for a divorce while she is smoking the same cigarette.

The Daily News calls the tax on foreign foodstuffs suggested by Lord BEAVERBROOK a stomach-tax. It is time that some of the burden was shifted from the nation's shoulders.

We understand that the attempt to produce a popular comic strip as a talking film failed because the sound of exclamation marks did not record well.

An American golfer says he likes to keep a souvenir of his visits to the various links in this country. He should remember, however, that all divots must be replaced.

"WITH ALL THY FAULTS . . ."

(A Testimonial to England in One Act, with apologies to Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY and his latest.)

SCENE—The Saloon Bar of "The Noble Animal." Several tramps, street-women and out-of-work miners from earlier plays of the same author are standing round singing "John Peel," "John Brown's Body," "Rule, Britannia!" and "The Red Flag." Also present are Sir Richard Bastion, an impoverished but sentimental baronet, Sir George Bloodworth, a ruthless hard-faced captain of industry, and Madge, his daughter, an insufferably bright young person.

Sir Richard (as the songs finish). These grand old English songs! Gad, how I love the common people! Bred in the bone. Dyed in the wool. Workmen and criminals and horses and dogs; that's what made England what she used to be!

Madge. You know, you English gentlemen of the last generation are terribly sentimental.

Sir Richard. I am proud to be sentimental about England, just as I am proud to be an Englishman; but the only place an English gentleman ever says so is on the stage.

A Miner (hiccoughing drunkenly). Yoicks!

Sir Richard. Ah, these good old hunting noises! How I love them! You don't feel about England as I do, Sir George?

Sir George. No, I do not, Sir Richard. I've earned the right to my title. I wasn't born to it as you were. I was born in a Manchester slum and went about in rags and rotten boots when you were having your first riding-lessons on a thousand-guinea hunter.

Madge. Dear old Daddy Doddlekins. You're so proud of that, aren't you?

Sir George (sharply). Hold your tongue, child.

Madge. Poor old daddy! Everybody thinks you're a great big terrifying man except me. All the workmen are afraid of you, but I can twist you round my little finger, can't I, you dear old Popplekins? (She cocks a snook at him and then kisses his bald patch.) Darling old Doodlums, with all your faults I love you still.

Sir Richard (to himself). Just like England. Everything's like England if you only look at it that way. Sir George here, in the old ancestral home. . . . The old order changeth! *Eheu fugaces!* Ah, they don't teach the classics any more. And me, forced to stake my little all on greyhound racing. Signs of the times, signs of the times! Still, it's

a sport. Wonderful how we English love sport.

Enter a Piece of Comic Relief.

Piece of Comic Relief. Oo, Sir Jarge, Sir Jarge; Oo, Sir Jarge an' Sir Richard, there woant be no grey'ound racin' come three o'clock. The electric 'are be stolen. An' Sir Richard's dog 'ave died of a broken 'eart. 'E loved that 'are somethin' cruel, did that pore dumb animal.

Sir Richard. My God! Then I am ruined. I shall have to accept that offer from America to write talkies.

P.O.C.R. They du be sayin' down at "Ploom and Apple" in the village that it all be Sir Jarge's doin'.

[The crowd make French Revolution noises and wave their fists in Sir George's face.]

Madge (gaily). Oh, isn't this all too exciting for words? I'm just thrilled to death. I do hope there'll be lots of bloodshed.

Sir Richard. You unsexed young woman.

Madge. Oh, we modern girls are. Didn't you know?

Sir George. Where is the fellow who stole the hare? Has anybody caught him?

The Crowd (pushing forward a tramp). 'Ere 'e be, Sir. 'Ere be lousy thief.

Sir Richard. Come on, my man. We're all English gentlemen here. Own up and tell us why you did it.

Crowd. Sir Jarge put 'im up to it. 'E wouldn't stop at nothin', the bloated plutocrat.

Sir George. Plutocrat perhaps—

Madge. Oo, Daddy Dinklums, you are bloated. You know you are. Why, you take liver-salts every morning.

Sir George (indulgently). Impudent hussy.

Madge. Oo, am I a hussy? How exciting!

Sir Richard (to tramp). Come on, my man. Tell the truth and no harm can come to you. Did Sir George here put you up to it?

Tramp (truculently). No, 'e didn't. I'm an English gentleman like the rest of you, an' I can't tell a lie. I stole the 'are fer me own purposes.

Sir Richard (kindly). And what were they? Don't be afraid. We're all Christians.

Tramp (moved). Thank ye kindly, Sir. You're a 'uman being, that's what you are.

Sir Richard (deprecatingly). Oh, please . . .

Tramp. Oh, yes, you are. An' I don't mind 'oo 'ears me say so. You've got a 'eart in your body, not a cheque-book like Sir George 'ere. I stole that 'are fer me little daughter, see? She's consumptive, she is. An' 'er mother,

she's . . . well, never mind what she is. After all, she's only 'uman. An' we're all God's creatures.

Sir Richard (involuntarily). How terribly true!

Tramp. An' the child's dying, see? An' she wanted an electric 'are. She'd never seen one. An' I couldn't resist 'er. I got me feelings same as anybody else. I'm sorry if I've caused you inconvenience. I may be only a poor tramp but I've got a father's 'eart.

Sir George (deeply touched). And so have I. This is my little daughter. (He hugs Madge affectionately.) I may be only a captain of industry, but I've known what it's like to be down-and-out. Here, my good man, here's a hundred pounds, if that's any good to you.

Sir Richard. And here's ten bob. I'm afraid it's all I can afford.

Tramp (taking it). Thank ye, Sir. One's as good as t'other. The widder's mite an' all that. Oh, I know my Bible. Well, gentlemen, thankin' you kindly, I'll be steppin'.

The Crowd. Wait a minute. 'Alf a mo. We're going to 'ave a whip round for you.

[They have a whip round and go off carrying the tramp shoulder-high.]

Sir Richard. Gad! Salt of the earth! Salt of the earth!

Madge (in ecstasy). Aren't they? And you . . . you're the Good Samaritan.

Sir Richard. Oh, no. Not that. Just an Englishman, that's all.

Madge. An English gentleman!

Sir Richard. Well, perhaps.

[Through the open window come the strains of the Eton Boating Song. Madge and Sir George steal out reverentially. Sir Richard stands alone listening.]

Sir Richard (intoning). "Breathes there a man with soul so dead . . ." (or any other patriotic quotation that occurs to him).

SLOW CURTAIN.

How to put Pep into the Parish.

"An open air sale and fête, opened on Saturday by Lady Hope of Pinkie in aid of Inveresk Church fun, realised £76."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

"DERBYSHIRE

FIRST INNINGS

Storer (Mutilated) 35"

Cricket Report in Indian Paper.

It is of course still more unusual to retire owing to Decapitation.

Elizabeth Lancaster.

"DO YOU KNOW—

When was the first trial for breach of promise of marriage in this country?

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, between 1452 and 1454."

General Knowledge Paper in Daily Paper.



THE SINISTER FOREST.

CHILDE THOMAS. "WHO'S AFRAID?"

[In his advance to the assault on unemployment, Mr. J. H. THOMAS is liable to be hampered by certain Socialist pledges which, if carried out, must have the effect of increasing the very evil he is anxious to overcome.]



Disappointed Lady. "OH, SO YOU'VE BEEN TO A SALE OF REMBRANDTS, AND ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT YOU SAID REMNANTS."

OUR CARAVAN.

III.—APPLE THE CAMP-MAKER.

ONE of the most important parts of our caravanning is the nightly outspanning and encamping. Here is the procedure of a typical evening, one of many selected at random, as the advertisements say:—

The car and caravan halt at a likely-looking field while Percival takes the treasure-chest and goes on ahead to the nearby farm to negotiate for permission to camp. We always send Percival because he has been proved to possess the most honest face. Or the most simple—it depends from which side of the face it is being described.

When he returns we all pile out, leaving Percival to take the wheel because, since it is his car, we have unanimously agreed that he shall only have himself to blame. Crew Apple cons caravan from in front and David from one side and Henry from the other, and the girls both get behind as being the safest place. Everyone then shouts conflicting advice—which gives us all

a fine feeling of participation in the good work and at the same time does no harm because Percival can't hear it above the racing of his engine. The great idea is to get the car unwounded in any vital spot *into* the field, *with* the caravan, *with* all the wheels, *without* a gatepost, and without any extensive portion of hedge. Perhaps I should call it a great ideal rather than a great idea; anyhow, it seems to be almost unattainable.

When everything is inside and Crew Apple has ceased blaming Percival for running over his foot, we set about off-loading and erecting the tentage. Crew Apple is invariably put in charge of the camp-making because experience has shown that when he is in authority things always run without argument or friction. He himself calls this "personality"; others hint that he is the only male member of the party who will weakly fall in with everyone's advice and suggestions without starting a row.

Crew Apple is an efficient boss, a born leader of men. He leads the way in

getting the tent off the car, in setting it up and pegging it down and in fixing the small uncomfortable bivouac for himself. In fact he leads by so much that he does it all himself, while the men he is leading are all asking what there is to be for supper and watching the girls get it ready. Apple even chops the new tent-pegs because the old ones were left behind at the last camp. It is a camper's axiom that you cannot move a tent without forgetting either the pole or the pegs, and so in our outfit the pole, being the more important, is permanently lashed by a twenty-yard length of rope to the back of the car. We may forget it when we start, but we always remember it before we have gone twenty yards. As a corollary we have strewn England this summer with home-made tent-pegs—mostly set in the ground in fairy circles.

By the time Apple has finished and is ready for his supper with the others, the others have as often as not finished Apple's supper. Not that Apple is here complaining about all this. Apple wishes it clearly to be understood that he *likes*

work and doesn't care very much for supper anyway.

After supper (when an enjoyable time is had by all—except Apple) a strange man with a businesslike eye and a torrent of beard looks over a hedge.

"You be comfortable laike?" he remarks.

We say, "Yes, thank you."

"Well, suppose you young fellers go and be comfortable somewhere else, eh?"

"What, move away and put up our tent in another place?"

The farmer nods grimly.

All are aghast at the thought, Apple in particular, knowing who will have to put up the tent in the other place.

"But," says Percival indignantly, "I went to the farm there and got permission, and paid for it too."

The farmer chuckles somewhere away in his facial undergrowth. There is evidently a joke concealed about the place, though we can't pin it down yet. At last it breaks beard—

"That farm, gentlemen, doesn't own this property. I do."

We all look sternly at Percival and with a sigh open fresh negotiations. The price of occupied camping sites is, we find, far higher than that of unoccupied ones. We also find that there is a lively market in tent-pegs (free in ground), that prices jump sharply.

And yet they say agriculture is a depressed industry. Not where our caravan has rested; for we have left a trail of prosperity behind us.

Percival is unpopular that night and is forced by public opinion to sleep in the uncomfortable bivouac. "For two tent-pegs," says Apple sternly, "he'll be put in charge of camp-making himself next time." A. A.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ENTENTE.

For a long time now popular songs have been floating across the Atlantic. Our cousins have called to us, sung to us, moored to us. They have asked us questions, told us stories, given us commands, suggestions and even business tips. And what have we replied? Nothing; absolutely nothing.

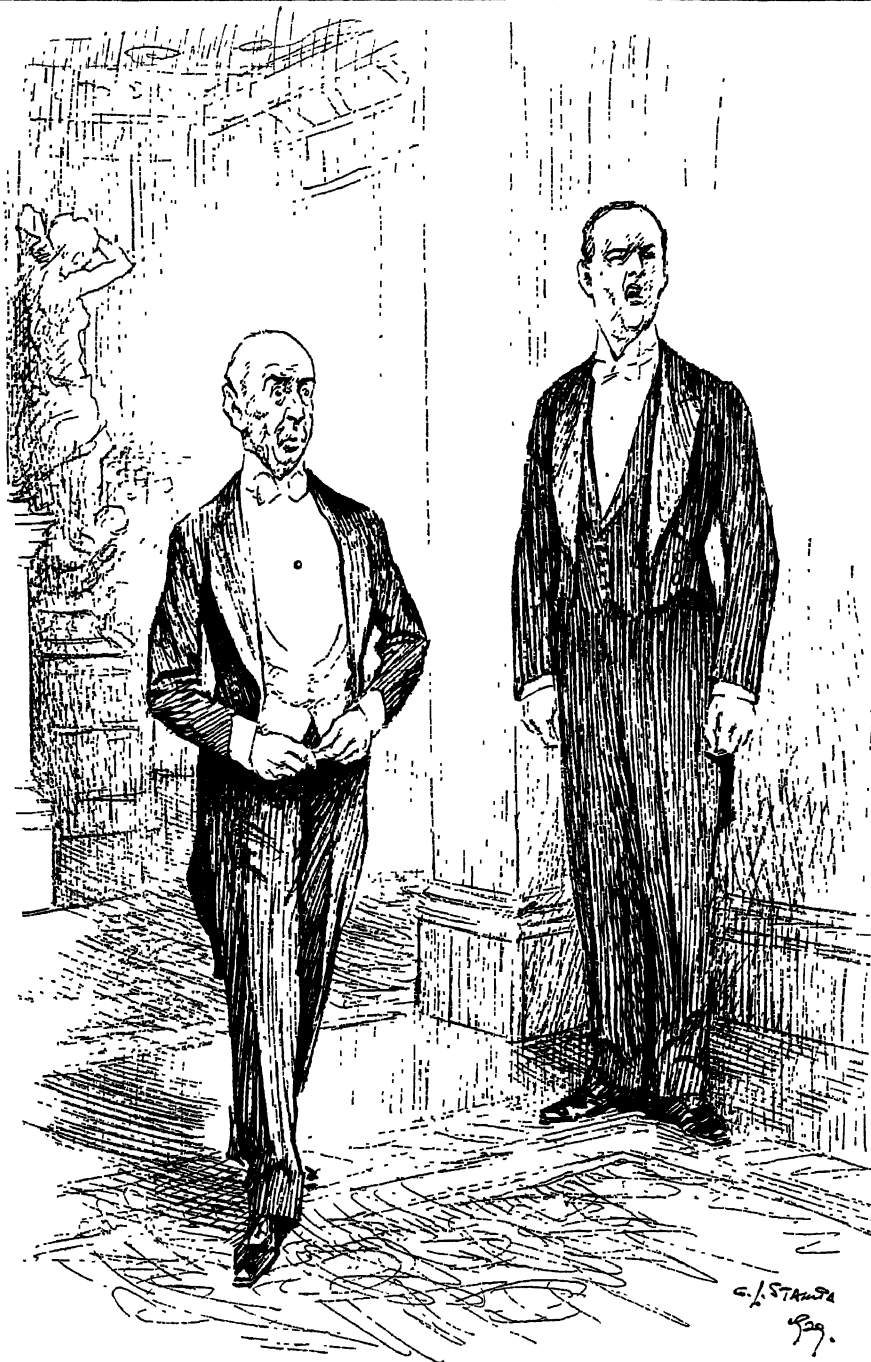
I feel this slur of silence so acutely that I have myself composed replies to their more obvious illusions and perplexities, as stated with distressing frequency in their popular ditties. I append a few samples. After all, as Mr. GARVIN says, we must Get Together:—

SONG . . . "I wonder how I look when I'm asleep?"

ANSWER . . . "Don't worry. Just keep your head under the clothes."

SONG . . . "Sweetheart, I'm dreaming of you."

ANSWER . . . "Don't wake up."



Butler (announcing new Peer whose title he has forgotten). "THE LATE MR. ROBINSON."

SONG . . . "The best things in life are free."

ANSWER . . . "Och, ay."

SONG . . . "Get out and get under the moon."

ANSWER . . . "Do. If the moon isn't out try a steam-roller instead."

SONG . . . "What'll I do when you are far away?"

ANSWER . . . "Bore someone else, I suppose."

SONG . . . "Love me or leave me."

ANSWER . . . "Good-byeee."

Should none of these replies be found suitable, the patient may sometimes be

soothed by such explanations as "Attababy," "Some Wow" or "Snow again and I'll catch your drift."

But in all such cases it is better to send for a doctor at once before attempting amateur first-aid. One of you is almost certain to need him.

"This is the longest non-sop run on the Southern Railway system."—*Daily Paper*. Still, you can always bring a flask.

"Lovely Pom dog, 4 months long, pedigree, 3 gns."—*Advt. in Kent Paper*.

The trouble with most Poms is that their bark is only a few days deep.

FIXING A BREED.

SIXTY-FIVE immigrants from Great Britain may in future enter the United States of America as compared with twenty-five Germans, seventeen Irish Free Staters, three Swedes, two Norwegians, six Poles, five Italians and one Dane. (I give the proportions roughly, leaving the thousands out.) This is decreed by the National Origins Law, under which America is making the gigantic experiment of artificially forging a breed.

The compliment to Great Britain is tremendous. Her quota has been almost

doubled: those of Germany and the Irish Free State are nearly halved. Sweden, Norway and Denmark have been badly knocked down, Poland raised a little and Italy a lot. Five Italians can escape from Italy, if they have any luck, and get to New York, whereas only three could do it before. Russians remain steady, or rather they show a very slight increase. But for the men and women of Great Britain America is crying aloud. They are to fix the type that shall inherit the earth, and I cannot help wondering a little what is at the back of America's mind. Which of us do they want, and why?

One is tempted to say people like the Ponderbys at 49. They are rather typical types and Great British to the core. Ponderby tells me he is a Nordic blonde, or used to be. Most of it has come off now, and the little piece at the back looks more like a Celtic fringe. Mrs. Ponderby has also a strong Nordic strain, which one feels when trying to make a joke. But would the Ponderbys go to America? We want their house. It is larger than ours. But I doubt whether they will move.

On the whole, if the American immigration authorities prefer Nordic blondes, I should imagine that they would be safer in choosing more Swedes and Danes, and not so many of the Great British. For they might find they were getting Phœnicians from Cornwall, or dark hawk-faced men, descendants of the smugglers, like the man who keeps the inn at Twittering. It is very difficult to find hundred-per-cent

Anglo-Saxon he-men or she-women in this island. It seems to me that the immigration of the British ought to be preceded by beauty contests, at which points were given for typical (and natural) blondes.

If, on the other hand, it is physique rather than colouring that the United States desire, it has to be admitted that few of the world's athletic records are held by the Great British race. We do not concentrate enough on sport. I am told that the young Finnish schoolboy invariably runs all the way to school, not because he has been late for breakfast, like an English boy, but in order

whether the American immigration authorities would believe him any more than I do.

And this brings me to another point. Are the Great Britons honest? Is it perhaps a race of GEORGE WASHINGTONS that the United States of America are hoping to breed?

In my opinion the old incorruptibility of the Anglo-Saxon has been largely undermined by the habit of giving testimonials to patent foods and toilet preparations, and I often feel that Mrs. Ponderby is rather evasive on the telephone. But we may still be more honest than other European peoples. I hear

of one European country where any foreigner who wants a trade concession has to call on the Prime Minister's wife and leave the money surreptitiously on a table as he departs. In England, on the other hand, people constantly find pearl necklaces in the street and take them to the police-station.

There is a further difficulty in front of America. Is it her belief that by doubling the quota of Great British immigrants she can perpetuate a craving for drought? The Anglo-Saxons are rather a wet stock. When dining with some typical Anglo-Saxons the other day it was all I could do to get my proper share. I will tell the United States frankly that in choosing Ponderby as an immigrant they will not help their Prohibition laws. Are these

moderately honest, mildly athletic, wet, semi-Nordic he-men going to do America any good?

I am forced to the conclusion that what America really wants is a greater infusion not of Anglo-Saxon physique or temperament but of the English tongue. That is what they are really getting at in this alteration of the quotas. They want more he-men and more she-women for the talkie screen. Damp, dark, debilitated, they will take us, and take us gladly, if we have the English voice. All the stars of Central Europe are becoming useless because they can only look beautiful and leap over precipices; when they try to speak Anglo-Saxon the canvas gets torn.

It behoves us therefore, those of us who wish to go to America, to be very



Telephone Man. "WE'VE FINISHED FIXING IT NOW, MUM, AND I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT ALL IN WORKING ORDER."

Dear old Lady. "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH! THERE'S JUST ONE OTHER THING. I WAS THINKING IT WOULD BE NICE IF IT COULD BE ARRANGED FOR ME TO MEET SOME AFTERNOON THE LADY AT THE EXCHANGE WHO IS GOING TO LOOK AFTER MY NUMBER."

to practise for the Olympic games. And, as his school is invariably ten miles away from his home, he gets a lot of practice in early life. In the same way the Norwegian constantly jumps from fjord to fjord, and the champion pilum-driver is a Pole. The Czecho-Slovakians learn to play tennis before they cut their teeth, and Hungarian children understand how to get off-side at Association football in the kindergarten. It is all very distressing, but the fact remains that the Great Britons are getting behindhand in this matter of physique, and I doubt whether America will breed many champions out of Great British stock.

Ponderby claims to have run the hundred yards in little over level time fifteen years ago, but it is doubtful



First Very Rich Man. "ISN'T THAT JOHNSON?"

Second ditto. "YES, POOR OLD CHAP. THINGS NOT GOING VERY WELL WITH HIM, I FANCY. DON'T SUPPOSE HE COULD RAISE HALF-A-MILLION JUST NOW IF HE TRIED."

careful to preserve as purely as we may the language that we love. Ponderby does not say much but what he does say seems eminently suitable for export to the United States as a sample of pure English, especially his "Quite," which is one of the best "quites" I know. But not all thirsty Nordic demi-blondes are so eloquent as Ponderby. I heard a small boy a few days ago ask a passer-by, as small boys will, to tell him the time.

"Bart tar par fi," responded the Great Briton. He meant to convey that the hour was about 5.30 P.M. In justice to the stupendous race-breeding experiment of the United States this man should be kept at home.

In any case we ought to help America in this matter. A responsibility lies at this moment on every Anglo-Saxon man and woman in Great Britain to keep themselves as fit, as strong, as male, as female, as blonde, as articulate, as dry as they decently can. The future of America is in their keeping.

I put this very clearly to the Ponderbys at dinner a few days ago. Ponderby answered "Quite!" But he has gone no further. He is still staying on at No. 49. EVOE.

A SONG OF BRAWDY.

BEAUTY, tired of lovers, went to live at Brawdy.

Something told her motor-coaches
Might not fancy the approaches
To the mill at Brawdy.

There's a road that still bewilders
Even speculative builders;
Boulder-stones and water-courses
Form the surface which divorces
Bungalows from Brawdy.

None of Beauty's lovers troubles her
at Brawdy;

Folk who wonder where she's hiding
Won't be told that she's residing
Near the mill at Brawdy;

For the old man, bent with labour,
Never sees his lovely neighbour;
All day long the loom's his duty,
How should he find time for Beauty
Laughing there at Brawdy?

All her fairest raiment Beauty wears at
Brawdy;

School-feasts cut no cheery capers,
Trippers strew no picnic-papers
By the stream at Brawdy.
Safe from all who pluck and ravish,
Beauty can be really lavish,

Dressed to suit her own caprices;
No one tumbles, tears or creases
Summer gowns at Brawdy.

You should see the bluebells' satin
sheen at Brawdy;
Marigolds the sunshine dimming,
Orchises like sapphires trimming
Beauty's cloak at Brawdy;
You should see the tasselled sedges,
And the rose that wreathes the hedges.
No, we can't have strangers peeping;
Beauty's secret pays for keeping;
Only one of all her lovers knows the
way to Brawdy!

"ACTRESS NOT TO MARRY."

Headline in Evening Paper.

Some of them will stop at nothing in
their desire for originality.

"First-class Upholsterer: used to hide."

Manchester Paper.

We hope he has grown out of this secretive complex by now.

"A badge has been adopted as part of the Warwickshire County Nursing Association uniform. . . . It is hoped that this will help to encourage the esprit de corps amongst the nurses."—*Warwickshire Paper.*

This hope is not shared by the patients.

"GEOGRAPHY."

My daughter is sitting at this moment for a scholarship. In my youth I gained two scholarships and took a First-Class at the best University. I suppose that in those days I must have known something. But when I look at my daughter's examination papers I am certain I know nothing now.

I have been reading her geography paper and I have been grimly imagining myself in her place. Let us see what we can do.

"GEOGRAPHY—JUNIOR PAPER"

(One hour and a-quarter).

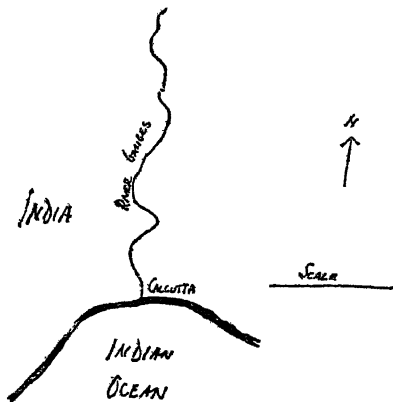
Only four questions to be answered.

(Maps and diagrams must be used to illustrate answers wherever possible.)

1. Draw a map of one of the great rivers of either India or South America. Write a short account of the climate of the river-basin and the products found there. Name and mark the position of any important towns in the river-basin."

Golly!

I know of two rivers in India. One is called the Ganges and the other is called the Googlie. The Googlie is on the left, I know, but I can think of no towns on it. Let us try the Ganges.



I doubt if this map will be of much assistance to the explorer, but it is the best I can do.

The climate of the river-basin I have drawn is hot and sunny. There is probably a rainy season, but I cannot say when. All this information, however, can be had from any travel agency.

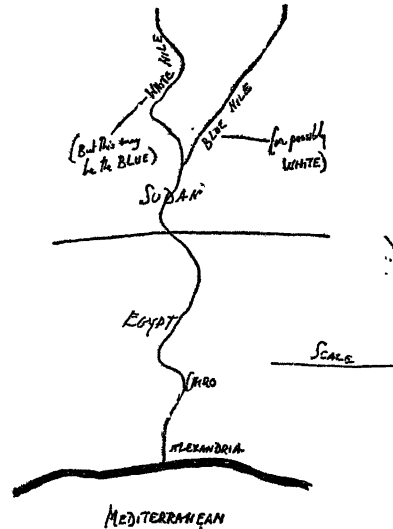
I have not the least idea what products are found in this river-basin. But Calcutta (which I have marked) is at the mouth of the river (I think), and they have a sweepstake there.

Probably rice is grown in the wet parts of the basin.

That is all I know about the Ganges, but it is more than I know about any other river either in India or South America.

"2. Why is the Nile so important? Describe the ways in which the people of the Nile use the river for watering their crops."

I imagine that another map will be expected of us here.



The Nile, at first sight, looks very like the Ganges, but is quite a different river.

The Nile is so important because of the water, of which the Egyptians are very fond. The Nile rises in the Sudan (or else Abyssinia), and is then blue and white. In Egypt it is yellow, owing to the Sudanese, who use it for washing. This causes bad feeling between the Sudan (which is British) and Egypt (which is Egyptian). Owing to the hot climate there is not enough water for Egypt and the Sudan to wash in the same week, or for anyone to wash much. An arrangement has now been made by which they wash on alternate Fridays. Mixed washing is allowed and nearly everyone is very sunburnt.

The way in which the people of the Nile use the river for watering their crops is very simple, so far as I know. Buckets are lowered into the river at the ends of ropes, the water is then drawn up and thrown over the crops. In some cases, I expect, water is pumped up with pumps and sprayed over the crops with watering-cans and garden-hoses. But how the deuce should I know?

"3. What is meant by a 'nomadic' people? Describe a day in the life of a nomadic tribe."

What a darn silly question!

A "nomadic" people is a people which wanders about and is never in the same place for long. Many of the Liberal Party are "nomadic" in character.

A nomadic tribe gets up very early, owing to the prevalence of hay-fever and the noise of poultry. After break-

fast the tribe wanders off and wanders about for the rest of the day. The men wander behind the cattle and beat them on the rump. The women sit on the waggons and sing. The children are tied in bundles of five and placed in a special waggon.

At lunch-time the tribe halts for lunch. After lunch there is generally a battle with another nomadic tribe. There is no tea-interval. At sundown the tribe stops wandering, wherever the tribe happens to be, for camels cannot wander in the dark. Watch-fires are lit, wells are dug, a stockade is built and any missionaries present are eaten. "Lights Out" is sounded at half-past nine, except for the continuation-class, which is allowed to read till ten. In the morning the tribe wanders again.

"4. Choose three of the following towns. Draw sketch-maps to illustrate the position of the three, and say why they are important:—New York, Winnipeg, Glasgow, Sydney, Vienna, Manchester, Melbourne, Aden."

Choose three! "New York, Winnipeg, Glasgow...! Golly! As if anybody would choose one of them!

Not a question for me, I think.

"5. What do you mean by glaciers, block mountains, volcanoes, springs, lagoons? Say in each case how they are formed."

I mean by a glacier a large lump of ice which is sticking in the throat of a valley. It is said to move continually, though no motion can be observed, and reminds one of a Government Department protecting the rights of a private citizen.

I have very little idea how a glacier is formed. Presumably there is a stream at the top of the valley which has frozen. But in that case why does the glacier move? I cannot say.

I do not mean anything by block mountains. I never use the expression. I have never heard of block mountains before. I have not the faintest idea what they are. I am quite sure that I was never told about block mountains, and nothing you say will persuade me that they matter.

You know perfectly well what I mean by volcanoes.

A volcano is a mountain with the artistic temperament. A volcano is like an author, and has long periods of sluggish quiescence varied by short spasms of intense activity. It is like a writer of free verse: it boils and bubbles, makes rude noises, develops a great deal of energy without much direction, gets into the papers and attracts more attention than it deserves. Meanwhile the honest mountain which sits quiet and does its job has no pub-



Vicar. "IT WAS ONLY A SLIGHT OPERATION, GILES. I JUST HAD MY TONSILS TAKEN OUT; BUT I LOST TWO STONE IN WEIGHT."

Giles. "LOR, SIR, I NEVER KNEWED THEM THINGS WEIGHED AS MUCH AS THAT!"

licity at all. It is perhaps significant that there are no volcanoes in the British Isles, but several in the volatile Latin countries. The volcano shall receive no further publicity from me.

I do not know how it is formed. Nor do you.

I mean by *springs*—well, of course I mean *springs*. What do *you* mean by *springs*? I mean by a spring a spring of water which springs up. Nobody knows how it is formed; and you know that as well as I do. Try not to be provocative.

What do I mean by *lagoons*? What

do I mean by *lagoons*? Lagoons. Well

Lagoons are the background of tropical novels and South Sea plays. There is a dusky maiden, down centre, a rotten Englishman (LEFT) and a coral reef on the back-cloth. That is what you mean by a lagoon. But you are wrong.

What I mean by a lagoon is a small lake. The Serpentine is a lagoon. The Round Pond is a lagoon. But the person who set this paper is so saturated with sloppy literature that nothing is a lagoon for him (or, as I suspect, *her*) unless it is "fringed" with palm-

trees, "romantic" with black women and "infested" with sharks. Whether I win a scholarship or not I absolutely decline to follow the decadent taste of the examiner. I repeat that what I mean by a lagoon is something like the Serpentine or the charming water in St. James's Park.

It is formed by the L.C.C. or the Office of Works.

And, if this paper is Geography, all I can say is "Gosh!"

I have an uneasy feeling that I shall not be awarded a scholarship. A.P.H.

THE MISFORTUNE OF WAR.

ALONG one side of our local golf-course is a narrow and unfrequented stretch of country, well stocked with pine-trees, laurel, rhododendron, gorse and other excellent natural cover. To this territory Tony and I make our way when war is declared.

Our method of warfare is simple but satisfying—to Tony. He starts at one end of the battlefield and I at the other. Each endeavours to get within six paces of his adversary without being seen, and call "*Pop-Bang!*" in a loud clear voice. Successfully accomplished, this feat scores one point, and the victor is of course the one who has scored the greater number of points when tea-time approaches and peace is necessarily proclaimed.

This explains why I was lying on my stomach last Saturday afternoon and wriggling cautiously round some rhododendrons. Smarting under the loss of no fewer than five consecutive wars, I had determined this time to spare no effort to retrieve my reputation. War had been raging without result for about ten minutes when, from behind the trunk of a well-sited pine-tree, I had detected an exciting movement on the other side of the rhododendron-patch, and with the inspiration of boldness had sprinted instantly and noiselessly across the intervening space and dropped silently to the ground.

I wriggled another yard with extreme care, and then, getting into a crouching position, sprang forward and on all fours confronted the unsuspecting enemy.

Before, however, I could cry "*Pop-Bang!*" I realised that this was not Tony at all, but a retired Colonel with many years of service in India behind him and a terrifyingly-deranged liver to darken his future. I claim no credit for this swift diagnosis; the facts were patent. He must have sliced his drive badly from No. 8 tee and, having selected his heaviest niblick, was about to hack his ball back to the fairway.

It would, I suspect, be disconcerting to any golfer in the very act of controlling his back-swing to find himself suddenly face to face with an outwardly respectable middle-aged gentleman who

lands from nowhere on his hands and knees and, with his mouth open, peers at him through his horn-rims. The effect on the Colonel was electrical in the full sense of that misused word. Flashes of lightning shot from his eyes and a devastating peal of thunder crashed from his mouth as soon as he had recovered his breath. I could not repeat his words, nor would the Editor print them; but I shall never forget them. Never.

Red with chagrin and too overcome even to mumble an apology, I backed away and retreated towards the pine-tree. A shrill treble "*Pop-Bang!*" as I neared it made me one point down. A deep bass "*— — —!*" from behind the rhododendrons indicated that the

wards me. Instant escape was imperative. In my flustered state it seemed to me that the only possible thing to do was to take the same course as the Colonel and seek safer cover on the other side of the hill. Not without misgiving I moved in that direction at the double.

Had the Colonel allowed me two more seconds, I believe I could have swerved to the right and been screened from his view by some bushes. But he turned too soon and caught me in the act, as it must have appeared to him, of chasing him surreptitiously.

I think, perhaps, this incident did him good and may even have saved him from apoplexy. Deeply vexed by the failure of his last shot, he evidently

needed just such an excuse as this to give vent to a few really blistering sentences, and those he fired at me as he brandished his niblick must have relieved him enormously.

I fled precipitately and without precaution, and was in consequence greeted by an exultant "*Pop-Bang!*" from Tony, who had been astute enough to move into a commanding position.

At this point I made a truce of half-an-hour with the enemy. I had no desire ever to see or hear the Colonel again, and I calculated that in half-an-hour's time, however badly he might play, he would surely have finished with the



"THE EFFECT ON THE COLONEL WAS ELECTRICAL."

Colonel had received a second shock to his nervous system.

Tony disappeared at once, but I waited timidly behind the pine-tree. Presently there was a thud, and I saw the ball shoot out—not, however, in the direction of the fairway but up a steep slope to the Colonel's right.

A moment or two later the Colonel himself came out from behind the rhododendrons and, most unluckily, turned his head and perceived my anxious face peeping round the tree trunk. It was quite obvious that the spectacle annoyed him. Watching him toil up the slope, I am afraid I was guilty of a mean and senseless joy in the fact that he had to carry his own ponderous bag of clubs. The supply of caddies is always exhausted early on Saturday afternoons.

And then, turning in the other direction, I caught sight of Tony, not twenty yards away, creeping cautiously to-

wards me. Instant escape was imperative. In my flustered state it seemed to me that the only possible thing to do was to take the same course as the Colonel and seek safer cover on the other side of the hill. Not without misgiving I moved in that direction at the double.

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needed just such an excuse as this to give vent to a few really blistering sentences, and those he fired at me as he brandished his niblick must have relieved him enormously.



THE FALLIBLES.

"CANUTE," his flattering courtiers cried,
 "Can do what he likes with the rising
 tide;"
 But he only wetted his feet when he
 tried.

ALFRED THE GREAT was most discern-
 ing;
 He kindled and trimmed the Lamp of
 Learning;
 But he couldn't prevent a cake from
 burning.

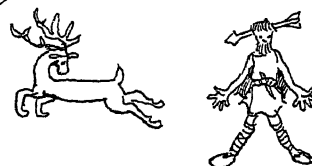
WILLIAM THE RED was no cock-sparrow
 But a fighting man to his Norman
 marrow;
 Yet he hadn't the wit to dodge an arrow.

JOHN, an experienced evil liver,
 Knew how to make his subjects shiver;
 But he lost his handbag crossing a river.

RICHARD THE THIRD was crowned, and
 he
 Swore that a careful King he'd be;
 Yet he lost his crown on a hawthorn-
 tree.

HENRY THE EIGHTH was a real tip-
 topper,
 Slick with his tongue and quick with
 the chopper;
 Yet he came (too oft) a connubial
 cropper.

CHARLES was a ruler born and bred,
 Cool and collected; yet I've read
 That once he completely lost his head.
 So it's nice to know that even kings
 Can make a mess of the simplest things.



Ernest H. Shepherd

trated deeply into our domain. It was a very creditable feat on his part to find it. Incidentally it must have been the longest drive the Colonel ever made.

If he was eloquent when I met him before, on this occasion he surpassed himself. For quite three minutes a storm of shattering and blasphemous language fell on my tingling ears as I stood there too stunned to move.

At length, panting heavily, he stopped, and his purple features took on an expression of strained and perspiring expectancy. He was awaiting my reply. Up to the present I had not addressed a word to him; but now in this strange and ominous silence it seemed incumbent upon me to say something. The Colonel obviously expected it. I felt that I could not disappoint him.

With an effort I pulled myself together.

"Pop-Bang!" I said in a loud clear voice.

"Young man, married, wants work as printer's representative; 3 years' experience in canvassing and interviewing; note afraid of hard work."—*Evening Paper*.

This is unlikely to be overlooked by prospective employers.

THE WONDER ROOM.

(With acknowledgments to the expert writers on furnishing and kindred topics in our informative weekly Press.)

In furnishing a sitting-room, dining-room, drawing-room, smoke-room, bedroom, study, or indeed any room in the house except perhaps the kitchen, scullery, bath-room or billiard-room (the term "house" including also flat or bungalow), the first thing to do is to measure it carefully—an ordinary foot-rule or tape measure will do—and so determine its size. From the wall-space the measurements of doors and windows should be subtracted, as of course you will not have to furnish these. And it will not be necessary to measure the ceiling as well as the floor, because these are generally the same size or very nearly.

Having found how big the apartment is, next think what period furniture—Anne, Tudor, Georgian, Wren, Louis (various), Sévres, rococo, rustic and so forth—will best be shown off in it. Personally I am always thrilled when I have to arrange the furnishing and general *décor* of a room that is the

lucky possessor of one of those delightful MACADAM fire-places. What an adornment they are! Their severe, almost classical, restraint, coupled with insouciance, is an unfailing joy; and I flatter myself that I was among his very first admirers. Having got the MACADAM fire-place, then, what better can we do than put one of those dinky "Halve-the-Bill" gas-stoves into it (not forgetting the dear old joke about buying two and saving *all* the bill)? And so, having warmed the room, as it were, we can choose the furniture in greater comfort, can't we, readers?

Personally, you know, I am all for the old things; so restful, so redolent of other days. In the room I'm thinking of, a really nice set of SHERIDAN chairs—six dining and two arm—would be just the thing. Tapestry for the upholstery, of course. Almost any shade would go with the MACADAM fire-place.

Then we must have a parquet floor, so useful when they want to dance, under half-a-dozen of the fashionable Sealyham rugs that are just in. If the rugs turn up at the corners—and what rugs' corners don't?—they can be



AS OTHERS SEE US.

First Rustic. "WHAT DID 'E SAY TO YE?"

Second ditto. "'WHERE AM I?' SEZ 'E. 'IN VARMER PIKE'S 'AYFIELD,' I SEZ. 'WHERE'S THAT?' 'E SEZ. AND I SEZ 'ERE.' 'WOT TOWN'S IT NEAR?' SEZ 'E. 'IT BEAN'T NEAR NO TOWN,' SEZ I. 'DAMFOOL,' SEZ 'E, AND OFF 'E GOES."

weighted on the under side with a suitable heavy article, or just stood on.

A Tudor chest will go well, of course, with the other things, and a few CHESTER-TON sofas may be scattered about—never be mean about CHESTERTONS—while the piano ought to be *en suite*, unless you have the wireless. On the mantelpiece we will simply have some nice old glass thrown about, say four or five pieces; and if you want to be really daring and new, put one of ORMULA's jolly little clocks—the goldy ones look best—in the middle. Oh! and harking back to the furniture, an odd armchair here and there is always useful and also really attractive if upholstered in the new pigaloid or Spanish *macabre*.

Now for the curtains. I stand or fall by crash. Some think it *démodé*; not so your correspondent. As for colours I have a weakness for reds, greens, blues, purples, yellows, browns and the softer greys and blacks. But we need not be hidebound over a trifle like colour; after all, *chacun a son goût*, has he not?

Coming back to the little stove we chose reminds me that fire-irons give the imagination some play. A few well-chosen andirons—there are plenty to choose from in the shop-windows—though old, are much better than the modern automatic ones, while taper-holders with bellows for extinguishing were always part of the old hearth ensemble. On the other hand, fire-dogs look a teeny-weeny bit *outré* if not actually *gauche*.

One last touch, but only if you happen to have the telephone in the room, and it must go somewhere; they are making nowadays all sorts of jolly things to disguise this unsightly but essential adjunct. It may be a little windmill, or a sham loud-speaker, or even a very modern *poupée*. One of the nattiest, that offers a piquant foil to the old-world atmosphere I've tried to suggest, is a dinky little model of Sir HENRY SEGRAVE's racing-car. You'd never guess there was a telephone inside it. It hoots instead of ringing, and the telephone directory slips deftly out of sight under the hood where the works and things would be in a real car.

Commercial Cynicism.

"THE TERROR IS COMING,
Every Character Speaks."
Talkie poster in Melbourne.

"At the request of the Sultan of Zanzibar a party of gramophone engineers are shortly leaving London for West Africa."—*Daily Paper.*

Well, they won't find him there.

"SENORITA FOUND LACKING IN RESERVE."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Was it something she said to the referee?



Second. "SAY, KID, I GOT AN IDEA. NEXT TIME 'E 'ITS YER, 'IT 'IM BACK."

MORE HEADACHES FOR THE HISTORIAN. THE FIRST DAY OF THE VARSITY MATCH.

The Times, speaking of Mr. J. T. MORGAN's "great innings," said: "His square-cutting and off-driving may be compared with LEYLAND'S. He missed nothing on the leg-side, but chiefly his masterfulness was shown by his straight driving."

The Daily Express, writing of the same day's cricket, said, "KILLICK's display [0] was no poorer than that of those who collected runs. The belief frequently expressed in the stands, as well as in the cheaper sections [*The Daily Express* reporter seems to have covered

a lot of ground] was that the batting, fielding and bowling were no better than that in club cricket."

Is Chivalry Dead by the Cam?

"Leander R.C. beat London R.C. after a magnificent struggle in the Grand Challenge Cup, the ladies failing to catch up the entire crew of Cambridge Blues by a length."

Provincial Paper.

"LURE OF IRELAND FOR HOLIDAYS.

"... A walk takes one to Gargle Glen, one of the most alluring in the British Isles ..."

Daily Paper.

Is the Free State renaming her beauty spots with a business eye on the Atlantic horizon?



Customer. "I WANT TO SEE SOME BATHING-DRESSES."
THEM. BUT WE HAVE EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN SAND-SUITS, FOAM-FASHIONS AND WAVE-WEAR."

Superior Modiste. "I'M SORRY, MADAM, WE DON'T KEEP
THEM. BUT WE HAVE EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN SAND-SUITS, FOAM-FASHIONS AND WAVE-WEAR."

CELIA.

(A memory of lilac-time.)

Celia's thirty and spinster, and Celia's
Parent's a parson near Poole,
And her eyes are as blue as—it *must* be, lobelias,
And she's very content as a rule
With the parish, the pony, the white Wyandottes,
And you see her about on her bicycle, lots;
But always, but always are lilac-time's sped
There's an imp that gets into her pretty brown head,
And "Oh," thinks she,
"What fun it would be
Did somebody send me a *hundred pounds*—
What a frightfully greedy sum that sounds!—
And a seat in one of the up expresses,
And six new hats and a dozen new dresses;
For, oh," thinks Celia, "how, how, *how*
I'd love a visit to London now!"

Celia, save when those Pucks to the million,
Lilac-days, beckon and bob,
Seldom builds castles, or cloud or Castilian,
Always gets on with her job;
Runs on her bicycle round and about,
Doing with this or else doing without,
But always, but always when lilac-time's here
There's an imp and he pinches her pretty pink ear.
And oh! she'll see
(With dimples three—
For one to each cheek, one to the chin,
When Celia smiles, sink softly in)

A beautiful person whose name is Celia
And whose eyes are as blue as (exactly) lobelia,
Who wears with a beautiful calm composure
The prettiest frock in the Royal Enclosure;
And, "Oh," thinks Celia, "how, how, how
I'd love a fortnight in London now!"
Then she smothers the imp with a smile and swots
A bucket of feed to the Wyandottes. P. R. C.

AN APPEAL TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

EVERY year the Children's Country Holidays Fund sends poor children away for a fortnight's stay in country cottages, where kindly residents in the villages help to show them what country life means and give them a good time. Last year 32,000 children took part in this holiday, and it is the aim of the Fund to get back at least to the number reached before the War—46,000. This is but a very small proportion of the 700,000 who are on the roll of the Elementary Schools of London.

Mr. Punch asks all happy young people who are just off for their own holiday not to forget the less fortunate children who cannot go away without generous help. Will they please send a small gift out of their pocket-money, and persuade their parents to send a larger one, to the Earl of ARRAN, who looks after the Children's Country Holidays Fund? The address is 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

"NEW MAXIM FOR THE GOVERNMENT."—*Daily Paper.*

We await with interest the views of the Disarmament Conference.



THE INDISPENSABLE.

THE FLYING SCOTSMAN (*descending direct on the House of Commons*). "I CAN'T AFFORD TIME FOR LANDING AT AERODROMES. I'M TOO BUSY. EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 8th.—Captain WEDGWOOD BENN threatens to be the ideal Secretary of State, at any rate on the floor of the House. His "audibility" is perfect; his Supplementary answers indicate an eager desire to give the questioner, no matter of what party, all the information for which he craves. To-day, moreover, the new SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA gave evidence of a mental and verbal adroitness scarcely inferior to that of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Even Mr. THURTELL, who grows more Olympian every day, seemed satisfied.

But it was in the course of being pressed by Sir FREDERICK HALL to publish the India Office's information as to the Soviet Government's activities in India that Captain BENN exhibited his finest combination of alertness and discretion. "The hon. Member must leave it in the hands of the Department to decide how and when it is really desirable to publish any information," he had replied, an unfortunate *lapsus lingue*, because no Minister must ever pretend in the House of Commons that a Department ever decides anything. Potential protesters sprang to



THE RAJAH OF BENN
(Miniature: MOGUL SCHOOL).

their feet, but the Minister was too quick for them. "When I say Department I mean, of course, myself," he added. "*L'état, c'est moi.*"

A subtle but none the less explicit reminder to such as may imagine that India's difficulties are Socialism's opportunities that they will get no change out of Captain GENGHIZ BENN.

The Government's decision to reject its predecessor's project for supplying the troops with British beef seems to be "eating" Lord WINTERTON—not too happily, because it enabled Mr. BUXTON, probably for the first time in his slightly arid political life, to score off his adversaries. The benefits which might accrue to agriculture, he explained, would not be commensurate with the expense involved—an opinion which was consistently held by the late Government until the eve of the Election.

The rôle of irresponsible gaiety seems to have attracted the fancy of Mr. BATEY, who certainly has the voice and accent for the part. At any rate he secured two good laughs, the first after the COMMISSIONER OF WORKS had answered Mr. DAY's plaint that in case of fire there is only one exit from the Members' gallery. "Will the Minister tell us if there is any hope of a fire taking place?" piped Mr. BATEY. Earlier in the afternoon the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY to the Ministry of Labour was explaining that the Mines Committee of the Governing Body of the International Labour Office were still considering the question of the hours of miners. "Who was the British representative and chairman of this Committee?" asked Mr. BATEY in tones which indicated extreme scepticism about the whole business. He was told that it was Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE.

"Who's he?" demanded the Member for Spennymoor in accents that clearly indicated that this was no simulated ignorance. Has Mr. BATEY never read *Undertones*?

The full-dress two-day debate on the Conservative Amendment to the Address provided no initial fireworks. The determination of the Government to have no truck with Safeguarding, and of Mr. SNOWDEN to feast his ears with the McKenna Duties' expiring shrieks, had been too long expected. Moreover the Conservatives, to tell the painful truth, have lost the knack of defending with anything approaching a generous warmth the protective policies which they ruthlessly abandoned in 1924 for a fresh lease of political power. Even Sir BASIL PETO, who figuratively hurled his fabric glove in the CHANCELLOR's teeth, spoke in resignation rather than anger.

Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER too broached the subject of Imperial Preference (also mentioned in the Amendment) in the general accents of pious hope rather than with the particular voice of conviction—an excusable attitude when Conservatism's would-be *fantôme couronné* is waiting round the corner to translate every such utterance into a demand for Free Trade within the

Empire and tariffs against all the others.

Mr. LAMBERT, speaking as "an old Liberal," declared himself to be the only surviving individualist not in a museum, and proud of it. He gave more figures and had to submit to a sort of mild heckling when he declared that Safeguarding had raised prices.



THE CHALLENGE.
SIR BASIL PETO FLINGS DOWN THE (HOME-MADE) GLOVE.

Mr. W. J. BROWN in a pleasant maiden speech pointed out that his constituency, full of motor factories and silk factories, had nevertheless given a majority of eight thousand against the Conservatives and all their works. This might merely prove that the electors were boneheads; but the Conservatives, who had just enfranchised a hefty block of them, could hardly make that retort.

Sir HENRY PAGE-CROFT managed to produce some of the ardour of the convinced Protectionist, and Mr. GRAHAM, who never becomes ardent, coldly defended the Government against the charge of keeping the industries concerned in a state of undeserved suspense. More speeches from all sides of the House followed, only the Clydesiders looking on with an air of detached cynicism, waiting their opportunity to urge matters of real moment on the attention of a rather bored House.

Tuesday, July 9th.—Mr. OLIVER BALDWIN is a newcomer to Parliament but he has lost no time in finding a serious leakage in the national resources. Mr. TOM SHAW had to admit that the Bank of England paid the Government nothing for the services of the gallant posse that guards its vaults against the de-

predations of smash-and-grab motor-bandits in red opera-cloaks, but made it clear that the Old Lady was not going to be deprived of her time-honoured escort by him.

This was Mr. SNOWDEN's big day. First came questions about the Young Report and French debt payments to America and this country, with Colonel WEDGWOOD in the rôle of inquisitor. The CHANCELLOR's explanation was lucid and should have been satisfactory. The continued debate on the Conservative Safeguarding Amendment saw another Mr. SNOWDEN, an executioner gloatingly feeling the edge of his snickersee, watching the victim writhe and delighting his thin soul with thoughts of sweet revenge. Not for the Safeguarding and McKenna duties, those violators of the Free Trade sanctuary, would there be any happy despatch. For them the boiling oil, the melted lead or anything else sufficiently lingering.

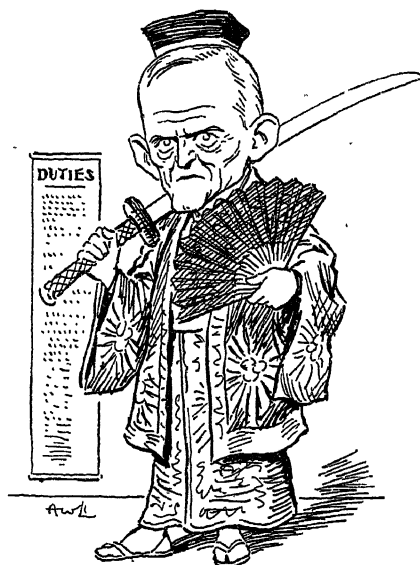
It is true that Mr. AMERY's observations might have done something to warm up the summer of Mr. SNOWDEN's splenetic content. On the other hand there should have been further food for satisfaction in Mr. AMERY's difference of opinion with Mr. SNOWDEN's political *bête noire*, Mr. CHURCHILL. For Mr. AMERY would not have it that the floor is wider than the gangway, believing rather that Labour (purged of course of its Liberal impurities) and Capital may ultimately be smelted together into a fine metal of Imperial prosperity—a consummation, however, that would leave Mr. SNOWDEN as full of disgust as Mr. CHURCHILL of surprise.

Major TRYON twitted the Government with departing from its principles to the point of threatening to stabilise agricultural prices. It was no new idea, because the EMPEROR DIOCLETIAN had tried it. He had attempted to fix the price of meat, vegetables, schoolmasters, orators and beer. The experiment was a failure.

Responding to Major TRYON's satirical vein, Captain BENN said that the Conservatives, with their "incurable sloppiness of thought," first pleaded for the boring of a Channel Tunnel and then stuffed the Channel up with an anti-French tariff. The Government proposed to get the country out of the Balkan mind engendered by their predecessors and into the paths of economic sanity. A well-delivered if not very convincing climax to an otherwise bald and unconvincing debate.

Wednesday, July 10th.—A rose by any name may smell as sweet, but there will never be the magic in the name of Lord BRENTFORD that there was in the less resounding but unforgettable name of JIX. However, Viscount BRENTFORD

he has become and as such he took his seat among his peers to-day, chaperoned by Lords HAILSHAM and BYNG, the presence of the latter being doubtless



THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER ANNOUNCES THAT HE HAS "GOT A LITTLE LIST."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

due to the possibility that at the last moment the spouse of Dora and the champion of austere Protestantism might not "go quietly." With him went Lord LUKE, appropriately intro-



A SERMON IN STONE.

DESIGN FOR STATUE OF MR. T. P. O'CONNOR IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

[A Testimonial is to be presented on the Terrace this week to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, the Father of the House, in recognition of his long public and political services.]

duced by Lord ST. JOHN and (in the regrettable absence of Lords Matthew and Mark) Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.

Colonel WEDGWOOD had another chance of trotting out his new bogey—that in order to get the French to join us in evacuating the Rhineland we are letting them wring concessions out of us in respect of the reparations settlement. Mr. HENDERSON endeavoured to reassure him; but reassuring Colonel WEDGWOOD is never an easy matter. A Question about the slaughter of big game from motor-cars in East Africa caused him to intimate darkly that, as RUPERT BROOKE would have put it,

Things are done you'd not believe
In Tanganyika on Christmas Eve

and at other times, but what the dark deeds are and who the doers we did not learn.

Mr. PONSONBY made the rather important statement that, if recent circumstances (meaning the new U.S. tariff) made it desirable to have an Imperial Conference before next year, the Government would gladly participate—a message of hope for the Imperial Crusaders of Shoe Lane.

It must have been galling for the Socialist Ginger Group to sit idly by while a gloomy and rather futile debate on the Liberal Amendment about Scottish Local Government ate up the precious hours devoted to the concluding stages of the debate on the Address. Their own Amendment (calling for three pounds a week for everybody, or something of that nature) would have admittedly caused a livelier stir. But perhaps they were satisfied with it as a gesture.

In the face of such doughty opponents as Mr. T. JOHNSTON, the Under-Secretary for Scotland but a debater of more than under-secretarian capacity, the Duchess of ATHOLL, Major ELLIOT, Mr. IAN MACPHERSON and the others, who contended that Scotland should stand where she did in the matter of local government, made little headway.

The Wonders of Erin.

"There was the most extraordinary old church in the country, the ancient St. John's church, with a roof and no walls; if the windows were re-opened where would be the walls."

Irish Paper.

Where indeed? Nor is it very easy to make out where the roof is at present.

"HUSH-HUSH AT SOCIALIST MEETINGS.

MR. SHINWELL KEEPS THE PRESS OUT."

Daily Paper.

No wonder.

"An amazingly gripping story of ten men lost in the desert."

Cinema report in Kentish Paper.

We too know what it is to be at grips with a ferocious water-melon.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE SOCIETY OF MUSICAL CONDUCTORS ENJOYING A LITTLE AFTER-DINNER RELAXATION.

EGOLOMANIA.

A NICE LETTER TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD,—At the moment the Government can do no wrong, and far be it from me to embarrass the one righteous man in a rotten world. But somebody must save you from yourself or we shall have another of these tiresome Elections; and, since your friends appear to have no influence over you, the thankless task devolves on the "Capitalist Press." Some would say it was "fair-play" to leave you alone; but it is obviously fairer to reason with a suicide. The fate of certain Gadarene animals might have been quite different if some kind person had chivvied them up the hill.

Well, it was egomania which, more than anything, contrived your ruin in 1924, and egomania, I am beginning to fear, will do for you again. I have read most of your speeches since you reluctantly assumed the odious reins of office. Good stuff in many of them, but many of them painfully suggestive of the utterances of a stained-glass window. The setting sun is behind it and you stand in a sentimental welter of treacly yellows and syrupy purples, like one of those saints or bishops who hold a large cathedral in their hands, murmuring meekly, "Alone I did it."

To come to details, it would be a relief to the reader if you could more

often construct a sentence without dragging in your "heart" or your "soul." Many a good man wears his heart upon his sleeve, but yours is always tumbling on your tongue, giving to me at least the uncomfortable impression of a man who speaks with his mouth full. When you had to welcome your ATTORNEY-GENERAL, on his leaving a Party of which he had been for many years a Member without any sign of being disgusted with it, you could not even do that without expressing the hope that the society of you and your colleagues would bring him "comfort of soul." One seemed to see the childless woman inserting the comforter between the innocent lips of her adopted baby—a pretty picture but one a little out of keeping with the occasion. I don't know why it is—when other people "pour out their heart" it is very often like a glass of fine wine for the rest of us; but when you pour out yours it is like one of those sticky coloured liquids consumed by the French and falsely called "cordials." So try to throw off this habit of speech; and when you have to make some simple announcement such as "We propose to amend the Public Sewers Act," do not tell us instead that "your heart is aching for the people's drains."

All this heart-stuff would be more convincing if you bubbled over with Christian generosity towards your opponents. You began by inviting the

House of Commons to regard itself as a Council of State—no horrid party-sneering, but jolly good fellows all working together. Yet only a few days later, addressing five thousand women at Durham, you said:—

"You turned out the old Government, and you have no idea of the old furniture, the rotten wall-paper, the corners that have not been cleaned, and the paint faded and blistered, that they have left behind them . . . If you go up to the offices in Whitehall this week you will hear, as it were, the hum of engines that are driving those offices into action."

What you meant, no doubt, was "We are new brooms, beginning our sweep with the proverbial vigour." Was it necessary to suggest instead that the Departments of State, inactive for five years, have at last begun to function in the last few weeks? Again, a number of statesmen have been studying the problems of disarmament and world-peace for a good many years; it remained for you to settle the whole thing in a single lunch with an Ambassador. That is an erroneous impression, no doubt, but for that sort of error you have only yourself to blame.

And, you see (or rather you don't see), all these big indigestible words will so soon be rising up and choking you. Look again at what you said to the women of Durham:—

"We have been baffled already; I admit it, but we are still at work."

"What was right away in my heart" (O, that heart!) "that day after the Election—I wanted the very first piece of legislation done

by the new Government to be a bit of legislation dealing with widows' pensions.

"I said to my colleagues when we were gathered together, 'Do let us have our first Bill a Bill that will include those widows who hoped to have pensions but have not.' I am sorry; I am baffled.

"We looked into it, we did our best and found the time was too short. Ah! But, my friends, it is coming quickly."—*Sunday Times*.

That, I maintain, is a really comical piece of prose, though there are better things still in the speech. "Baffled!" Baffled already after four weeks in office! Well, no one blames you for that. But I don't remember that there was anything baffling about the pensions of widows or any other matter while the heartless Mr. BALDWIN was in your place. No, no, that would be one of "the corners that have not been cleaned."

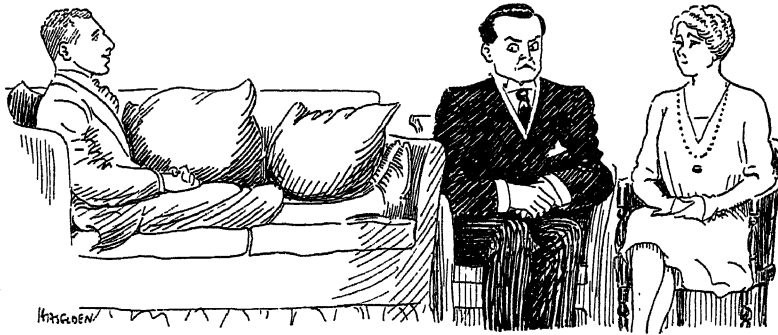
It is really astonishing that a man should so soon begin to dissipate the goodwill with which he was ushered into office by talking such terrible nonsense as you do. "I have got to be at my old desk this evening," you told the startled women of Durham, "and I have a great deal of work to do before I go to bed." Astonishing! The PRIME MINISTER at work in the evening! This can never have happened before. "I tell you perfectly frankly that I can do three times more work when the House of Commons is not sitting than I can do when it is. . . .

I will go away South now to look at papers, problems, difficulties. I have been thinking about obstacles and obstacles in the last three weeks, created as though by the very devil himself."

"I . . . I . . . I . . ." There have been no workers and no thinkers before RAMSAY MACDONALD. Atlas, supporting the skies on his shoulders, did not feel his position so acutely and was not more conscious of his indispensability. Yet RAMSAY MACDONALD will pass, the skies will remain comfortably supporting themselves, and the British race will, I think, ungratefully survive. He will pass, I fear, as he passed before, not so much for the things he does as the things he says, and not so much for the things he says as for the strange way he says them. You are one of many who have a genius for saying the right thing in the wrong way. Unfortunately, if a clock insists on striking two at three o'clock, this is always remembered against it, no matter how correctly its hands tell the time.

And one more thing. Try to be less catty to the "Capitalist Press." It has been explained to you before in these Capitalist columns that no one in the world has so much cause to be grateful to the "Capitalist Press" as you. Your Party would be in a poor way if it had to rely on its own curious little organ to propagate your opinions and make familiar to the public the not always exciting features of your colleagues. You would not be where you are to-day if you had had to rely on the Socialist Press. With all its faults the Capitalist Press is the Press of the people, and on the whole it has given you a fairer treatment than it has ever had from you. The worst thing it does to you is to report your speeches verbatim.

Mr. CHURCHILL said the other day that you would be swept away when you began to put Socialism into prac-



STRAIGHT TALK BETWEEN A SON AND DIVORCED FATHER.

Ninian Fraser	MR. ROBERT ANDREWS.
James Fraser	MR. HENRY AINLEY.
Janet Fraser	MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

tice. You are far more likely to be swept away on a wave of human irritation when the majority of the House of Commons decides that it cannot stand any more unctuous lectures and is tired of being called brother to its face and brute behind its back. If only you could persuade Mr. BALDWIN to prepare your speeches you might remain in office for ever. So please be warned in time and choose your words. People in stained-glass windows *never* throw stones. A. P. H.

A New Way of Passing Sultry Afternoons.

"YACHT CAPSIZES.

Captain and Mrs. — and the children kept wonderfully cool in the water."

Portsmouth Paper.

"SCHOOLS IN 1979.

A Head Mistress's Vision.

The Thirty-Acre Playing Field."

Headlines in Sunday Paper.

Smith Minor assures us however that it can be done quite well enough in a much more confined space.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FIRST MRS. FRASER"

(THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET).

THE pleasure of seeing Mr. HENRY AINLEY and Miss MARIE TEMPEST again would have reconciled the least enthusiastic theatre-goer to a very mediocre play. But Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE has provided a comedy of genuine sentiment as a setting for this reminder that we still have actors and actresses worthy of the Comic Muse (whose name I never can recall).

The First Mrs. Fraser—a pleasantly challenging title—is, if you like to say so, a homily on modern divorce, and it certainly enables the author to make full use of that range of jokes about divorce with which we have been long familiar. But it also embodies a world-old romance and tells the tale of true long-parted lovers joined again in the evening of their days without the heroic accompaniments of tapestry, armour or the Irish Sea. Not in divorce courts is a love founded on real understanding and sympathy, such as that between Mr. and Mrs. James Fraser, altered in the breast. I wish the First and Third Acts were as good as the Second, where some fine comedy ends in a surprising and really admirable curtain.

Mr. James Fraser seems to have been a

Scottish gentleman who had prospered in business and after twenty years of married life had been captivated by the youthful charms of a selfish little flirt. Five years with this lady were as much as he could stand; and, indeed, so lavishly has the author underlined the worthlessness and vulgarity of the siren's character that five minutes would have been more than enough for some of us. I do not really know why *Elsie* should have been as terrible as that. But I do know that Miss URSULA JEANS interpreted the part with a resolute fidelity that was wholly to be admired. Anyhow, after five years we find Mr. Fraser coming back to the first Mrs. Fraser for confidential advice on the subject of a second divorce, and the second Mrs. Fraser also turning for counsel to the same fount of wisdom and kindness. James does not want to be the guilty party in a second suit, nor does *Elsie*, the siren, who intends to make a better marriage with the heir to a marquise, although

her real affections are centred on someone else, a professional dancer not in the cast. The game is thus in the first *Mrs. Fraser's* hands. She has two sons—one, an Oxford undergraduate, entirely on the side of his mother; the other, married, and feeling convinced that for the sake of respectability and happiness all round his parents ought to be united again. She also has a faithful friend who has always adored her only a little less than he adores trout-fishing, and can be used to play Providence if desired.

By adroit management, then, and the lucky chance that *Elsie* has committed an indiscretion with her dancer at the very inn where *Philip Logan*, the adoring one, has been staying in hope of trout, the first *Mrs. Fraser* contrives to outwit *Elsie* and send her flying to Paris with her prospective peer lest a worse thing should befall. It is bluff really. It is also a little like blackmail, but blackmail in a cause which commends itself to the audience, since the other parties concerned are contemptible, and we all from the beginning, like *Murdo*, their elder son, consider that *Mr. and Mrs. Fraser* simply must be brought together again.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY as *James Fraser* is selfish with the appealing selfishness of a man who perpetually gives his selfishness away in words. Tenderly selfish, for *Mr. James Fraser* is of course a Scot. An easy part, perhaps, but with every modulation of the voice it was triumphantly played. *Miss MARIE TEMPEST*, behind the brisk self-sufficient humour with which she is facing, and enjoying, her bereaved existence, shows—and there is the real art—at all times how much she cares for *James*.

I said at the beginning that the play was in some sort a moral homily on modern divorce, and I am justified by the fact that *Miss MARIE TEMPEST* has to utter in one place a tirade against *Elsie* in which she condemns her as an example of contemporary youth which, taking no thought for the morrow, pursues nothing but momentary desire. Philosophically, if not from a spectacular point of

view, the argument would have been better if *Elsie* had not been such a devastatingly inferior person, making up cheap sneers and her face at the

she was genuinely fond, she was only "one of a crowd." Yet I doubt whether *Mr. James Fraser*, with his business ability and Scots common-sense, would for all his vanity have pursued such a marsh-fire for so long.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST is left at the end with a pearl necklace, not, as the rest of the family suppose, sent to her by the devoted trout-fisher, but the first present of his second courting from the half-humbled *James*.

The minor parts are quite adequately played. The whole action of the play (surprising unity!) occurs in the first *Mrs. Fraser's* *Knightsbridge* flat, a *mise en scène* which can scarcely have taxed *Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND's* inventive powers to the full. He gave the room a large and well-stocked bookcase, however, no doubt indicating literature as one of the minor consolations of sundered souls.

I would like in conclusion to ask admirers of the talkie film whether they ever expect to hear finished comedy acting like this, in which the slightest vocal inflection counts for so much, even passably reproduced on the megaphonic stage. **EVON.**

The Father of Parliaments.

"There were handshakes from all parties, and to *Mr. Devlin* it was like a homecoming, for he sat as a Nationalist member for various Irish seats from 1902 to 1922."

Daily Paper.

This puts T. P. in his perambulator.

"H. G. Owen-Smith, the South African, is reported to have 'carried his bath.'"—*Scots Paper.*
It is of course more usual to give such impediments to the umpire to hold.

"Sir William Joynson-Hicks was introduced into the House of Lords as Viscount Brentford, and took the oath and his seat. His sponsors were Viscount Byng and Discount Hailsham."

Provincial Paper.

We had always regarded Lord HAILSHAM as being well above par.

"Before passing, however, attention should be drawn to a remarkable collection of local beetles—modestly encased in drawers, but really one of the wonders of the exhibition."

From report in Aberdeen Paper of the Regional Exhibition which is being held in that city.

We should have thought that a true Aberdeen beetle would have worn a kilt.

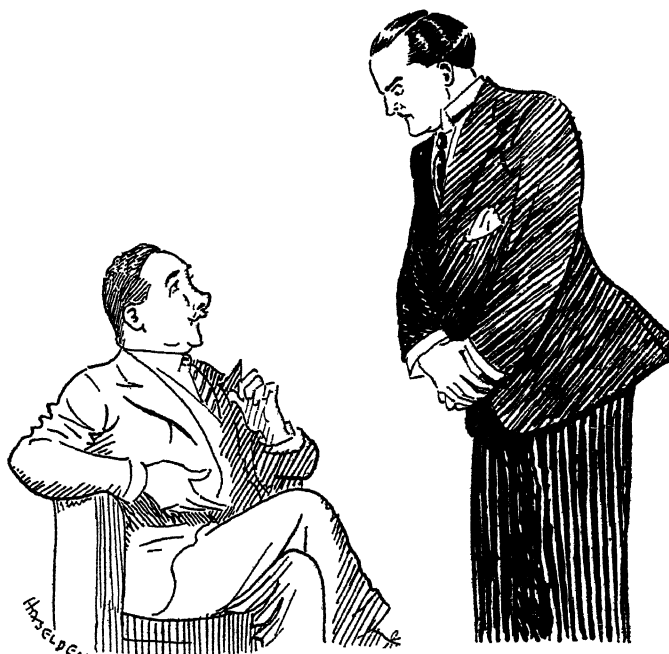


STRAIGHT TALK BETWEEN SECOND WIFE
AND FIRST.

Elsie Fraser *Miss URSULA JEANS.*
Janet Fraser *Miss MARIE TEMPEST.*

same time. The defences of the vamp, I kept telling myself, are not so easily pierced, nor is *Astarte* so lightly overthrown. But there was one touch of tragedy in *Elsie's* part, for it turned out that to *Mario*, the dancer, of whom

passably reproduced on the megaphonic stage.



STRAIGHT TALK BETWEEN ADORER AND DIVORCED
HUSBAND OF THE SAME LADY.

Philip Logan *Mr. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.*
James Fraser *Mr. HENRY AINLEY.*

AT THE PICTURES.

A FASCINATING MOVIE.

A RECENT mixed programme at the Plaza—movie and talkie—made it possible to compare the old order and the new and behave accordingly, and it gratifies me to be able to report that it was the speaking variety rather than the silent which caused a near neighbour of mine to instal the Snories.

The silent picture, called *Redskin*, gave me extraordinary pleasure, not only by its merits as a story, but because it brought back the ancient serenity; because with it was an accompaniment by a human orchestra of exceptionally well-chosen music; and because most of the pictures are in colour, the result of some new and adroit



MAKING MOLE-HILLS OF MOUNTAINS.

Wing Foot (Mr. RICHARD DIX) RACES RIVALS IN CAR TO RECORD OIL-CLAIM.

photographic process. Whether this camera is as sensitive to all tints as to red and orange I cannot say, but red and orange are the prevailing hues in the clothing of the two Indian tribes among whom the pictures were taken, and some of the effects are gloriously rich. Blue too is to be seen now and then, notably in the sky above a rocky range over which a company of Pueblo horse-men gallop, a scene momentary in length but lasting in the memory. Never had I suspected that Arizona was so Oriental. Some producer should look into the narrative poems of JOAQUIN MILLER for further romantic material for this invention.

Redskin tells the story of *Wing Foot*, a Navajo boy, who is taken from the reserve to be educated by Uncle Sam and made into an American, and *Corn Blossom*, a Pueblo, who is subjected at

the same mixed school to similar treatment. What are the usual results of these methods I have no notion, but for



A BLONDE VAMP OF THE DARKEST DYE.

Countess Sonia Barondoff . . . BACLANOVA.

the purposes of the film it is essential that both pupils should revert to type. The story, however, is less than the background, which is terribly impressive in its gigantic ruggedness. All the old lull comes back as one watches these scenes melt into each other to sympathetic melodies.

Wing Foot's boyhood being over, we see



TRUE LOVE.

"Dum-Dum" Brooks (Mr. RICHARD ARLEN). "I'M SICK OF BAG-PUNCHING. I'M CRAZY TO GIVE SOMEONE A SOCK IN THE JAW."

Celia Fields (Miss MARY BRIAN). "DARLING, HIT ME."

him as an adult graduate impersonated by RICHARD DIX, whose acting could not be better, nor could he look more like the noble red man even had he been

born in a wigwam. According to reports his conscientiousness in preparing for this character equalled that of the famous performer who, in order to play *Othello*, blacked himself all over; for Mr. Dix has been subjecting his body to sun-baths for weeks and weeks. Happy man! The means justifies the end, for a warmer tint I never saw on the skin of poor white trash. His soul-mate, *Corn Blossom*, is also very well portrayed by Miss GLADYS BELMONT.

From the wide, open but peaceful spaces of *Redskin* we passed to the stridencies and clatter of *The Man I Love*, a talkie of talkies, much of the action of which has place in the boxing-arena of the Madison Square Gardens, full of strong noisy men. Here we see RICHARD ARLEN as "*Dum-Dum*" Brooks, a prize-fighter (not so called



TRUE LOVE'S GLAD NEWS.

from any resemblance to Mr. Punch's poet, but because his punch is like a shell); MARY BRIAN, as his devoted, long-suffering and too-forgiving wife; BACLANOVA, as an imperious and far too rapidly-successful vampire; and last, and to me far from least, HARRY GREEN as *Dum-Dum's* manager. After the harsh dissonances of Mr. ARLEN it was a joy to hear again the sweet reasonableness of the tones in which this most ingratiating of Jewish comedians puts his arguments, and one resented every punch on the boxer's dummy by which his remarks were too often made inaudible. In fact it is a defect of this film that it tries to compass at once two things that are irreconcilable: speech and noisy movement. Hence, no doubt, the Snories, to which I have referred.

On the occasion of my visit to the



Prohibitionist. "THIS AIR IS LIKE—ER—GINGER-WINE!"

Plaza we were played-in, so to speak, by a brief talkie which I suppose has been heard all over the country: the PRIME MINISTER, comfortable in an arm-chair, outlining with a Northern burr his plans for the more or less immediate regeneration of the country and mankind. From his assurance and complacency every hearer should take heart. It was straight from the Lossie's mouth. E. V. L.

A Pre-Natal Record.

"Miss Bennett's conqueror was Mrs. Bundy, who won the championship before she was born."—*Lawn Tennis Paper*.

"A CHAT WITH CONNIE EDISS.

She was born in Brighton when she was quite a tiny tot."—*Eastbourne Paper*.

How different from Pallas Athene!

"Barking Baptists broke the Southend charabanc record yesterday, their Women's Association, 1,700 strong, invading the town in 70 charabancs."—*Daily Paper*.

It is to be hoped that the Tooting Baptists will not take this lying down.

"FARMERS' UNION.

The dissatisfaction felt at the amount of the levy was referred to by the Chairman, who said that out of every subscription of £1 a year 51/- had to be sent away to centres."

New Zealand Paper.

Even when we remember that these are farmers, the complaint seems justified.

LORD'S.

AUGUST enclosure in St. John's Wood Road,

Where Willow, peerless Willow, reigns indeed

Unchallenged monarch of the well-trimmed mead,

Cricket's stout citadel and famed abode, Ground of immortal memories of great men

And deeds historic that my artless pen Lacks virtue to record,

Much treasured piece of earth, most noble sward,

Fain would I visit you and tarry long!
(*Umpires, call softly till I end my song!*)

Where your austere pavilion fronts the lea

Dwells one who may most honourably claim

To be the chosen handmaid of the game,

The Secretary of the M.C.C.; There too the wise Committee sits in state

And venerable elders congregate To grieve in whispered pow-wows

That cricket's going headlong to the bow-wows

Now youth plays golf or tennis or ping-pong.

(*Umpires, call softly till I end my song!*)

Oft to this green delectable retreat I like a pilgrim wend by Underground And perch upon that high commodious mound,

Happy to let the fleeting moments fleet, Happy to bask benignly in the sun, Munching a simple sandwich or a bun;

There in serene content I count the idle hours most richly spent, For summer's all too short and winter's long.

(*Umpires, call softly till I end my song!*)

Old Trafford has its glories, Trent Bridge too,

Melbourne and Sydney share illustrious fame,

And many a fair field boasts an honoured name,

But one and all they yield the palm to you;

Here stands the old headquarters, here's the hub,

The home and habitation of The Club, Where, without raising smiles,

Men still may watch the game in shiny tiles

And sit in grave black-coats a whole day long.

(*Umpires, call "Over" now I end my song!*)

C. L. M.

"TUMBLER SENT TO SCOTLAND YARD."

Daily Paper.

Nothing is said of its contents.

ADAMANT.

"AND I feel," said the doctor, "we must exercise a little self-denial."

The patient started.

"I am not one suddenly to break old habits," said the doctor, "but there are occasions when poisoning can be definitely traced and must be avoided. Were you in a condition to take active exercise it would be all right, of course, but lying here, as you must for a while, with, so to speak, no safety-valve, I fear that—well, as I said, there is nothing for it but a little self-denial. Mortification of the flesh, eh?"

"You mean," said the patient anxiously, "I must cut out . . . ?"

"I'm afraid so," said the doctor. "Champagne certainly, and—yes—I'm afraid everything else too. In short, for a while, all alcohol."

"All?" the patient gasped.

"For a while, yes," said the doctor.

"You don't think the shock will be harmful?" the patient asked.

"No," said the doctor. "No. If I did I should act differently."

"A system accustomed to wine and spirits," said the patient, "won't it resent this deprivation?"

"No doubt," said the doctor. "But only for a brief time. We can get used to anything. Supposing, for instance, you were on a desert island."

"I have no intention of visiting one," said the patient.

"Or the country became 'dry,'" said the doctor.

"I shall provide against that," said the patient. "You are making life very difficult, very unattractive to me."

"It is our melancholy destiny too often to do that," said the doctor. "The physician's lot is by no means a happy one. I am sorry," he went on, rising from his chair, "but if you remain under my care you must comply. For a while nothing of the kind."

The patient sighed. "You are adamant," he remarked.

"Adamant," said the doctor, not a little pleased with the word.

"And you promise me," the patient continued, "a speedy and complete recovery if I agree?"

"Absolutely," said the doctor. "Unless, of course," he interposed quickly, "there are any unforeseen complications."

The patient sighed again. "Very well," he said. "But," he added, looking at his watch—"you are under no such embargo. You are strong and well and can gratify any appetite. It is just eleven, an hour when refreshment is often taken. Won't you have a biscuit and a pint of champagne? Yes?"

The doctor, concealing his alacrity,

resumed his seat with the air of one persuaded against his will. "You are very kind," he said.

The patient rang the bell for his butler.

"William," he said, "bring a pint of the '11, some biscuits and one glass."

"You are very kind," said the doctor again. "As a matter of fact I was feeling a little tired. I was called to a sudden consultation in the night."

The butler returned.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but there are no pints of the '11 left. Only bottles."

"What other pints have we?" asked the patient.

"None," said the butler.

"Dear, dear!" said the patient.

"Then, doctor, you must do your best with a whole one."

"Oh, no," said the doctor, "I couldn't. I should hate to break into a whole bottle. Impossible. A whole bottle alone; no, no. Oh, no!"

"But you are tired," said the patient; "you need it. Bring a bottle of the '11, William."

"No," said the doctor. "I couldn't drink it alone, I couldn't. But of course"—his face brightened—"if you would join me . . . ?"

"I!" exclaimed the patient. "After what you have said?"

"Just this once," said the doctor.

"No harm just this once. And then after that you would begin in earnest."

"Two glasses, William," said the patient. E. V. L.

A Premium on Pessimism.

"Norman William Grigg, of Doveridge Gardens, Palmers Green, was summoned for exceeding the speed limit of 20 miles an hour." *North-London Paper.*

Desperate Expedients.

"Lieutenant A. — has been sentenced to 18 months' rigorous imprisonment and a fine of 1,000 rupees. Lieutenant — is Wpzoifing to the Sessions Judge against the judgment."—*Daily Paper.*

"EVERY WEEK
ships laden with clean plump silky skinned
SULTANAS
the pick of the wonderful new season's crop,
are arriving in Great Britain from
AUSTRALIA."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

How will they vote?

"POLAR (South).
S. March (Lab.) 19,696
E. Heathcote Williams (L.) .. 7,186
Elliot Gorst (C.) 3,532

Lab. maj. .. 12,510"
Calcutta Paper.

Wireless messages from our penguin and seal correspondents in this constituency inform us that "flappers" were at the poll from very early hours.

LYRA LUNATICA.

"THE innocent moon does nothing but shine,"

Wrote FRANCIS THOMPSON, but added a line

Which smacks of contrariety,
Explaining that, while she idly rides,
Her far-flung influence on the tides
Of mother earth, which she draws and

guides,
Admits of no dubiety.

Let Kaisers cry for a place in the sun
Only to find, when their goal is won,

That the guerdon is vain and hollow;
I was not born with a silver spoon
In my mouth, but I crave as the highest

boon
A place in the rays of the silver moon,
Not those of Phœbus Apollo.

Let dogs delight to bark and bay
The moon in that lugubrious way

Which makes the moonlight hideous;
Let cats, outlined against the skies,
With arching backs and fiery eyes,
Utter the devastating cries

Which sicken the too-fastidious;

Let physicists with optics' aid
Tell us of what the moon is made,

I take my stand with MILTON,
Who hailed her Queen. I know she burns
In halcyon months all blue, or turns
To green when the Milky Way she churns
For her special brand of Stilton.

The moon is said to be cold and chaste;
Her landscape is a barren waste;

No heat-waves visit Luna;
Yet I'd rather freeze with her to the bone
Than sit on an active crater's cone,
Or swelter and gasp in a torrid zone,
Or grill in a palace in Poonah.

Mrs. BEETON, who in her book
"Eggs in moonshine" taught us to cook,

Inspires my deep affection;
And a fellow feeling, an intimate bond
Has always made me specially fond
Of the Wiltshire yokels who raked a

pond
To capture the moon's reflection.

Great wits to madness are close allied,
And little ones may be magnified

When they are a trifle looney;
Lovers, whom everyone loves, 'tis said,
Though stout of heart are weak in the

head,
And their happiest time is, when they
are wed,

In the month that is honey-moony.

I'm only a doggerel-rhyming cuss,
Not a Hound of Heaven or a Sirius,

But a sedulous jog-trot spaniel
Who, in lauding the Queen of the sable
Night,

Follows afar with a taper's light
SIDNEY and KEATS in their meteor flight
And dares to emulate DANIEL.



SIR DENISON ROSS.

*By fishy streams this genius (or jinn) goes
Charming his prey with Oriental lingos—
Araby's songs and OMAR'S soft appeal—
Until the fat trout leap into his creel.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XCIX.



First Golfer. "IT'S PRETTY HOPELESS LOOKING FOR A BALL IN THAT PATCH. I'M AFRAID YOU 'LL HAVE TO DROP ONE OVER YOUR SHOULDER."

Second Ditto. "I HAVE. THAT'S THE ONE I'M NOW LOOKING FOR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the oddest things about our modern poets is their striving to adapt the art of poetry to the futility of their lives, instead of endeavouring to attune their lives to the ideals of poetry. If only for enlarging on this phenomenon in a fashion sympathetic and courteous to post-War youth, the lectures delivered by Professor H. W. GARROD during his five years' tenure of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford would be welcome trophies of a different campaign. But while conceding, with the reluctance becoming to scholarship, a certain amount of notice to Oxford's preoccupation with novelties, Professor GARROD never forgets that his object is to perpetuate beauty rather than to undermine ugliness. The trouble with the age, as he sees it, is not the things that jar on its potential poets but the things that do not. "Each day there happen to all of us and to the world things that the soul does not need." What the soul has immemorably needed for song he suggests with exquisite clarity in three articles: in his inaugural lecture, *The Profession of Poetry* (CLARENDON PRESS), in "Poets and Philosophers," and in a critique of the Abbé BRÉMOND's *Pure Poetry*. Among fourteen other articles—less profound, perhaps, but all delightful—I especially commend his admirably fresh and re-creative "Byron." His estimate of "Mr. Humbert Wolfe" carries him, I think, nearest the bull's-eye with the moderns. His "Rupert Brooke" I consider over-laudatory, and his "Mr. A. E. Housman" unduly depreciative of "false pastoralism."

After all, even BARNES recast his Dorset to his heart's desire, keeping his feet well among the buttercups and off the macadam. For literature, as the lecturer admits elsewhere, does what life does not; that it continues to do so is largely due to such champions as himself.

In telling the story of a life that was essentially complete before half its years were spent, Miss ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE has faced inevitable anti-climax. Many later chapters of *The Life of Lady Byron* (CONSTABLE) are occupied with agonised self-analysis and after-reflection and with the history of self-sacrificing attempts to preserve some sort of seemly order among BYRON's unspeakable connections left in her charge; but at the end, though the evidence is more complete, though the slanders, blackmailings and bottomless ingratitude have all been stoically lived through and the minor issues have dragged themselves out in a selfish sordidness that is Byronic in all but the leaven of genius, our understanding of the central problem is hardly more perfect than it was when we saw ANNABELLA in uncontrollable grief at the news of BYRON's death. Throughout the story of the early refusal, the half-hearted engagement, the supercilious marriage and the shattering disclosure in the very wedding-carriage of the bridegroom's hatred for the bride, Miss MAYNE's interpretation of documents now for the first time available is so subtle in intuition that, even if that compound of insanity, brilliance and sheer illimitable caddishness that was BYRON may never come within the compass of ordinary decent understanding, yet ANNABELLA

is not only exonerated, but understood as probably her mother understood her. A little bit dowdy, undoubtedly a little bit priggish, but strong and loving and eminently sane, it was perhaps the best part of her strength that she cared not over-much what was thought of herself, and very greatly for the reputation of the man who tormented her. This book was certainly needed in the interests of fair play, but it is by no means as certain that the heroine herself would have wished it written.

Hoopla, the publishers maintain, Succinctly, is a lark;
And those who know that joyous bird
Will feel that Messrs. CHATTO's word
Exactly hits the mark;
For CROSBIE GARSTIN's playful vein
Presents a bright young peer
Who larks about with huge success
And seems as full of larkishness
As any lark you 'll hear.

But larks, like any buoyant thing,
Have intervals of rest,
And as the season creeps along
A languor taints their bursts of song
And robs them of their best.
So here with each successive fling
Our hero's spirits lapse,
Until, though he is always game,
He closes very much the same
As ordinary chaps.

The twelfth volume of *Shelburne Essays* by Dr. PAUL ELMER MORE, of Princeton University, is largely occupied with the discrepant outlooks of the old and the new criticism. Or rather, since Dr. MORE himself is precise in the matter, of the traditional school to which he himself belongs and the irresponsible eruptions we associate with the contemporaries of Mr. MENCKEN. In his titular paper, *The Demon of the Absolute* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS), the learned author defends his own standards and complains of their absence among "those who seek for liberty by submitting the mind to things." His "demon" is Nature on the throne of Omnipotence, the demon's followers those who see flux where the writer sees unity. The quarrel, of course, is an old one, and, though I am inclined to be of Dr. MORE's opinion in the matter, I do not always see eye to eye in his handling of it. He is recklessly exclusive, dismissing such admirable allies as the scholastics with a scorn as costly as it is undeserved. And I find him insensitive to personal merits where he dislikes the school; his treatment of JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, for instance, in a most interesting paper on "Modern Currents in American Literature," is hardly adequate to the obvious, if unequal, merits of the author of *Quiet Cities*. Yet all the essays, particularly those on TROLLOPE, BORROW and HENRY VAUGHAN, have their passages of happy meditation and suggestive comment. If Dr. MORE could only establish his dictum that what is not read in the original is properly speaking not read at all, how much critical and uncritical pretence would vanish from among our



HOW BATTLING BULLSEYE LEARNED THE FAMOUS LIGHTNING CROUCH WHICH MADE HIM THE FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION OF WESSEX.

moderns! But we should have, I fear, to forgo in the name of consistency the charming little rendering from the *Mahābhārata* with which his volume closes.

One of Those Ways (HEINEMANN) may, I suppose, be accounted a reasonably good thriller, but Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES has written many better ones. *Angel Graham*, a widow of twenty-six, having lost all her money in England, accepts a post abroad as companion to *Princess Lola*, who lives on the Riviera. She is engaged for the post by the *Princess's* cousin, *Prince Oranovsky*, who takes her all the way from London to the *Princess's* villa in his own car, changing his name three times during the journey without apparently causing the lady any bewilderment. It is of course obvious to the reader that she is in the hands of a gang of crooks; but it seems hardly possible to believe that *Angel Graham's* apparent ignorance of the position is real. For instance, when she arrives at the villa, she notices a manservant with

a terrible scar on his forehead. The *Prince* grips her violently by the wrist and makes her swear that she will never let anyone know she has seen that man in the house. Some days later there is a great jewel robbery, and from the description of the thief *Angel* immediately identifies him with the *Prince's* manservant. This incident, which would have sent any decent woman home to England, merely caused a momentary disturbance, and by the following day *Angel* was "companioning" away again as serenely as though she were on the front at Scarborough. The later part of the book, in which the French police begin to get on the scent, is exciting enough, and the final scene, in which *Angel's* lordly English lover, who has flown over from England, also takes a part, is all that can be desired. The blurb on the jacket invites me to regard *Angel Graham* as the most delightful young widow of fiction. I should be sorry to have to place her in the first hundred.

How an Indian student at Oxford failed to enter the society of his white-skinned Aryan brothers and fell back

for support upon the company of his landlady's niece; how the said niece, *Milly*, developed for the exile an affection which ended in an engagement, a scene and an inevitable expulsion; how *Milly* followed her fiancé to his ancestral home in Northern India—all this is set forth with much realistic detail by JOHN EYTON in *Mr. Ram* (ARROWSMITH). The author chooses to view the world chiefly through the eyes of the unsophisticated *Milly*, a device which serves him well at the start but cannot be maintained consistently throughout the

bulk of the book. For, though *Milly* stands solidly for sweetness and light, she is incapable of perceiving, without a nudge from the author, the finer shades of significance. Between the contrasted civilisations the balance is held with a more than judicial equity. Though propaganda is not allowed to deflect the course of the tale, the extremists on both sides are ticked off with considerable vigour. It is a very old story and often, as our Sunday newspapers testify, a very sordid story, but here the protagonists are treated with delicacy and sympathy. Towards the end, when the reader reaches the description of the Indian diorama as it unrolls itself before the newcomer, he is content to lose sight of *Mr. Ram* and the problems which he personifies in sheer enjoyment of the author's skill. As the hero of this novel, or *Babu Jabberjee*, would perhaps have phrased it, "This is the, of course, Pure Simon depiction of vernacular scenery."

Our young men are just beginning to see the War years in perspective, and as a result our shelves show signs of collapse. For this reason one hesitates to say about a book that it is really good; such praise one may be called upon to use so often during the next few years that it will become meaningless. All the same it seems to me that *On The*

Anvil (BENN) is a book which may well rank as a war classic, for it presents the whole sorry business from a fresh angle. It has none of the splendid brutality of *All Quiet On The Western Front*, or *Sergeant Grischa*. It opens quietly in South America with a magnificently-written account of a boy's childhood. His English parents dying, he is brought up by his grandfather, a retired Prussian general, whose zest for his profession has blossomed into the mellow humanity of old age. When the War comes *Tim* joins the English; his two cousins join the Germans; and the delightful old grandfather writes impartially to all three of them. *Tim* goes East. In a café one night his gasp of recognition is the undoing of one of his cousins who is spying and is taken away and shot. The War leaves him at twenty-three hardened, broken, a middle-aged and cynical boy. Marriage saves him. L. I. CRAWFORD gets his effects in the most unmodern way by a kind of dry warmth which reminded me in places of THACKERAY. He is such a good writer and so skilled in domestic description that I look forward keenly to the day when he will write a peacetime novel.



"SO YOUR FOUNTAIN-PEN LEAKED, SIR? WELL, LET ME FIX YOU UP WITH A RUBBER-LINED POCKET WHICH YOU CAN USE AS AN INK POT WITH AN ORDINARY PEN."

Willow and Cypress (LONGMANS) will, because of its sadness, linger in my memory. In Miss CATHERINE VERSCHOYLE's story, as the title suggests, are tears and tragedy. *Bridget Wentworth*, the only child of land-owning parents, suffered from suppression in her girlhood. Mrs. Wentworth, too eager to possess her daughter's entire love, was severely jealous of any other influence. Mr. Wentworth scarcely counted. Ill-equipped to gauge any man, *Bridget* was unfortunate enough to meet young *Simon Luttrell*,

a skilled musician and also a decadent of poisonous type. Disappointed in his pursuit of one girl he fell back upon *Bridget*, and she, for reasons which I confess that I do not entirely understand, consented to marry him. The War, which was responsible for their hurried wedding, separated her from *Simon*, and that same War ought, I think, to have been the cause of his death. He wanted killing. Instead he lived and was unfaithful to *Bridget*. A tragic story, but remarkable for its keen observation and sincerity.

In *Eileen of the Trees* (CASSELL), I do not think that Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has over-taxed his imagination; but, if you have a taste for a guileless story in which a chivalrous youth befriends an unhappy servant-girl and boldly rescues her from slavery, here is just the novel for you. *Patrick Spence* was a delightful youth, impetuous and generous-minded, who could be led but not driven. So, after he had yielded to a spasm of chivalry, rescued *Eileen* from a mean London street and whisked her off to the neighbourhood of his own home, his august relations would have been wiser had they treated this episode with more humour than anger. Unhappily *Pat's* guardian, *Lord Trevesa*, had not a grain of fun in his composition. An old-fashioned tale, easy and pleasant to read.

CHARIVARIA.

THOSE who have seen a published photograph of Mr. G. B. SHAW passing a Whitehall sentry in the course of an early-morning walk will have noted with admiration that the well-disciplined soldier showed no sign of being aware that anything out of the ordinary was happening.

Up to the time of going to press we have no confirmation of the rumour that a man in the Isle of Wight has grown a gooseberry so big that he cannot get it into the newspapers.

The Gay Lord Jix says that from the pedestrian's point of view, the motor-cycle's bark is worse than its bite. Another thing in its favour is that it never tries to bury its victim's bones in the garden.

It is said that popular songs reach Russia years after they are forgotten in England. The trouble is that they don't go to Russia first and stay there.

A weekly paper mentions that the tortoise does not eat slugs. At the same time we think it would be wise to let slugs go on thinking that he does.

According to a sporting writer, certain county captains are severe disciplinarians; but of course, they sometimes find it necessary to check a tendency to regard cricket as a game.

Because it would cost an extra fifty shillings Chalfont Council deleted the word "please" from a "Drive slowly" notice. So much for the belief that politeness costs nothing.

With reference to the announcement that the speeding-up of Underground train services brings Ealing three minutes nearer to Earl's Court, the feeling in Earl's Court is that the gulf which divides them is not to be stated in terms of time or space.

The Convention which has just been ratified between the Soviet Government and Finland for the prevention of illicit trade in spirits is expected to have the effect of discouraging Russian-boot-leggers.

A Kent vicar has won a prize for graceful walking at a local fête. Too often ecclesiastical movements are open to the criticism of being departures from grace.

An American family has built a house of newspapers. No doubt they feel a draught where the free insurance coupon has been cut out.

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY is to be married shortly, and it is anticipated that the happy pair will leave the church under an arch of ultra-violet rays.

BEETHOVEN's earliest diary, which has lately been sold, reveals the fact that he was a poor arithmetician. Still, he was pretty good at music.

A *Daily Mail* reader's son smiled

According to a *Daily News* writer a good way of keeping cool in this warm weather is to let the wrists be free. Criminals who are having a warm time with the police always try to do this.

In the opinion of a veterinary surgeon it is possible for some animals to suffer from insomnia. The cat next door certainly seems to spend some sleepless nights.

A daily newspaper offers a gold cup to the owner of the petrol station adjudged by readers to be the most attractive. It seems a pity that nothing like that is ever done for gasometers.

"When you sit on a hot stove for a minute you think it is two hours," says EINSTEIN. There seems to be the

material of a rather jolly fox-trot lyric lurking in this statement.

Professor NUNSTON declares that people in Chicago do not take life seriously. This may be; but what is fun to them is a very serious matter for their victims.

It is stated that every effort is being made to find the influenza germ. We believe that gramophone records of assorted sneezes have already been made.

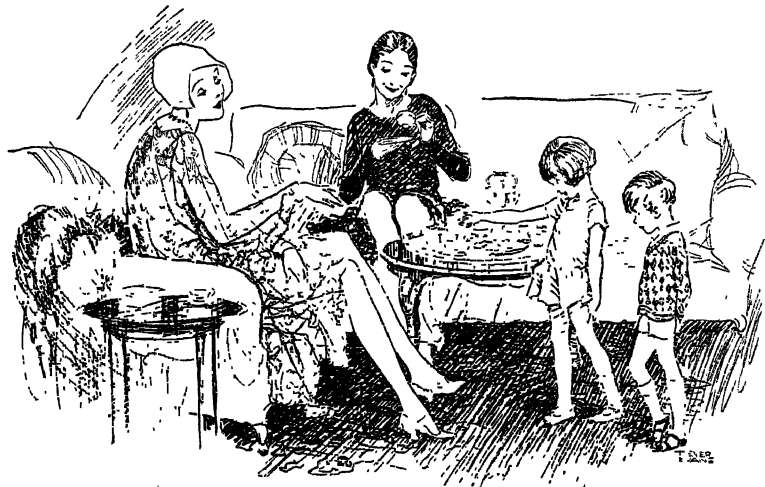
Mr. Justice SWIFT recently said that the question of the wife having to live with her

mother-in-law has animated society since the days of ADAM and EVE. He omitted, however, to identify EVE's mother-in-law.

According to a news item a man who was cut off by the tide at a south-coast resort slept peacefully while the waters surged around him. It sounds like a plumber.

The negotiations regarding the Charing Cross Bridge scheme are said to have reached a satisfactory conclusion. It is understood that the shortage of pigeon-holes required for the various conclusions has now been overcome.

A *Daily News* reader who asks for the correct pronunciation of "Pall Mall" says he has heard three opinions expressed: "Pawl Mawl," "Pahl Mahl" and "Pell Mell." Many people pronounce it "Pall Mall."



Caller (to hostess as children enter). "THERE'S QUITE A VOGUE FOR CHILDREN THESE DAYS, DON'T YOU THINK?"

when he was seven days old, and now, when he is a man, is still smiling. This is a notable tribute to the influence of our bright little contemporary.

THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS has issued a map to assist new M.P.'s in getting about the House of Commons. How some of them managed to find their way in is what is still puzzling some of their opponents.

It has been suggested that a talkie film should be taken of the proceedings in the House of Commons. Should this prove a success we are promised a shoutie of Mr. JACK JONES, M.P.

A Ministry of Health circular points out that during the next few years the rainfall may be short of the average. It is only fair to say that during the Election the Labour Party made no rash promises about the weather.

A MISSIONARY FOR MOSCOW.

[Based on the report of the Riga Correspondent of *The Times* concerning a demonstration made in front of the Chinese Legation at Moscow, and staged by the authorities. Among its features were the playing of orchestral "cacophonies" and the discharge of pickled cucumbers.]

CURIOUS things occurred the other day
Down Moscow way.
It seems the local Powers
Organised mobs to make a demonstra-
tion

Just opposite the Chink Legation,
Lasting for hours and hours and hours.
Bellicose Bolshies in enormous numbers
Proceeded thither with a band
To play
Hooters and saxophones and cacophones
In terribly discordant tones,
And hurl against that edifice
(Which by an immemorial
Custom is sacred, being extra-territorial)
A steady stream of curses and
Pickled cucumbers.

And this was Moscow, this
The spiritual home.
Of him who handles our Affairs,
The Foreign ones (beyond the foam)—
I don't mean HENDERSON; he doesn't
count,

For UNCLE ARTHUR is no diplomat,
Though useful as a dummy figure-head;
I mean MACDONALD, him who bears
The symbol of the world-dove in his
hat;

Who yearns to gather Russia to his arms;
Whose mission is, by Heaven inspired
and led,

To do away with War's alarms
And prove the "Labour" Party
To be the one and only fount
Of hearty
And universal brotherhood,
Indeed of everything that's great and
good.

O RAMSAY, you who threaten soon to
leave
For the United States to press your
scheme

For realising Anglo-Saxony's dream
Of hands (and feet) across the sea,
Why all this talk, I want to know,
Of hustling Westward Ho
With General DAWES convenient on the
spot?

Oh, can it be
You shrink to wear your heart upon your
sleeve

For DAWES to peck at? Surely not.
He is a very perfect dove,
With the same tendency to coo
As you;
Yes, he's all right.

But, if the cause of international love
Requires that other nations
Should get a sight

Of you in person as the Lord of Peace,
Go first to Moscow; go and tell 'em
That they had better cease
From blowing
Rude instruments provocative of *bellum*;
Bid them desist from throwing
Pickled cucumbers at legations;
Say that, unless they mend their manners,
You must defer, with deep regret,
The joy of seeing in your camp their
blood-red banners,
And cannot for the moment grapple
Their envoys to your heart,
For fear it might upset
The rosy contents of your apple
Cart. O. S.

SHE WHOOPS TO CONQUER.

I ONCE went to a studio dance. It
was as a matter of fact my first; it
was also entirely typical, which is to
say that when I arrived I discovered
that I was the only woman not in jazz
trousers. The walls were decorated
with festoons of cauliflowers, because
that Looked Simply Too Marvellous,
and on the floor was a cask of beer sur-
rounded by mugs, from which revellers
helped themselves, because that sug-
gested Pub-crawls, and it seemed to be
good form not to appear to be amused
at it. And, minus wraps, we strolled
about Chelsea in a sedulously non-
chalant manner, and the lamp-posts
illuminated tarlatan frills, velvet coats,
gondolier sashes—and me, humbly
trotting along too in my benzolined bom-
bazines, in order not to miss anything.

And a few months ago an actress
gave a party at which guests were re-
quested to wear pyjamas and bring
their own beer.

The latest idea among the givers of
these tasteful assemblies is worthy of
quotation. A London hostess, writing
to a gossip page, said—

"I am giving a Whoopee. Do come
to it."

What a Whoopee is I cannot tell you.
Hitherto I'd imagined it to be an Ameri-
can college yell, and first cousin to such
ejaculations as "Zowie" and "'Rah."
But surely even in the twentieth century
and in a day of Community noises, guests
cannot cry "Zowie" and "'Rah" (to say
nothing of "Whoopee") for two hours
on end in the Season? Still, this lady
is going to put us all on our mettle
when next we contemplate giving a
party. Tea, Brahms and cucumber sand-
wiches I now perceive to be bourgeois,
and so are coffee, gentlefolk, ices and a
band on the lawn. Nay, then, they are
suburban. My grateful thanks to the
Whoopee lady, and we will all try to be
Brighter Young People, lest we drop
out of Society and are no more seen.

I don't know, of course, what you
mean to do about it, but personally

I'm giving a Zippee on the 26th of July,
a Speakeasy on the 30th, and a Snow-
ball early in Cowes week.

At the Zippee I am asking my guests
to turn up at tea-time in dressing-gowns,
with suit-cases. At eight o'clock we
shall dine in bed-jackets and curling-
pins, pyjamas and bath-slippers. Danc-
ing till five o'clock, when we shall all
change into evening dress and have
breakfast, at which liver and bacon and
liqueurs will be served—or, for those
who have to be rather careful, kidneys
and port, or porridge, haddock and Mo-
selle. After breakfast the men will be
permitted to shave in the drawing-room
to the gramophone.

This ought to be a very witty sort of
party, and I am already constructing
some epigrams that I shall let off on
the day in a spontaneous manner. Such
as: "Dear Duchess, your son looks
every other inch a gentleman."

At my Speakeasy, guests will be in-
vited to bootleg their own beverages,
and I shall merely supply the containers.
Anybody can wear anything, and bath-
ing-dresses with tiaras or brown boots
with evening-dress will be welcomed.
The solid refreshments will be served
at a long table covered with oil-cloth,
and guests are invited to pay for what
they eat at the usual rates. I want
them all to feel perfectly free. To make
people feel at home is so important, and,
if they pay, they can say what they
think of the cooking in a way that
would otherwise be impossible to very
nearly half of them.

My Snowball should be a very quaint
affair. At the bottom of my invitations
I have caused to be printed—

DANCING AND DRUGS.

At midnight Chinese attendants will
offer cocaine, heroin, veronal, morphine
and leaf-opium on beautiful lacquered
trays. For those who are on a diet
there will be methylated spirits and
various "cups" composed of chloral,
belladonna and other somewhat childish
drinks. At four o'clock in the morning
a fleet of real ambulances will arrive,
decorated with my racing-colours, and
will convey those who are by that time
remotely portable to their homes. As
an amusing sideshow I shall probably
hire a troupe to demonstrate various
Chinese tortures in the lurid glare of a
crimson spotlight. This I am hoping
will put the shy ones completely at
their ease, for I have always found that
the troubles of others are cheerfully
borne by the rest of us.

What I feel about these parties of
mine, if I may say so, is that while they
may not be as original and whimsical
as a Whoopee, they are in even better
taste.

RACHEL.



LAMENT FOR BEAUTY DOOMED.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL REPRESENTING LONDON'S GRIEF OVER THE THREATENED
LOSS OF CHARING CROSS BRIDGE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. EPSTEIN'S Masterpieces for the Underground.)



*Soulful Man (as the orchestra plays). "BEETHOVEN CAN'T TOUCH TSCHAIKOWSKY."
Stranger. "I DESSAY. SOME THINGS DISAGREE WITH ME."*

OUR CARAVAN.

IV.

Most jolly caravan trips end with two of the party not on speaking terms, and in our case it is Captain Percival and his Crew Apple.

It happened as a result of an argument about humour. Captain Percival ventured the opinion that the test of a sincere sense of humour was an ability to laugh, even when the joke was against you. Crew Apple, on the other hand, maintained that, if anyone laughed at an adverse joke, he was not a sincere humorist, for HOBBS had said that laughter was the expression of a conception of personal superiority arising out of the misfortunes of others. David here ventured that HOBBS ought to stick to cricket and leave psychology alone, and Apple unconsciously illustrated his own view of a sincere humorist's correct attitude to an adverse joke by first loftily spelling both names and then getting very angry with David for ill-timed flippancy.

Next morning, as it happened, the

question was put to the proof or—as David, reluctant to leave his little joke, preferred to call it—to the Test.

The occasion was the morning bathe. Apple, tarry old salt, being last out of the water, Percival seized the opportunity to hide his shoes and socks. Percival's standard of joking is not high, as you can see; I mean we all know better ones than that, but, as Percival explained to the rest of the party, the main idea was to see whether Apple, despite his Hobbesian theories, couldn't be made to laugh at a joke against himself when everyone else was laughing at it too. The others, I gather, all promised they would try their very hardest to split their sides at the overwhelmingly humorous spectacle of Apple without his shoes and socks. They also promised they would do their best to make him laugh too, and even hinted unkindly that this might be much the easier.

Soon Apple, in his red-striped gents' sea-lounge, came up out of the foam and began to dress behind a sketchy rock. Everyone watched him intently,

till Apple started to make very pointed remarks about it to the girls of the party, whereupon they blushed and turned hurriedly away, David promising to let them know when Apple came to his socks.

As a matter of fact Apple didn't come to the socks at all. Though I say it myself, Crew Apple has no mean brain—for the fo'castle. Discovering the theft, he gave no sign, but joined the party in bare feet. As on some days we do go about with bare feet, it was immediately obvious to all that Apple was under the impression that it was one of those days, and had forgotten that he had started out with socks and shoes.

Percival waited hopefully for him to remember. Apple carefully didn't. It was not long before David began to smile pointedly in Percival's direction, and Percival, remembering his own dictum about sincere humour, gave Apple back his shoes and socks, laughing heartily at his own discomfiture. Apple also laughed heartily. So did everyone. In fact Percival's laugh of sincere humour

was completely lost in the universal merriment.

Later on Apple consoled Percival by gravely saying that, in spite of HOBBS, he would quite possibly have laughed like anything at not finding his shoes and socks—if he'd only realised.

That afternoon we all bathed again. The incident had been forgotten by everyone—except Apple, who had now definitely made it “one of those days” by leaving his footgear in the crockery-locker of the caravan. But Percival, all unsuspecting, was barely in the water before the insubordinate Crew Apple had pinched his captain's trousers—Apple's humour being of an even lower order than Percival's—and had hidden them in a deep cranny of rock on the other side of the Devonian outcrop that was Apple's own dressing-room.

Percival had a hard struggle an hour later maintaining his ability to laugh at the joke against himself. That is, as soon as he realised it *was* a joke against himself; before that he cursed so wonderfully that even the girls were entranced. Nor could he pretend, as Apple had that morning, that it was one of the days when he was going without. The wily Apple had carefully selected a difficult garment.

Apple tested his victim severely for some while, laughing like anything himself of course at his personal superiority to the misfortunes of others—and there is nothing that makes you feel more superior to a fellow-creature than having trousers when he hasn't. At last he had pity and said he'd fetch the missing garment. Percival was still keeping up his fixed smile of sincere appreciation at the jest, but it was looking very strained.

Crew Apple peered over the top of the Devonian outcrop into the deep cranny on the far side. Then he lapsed into uncontrollable mirth and said to Percival: “You were right about humour after all, old man. The joke's against me—but I can't help seeing the funny side of it. I hid your trousers down there, but I quite forgot about the tide coming in, and they've gone out to sea. Yes, old man, the joke's on me, but I just have to laugh. You win.” A. A.

The Case for Still Larger Wickets.

“The South African and Derbyshire is drawn. The Derby innings was 208 for six weeks.”
Kenya Paper.

The Permanent Crease at Last.

“FLANNELS WHICH STAND THE TEST”
Made from pure new wood.”
Adv. in Weekly Paper.

“Adam's Wardrobe: only wants seeing: £25.”
Manchester Paper.
A big price for so small a thing.



MANNERS AND MODES FOR HEAT-WAVES.

PYJAMA NIGHTS ON THE EMBANKMENT.

THE STOWAWAY.

THE stowaway youth who would seek
a new clime
May consider that his is a venial crime;
But of all the offences that sully this
earth
There are few that can rival conceal-
ment of berth.

The Ingenuous Trader.

“Genuine old oil painting, suspected Mor-
land.”—*Commercial Paper.*

“My friend has bought a small car, and one day we stuck for ten minutes in the middle of Regent-street. But nobody got exited.”

Interview in Daily Paper.

Naturally, when there was no way out.

“The submarine, Poseidon, launched at Harrow, is the second out of the four submarines ordered from Vickers-Armstrongs under the 1927 programme.”—*Rangoon Paper.*

If this sort of thing spreads, Dr. ALINGTON will have to compose an Eton Submarine Song.

PROGRESS.

THE march of Progress goes irresistibly on. In 1928 we killed 6,138 persons on the roads with motor-cars. This is nearly twice as many as we killed in 1924. Not all of the successful cars can be claimed as British perhaps, but the speed and power of our machines are splendidly reflected in the figures. If the present rate of advance is maintained we should reach the 10,000 mark by 1932, and it is hoped that some kind of banquet or commemorative function will be then arranged. This might perhaps coincide with the proposed celebration of the Centenary of the Pedestrian.

Happily there seems no reason to suppose that last year's figure was a mere flash-in-the-pan. A satisfactory feature of the returns is the steadiness of the curve of increase, both in the Killed and Injured columns:—

	Killed.	Injured.
1924 ..	3,631 ..	98,251
1925 ..	3,689 ..	115,471
1926 ..	4,886 ..	133,888
1927 ..	5,329 ..	148,575
1928 ..	6,138 ..	164,838

Now, when we kill sixteen or seventeen citizens a day on the roads, it is almost laughable to look back at the old-fashioned times of 1924, when we could do no better than nine or ten. Modern methods have made the motor-car the most effective lethal instrument in history. No plague, and only one war, has ever achieved so high a rate of mortality over a

long period. This year we may reasonably hope to account for twenty Britons a day, and it is interesting to reflect that during the late War there were long stretches of trench-warfare in which the Germans could not do as well.

The one cause for disquiet is a certain tendency to overlapping and confusion of effort. At a time when a reduction of the population is generally agreed to be the surest solution of our many problems it is a little disappointing to see the good work of the motorist persistently thwarted by Government Departments and others, particularly the doctors. These curious fellows positively boast of what they call the progress they are making in their own department by the reduction of infant mortality and in other ways. The

indoor death-rate of mothers and children has by their showing fallen considerably in the last few years. Happily this decline has been more than balanced by the deaths of mothers and children on the roads; but the fact remains that there is direct conflict of effort, and consequently waste. What is the use of spending money on elaborate clinics, of herding the infirm and feeble in hospitals, when the only effect is to postpone their inevitable end at a cross-road? It would be simpler, surely, and less expensive, to send all mothers, children and invalids for regular country walks, or let them drive up and down the Great West Road.

It will be observed from the above table that the ratio between the killed

exceptionally fast in any element he receives a knighthood, while he who travels at the lawful speed on the left side of the road, blowing his horn, is the object of public execration; and he who sits quite still and thinks out plans for the regeneration of mankind receives, as a rule, no attention at all. It is natural therefore that they should go out upon the high-roads, imagine themselves knights, and do what they can to attain a knightly velocity; just as for a week or two after the Wimbledon Tournament there is always an outbreak of spectacular serving on suburban tennis-lawns. All sections of society have now been educated up to the reverent worship of Speed. They look about them and see that the whole

character of our race has been changed for the better by Speed, and by Speed alone; that we are more virtuous and kind than we were, paint better pictures, write better books and go to church more often; and that, owing to our capacity for rapid movement, we are never now in an undignified hurry or late for an appointment.

It remains only to press the lesson home. There must be more speed-contests and bigger prizes. Nor should they be confined to professional racers and prepared tracks. The ordinary citizen must be encouraged to race on the roads. The week-end rush to Brighton should be not only in fact but officially a catch-

as-catch-can. There should be prizes for reckless driving, prizes for the biggest annual bag of pedestrians, and peerages for all those who by hand and brain are playing their part in making the world dangerous for democracy.

Let the march of Progress go irresistibly on. A. P. H.

"PREMIER'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

WHERE HE MAY STAY."

Sunday Paper.

We are confident however that Hollywood will not permanently secure the Director of the Westminster Talks.

"The Cranborne Book Society defeated Cobham on the Jackson Memorial Ground Green on Wednesday by 64 shots to 42."

Local Paper.

Smith Minor claims to be deadly with a Liddell and Scott.



Old Lady (engaging seaside rooms). "NOW, I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO REMOVE ALL THESE ASPIDISTRAS FROM THE SITTING-ROOM."

Landlady. "VERY WELL, MADAM. I KNOW THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO DON'T CARE ABOUT ASPIDISTRAS."

Old Lady. "NO, IT'S NOT THAT. I ALWAYS BRING MY OWN WITH ME."

and injured remains roughly the same in each year. With care and concentration it should not be impossible to improve this state of affairs and bring more citizens from the second column into the first. Many of those who are knocked down by ordinary motor-cars and escape with injury or shock might be disposed of altogether, it is thought, if motors could be fitted with sharp cutting edges or spikes in front, while, if walls could be substituted for hedges along our country roads, many of the minor accidents might be fatal.

Other measures of reform suggest themselves. There is no doubt that the progress recorded up to date has been much assisted by the popular glorification of Speed, the institution of speed-contests and so forth. The young observe that, whenever a person travels

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE SPECTRE.

Professor Crimple was one of those people who can see ghosts and spectres, and it was very useful to him because he was often asked to stay at quite important castles belonging to lords and people like that. And sometimes he got rid of their ghosts for them by finding out what they wanted so that they would leave off haunting them, and once he had been able to tell the owner of a castle where some treasure was buried which a ghost showed him, and the owner of the castle gave him some of it, enough to pay for a vacuum cleaner which his wife wanted.

Well one day a clergyman wrote to Professor Crimple and asked him if he would come and stay in his vicarage and see about a spectre which sat upon a tombstone in his churchyard and gibbered at people and frightened them. And Professor Crimple hadn't any castles to go to just then, so he wrote back and said he would if he might bring Mrs. Crimple and if they could have a fire in their bedroom. And the clergyman said that would be all right, so they went there.

Well when they got there the clergyman said I think we had better go to the churchyard as soon as possible, we will just have a cup of tea first, and then it will be dark except for the new moon.

So they did that and as they were going to the churchyard Professor Crimple said now tell me what the spectre is like and if you know who it was when it was alive.

And the clergyman said well I have never seen it myself but people who have think it is a young woman called Meg Jillip who pushed another woman out of a boat and drowned her because she had married somebody she wanted to marry herself.

Professor Crimple said was she hanged for it or not? because it is important to know that if I am to do anything.

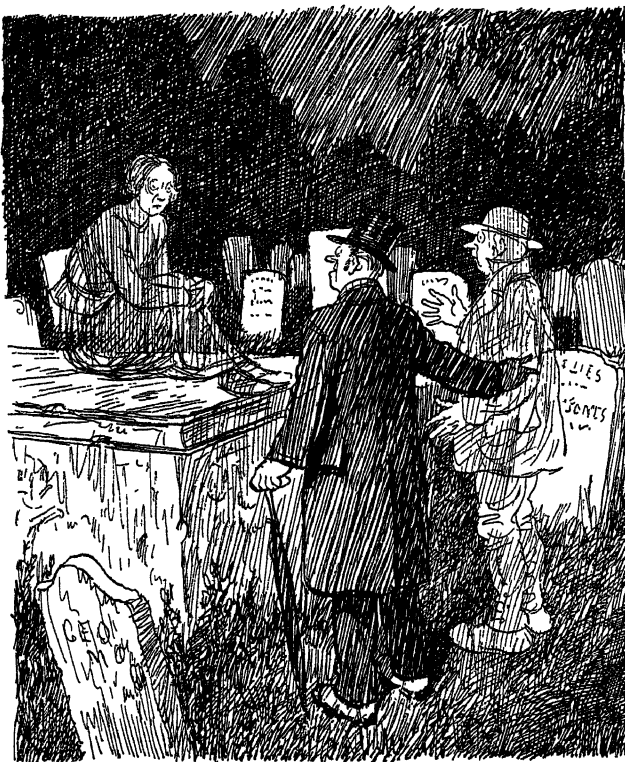
And the clergyman said yes she was, what I like about you is that you go into everything. Roughly, would you rather drink claret or white wine for dinner to-night?

And Professor Crimple said well I would rather drink both, and the clergyman said well you shall, I can afford it because an uncle of my wife has lent her some money and we haven't spent it all yet.

Well they came to the churchyard,

and the wind was howling and shrieking, and the first thing Professor Crimple saw was the spectre sitting on one of those old-fashioned flat tombstones. And the outside of her wasn't bad-looking at all, and directly she saw him she smiled at him and said I am so glad you have come, I like the look of you, but do send that old chimpanzee away and then we can have a nice talk.

So Professor Crimple said to the clergyman she thinks we shall be more comfortable talking together alone, and he was quite surprised, because he hadn't heard her speaking himself. But he went away and Professor Crimple said well I



"IF YOU WILL ONLY LEAVE OFF GIBBERING."

shall be back soon, mind you make up the fire well because it is rather cold in this churchyard, and if you don't mind I should like some whisky to drink when I come in.

Well directly the clergyman had gone away the spectre said to Professor Crimple do come and sit down by me on this tombstone, I have taken such a fancy to you that I am quite in love with you, do you think you could love me for myself?

Well Professor Crimple was rather flattered but he said no certainly not, for one thing I can see right through you to your skeleton and for another Mrs. Crimple wouldn't like it.

Well directly he said that the spectre grew simply hideous with passion and gibbered at him, and she said no gentle-

man would mention her skeleton to a lady spectre, and the moment I saw you coming I said to myself who is this revolting old baboon?

And Professor Crimple said well then why did you say you had taken a fancy to me?

And the spectre let out a screech, but directly after that she smiled again and said oh I was only teasing you, come and sit down by me and I will tell you everything.

But Professor Crimple thought there was a catch in it and he said no thank you, you can tell me everything while I am standing up.

Well then the spectre grew more furious than ever and gibbered at him again, and she said oh if I could only get at you do you know what I should do? and he said no.

She said well I should tear you limb from limb, and she made a sort of struggle to get at him, but she couldn't move from her stone. So then he knew why she had wanted him to sit beside her on the stone and was glad he hadn't.

Well when she saw it was no use she calmed down a little, and told him that she was obliged to haunt the churchyard whenever there was a new moon until somebody came who would love her for herself, and she asked him if he couldn't possibly find somebody for her, but he said he didn't think he could and went away as soon as possible.

Well directly he got outside the churchyard he saw a farmer coming towards him, and when he came close he saw that he was a spectre too. So he stopped him and asked him who he was.

And he said well about fifty years ago I wanted to marry Meg Jillip but she didn't care about it. Then there was some unpleasantness which I needn't go into and she became a spectre, and I didn't see her again until I became a spectre myself. I am allowed to come here once a year and see her, but she can't see me until she leaves off hating everybody, and people take such a dislike to her and run away whenever they see her that I don't suppose she ever will.

Well Professor Crimple was sorry for this spectre because he looked so nice and honest, and he said do you still love her for herself? I shouldn't have thought you could, because she does gibber so.

And he said oh yes I do, you can't



Stone-waller (having scored at long last). "WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING AFTER THE SCORING BOARD?"
Umpire. "THEY'VE GONE TO FETCH HIM."

blame her for being a little irritable, she has had such a lot to put up with.

So Professor Crimple said well come along with me, and he led him to the churchyard, and directly he got there the other spectre said oh you have come back have you? have you found that you can love me for myself after all?

And he said no, but I have brought somebody who can if you will only leave off gibbering, and then you can see him.

And she said who is it? and he said well I don't know his name but it is that farmer who wanted to marry you about fifty years ago.

So then her face got quite nice, and she said I have often wished I hadn't been so hasty, because I did like him.

And directly she had said that she saw the other spectre, and he went and sat down by her on the tombstone, and then they both faded away.

So Professor Crimple went back to the vicarage, and the clergyman was so pleased with him for getting rid of the spectre that he gave him a very expensive cigar out of a box which his wife's uncle had left her, and they had a comfortable time sitting in front of the fire and talking about ghosts and spectres.

A. M.

THE MILL STREAM.

FROM slow old paddles
The mill wheel drips,
But on skedaddles
And hops and skips
The leat that dances
To tryst with Thames,
Through flags and lances
And willow stems.

Up, susurrant,
The midge clouds rise;
Nose to current
Each fat chub lies;
On wavering tillers
They wait at ease
For caterpillars
And humble-bees.

Round the eyot
The stream runs down
All ripple riot
And bubble crown;
All so sunned on
And span and spick,
'Twill get to London
A lot too quick.

And, when it's black with
Cold shoulder rubs,
It will wish it was back with
The fat old chubs

And me fly-flipping
All safe and sound
Where dabchick's dipping
And fresh flood's slipping
And, drip, drip, dripping,
The wheel turns round.

P. R. C.

Back to the Land.

"A Grand Village Fête . . . Teas provided on the ground."—*Local Paper.*

Vegetarians Please Note.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, 'The Apple Tart,' is to be performed at Sir Barry Jackson's Malvern Festival next month. . . ."

Daily Paper.

"ENGLISH RIVIERA EXPRESSSES."

An idea of the speed attained is shown by the fact that from the last stopping stopper hour, don, at times the rate was 75 m.p.h. and then it was smooth run *Bristol Paper.*

We had a watch . . . that performed this feat regularly.

So palpable that I am surprised at "This people flogging the dead-sea fruit of hearteenth century Liberal taxation arguments."

From an article in "The Social Democrat." You can lead a horse to the Dead Sea but you can't turn it into marmalade by flogging it.

MR. PUNCH'S TALKS.

MUSIC.

COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS.

THIS week, by request, I propose to deal with composers. The request came from the composers.

These odd creatures are seldom seen by the general public, unless they happen to be also conductors. Unlike good little children, they are heard and not seen. After their appearance, which, as a rule, is peculiar, the first point to be noted is "Composer's Voice." It is a queer fact of natural history that nearly all musical composers have singing voices like crows or circular saws. You may suppose that there is no reason why they should sing at all. But it is necessary for them, in the case of operatic or stage-pieces, to give some idea of the setting of the words for the benefit of librettists, producers, managers and so on. And it is then that this almost unique sound is heard.

There are some composers whose singing is enough to antagonize any manager against their music: and many a promising collaboration has been broken

up through the librettist's dislike of the singing of the composer. I was reckoning the other day that I have collaborated with no fewer than seven composers, and never had a free meal from any of them. But they have all sung to me, and in the end we have parted.

Conductors, whether they compose or not, have a very genuine faith in themselves. They have banded themselves into a body called the Musical Conductors' Association (to distinguish themselves from the tram conductors, with whom they are sometimes confused), and as they stand and gesticulate before the orchestra they do honestly believe that they are persons of importance in the production of music. But you and I, who have watched an orchestra and observed that scarcely one of the instrumentalists so much as throws a glance in the conductor's direction, know very well that he is no more in control than a lightning-conductor is in control of the music of the skies. It is one of the most pathetic things in our public life to see a conductor with his left hand vigorously directing the musicians to

play softly, while they, unheeding, play louder than before.

However we will not quarrel with him over this harmless conceit. There is quite enough to quarrel over without that.

I am sorry to have to say this, but conductors as a class are capable of deliberate mis-statements. Now the objectives of the conductor and the librettist are quite opposite. It is the aim and habit and delight of the conductor to produce a loud noise, and it is the desire of the author to secure quiet in the theatre, so that his words may be heard. So long as a musical piece is being rehearsed with a piano only, it very often seems funny and good, and all concerned are pleased; but the moment the conductor brings his orchestra for a rehearsal there is a row. The author then says, "The orchestra is too loud; my words will not be heard." The conductor then says (if he is cross) that that will be no loss to the public and a great gain to the author's reputation. If he is not cross he makes three or four deliberate mis-statements in the most genial manner. He says, "It's all



THE SIMPLE NOTE IN MODERN DECORATION.

Ecstatic Female. "MY DEAR, HOW EXQUISITELY UNFURNISHED!"

right, old boy, it won't be so loud when the house is full; it won't be so loud when the musicians know their parts perfectly; it won't be so loud when the singers are singing out to their full powers; and anyhow it isn't loud. It can't be loud, old boy, because the thing's only scored for one muted fiddle and a Japanese mouth-organ. Anyhow we've got a deputy bassoon here to-night, and when we have our real bassoon you'll find the orchestra will be scarcely audible."

Most of these assertions being based upon hypotheses, the author is unable to disprove them immediately. He therefore says, "Well, come up to the dress circle and *listen* to the orchestra." The conductor replies tartly, "How the trombone" (a musical oath) "can I conduct the band down here and listen to it in the dress circle?" (for it would never do to admit that the band could continue to function without him). Then the author, who has dimly heard of "mutes," suggests that perhaps it would be a good thing if the orchestra were muted. The conductor rolls his eyes and explains that the stringed-instrument players dislike the mute because it prevents them from making a rich noise. "That was the idea," says the author.

Relations are now strained, but the conductor says with insulting patience, "Well, old boy, we'll do that song again and I'll cut out the clarinet. But it ruins the effect. Just listen."

The song is then played and sung again minus the clarinet. At the end there is a gloomy silence in the theatre. The conductor turns at last and says, "Well, *now* can you hear your perishing words?" The voice of the author (to whom the absence of the clarinet appears to have made no difference at all) comes mildly but stubbornly from a dark corner: "I can't hear a word at the back of the pit." The conductor mutters darkly, "Well, why the bassoon don't you go somewhere where you *can* hear the stuff?" The only resource of the author then is, as a rule, to strike the conductor in the face. This is generally done.

Apart from these strange professional habits there is little to be said against composers and conductors: they are fond of animals and good to their wives. Their sometimes drab appearance is deceptive, for they are full of funny stories. Most of these are a little technical: but I have sat for over an hour and enjoyed the droll recollections of conductors; and, with the help of *Grove's Musical Dictionary*, one can be sure of a pleasant glass of wine in their company, provided one is prepared to pay. Indeed, so gifted and amusing are they as raconteurs that, as I told



Patient Shopman. "THAT ONE SITS BEAUTIFULLY ON THE HEAD, SIR."

Hard-to-please Customer. "BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN MY EARS GET TIRED?"

them once, I wonder they don't go on the stage and entertain the public there instead of blocking the view of the stalls. A queer tribe. A. P. H.

Alphabetical Humour.

"PEASE.— . . . a daughter.

PUDDEN.— . . . a son."

Consecutive Announcements in the Births Column of "The Times."

"'There is a budding morrow in midnight.'—Rossetti."—*Weekly Paper.*

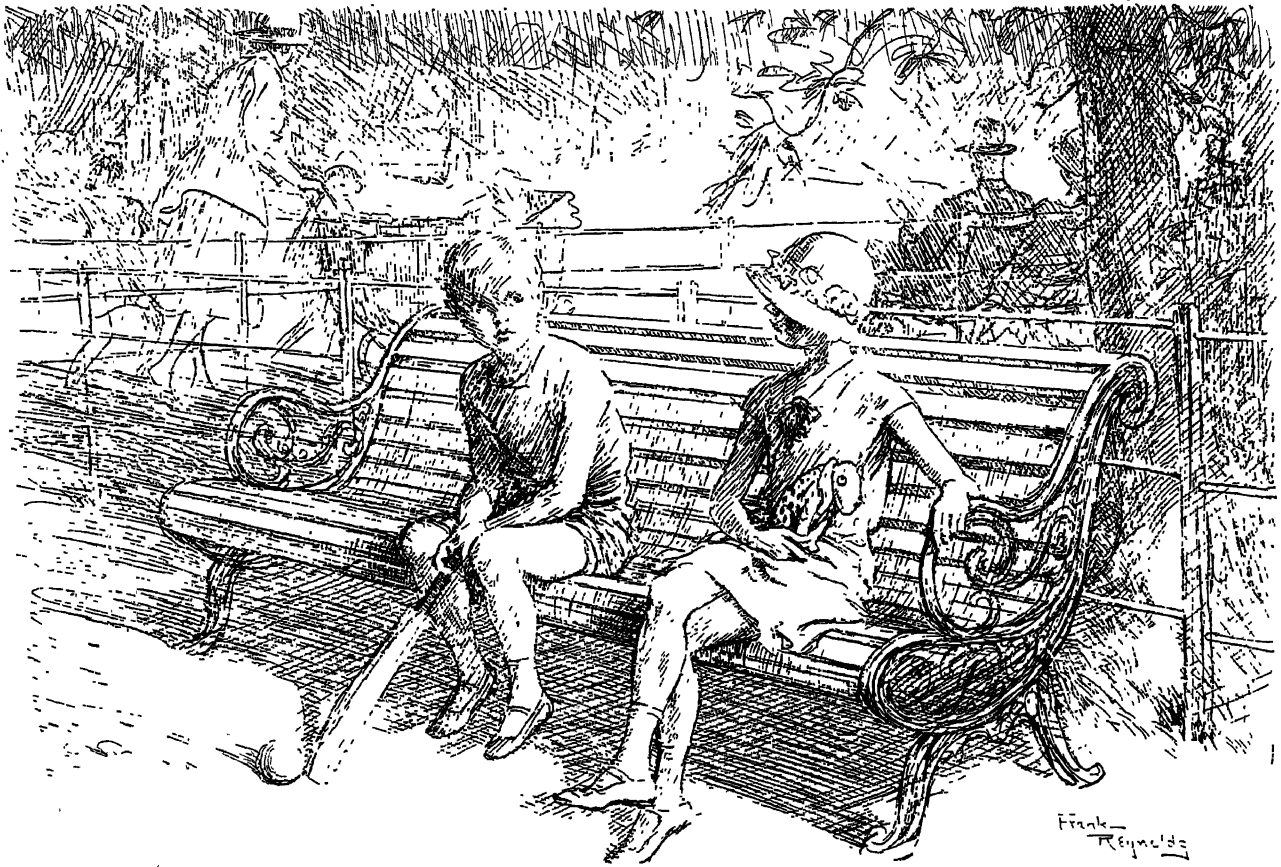
But KEATS never guessed that his property would be burgled by ROSSETTI in the small hours.

THE OPTIMIST AT BRIDGE.

PARTNER, I know not whether we may drift,
Nor whether your finances can afford a
Gamble in hearts; yet I'll give them a lift.
True to my favourite motto, "*Sursum corda.*"

Another impending Apology.

"The silence at this Retreat showed us the Anglican priesthood at its best."
Australian Church Paper.



Small Girl (to Park acquaintance). "MY FATHER'S GOT A BUTLER."

Small Boy. "MY FATHER DOESN'T CARE FOR BUTLERS, OR WE SHOULD HAVE LOTS"

CARD OF THE MATCH.

To me—as the gentleman said about beer—all cricket is good, though some cricket is better than other cricket. Pamela, however, does not feel like that.

"It's very dull," she said.

The figure of Father Time on the weather-cock gave a shiver and the flags on each side of the pavilion flapped indignantly.

"In the state of the game——" I began.

"I know, I know. It's correct, of course; correct but dull." She fell to studying the "Card of the Match."

"So is this card. Strictly correct and according to the facts, but lacking in punch. The opening remark, for instance, is uninspired. 'This card does not necessarily include the fall of the last wicket.' Then all this about the times of beginning and ending, and 'The figures on the scoring-board show the batsmen in'—though that last line goes quite well to the tune of 'Old Mother Hawkins.' Have you any paper? Your pocket-book will do."

Meekly I handed it over.

The careful play continued, while

Pamela sucked her pencil and scribbled. Then—

"That's better," she said. "My card would open like this:—

'Remember the uncertainty of cricket!

It should be hinted

Another poor boob may have lost his wicket
Since this was printed.'

Then below I'd have:—

'At half-past eleven each day we shall begin;
We draw the stumps at half-past six (if
not before for rain);

The figures on the scoring-board show the
batsmen in;

The bowlers and the fieldsmen show them
out again.'

"Pamela," I said sternly, "you are jesting with a solemn subject."

At this moment one of the batsmen, taking a short run, collided with the umpire amid roars of laughter.

"There!" cried Pamela. "You see how they're only waiting to be amused. If there were more to divert them the people wouldn't laugh in that brutal way at the poor umpire's discomfiture. I shall write to *The Times* about my brighter card. No, you shall."

"I think not," I said quickly.

"Coward!"

I was stung by this. "All right,"

I said bravely, "I will. Not to *The Times*, but to another leading paper." So I have. A. W. B.

THE MECHANICAL A.D.C.

["Mr. Hoover was obliged several weeks ago to restrict the weekly number of receptions at White House owing to the physical distress which handshaking caused him."

New York Herald.]

THE strain democracy imposes

Upon the Presidential fist

Makes some suggest he should rub
noses,

And others he should just be kissed.

While these two forms of salutation
Would doom mere handshakes to
eclipse,

I fear incessant osculation

Might blister Mr. Hoover's lips.

To free the White House from its
trouble

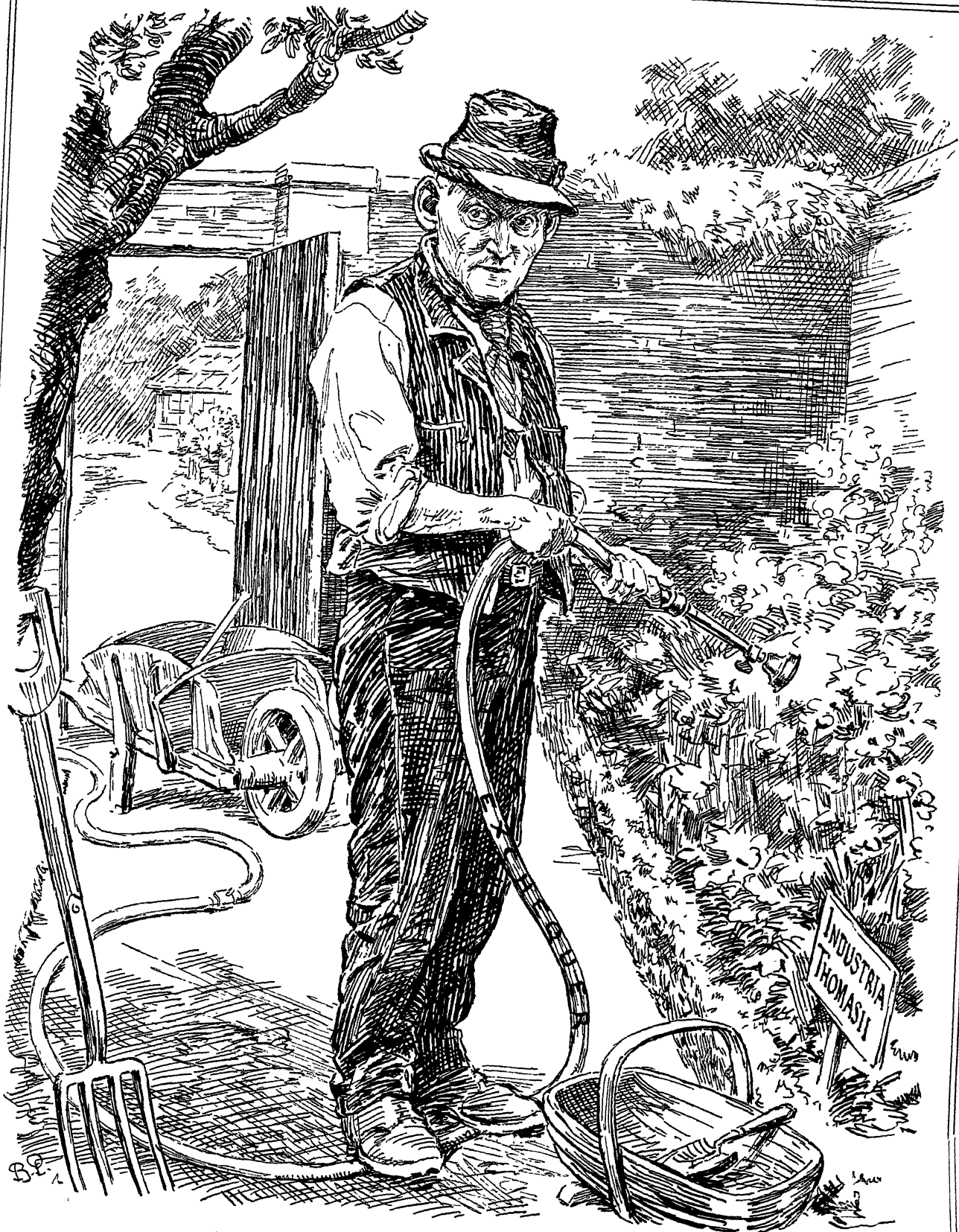
I think some engineer must make,

As Mr. Hoover's social double,

A robot steeled to pain and ache;

Who, tuned to represent him nicely,

Will with a tireless voice repeat
(While crushing loyal hands precisely)
That it is "Verry pleased to meet."



A DROUGHT-TIME DILEMMA.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "AS A GOOD SOCIALIST I'M ALL FOR A BOUNTIFUL IRRIGATION OF THESE ADMIRABLE PLANTS; BUT AS CONTROLLER OF SUPPLIES I FEEL BOUND TO CURB MY BENEVOLENT PROPENSITIES." (*Treads on hose.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 15th.—Answering a series of Questions the PRIME MINISTER satisfied all the Conservatives but one that the resumption of relations with the Soviet Government would follow the same procedure as their severance—any agreement reached would be submitted to the House for approval before coming into effect. No prize is offered for guessing the name of the dissatisfied minority. It was Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON.

Scarcely less insatiable is Colonel WEDGWOOD, but *his* obsession is that there is dirty work afoot at the Anglo-French cross-roads. But he also found time to ask the PRIME MINISTER if the Government intended to “*permit*” Signor MUSSOLINI to visit this country. The Labour leaders were clearly right not to muzzle JOSIAH with a Ministry.

“We ought to veto
Signor BENITO,”
Says WEDGWOOD (JOSH),
Which strikes me as bosh.

It remained for Mr. ALLEN to get one up on the Colonel by asking the FOREIGN SECRETARY if he was aware of the political importance of Outer Mongolia, and what about having a British consul at Urga. While Colonel WEDGWOOD sat dumb, Mr. HENDERSON replied that he had asked for a report. So there is something going on in Outer Mongolia besides wild camels.

“The Delinquent of Barton Stacey” sounds like the hero of a Victorian novel, but it is only some inhuman ruffian who has failed to keep his groundsel under proper control, to the apparent detriment (since the question was raised by Mr. DENMAN) of the people of Central Leeds. But Mr. BUXTON will abate his weeds and send him the bill, after which (one gathered from replies to subsequent questions) there will be no sensations in the agricultural world until the report of the Standing Committee on Tomatoes.

On the other hand steps are to be taken, Mr. Buxton told Lieut.-Colonel HENEAGE, to “educate” the consumer into the intricacies of the egg-marking scheme so that the knavish tricks of the wicked grocers who now sell them all as new-laid, whether they bear the Union Jack of a blameless life or the proud ensign of Outer Mongolia, may be properly confounded.

Agriculture still bobbed uneasily up, notably when Commander BELLAIRS grumbled about the Empire Marketing Board advertising Irish eggs and butter. To the suggestion that the Board had been neglecting the home producer Mr. LUNN (who, if he is not careful, will become Mr. SALAD LUNN) pointed out that the Board had recently given a glorious boost to British tomatoes and cucumbers.

“Do not impair your slumbers
With foreign-grown cucumbers,
Or make your husband comatose
With Continental tomatoes”

should be the British housewife’s slogan.

The House finally turned to more solid affairs with an inquiry by Mr.

rising to reply, found himself suffused by deprecatory blushes. This did not prevent him from singing the praises of the Socialism which they would not see in this Government’s time nor from attacking the Government for not putting the housing subsidies back to their original figure and abolishing the reductions made in 1926.

Mr. VAUGHAN, the new Member for Forest of Dean, who “happens to be a builder’s contractor, a pre-eminently benevolent and philanthropic race,” ventured to intervene in the debate in a maiden speech of real wit and discernment. “Of course we try to collar the housing subsidy for our own pockets” was the substance of his argument.

“Is this not the age of private enterprise? If you want to ensure that the subsidy results in cheap houses you will have to nationalise the production of builders’ materials.” A brave effort, but an effort of mature wisdom, not of burning youth—for Mr. VAUGHAN is old in public life if new to the House.

Miss LAWRENCE wound up the debate, wiping the floor with all and sundry, as is her lucid and cheerful wont, and with a last word for Mr. WHEATLEY, whose application of the word “perpetuity” to a delay of three months she pardoned as the result of an access of eloquence.

The subsequent debate on the Second Reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill might well have been both long and heated if the SPEAKER had not ruled out of order pretty nearly every-

thing that everybody, including the Minister, wanted to say.

Tuesday, July 16th.—The House received with mixed feelings and mixed noises the news that Sir W. JOWITT had applied for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds.

You may take the high road but Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR will not take the low road—if he can help it. Mr. MORRISON promised to look favourably on his plea for more and better high roads in the Highlands, so much so that Colonel ACLAND-TROYT, who knows what the clan spirit is capable of, demanded that Scotland should not get a higher grant than the rest of the country.

But then the Scots are always getting something, or, at any rate, asking for it. At the close of Question-time Mr. MACPHERSON complained that Scot-



Little Red Riding-Hood (Mr. A. HENDERSON). “MY GRANDMAMMA WOULD BE DELIGHTED FOR YOU TO CALL ON HER, BUT SHE’S NOT EXPECTING YOU TILL OCTOBER.”

CHARLES WILLIAMS as to why there has been such a falling off in the export of grindstones to the United States. The real answer is that since America won the War our motto has been “British grindstones for British noses,” but the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, overawed by the presence of one “Hell-and-Maria” DAVES in the Distinguished Strangers Gallery, replied that he really couldn’t say.

Mr. GREENWOOD explained the Government’s intention of keeping the housing subsidies at their present figure pending the elaboration of more comprehensive housing schemes, and moved the necessary resolution. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN defended his position, and Mr. E. D. SIMON pronounced so passionately a eulogy upon the Housing Act of Mr. WHEATLEY that that gentleman,

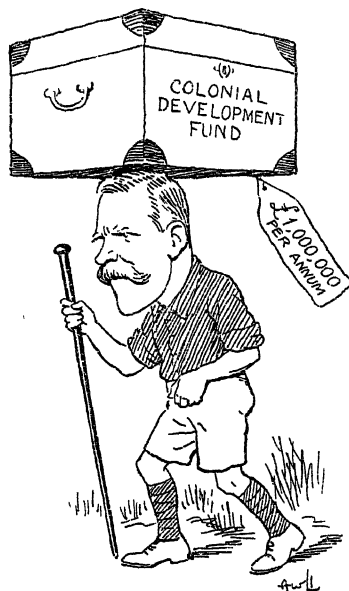
tish Questions were not getting the place on the Order Paper to which they are entitled. Other Scots backed him up, and the innocent query of Mr. SANDERS, a new Member, whether there was any special time reserved for English Questions, was brushed indignantly aside. The PRIME MINISTER deftly turned the attack by raising the point that Members all too often addressed their Questions to the wrong Minister, to which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE rejoined by suggesting that they should be told definitely whether Questions involving the expenditure of public money on roads and so on should be addressed to the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT or the LORD PRIVY SEAL. By the time he had finished everybody had forgotten about puir Scotland altogether.

Parliament has of late seen few stranger sights than that of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the unaccustomed rôle of a *Serjeant Buzfuz*, putting Mr. J. H. THOMAS through a gruelling cross-examination on the Money Resolution introduced in connection with the LORD PRIVY SEAL's plans for dealing with unemployment. After Mr. THOMAS had gently prodded Mr. CHURCHILL and had outlined objects contemplated by the Resolution, and after Mr. CHURCHILL had poured out hateful and, it is to be feared, largely figmentary sympathy for the Minister and added the still more repulsive assurance that there was nothing in the proposals to rouse the antagonism of the Conservative Party, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE rose, as he said, to put a few interrogatories, not to praise or blame. And if he so far quitted that elevated position as to disclaim ever having made the "error" of attributing modesty to the LORD PRIVY SEAL, it was only because the latter gentleman, writhing on the prong of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's pitiless cross-examination, permitted himself to be a shade peevish.

Anyhow Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wrung from the Minister the admission that it was proposed, in Clause 2 of the Resolution, to give to private enterprises concerned with public utilities not merely the assistance of a loan but an actual subsidy. The Treasury would pay interest on loans to be raised by them for a period of no fewer than fifteen years, and these payments would be made without being submitted to Parliament in advance.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, having announced that the Liberals would have none of such a scheme and the debate having become general, it was discovered that no Treasury representative was present. But one duly arrived, the pothole died down and the Question was put and agreed to without a division.

Wednesday, July 17th.—The Lords, having nothing to do except welcome Lords ALVINGHAM and MARKS into their midst and give a second reading to the Barmouth Urban District Council Bill,

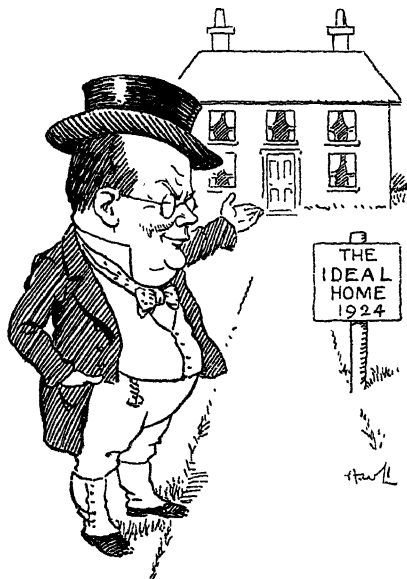


LUNN'S TROPICAL TOUR; OR, THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

MR. W. LUNN (UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES).

did it until ten minutes past four and called it a day.

Mr. HENDERSON told Mr. MANDER (amid Opposition cheers) that there was no intention of asking the League of Nations to control the Suez Canal, and Mr. MONTAGUE informed Sir F. NELSON,



"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

MR. JOHN WHEATLEY COMPLAINS THAT HIS OWN HOUSING SCHEME OF 1924 IS THE ONLY ONE THAT GIVES HIM SATISFACTION.

as courteously as circumstances permitted, that in their trial flights the new British airships would *not* be ballasted with air-minded M.P.'s.

Mr. LUNN's maiden Ministerial speech in support of the Colonial Development Bill was received with what Sir HILTON YOUNG called a "chorus of assent." Not so the London County Council Traffic Bill, which came up for its Third Reading and received the valedictory praises of Sir KINGSLEY WOOD. Mr. HARRIS and Mr. SCURR urged immediate extinction, and the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT found no reason for resisting the downward-pointing thumbs of the stalwart municipalists behind him.

Thursday, July 18th.—Mr. CLYNES' explanation of the Government's decision to refuse M. TROTSKY the privilege of sojourn in our midst seemed reasonable enough. It was not what M. TROTSKY might do, but what evil-disposed persons might take advantage of his presence to do, that influenced them. This answer displeased a section of the Government's supporters, including some who would probably have no great objection to seeing the evil-disposed persons getting to work, and disapproved of the Minister's declaration that the "right of asylum" meant the Government's right to grant it, not the alien's right to claim it.

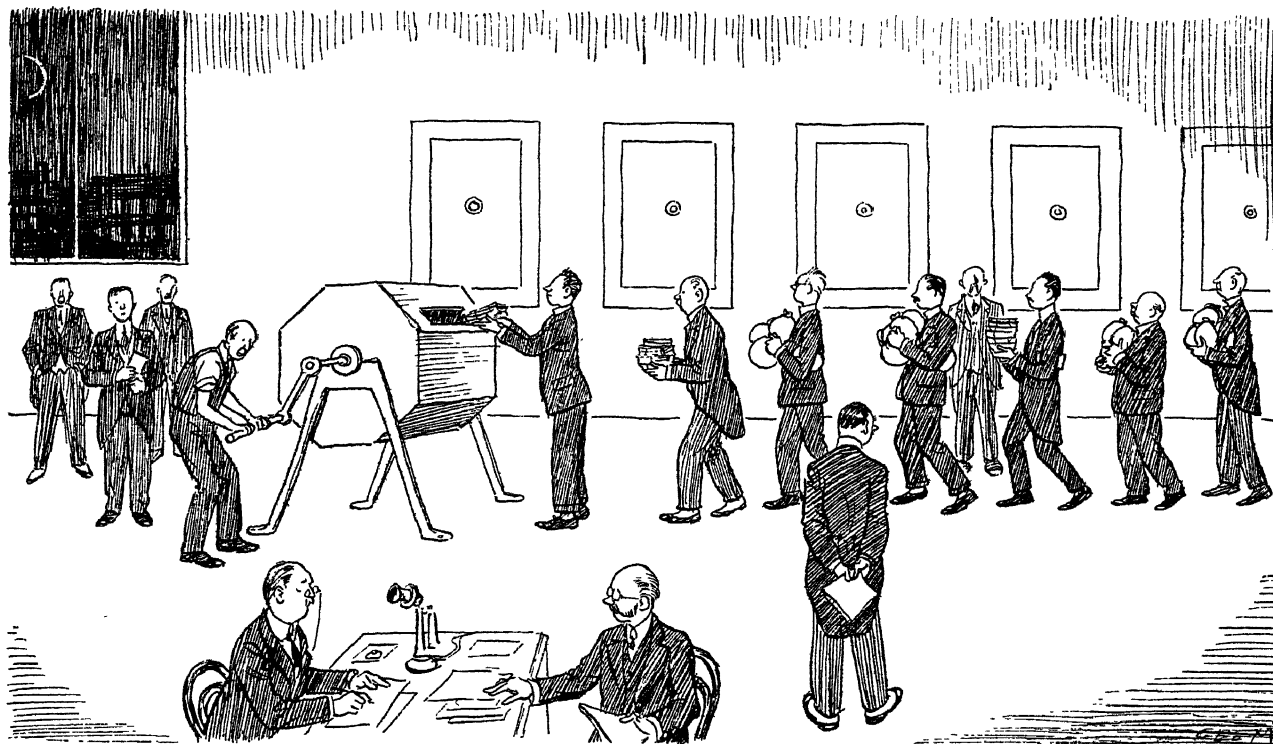
The House had its little excitement when a number of Scots on both sides of the House assailed the PRIME MINISTER for dropping the promised Bill to take Scottish Education out of the Local Government Act. The matter culminated in Mr. MACPHERSON moving the adjournment; but when the time came for the quorum to show itself only thirty-seven Liberals (others having taken the precaution of standing *outside* the Bar of the House) and two stalwart Socialists were available. All eyes were turned on Miss JENNY LEE, who had been one of the most vehement protesters. Would JENNY do the needful, "jumping from the" place "she sat in"? JENNY did not, and *Hansard*, who "loves to get sweets into his list," must regret that he cannot "put that in."

Frocks that Shock.

"Most of our shocks in this country have been of small importance, although it may be recalled that London quickly fell into panic when a succession of smart frocks were felt in 1750."—*Oxford Paper*.

It is a great comfort to reflect that we live in an age in which big busts are out of fashion.

"Mr. Tow Shaw, Secretary of State for War, leaves London to-day for Warsaw, where he will attend the International Congress of Textile Federations."—*Hampshire Paper*.
Warsaw, in fact.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

ANIMATED SCENE AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND ON THE ADVENT OF THE NEW MOON. TURNING THE MONEY FOR LUCK.

"PETER RABBIT": A NEW VERSION.

[A contemporary states that Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB, whose maiden name was BEATRICE POTTER, was often believed to be the author of the "Peter Rabbit" series, actually the work of Miss BEATRIX POTTER. The following is an attempt to reconstruct this masterpiece in the form which it would have taken if Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB had written it.]

JUVENILE OFFENDERS: Case B2957. Rabbit (Peter).

Age.—Uncertain. (? 0 +).

Parents.—Father (habitual criminal) deceased: G.S.W. See Registrar-General's returns of Deaths due to Accidents with Fire-arms; also Minority Report of the Royal Commission on the Composition of Rabbit-Pies, p. 341, H.M. Stationery Office, 21/-. Mother left to bring up four small children single-handed. Hereditary tendency to crime probably aggravated by lack of paternal control.

Environment.—The entire family occupy a basement room in a sand-bank. See Recommendations of the Housing Committee, § 5: Overcrowding.

Occupation.—None. Female members of family (Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail) occasionally employed in blackberry-picking. See Proceedings of Committee of Investigation into the Conditions of Casual Infant Labour, p. 483.

Offence.

- (a) Being on enclosed premises for unlawful purposes.
- (b) Theft of vegetable produce, the property of Mr. Macgregor. See Fabian Society Pamphlet No. 67 "On the Private Ownership of Land"; also Report of Ministry of Agriculture on Small Holdings.

Sentence.—Discharged with imprecation.

Deterrent Measures.

- (a) Nature of.—Camomile tea.
- (b) Efficacy of.—Nil. See case B2958: Bunny (Benjamin).

ANOTHER CENSORSHIP.

(To Our Chemist.)

SIR, since our holidays will soon be starting,
My mind would be the easier if I knew
That I had safely reached before departing
A firm *entente commerciale* with you;
For James (my first-born) will not be contented
Unless he carries with his other plant
The camera with which he's been presented
By some misguided Aunt.

If we are treated kindly by the weather,
'Tis not unlikely that I may be seen
In attitudes that do not altogether
Uphold my wonted dignity of mien;
And I shall be the most disturbed of creatures,
Knowing this year that that irreverent lad
Is daily filling many a film that features
The folly of his Dad.

He will display these libels to the neighbours
And they will greet them with unseemly glee
When your developing has crowned his labours,
Unless we work together (name your fee);
First let me censor them beyond repairing
And then—your expert word he will not doubt—
Account for those I ruin by declaring
"The rest did not come out."

Scots Natural History.

"A dodge employed by gamekeepers to lure magpies within shooting distance . . . is brought to our notice. . . . The squeal of a hedgehog, it appears, has an irresistible attraction for the pyot."—*Glasgow Paper*.
The skirl of these interesting creatures is sometimes employed for luring the bagpie, or haggis, to its fate.

AT THE PICTURES.

DOLORES COSTELLO.

It was said that the change from screen acting to screen talking would mean a complete change in the Hollywood constellation and that many movie stars would vanish. This may be happening, but meanwhile one or two have proved themselves to be fixed stars too. Among these is Miss DOLORES COSTELLO, who used to be a face and nothing else, but turns out to be also a vox with much besides. There are beautiful cinema actresses who, it seems, when they speak, startle the studios with sounds that resemble sawmills. Not so our Lady DOLORES—the world's DOLORES—whose tones are sweet and low; in fact, now and then, in her first talkie, *The Glad Rag Doll*, almost too low, so



Admiral (Mr. Tom Ricketts). "THIS IS TOO DELIGHTFUL FOR WORDS."

Annabel Lea (Miss Dolores Costello). "YES, WE'D BETTER FALL BACK ON SUB-TITLES."

that the ear is a little strained. But that, I imagine, is the fault of the transmitter; DOLORES' voice is at any rate clear enough behind the machinery for her admirers to feel assured that, while other divinities may have disappeared, her they will not soon lose. Our LADY OF PLEASURE will remain.

I am glad of this, because she is very pretty, with very pretty ways, and it is sad to think that *The Glad Rag Doll* is such nonsense. I have been noticing a tendency for the talkies to bring back the improbabilities of the many-doored French farce; and here they all are, with the doors added. To find yourself in the wrong room is about the limit of action possible to a talkie which is to be audible; hence, I suppose, the reversion to an old type. How the title applies to Miss COSTELLO I never ascertained, nor what was the connection between the suicide with which the film opens and the subsequent light-hearted pro-

ceedings. The scissors-man at work again, I conjecture. So far from being a doll, Miss COSTELLO as *Annabel Lea*, an actress, is a very live young woman who



Annabel. "YOU'RE VERY PALE FOR AN ADMIRAL."

Admiral. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'M IN THE HOLLYWOOD NAVY."

Annabel. "THEN THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOU JUMPED AT THE EXPLODING CIGAR!"

goes to Philadelphia to visit the home of the waster who is continually proposing to her. While there she discovers a dark secret about each of the rest of the family, at first so hostile, and thus gets them into her power. The uncle is clandestinely in love with



Annabel (having denounced rest of family). "AND NOW I COME TO YOU, JOHN. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY THE AUTHOR MAKES ME MARRY YOU."

John Fairchild . . . MR. RALPH GRAVES.
Aunt Fairchild . . . MISS MAUDE GORDON.

the housekeeper; the aunt is a shameless thief; the sister has married the chauffeur; the lawyer is a sheik—and so forth. These revelations are funnier in America than in England, because in America the bare mention of Philadelphia as anything but the headquarters of respectability and somnolence creates laughter. One member of the family remains to be won over—the most hostile of all, the love-sick youth's elder brother—and him *Annabel* proceeds to enslave.

That is the story, which has some amusing moments but was probably never worth putting into rehearsal. It is, however, very well acted by a company who do their best to forget that it is all rubbish. DOLORES bears the brunt, being rarely off the stage, and so long as we can follow her motives she is admir-



Annabel. "YOU TALK LIKE A MOVIE TITLE."

John Fairchild. "WELL, THAT'S BETTER THAN TALKING LIKE A TALKIE THEME SONG."

able, and even when we can't she is alluring. Mr. RALPH GRAVES, as the hostile elder brother, *John Fairchild*, gradually falling for *Annabel*, is good too. The e are American performers, but I rather fancy that Mr. ALBERT GRAN, who impersonates *Nathan Fairchild*, the amorous uncle, is not. As for LOUISE BEAVER, the excellent *Hannah*, *Annabel's* maid—she is pure negress and a most capable comédienne. There remains ARTHUR RANKIN as *Jimmy Fairchild*, the lover who is outdistanced by his brother. Never shall I forget the burst of merriment—an index of a talkie audience's sense of humour—that followed his quotation of HENLEY's far from facetious line, "My head is bloody but unbowed." E. V. L.

"SPECIAL DIET FOR PRISONERS.
Indian Plotters Hunger Strike.
PRESS CUTTINGS TO BE SUPPLIED."
Daily Paper.

But light reading doesn't always make light eating.



WHY ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT DRESS REFORM? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR PRESENT CLOTHES?

A STATE OF BLISS.

News of the paradise which is called in blue-books the Independent State of Arampur is spreading abroad, and even Simla is becoming alive to the fact that Arampur provides a happy existence for a number of officials. The latest arrival (temporary) was the cousin of somebody important and his alleged business was to reorganise the State Department of Forests.

Now our Forest Department is the model of what a department should be. It has a Conservator, a staff of excellent clerks and a whole roomful of maps, upon which forest land is painted a delicate green. It has a library, composed mostly of German books, telling the reader how to control the growth of a tree twenty years old or more. It has a stock of theodolites, measurers and technical instruments. It has a staff of forest-guards, each duly entered by name in a roll and with their beats assigned and indicated on maps. In fact it has everything a forest department requires except forests.

The villagers are not convinced

believers in the economic doctrine of Abstention. They are misguided enough to hold that it is more important for them to have a fire on cold nights than for the State or the Conservator to be able to sell some planks thirty years hence. The result of this economic heresy is that the saplings' careers are cut short; an embryonic forest is maintained as an anæmic coppice.

Our expert from Simla had a Simlaesque knowledge of India; that is to say, he behaved as though the office were the Department, complete in itself without any reference to physical facts. He was not one of those hard-headed pioneer people who ride out at 4 A.M. to see things for themselves. He probably recognised that he could see nothing at all except from an office-table and he was wise enough to recognise his own limitations. Simla teaches a man a great deal.

So, poring over the maps, he was able to point out how the forest-land might be more advantageously divided; how the forest rounds might better be allocated and how the planting projects might be improved. He devised a

scheme for planting teak in place of the indigenous babbul and neem, having been informed by the hydrographic chart he had brought with him that the local rainfall was more than sufficient for the growth of teak-trees.

Well, we knew that chart and we knew the man from Simla who prepared it. While he was in Arampur he kept his rain-gauge outside his verandah and every day the gardener, conscientiously filling the flower-pots with water, gave a copious supply to what he deemed to be an extra pot. The meteorological expert returned to Simla with some astounding records of nightly rainfall which he eventually incorporated in the chart.

We said nothing, for that chart had been the means of keeping away many persons who have a dislike of rain. It made our positions more secure. Still we had not foreseen that this happy error might eventually result in a laborious planting of teak which could never grow up. Besides, if the thing were actually attempted, it would spoil the rough jungle for the panther and our sport would suffer. Further, half-a-

million teak-trees landed at Dhuli-gaum, where the Arampur State Railway joins the British India system, would have paralysed the goods traffic and possibly stopped our supply of ice. And, even supposing that a goodly number of the plants were removed *en route* for firewood, we should still have more than the paper-foresters and guards could deal with. Then, if we succeeded in planting the lot on paper, the State might have to pay some outside authority for the beastly things. Though the Forest Department is in a flourishing condition (as you may see from its yearly accounts) it would be difficult to pay a considerable sum outside the State. Debits and credits between State Departments are treated as arrangements between gentlemen, but Simla is often ill-mannered enough to call for cash.

So the Resident buttonholed the expert and told him confidentially that the State was very jealous of its rights, and he therefore suggested that the plants be left for the State Conservator to order. Full weight would of course be given to the expert's recommendations, and in a year or two, when the newly-planted teak was coming along nicely, the first of its probable fruits would be a C.S.I. for the expert.

The Resident then gave him the names of some distant States whose forest systems needed overhauling, and we all saw the expert off at the station with many expressions of cordiality and good-fellowship.

All that remained to be done was for the Conservator's third clerk to achieve some imaginatively artistic work in vermilion, indicating teak, on the maps. We are again ready for inspection.

E. P. W.

Corruption in High Places.

"Mr. Leslie — is now faking his final medical examinations in order to become a medical missionary in the M.M.J. Our prayers are with him."

Extract from "Trusting and Toiling."

"The fashion of taking hats off in restaurants which has been resorted to by so many women lately has now spread to buses and taxi-cabs."

Daily Paper.

Nearly all these vehicles make a point of removing their bonnets when drinking.

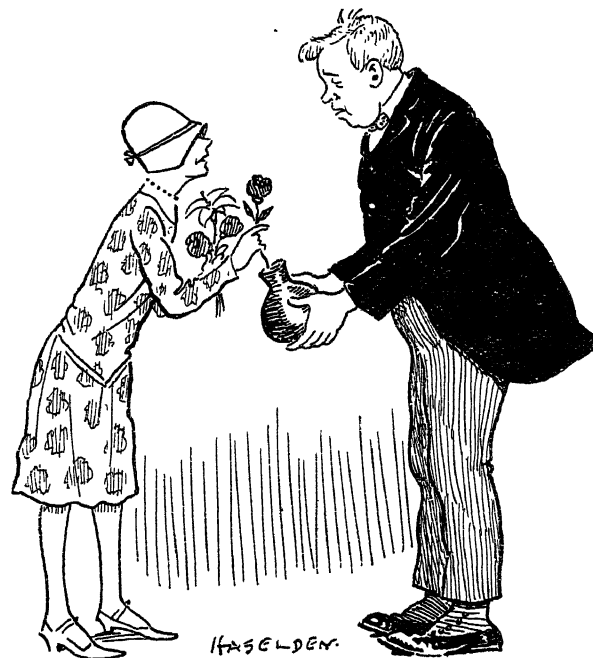
"Yet another gasman came in, and the declaration was delayed till 4.50." — *From Report in Sunday Paper of Eton and Harrow Match.*

This feature is more common at the Oval, on account of the proximity of the gasometer.

AT THE PLAY.

"BEAUTY" (STRAND).

THE unescapable thought that I carried away from this quite pleasant



FLORA FAILS TO ATTRACT ZEPHYRUS.

Berenice Toubé. MISS ENA GROSSMITH.

Jacques Blaise. MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON.

comedy was that there was something entirely wrong with the theme. Was that the fault of the author, JACQUES



A PROFESSIONAL LECTURE.

Estelle Duparc. MISS ISABEL JEANS.

Professor Flammet. MR. E. LYALL SWETE

DEVAL, or of the translator, MICHAEL MORTON, or (let me be generous) am I to blame rather some big stupidity of my own?

There was a shy little astronomer so deeply convinced of his own unloveliness of appearance that it made his life a tragedy, and, dragged into society by a gay and handsome friend, he wanders about the drawing-room like a mooncalf in tears. He actually does weep—"blub," the translator call it—when the beautiful lady, expected to marry his friend, makes a mock of him.

Very well, you say. Here is matter for comedy. Handsome is that handsome does. The little mooncalf will show that he has a noble soul. He will do some mildly heroic action later on and storm thereby the heart of the unapproachable fair. It has happened a thousand times thus. The gay Lothario is obviously no fitting mate for this young widow, who is certain to have concealed about her a romantic soul. And if it is not nobility of character that this astronomer is about to show us, it will be strength of mind, or fame, or suddenly-acquired self-assurance, or some other of those swift changes of fortune with which

a comedy-writer can endue his creatures at will.

And what, after all, is male beauty? One snaps the fingers at it. Was NAPOLEON beautiful? A woman is expected to choose a beautiful lover, but when it comes to matrimony (and this young widow does want to marry again) the whole of fiction and drama, outside fairy stories, has taught us that the combination of good looks and marked virtue and a large balance at the bank is more than any nice girl can reasonably expect in this world. And indeed, when I consider the number of amazingly plain (but quite self-assured) husbands who are married, often very happily, to most beautiful wives, I sometimes think that women have shown themselves almost too ready to accept the limitations of reality.

It is clear therefore that the mooncalf, in wishing, as he does, that he was a handsome Toreador or cavalry officer, is being quite absurd. A heart of gold, a purse of gold, a piece of genuine self-sacrifice—any of these will suffice for a happy curtain at the end of Act III. It is so, with varying degrees of sentimentalism, that any English dramatist would surely have unfolded his tale. Are we then so different from the French?

In *Beauty*, so far as I could make

out, nothing very much happened at all. A farcical shyness and the want of a good tailor—defects much more obtrusive than his ugliness—were the failings of the young astronomer at the beginning of the play, and they remained his failings until we reached the end. Then it was his childish simplicity, you will urge, which triumphed and made him the happiest of men? The protective motherly instinct that is in every woman's heart made *Estelle* desire to comfort him and look after him and see that he dressed decently and brushed his hair? She had slept a night, it is true, in the bedroom of his flat while he slept on the sofa of the large-windowed sitting-room from which he gazed out at the stars. She had been told by the astronomer's friend the difference between genuine love and mere desire. She felt, presumably, that here was guaranteed hall-marked fidelity as compared with the light love of her handsome friend, who had indeed suggested, instead of marriage, a less binding tie. But if this be the point of the play—this sweet Victorian sentimentalism!—it is woefully understressed. *Estelle* is a widow. She is gay. She makes no renunciation of the vanities of life. She does not try to learn astronomy. Like the other characters in the piece, she has never heard of the *aurora borealis*. She does not value the Legion of Honour, which her mooncalf is stated to have just obtained. In fact I don't really know what is in her mind. We seem to be left at the end with a shy little man and the eccentricity of a woman's love. That and no more. It is not quite enough for a comedy.

I go into all this at length because there were many agreeable points about the play. The Second Act, through its enormous ceiling-high window showing Paris and the stars, is a very effective piece of staging, and the parts are well-played. If you must have a hero who never overcomes his paroxysms of nervousness in the presence of a woman you could not see this character-study acted more movingly than as Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON plays it.

And there was Miss ISABEL JEANS, very charming as *Estelle*, although her inner feelings as to the beautiful and the unbeautiful had to be left largely to the imagination. And Lady TREE had a small but effective part as a hostess who was for ever match-making; and Mr. ERIC MATURIN, as the man who

has the right way with ladies, made a handsome foil to the astronomer.

Yet still, I repeat it, I cannot see that the astronomer was ever a Beast, or, if so, by what process, if any, he was transformed into a Fairy Prince. EVOE.

"BITTER-SWEET" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

Let a lot of paper-roses,
Pæonies and old-world posies
Be immediately showered
On the head of Mr. COWARD
And be cast about his feet
For creating *Bitter-Sweet*,
Musical phantasmagoria
Of the midday of VICTORIA.
Here are fairly lively ditties,
Fallen loves and faded pities;
Here in neat and tuny numbers,
Roused from their forgotten slumbers



BITTER-SWEET SEVENTEEN.

Sarah Mutch MISS PEGGY WOOD.
Carl Linden. MR. GEORGE METAXA.

(Out of Heaven or out of Hades;—
Here are gallants, here are ladies
Moving in the might-have-beens
Of absurd Victorian scenes.
Did you ever see, ma honey,
Any kind of dress so funny
As the mid-Victorian bustle
For the girl who wants to hustle?
Or the clash of comic songs
Sung by mid-Victorian throngs,
With the "green carnationed" beaux
Of the dear dead long-ago?

One there was, a tender maiden,
In those hours convention-laden
Who could risk her fame's disaster
With an Austrian music-master,
Follow him and be his wife
In the Austrian café life,
Mixing up with lots and lots
Of bonneted and flounced cocottes.
(Impropriety's improperer
In a mid-Victorian operer

When a bad Victorian swell
Meets a frail Victorian belle—
Mr. COWARD knows this well.)

Now, then, that she's lost her
lover

How shall our fair maid recover,
What without him is she gonna
Do? Become a *prima donna*?
Yes, she does, and wins a peer;
Such is *Lady Shayne*, my dear,
Lovely, though her heart is sere,
Lovely now as in the day
Of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,"
When for love she ran away,
Facing ruin and disaster
With her Austrian music-master.
Was she wiser, that fair rose,
Than the modern girl? Lord knows.

For his songs and for his dances,
For the dress which gives him
chances,

For his bitter-sweet delight
In the ladies of the night,
For his pathos and his jazz,
Nay, for everything he has,
With forget-me-nots em-
bowered

Shall, I say, be Mr. COWARD;
And his piece will be, I guess,
An unparalleled success
And most likely run for ages
On the Anglo-Saxon stages,
Being by such skill begotten.
Nor with him shall be for-
gotten

Anyone so sweet and good
As appeared Miss PEGGY
WOOD.

Praise for songs and praises
due

Fall to Miss ST. HELIER too.

EVOE.

"Mr. Alex Forbes briefly introduced the lecturer and during the course of his remarks said that although Mr. C. C. Cook was not 'the Cook who found New Zealand, nor yet, as far as he knew, a descendant, still he was imbibed with some of the same spirit . . .'"

New Zealand Paper.

We should like to taste one of his trifles.

"ROCKEFELLER AT 90 FINDS ZEST IN LIFE.

Rockefeller's Day.

. . . He plays nine rounds of golf, generally on his private links."—*Toronto Paper.*

A public links might regard this as an attempt at appropriation.

"As we stepped from room to room an old Irish terrier followed us with devoted eyes which never left his master's face."

Weekly Paper.

His master seems to have walked backwards.

"—Plating Company. Wanted clearer off (spoons and forks). Good wages. Permanent."—*Advt. outside Birmingham Works.*

This looks like a safe job for our crooks at last.

THE MÜNCHHAUSEN CLUB.

"I HAVE seen a hat," Willow announced.

There were several witty things which I might have replied to this statement. I used none of them, partly because none of them occurred to me, partly because I realised that my niece's predatory talents were being arrayed against me and that the sooner the subject was changed the better. I am not often one to underestimate an opponent—when that opponent happens to be Willow.

"I had a letter from your Aunt Sophia this morning," I was beginning, but Willow cut me short.

"It's an exquisite hat!" she said, and she gave me that guileless smile which strangers instinctively trust.

"Your Aunt Sophia—," I countered.

"If you were to lend me the money for that hat—," said Willow.

Frankness is supposed to be a charming quality in the young. I cannot say that I am one of its admirers. I determined to meet frankness with frankness.

"Stop!" I said. "I am not interested in that hat. Moreover, I have no intention of lending you the money for it. Let that be understood. The subject is now closed for ever."

Willow smiled resignedly, but still I did not feel easy. It seemed to me that the predatory gleam had by no means left her eyes.

"I had a letter from your Aunt Sophia this morning," I repeated hopefully.

Willow sat up abruptly.

"She told you about Donald, of course?" she asked.

As my sister had made no mention of her son Donald in her letter to me I raised an eyebrow of inquiry.

"Do you mean she didn't tell you about Donald's accident?" Willow demanded.

I hurriedly assumed an appearance of far greater anxiety than my known feelings towards my nephew warranted.

"Tell me at once," I said; "is he badly hurt? How did it happen?"

Willow looked reflectively at her nails, and from her nails, still reflectively, at me.

"You know how fond he is of photographing animals in their natural surroundings?" she said.

I nodded. There had been one occasion when I had accompanied my nephew on what he pleases to call his "nature rambles." The expedition had entailed a two-hours' wait in a bog, with the camera focussed upon a nest, for the return of a bird in whom the maternal instinct was blatantly dead. Donald's

idiosyncrasy was not one that I was likely to forget.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well," said Willow, "it seems that he has lately been going about the country disguised as a haystack, and he must have rather overdone the realism, for a day or two ago he was nibbled nearly in half by two hungry donkeys and a cow;" and she gave me a smile which would have done credit to Ananias.

It was several moments before I broke the pause which succeeded this anecdote. Then—

"I take it," I said, "that there is not a word of truth in your story?"

"Not a word," Willow agreed.

"Then may I ask—?"

"I am President of the Münchhausen Club," Willow explained. I smiled tolerantly, for I had heard of the Bright Young People. "We go about telling people the most outrageous stories, hoping that someone will believe them."

"What for?" I demanded. The procedure seemed to me unusually imbecile even for the Bright Young People.

"If the other person believes the story and is a fellow-member of the Münchhausen Club, then the trapper may demand from the trappee whatever the fixed stake of the club happens to be at the moment. It's no more mercenary than bridge and much more amusing. At *this* moment," she concluded with her head slightly on one side, "the fixed stake happens to be, shall we say, a hat?"

"The hat!" I cried. Then, hurriedly—"But I am not a member," I began to laugh; I continued to laugh; soon I was laughing heartily. "My dear child," I expostulated, "to think that you should expect me to believe a cock-and-bull story like that!"

"There's no harm in trying," said Willow.

"You must have a singularly poor opinion of my intelligence," I protested, somewhat piqued. "Donald nibbled in half by a donkey and a cow indeed!"

"Two donkeys and a cow," Willow corrected. Then—"I *think* I could get you to believe something quite make-believe—if you were to join the club," she said.

The challenge stung me, yet for a moment I hesitated. Memories of past discomfitures came crowding up in a last-minute effort to save me, but in vain; I rushed headlong to my doom.

"With pleasure!" I cried and waited for the worst.

"Then let us just make sure about everything," suggested Willow thoughtfully. "You and I are members of the Münchhausen Club and—"

"Yes, yes," I broke in; "there is no need to go over all that. You and I

are members of the Münchhausen Club and—"

I paused aghast. On Willow's pretty face there had appeared a grin of triumph which warned me that the worst had already happened. "What is it?" I cried. "What have I said?"

Willow moved from the sofa to the arm of my chair and patted my hand.

"Well, you see, there isn't really a Münchhausen Club at all," she explained. "I'm afraid I made it all up. It's my something quite make-believe—and you believed it. Of course, though, as there isn't really a Münchhausen Club and we're neither of us members, you don't owe me a hat at all. But"—she patted my hand again and sighed—"it's an exquisite hat," she finished simply.

She was right; legally I was by no means responsible for the hat. At the same time I felt that there was a suggestion of a debt of honour about the proceedings. And Willow is my favourite niece. And she had patted my hand. . . .

I rose and crossed to the desk.

"When you *do* found the Münchhausen Club," I said, "you will, I trust, consider that I have paid my subscription?" And I handed her a cheque for the assumed cost of the hat.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

SOUTH KENSINGTON NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

I WENT to see the animals; I liked them very much;

They are stuffed to look like real ones and it says you mustn't touch;

The Entrance Hall is very high and very long and wide,

With a statue of a gentleman called DARWIN just inside.

There are butterflies and beetles and big and little eggs,

And elks with funny noses and giraffes with funny legs;

There are walruses with whiskers and some rather frightening bears,

And humming-birds in cases at the corners of the stairs.

There's a gallery of corals, but they aren't so very pink,

And the whales are much, much bigger than ever you could think;

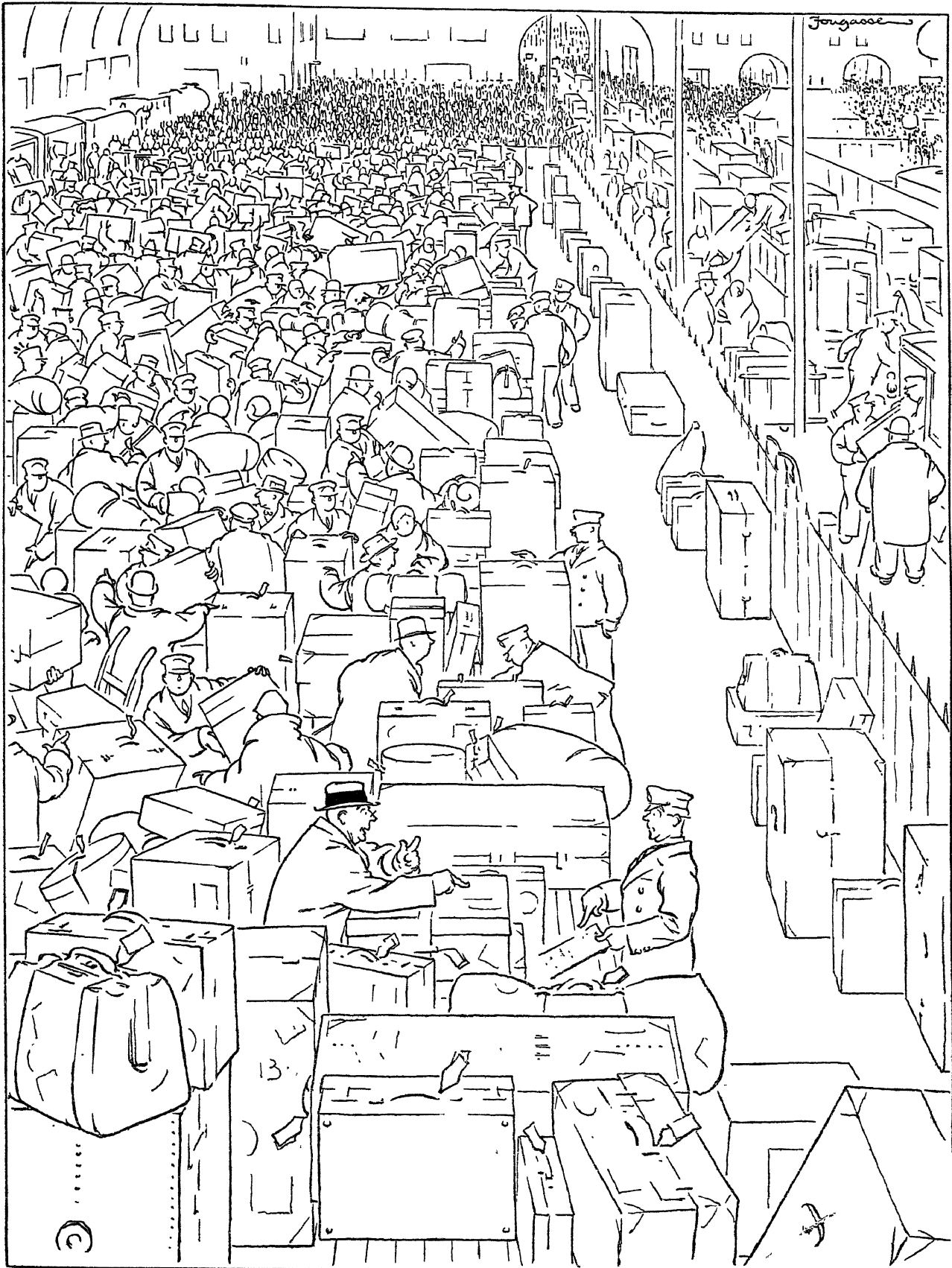
But (Dick would say it's silly, so please don't let him know)

I'm rather glad the mastodons all died so long ago. R. F.

"The lightest and most efficient Stove on the market for small bodies of men or boys."

Stove-Makers' Advt.

M. LANDRU of course had none of these up-to-date appliances.



"LOOK HERE, OFFICER, I'M IN THE VERY DICKENS OF A HURRY, SO SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU EXPECT TO FIND IN MY LUGGAGE, AND THEN I'LL PAY THE DUTY ON IT."



THE PARTING SHOT.

Angry Young Lady (to Boarding-house Lothario). "... AND TRY TO REMEMBER IT'S ONE THING TO LOOK LIKE A GENTLEMAN, AND QUITE ANOTHER TO BEHAVE AS SUCH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THAT the Abbé DIMNET's heroic little effort to popularise *The Art of Thinking* (CARB) for Americans should have been reprinted for us is, I feel, a practical step if a somewhat uncomplimentary one. Where thought is concerned we have standards of our own, and had until recently our own particular fashion of lapsing from them. But we are now sufficiently in danger of Americanisation to take a personal interest in the accomplished Frenchman's thesis; and few recent volumes of international criticism have had more bearing on our haphazard lives than this effort of a missionary from the land where thought is everything to evangelize the land where it is, largely speaking, nothing. Three sources of power, if I may so mechanically put it, work the dynamos that keep the book going: psycho-analysis, installed, I fancy, rather for *réclame* than use; a sort of Wordsworthian Platonism responsible for a sensitive and wholly legitimate excursion on thought-processes in children; and that unfailing old stand-by, the Thomistic psychology of the seminaries, which really does all the work. Add to this outfit the witty and persuasive spirit of the writer, his conviction that the world is full of thought if we would only give it a chance, and his equally happy and modest certainty that what has set his own house in order will tidy up ours, and you have the obvious auguries of success. I find a hint of quackery in

the style, an insinuation wholly unjust to the book's lavish generosity with real hard-won experience. But I recommend everyone who is not quite sure that his or her unaided efforts will keep his or her head above the waters of materialism to take a look round the Abbé DIMNET's Ark before succumbing to the deluge.

I should conjecture that the sympathies of Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND as a novelist were with the older generation. He would like, I am sure, to pursue the good old tradition, to avoid doubtful topics, to paint none but pleasant characters, to leave his readers suffused with a happy glow of sentiment. But what is one to do in these headlong days, when your reader can stand anything but a suspicion of insipidity? And so, in *A Family That Was* (CASSELL), he goes out of his way to introduce a scene at Ostend that is perhaps hardly necessary. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for his book. I like his young family of five, children of a cheery clergyman, and the vignettes of their early youth at Kensington and out on a summer holiday in the Isle of Wight. Canon O'Grogan, who gets into trouble and has to leave his family to fend for themselves, nevertheless had a certain sympathy and discrimination: he perceived that his two youngest children were somehow of a different type from the rest. They were, as he puts it, of the subjective type. Mr. RAYMOND traces the mental growth through childhood and adolescence of these two, Tony and Peggy,

with delicacy and insight. He can create living people, especially when they are still flushed with youth. But every one of the *O'Grogan* family stands out definitely enough—except the rather tired mother. And then there are the two delightful *Daubeny* girls, with their father the Colonel (perhaps the Colonel is just a little caricatured, but he is not unamusing); and besides these the one or two amiable eccentrics who do so much to sell a novel, like *Mr. Flote* and *Captain Alum*. The story is rather long, but I enjoyed it; I could even stand the prospect of a second volume, which the present conclusion would seem to foreshadow.

The **BODLEY HEAD** have published *The Penn Country and the Chilterns*, By **RALPH M. ROBINSON**, and he
Our homage to the hilt earns;
He walks us out and round about
Where haunts of peace engage us,
In Oxfordshire of hill and spire,
In Herts or Bucks umbrageous.

And when we thus do walk abroad,
The summer day before us,
By graver Muses all unawed,
Clio we take for chorus;
And meet, here, there and everywhere,
With ghosts in old green acres—
Meet poets, plots and patriots,
Statecraft and Kings and Quakers.

This book's for Odysseys urbane,
To glad the heart that hath thirst
To out and make a daisy-chain
From Town; and **MR. BATHURST**
(**MR. CHARLES J.**) in such a way
Has made its illustrations
That I'm undone to say which one—
CHARLES BATHURST or **RALPH ROBINSON**—
Deserves the bigger bit of bun
In my felicitations.

All that sparkles is not champagne, and, though there are bubbles (not to mention some very feminine squeaks) in *Paying Guests* (**HUTCHINSON**), as there always are in the produce of **MR. E. F. BENSON**'s cellar, they are but the mild effervescence of the smallest of beer. **MR. BENSON** has written a comedy of humours round the inmates of a select boarding-house in a select English watering-place. That is not a very unfamiliar scene, nor are the types anatomised conspicuous for their novelty. There is the retired Indian colonel, who lords it over the bridge table and is pleasant to everyone so long as he is allowed to have his own way and to tell his oft-told tales without interruption. There is the skittish spinster of forty-odd, who improvises, and conscientiously practises her improvisations, on the piano and paints bad water-colours. There are the hypochondriacal tyrant and his victimised daughter. There is the invincibly cheerful devotee of Mental Science, who takes the baths to please a sceptical husband and explains that there is no harm in doing this so long as she is quite sure that she can derive no possible benefit therefrom. **MR. BENSON** is in-



City Child (taken for her first holiday into the country, pointing to wild roses). "OH, LOOK, MISS! ALEXANDRA ROSES GROWIN' ON A BUSH!"

[**MR. PUNCH** reminds his readers that help is needed for the Children's Country Holidays Fund. Gifts should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, the Earl of ARBAN, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. 2.]

genious in putting his puppets into absurd and humiliating situations, but I am not sure that his expenditure of smiling malice is not a little in excess of the occasion. After all, as a greater satirist than **MR. BENSON** once asked, who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? Still, to revert to the potatary simile, I found *Paying Guests* a not unamusing beverage to imbibe during an attack of influenza. It certainly had no dangerous effect on my temperature.

Novel-writing is so far like the art of the kitchen that a tried recipe adapted, by a cook with the right instincts, to whatever she has in the larder is almost sure to result in something palatable and (if the larder is an unfamiliar one) original. I am bound to admit that the originality of *A House is Built* (**HARRAP**) lies in its latter. Of its sympathetic and accomplished imitation of the best Forsyte Saga manner you can only say that youth might have many worse models and, for the purpose in hand, few better. For *A House is Built* is essentially a youthful performance, being indeed the successful effort of two young graduates

of Sydney University to pull off *The Sydney Bulletin's* thousand-pound prize for the best Australian novel. The Misses BARNARD and ELDERSHAW, who collaborate as M. BARNARD ELDERSHAW, have cleverly wedded the story of Sydney to the story of a single family. Starting about 1839, in a wharf-side store bedizened with broad arrows, you trace the fortunes of the English ex-Quartermaster *James Hyde* to opulence, power and a mansion on Hunter's Hill. The Quartermaster is the business—identified wholly with the provisioning of ships and (subsequently) gold-fields. Of his two girls, one wrests herself free for a happy marriage; the other, broken by a fruitless entanglement with a whaling captain, refuses to expose her vulnerability to love. Both *Maud* and *Fanny* are highly capable portraits and, with their brother, the unresponsive *William*, excellent foils to their burly parent. The chronicle is vividly told for three quarters of its length. It was a fine conception to let so strong a stream lose itself in a delta of weak channels at the end, but something, I feel, of the chroniclers' virtue has gone out with the *Hyde* family's.

So many people can be readably hair-raising and so few really laughable, that, as one of the faithful to whom *Berry* and his splendid relations used sometimes to seem criminally funny, I cannot but regret the pilgrimage of Mr. DORNFORD YATES into the spheres of adventure. There is nothing new in *Blood Royal* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It is the story of two young Englishmen who get entangled in the hectic politics of a small German Principality, and, after ten days of concentrated thrills, succeed in putting the rightful (if dissolute) heir on the throne. I trust that Mr. YATES will forgive me if I protest that this is old stuff which is only made palatable by the fact that he is a good writer, with an accurate and telling way of describing country. The characters are not up to the old standard. *Berry and Co.* were so superbly fatuous that one never bothered about their reality. But these young men are just pawns, moving about to schedule in a clean-limbed fashion, hitting people on the head at the right moment, escaping from rough houses in the most inevitable manner, and showing no incompetence whatever. I longed for one of them to come a real purler, and I was disappointed. But, putting my prejudice on one side, I can commend this as quite a good railway-book, with a strand of romance in it which does not jar.

Miss ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS really must be trying to show us how versatile she is. We have seen how well she understands West Country folk when she collaborated with her father in *Yellow Sands*, her humour in that entertaining

and unlucky play, *The Mayor*, her realism in *A Marriage*, and now, in *The Atoning Years* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH), she has recaptured the something, certainly not rapture, which distinguished the novelists of an earlier day who dealt in counts, castles and curses and found their spiritual homes among Italian scenery. She is perhaps a little more frank than most of them would have been, and the Great War, which comes into her last pages, was not material for them; but this story of the ill-fated love between *Rezzia*, the lovely wife of *Count Vallandini*, and *Godwin Featherstone*, a handsome young Englishman travelling on the Continent before entering Diplomacy, is well within the tradition. In the end the *Count* discovers *Godwin* in his wife's apartments and, intending to kill him, is killed himself. The crime

is hidden, but remorse separates the lives of the lovers. The story closes on a note of sincere pathos, in spite of the air of unreality for which its setting seems to be responsible.

In the three stories which compose *Red Aces* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is lavish of sensational incident, but I do not think that they are representative of his best work. These tales are by no means short, but, functioning in an area even moderately confined, Mr. WALLACE's imagination seems to require wider spaces in which to roam, and his stage is apt to become rather inconveniently overcrowded. It is always a pleasure to meet Mr. J. G. Reeder, with his umbrella and his "ums," and doubtless his activities in this trio of cases, and especially in "The Case of Joe Attymar," will entertain many holiday-makers during the coming weeks.

As *The Summer Game* (GRANT RICHARDS AND TOLMIN) is solely concerned with cricket its publication in this

month of July is opportune enough, but all the same I feel that it is really a book that will be more valuable in the winter, when we can sit by the fire and savour it at our leisure. In these summer days there is so much contemporary cricket to attract our attention that we have no time to read about the giants of the past with becoming reverence, nor while the summer is with us shall we appreciate how wonderfully Mr. NEVILLE CARDUS can bring sunshine and warmth into the dreariest December day. For he has that radiant gift, as readers of his *Days in the Sun* recognised. In this volume, in spite of a tendency to over-elaborate, his views about the King of Games and of those who have made it regal are extraordinarily entertaining. But really Mr. C. B. FRY ought not to be described as "a Senior Wrangler at Oxford."

Unfortunate Exhortations.

"COME TO CHEDDAR AND GORGE."—*Charabanc Poster.*



Burglar (caught red-handed by householder wearing night-shirt).
"DIDN'T YER KNOW THAT NIGHT-SHIRTS 'AVE GONE AHT OF FASHION FOR MEN?"

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR LEONARD HILL refers to the calculation that if all the people in the world assembled on the Isle of Wight there would be standing-room for everybody. The difficulty would be to prevent outsiders from encroaching on the Squadron Lawn.

The parachutist who has succeeded in carrying on a telephonic conversation while falling from a height of two miles is considered to have overcome the greatest drawback to the parachute as a conveyance for busy men.

It is understood that the number of missing mail-bags is now so great that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is contemplating the offer of an allowance on all returned empties.

The Captain of the *Bremen* hopes to break his own record on his next outward voyage. Sea-hog!

"I have not yet been to the Crystal Palace," says Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, "and I shall never go." Our information is that Sydenham is going on as well as can be expected.

The danger of infection from sick parrots is described by a writer in *The Lancet*; who, however, does not mention what parrots are apt to pick up from human beings.

Glasgow Highlanders in camp have been using face-powder for their sun-burnt knees. ROB ROY never did.

Owing to the drought in the Lake District, tourists this season must be prepared for a restricted impression of how the water comes down at Lodore.

A luxurious bathroom in a modernised French house is described as resembling the sea-nursery of Apollo. Apollo, of course, was the god of Song.

Among new inventions we note a cash-box containing an electric alarm which cannot be stopped by the burglar and will keep on ringing for about ten hours. In that time it will have got on the burglar's nerves.

A new summer profession for young men, we learn, is that of swimming-

partner. The ordinary beach-lizard is not amphibious.

A medical writer refers to the increasing use of the motor-car in every walk of life. This, according to the pedestrian, is what is spoiling every one of his walks.

All three political Parties were well represented at a recent wedding, but there is no truth in the report that guests arriving at the church were asked "Government or Opposition?"

of wrong numbers which will be looking for a good home.

According to *The Daily Mail* four straw-hats were seen in Throgmorton Street one day last week. It is not known what action is to be taken by the Stock Exchange. The Bank Rate remains unchanged.

With reference to the suggested United States of Europe it is believed that international jurists are already considering the question of whether it would be an infringement of existing copyrights.

The glut of sixpences in London, to which attention is drawn, would seem to indicate an exceptionally busy banging season.

One of SHAKESPEARE's plays has been banned in America. Why not try this method of popularising his work over here?

In view of the continued interest taken by sight-seers in Mr. EPSTEIN's "Night" and "Day" it is anticipated that the Underground authorities will realise the desirability of allowing replicas of these works to tour the country.

The announcement that the "Old Vic" will have to be moved to make room for a circus in connection with the new Charing Cross station will be received with regret by all who prefer SHAKESPEARE to circuses.

A Transvaal Hottentot named WINDWOEL has just married for the third time, although he is one-hundred-and-twenty-eight years of age.

So much for the theory that people grow out of the habit.

During the recent heat a Liverpool typist wore her bathing-costume in the office. It is not stated whether she used the side- or crawl-stroke when typing.

"I rarely attend cricket matches," says a gossip-writer. This rather suggests that he gets all the sleep he needs at home.

"Model 8190. One-piece costume with broad tripe at waist."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*. Probably the better position is *inside* the waist.



We gather from the controversy going on in the Shoe Lane Press that what Mr. BALDWIN lacks is the courage of Lord BEAVERBROOK's convictions.

A Liberal paper suspects Lord BEAVERBROOK of trying to capture Mr. J. H. THOMAS. We do not, however, anticipate that a Lord Privy Seal will become a feature of the "Home Page" of *The Evening Standard*.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL announces that on August 1 the Post Office will introduce a telephone-service of personal calls designed to cut out all irritation. Nothing is said about the large number

THIS PUTTING BUSINESS.

I AM glad to see that the question of a larger golf hole has been resuscitated, because it gives me an opportunity of drawing public attention to the only practical solution of the problem of the putt, which has so long been recognised as out of all proportion to its value, fluky, unfair and generally objectionable.

Putting is the scourge of golf. It is an invention of the Devil, or at any rate of Bogey, now with Satan, where he deserves to be (though I confess I see no special merit about his cumbrous and complicated successor, Standard Scratch Score). Putting was devised almost entirely for the encouragement of falsehood, bad temper, conceit, greed, envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Only last Saturday Grant (whom I had beaten three up and two) spread it all over the place that he would have beaten me to a frazzle (another vice; only putting could make Grant talk like this) if he hadn't putted like a clown—three putts on seven greens—ludicrous! Whether he really took three putts on seven greens I cannot say because I didn't count, but he never mentioned how many greens I took three putts on, nor did he refer to the feebleness of his shots to the greens, which left him such enormous approach putts. That is Grant, mind you; not only a friend of mine and one who would never dream of doing me an injustice, but a gentleman of the highest moral character—except on the subject of putting.

Putting is not golf. It is another game altogether. The best putter in the world is an old gentleman who comes down to our club and plays people for half-crowns round the putting-course throughout the whole week-end. And if you don't believe me come down next Saturday and try your luck. You may stay the whole day at my expense if you will agree to have half-a-crown with me on every round you play. And I don't mind if your handicap is plus two at St. Andrews, although the old gentleman's was never lower than twenty-four, and that expired ten years ago.

Putting is a silly business. In what other game are you called upon to suffer the torture and the indignity of groveling on your stomach and twisting your body into all sorts of unnatural shapes in order to hit a ball as far as a child could kick it?

Now the advocates of the larger hole recognise all this. In the words of the gentleman who has recently revived the subject in *The Times*, the case for the larger hole (six inches in diameter

instead of four-and-a-half) is summarised as follows:—

1. It would reduce the element of luck.
2. Speed up the game and enable more people to play.
3. Restore the balance between the long and short game, destroyed by the rubber-cored ball.
4. Make the stymie an interesting feature instead of a handicap.
5. Reward the really well-played approach shot.
6. Remove a constant source of irritation to golfers.

Right; or, rather, wrong. I mean, his aims are right, but his remedy is wrong. It only tinkers with the disease. The obvious remedy is to do away with the hole altogether. And the green. In place of greens we will have nice deep pits filled with soft sand or earth. These pits will be of varying sizes according to the length and difficulty of the holes. They will be placed in tricky and amusing places, such as on the side of a hill, just over a pond, and so on. And all you have got to do is to hit your ball into the pit in fewer strokes than your adversary—*golf* strokes, mark you—and that is the end of the hole.

See how this meets our friend's six points beyond his wildest hopes:—

1. Almost eliminated.
 2. (a) Enormously. (b) Far more.
 3. Restored.
 4. Gone for good.
 5. Every time.
 6. Removed.
- And see what else it achieves:—
7. Saving of labour.
 8. Ditto material.
 9. One club less (or even two).
 10. Abolition of vices mentioned above.
 11. Craze for longer courses justified.
 12. Truth in golf.
 13. More time for lunch.
 14. Bigger bar receipts.
 15. Healthier-minded caddies.
 16. Happier wives.

There are probably many more arguments in favour of the scheme, but these are all I will set down in my haste to urge this long-overdue reform. Golf-clubs of Britain, royal or ancient or both, I appeal to you to abolish this putting business once and for all. Take up your greens. Transplant them round the club-house, and let those who sigh for the joys of putting putt to their hearts' content, leaving us others free to the joys of lashing at the ball with our drivers and brassies, those lovely spoon-shots, those beautifully-controlled iron-shots, those picturesque pitches, which we came out to play. I beg you to do this thing; and I must warn you that until you do I for one shall con-

tinue in the old, old way, degrading the game and myself and my partners, offending my opponents, demoralising my caddies, grieving my wife and endangering my soul, simply because I cannot putt for nuts. L. B. G.

SCOUTS OF ALL NATIONS:

OR, THE WORLD JAMBOREE.

WHEREVER you come from
(And I don't know
That there mayn't be some from
The Greenland snow
Or the deep mid-tropical forests where
none but a boy can go);

Seaside or inland,
Mountain and plain,
Eagle from Finland
Or hawk from Spain,
Woodpecker, panther and whatnot, un-
daunted in sunshine and rain;

To the pathway-finders
And readers of maps,
To bandage-binders
And all you chaps,
Here's luck for the big Jamboree, and
not least to the Indians and Japs!

Be lungs like bellows
And outstretched hands
To all good fellows
From far-off lands,
For youth is the time for friendship, and
youth for a moment stands

In one great rally
And vast parade,
Exceedingly pally;
A moment stayed,
The whole world drinks to the whole
world in bumpers of gingerade!

Swimmers and rowers
And ti-ers of string
And woodcraft-knowers
And everything,
From the players of ukuleles to the ones
that can only sing;

Scoured be the dishes
And lit the fires;
Here's all good wishes
That each desires;
Round the wood-smoke, unending,
tumultuous be the choirs!

Travellers and trampers
From far and near,
Hikers and campers
With heart sincere,
Coming to England, to England in the
full green leaf of the year!

EVOC.

"SOCIALIST ALARM IN COMMONS.

... The quick eye of Mr. Churchill scented
a chance of stirring things up."
Aberdeen Paper.

The House soon heard a taste of his
eloquence.



THE OCEAN DACHSHUND.

IN HONOUR OF THE *BREMEN*, WHICH HAS BROKEN THE TRANSATLANTIC RECORD HELD FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS BY ONE OF OUR OCEAN GREYHOUNDS.



OUR EXPENSIVE DAUGHTERS.

"I'VE COMPLETELY FALLEN FOR YOUR FATHER. SUCH A NICE FIGURE, AND I ADORE HIS GREY HAIR."
 "SO GLAD, DARLING. THE HAIR IS MY DOING."

THE CLOTHING QUESTION AGAIN.

I READ in my newspaper:—

"The idea," said Mr. C. M. KOHAN, General Secretary of the New Health Society, "is to find for our clothing a fabric which is easily penetrated by ultra-violet rays and which also preserves a constant temperature around the body. Some years ago Mr. Howard Priestman, of Leeds, conducted researches, and, after carrying out what is known as the jacketed copper cylinder test, he came to the conclusion that we would be warmer without clothing."

And yet some people say it is a dull world. Impossible, when there are people who can think of garments in terms of physical chemistry and the spectroscope, who will chat with you about the temperature of your ties, who will doubtless even tell you the correct number of vitamins for your spats.

Well, well, something new is being discovered every minute. It seems like only the other day that a Health Expert, aided by *The Daily Dole*, discovered the sun. "Modern scientific research,"

wrote Doctor Bulger on the magazine page ("Hygienic Homes," By a Specialist), "has proved to-day that the sun is the source of all health. Experiments undertaken with a number of lesser tree-shrews show that those specimens which had free access to the sun lived longer than those which were shut up in iron boxes away from the life-giving rays. . . . The beams from the sun are, as you all know, composed. . . . And then he got away among the ultra-violets and infra-reds and I was unable to follow him till he emerged with the statement that one should keep in the sun as much as possible and only live in buildings with walls specially constructed to let the more valuable parts of a sun-ray through into the drawing-room, dining-room and even kitchen."

Now here is Mr. C. M. KOHAN complaining that it is no good having a sun-ray, however big, in the drawing-room if it can't get past your lounge-suit, and he is looking for a clothing fabric which will get over the difficulty. Well, I could put him on a good line. I still have a waterproof, provided by an army contractor in 1915, which must be made

of just the stuff he's after. The lightest rain penetrated it so easily that I feel certain it would not prove an obstacle to a little thing like an ultra-violet ray. Further, it fulfils his second demand, for whenever I wore it in the trenches the temperature around my body was quite constant. Constant at 32 degrees Fahrenheit, it seemed to me. It may have been 33 degrees; my memory is not what it was.

It let the wind through successfully too, and I am sure that would please Mr. KOHAN. "The free circulation of healthy air over the skin," I expect he would call it, though in my opinion for free circulation of air there is nothing to beat my evening dress-shirts. He can have them too if he likes. I assure him I have only to lean forward attentively towards my hostess for my shirt-front, bulging like a pouter-pigeon, to create a powerful vacuum behind it and suck in the healthy outer air through every inlet. Indeed, small articles on the dinner-table, such as olives, bread and even salt-spoons, have been known to disappear up my sleeves in the sudden inrush of wind through my cuffs. I have

to straighten up and throw a chest pretty quickly, I can tell you, in order to expel them before they are a total loss for the evening. Anyway, though probably very hygienic, I find it rather embarrassing, particularly if it is salt-spoons. Olives don't matter so much. Yes, Mr. KOHAN or anyone can have my dress-shirts.

Of course I admit I may be biased about dress-shirts. I have never concealed my antipathy to our present form of uncomfortable evening wear. To assume in August a carapace of indomitable starched linen and a collar specially case-hardened and saw-toothed by the laundry, seems to me the height of folly. I share the view (if I follow him) of Mr. HOWARD PRIESTMAN, mentioned above, and feel that I should be far more comfortable in a jacketed copper cylinder. In winter, after an hour's wearing of such chilly unsympathetic armour-plate, with its tendency to unexpected internal hurricanes, I can even believe him when he says we should be warmer without any clothing at all.

After all, he has "conducted researches," and I haven't had the courage yet. That must have been fun for him—assuming of course that his resultant access of warmth was not due to the heating arrangements of a police-station cell. But it was lucky for his researches that he wasn't a lady-competitor at Wimbledon or he might have felt himself bound to spoil his *ensemble* of warm nudity by putting on stockings.

A. A.

A QUICK-CHANGE RECORD.

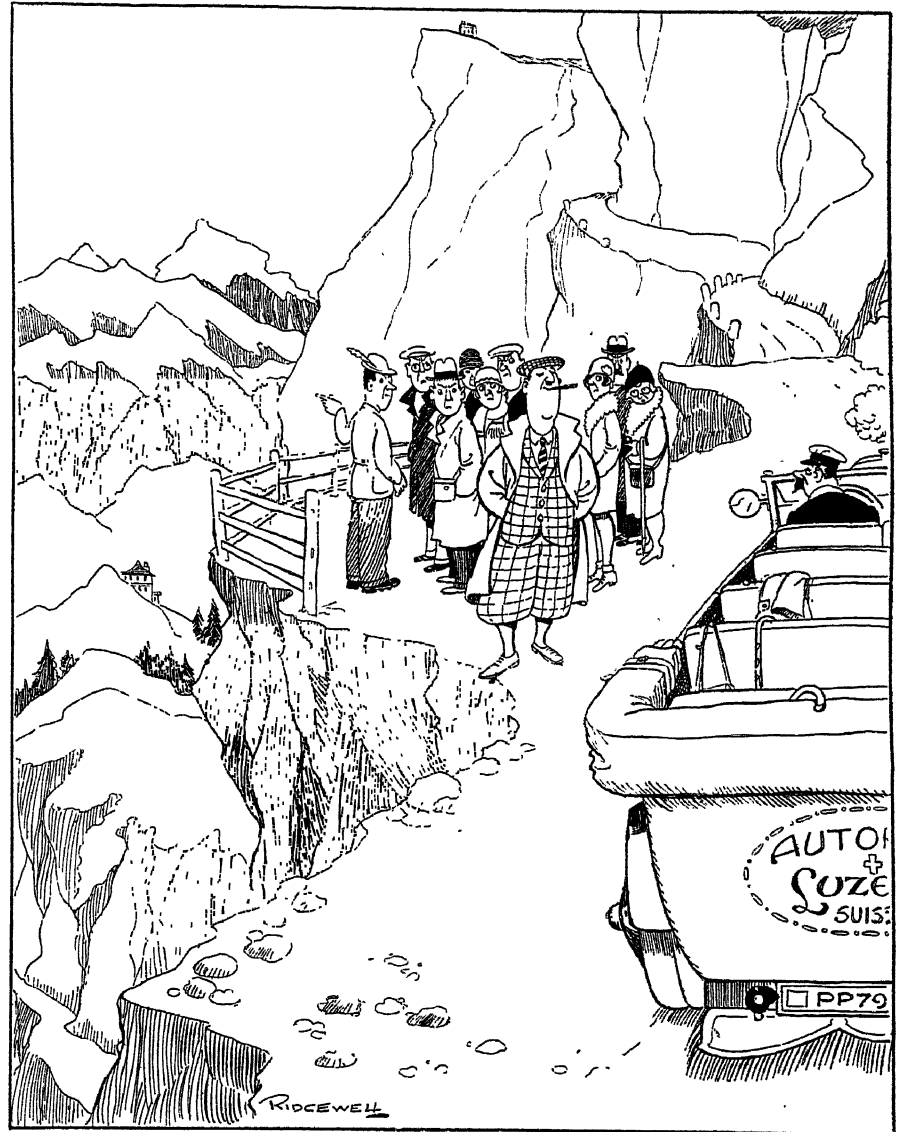
[An African witch-doctor is reported to have given a dumb man a powder of crushed gramophone-record in order to make him speak.]

Signor Tenore di Robusto

Sang operatic airs so sweetly,
With such bravura, verve and gusto,
He gained his hearers' hearts completely.
He hated Jazz; a saxophone
Would make him simply squirm and groan.

One fateful day our poor Tenore,
Plunged in a most resounding aria,
Loudly requesting death or glory,
Was smitten with acute malaria.
When he got better—this is rum—
They found he was completely dumb.

The doctors came, saw and were puzzled,
Yet on the symptoms all agreed;
"Tis clear," said they, "his voice is muzzled;
We must contrive to get it freed.
But how to do it? That's the question.
Can no one offer a suggestion?"



THE MAN WHO HAD SEEN EVEREST.

One doctor, quite extremely youthful,
In fact the greenest kind of goose,
Remarked, "I've heard a single toothful
Of powdered record oft will loose
A patient's tongue. It sounds queer
diet,
I know; but anyhow let's try it."

And did the rest this fatuous Doc. shun?
No, straight they ground a record
down;
The patient eyed the vile concoction
But swallowed it with many a frown;
None noticed, all were so enthused,
A jazz-band record had been used!

* * * * *
Tenore's voice returned unabated,
But 'neath that fatal record's sway
Tenore's mind, jazz-soaked and sated,
Collapsed; since then he chants all day
(Poor chap, he's past all curing now),
"My Cutie's sure some doggone Wow."

An Impending Apology.

"THE DROUGHT.
Water Inspectors' Patrol.
Farmers' Fear for Milk Supplies."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Venice Goes Dry.

"What finer example of simple sentiment can be found than the letter of a young girl, spending a few weeks in Venice, to her mother? 'Dear Mother,' she wrote, 'I spent the night on the Grand Canal, drinking it all in. I never realised that life could be so full!'"

Daily Paper.

"HOSE BAN NOT GENERAL."

Evening Paper.

This will be a comfort to both the stocking-makers and the Wimbledon authorities.

"Omnibus signs are gathering in the coal industry that indicate the possibility of serious industrial trouble there."—*Local Paper.*

These General Omnibuses are so red.

THE UNIVERSITY COSTUME.

SOMEWHERE in England there must be a man who chuckles and chuckles and from time to time bursts into loud laughter in the privacy of his home. I refer to the tailor, manufacturer, haberdasher or hosier who first invented the modern male bathing-suit or "University Costume."

In my distant boyhood this garment, so far as I know, did not exist. At any rate I never saw it. My father took us every summer holidays to a different "watering-place," as people strangely and erroneously call the Worthing and Lowestofts and Bognors of this island. Our family visited them all in turn, and at all of them we bathed. We herded in bathing-machines or leapt off the pier or hid behind rocks; but always we wore clammy garments round our middles, simply but sufficiently described as bathing-drawers, and coloured, as a rule, red. So did my father, and so did all the male swimmers, adult or no. My father, modest Victorian though he was, would never, I am sure, have consented to wear what is called a "University Costume." But no man wrote letters to the papers about him and no Urban District Council inspector ordered him off the beach.

Times change. I cannot remember exactly when the new wear came in, but I remember how the expression began to creep into conversation and on to the music-hall stage. If I remember right (it is all so dim), it was rather a joke at first. One spoke of the "University Costume" as lately one spoke about "Oxford trousers." It was a new fashion, slightly derided yet slightly envied by those who had not yet the courage or the cash to adopt it. The first man who appeared in it on a bathing-beach was regarded as rather over-dressed. Times change.

And meanwhile the chuckling gentleman I have spoken of was chuckling and scheming. He had argued reasonably that larger swimming garments would mean larger prices. Women's dresses were growing shorter, and to make it up to the manufacturers it seemed only fair that men's bathing-drawers at least should be longer. The

first step was to make the new garment fashionable; and it was cunning, from this point of view, to drag in the Universities. Did the costume really have an academic origin? Was it imposed as a matter of discipline by the head of some Cambridge college? Did the dons decline to bathe unless they had this spacious covering? Or was it the wanton whim of the smart set at Oxford? I do not know.

At any rate the name caught on. (I remember dimly wishing that I was grown-up enough to have one of these University Costumes.) But to make the thing fashionable was not enough, and

breaks and he exposes a whole shoulder. A number of male bathers, instead of presenting a cheerful picture of red and white in the water, look like a lot of wet horses or piebald seals; and in actual weight of material we men wear much more in the sea than many young women do on land.

Times change. Our manufacturers must live, and it seems to me perfectly natural and proper that we should be compelled in this roundabout fashion to wear long black funereal things instead of the jolly little red things of twenty years ago. But don't let us pretend that we are being more moral or decent; for if we do that the chuckling man will be at us again. He will invent some new kind of bathing-sock or sea-gaiter, and the next thing will be that the naked foot is indecent. Indeed, when you come to think of it, there are few more unpleasant objects than the foot of the average male bather. The toes are curled up in curious knots, the nails are not so well cared for as they should be, and—hush!—there are corns. Yet at the moment he is allowed to expose this hideous object with impunity, as his father was allowed to expose his chest. A day will come, I feel, when he will not be permitted to enter the water without the College Swim-sock, and adult paddling will be prohibited.

This will be reasonable and logical. For my part I would far rather look upon my poor friend Poker's chest than upon his foot or his—hush again!—legs. His legs are exceedingly hairy, but his chest, inconsistently, is not. And if you ask me, as you probably will, and rather indignantly, "Where then do you draw the line? You can't have the citizens flaunting their bodies all over the place," I reply that personally I draw the line at exceedingly hairy chests. I dislike these. I think that my friend Mortimer's chest, for example, should always be concealed from the public eye. And probably it would be better if Poker's legs were decently draped while he hobbles into the water. And I do not think that Poker should flaunt that very queer foot he has. But then, who am I?



Self-respecting Caddie. "EVEN IF YOU DO KEEP TOPPIN' YOUR BALL IT'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD SNAP MY 'EAD OFF."

might even be fatal. So the chuckling fellow took his next step. He went about whispering in the ears of schoolmasters and old ladies and Urban District Councillors that the upper part of the male body was a disgusting or, in the alternative, a dangerously alluring spectacle (to this day I have never discovered which is the official view), and that here, with these new garments, was a golden opportunity to conceal the horrid thing. This teaching gradually prevailed, and now, as we all know, has become a national doctrine. The result is that at most of our health-resorts an honest plumber may not enter the ocean without a University costume, and in our public baths a young man is accused of immodesty if a button



THE SALES EPIDEMIC.
OUR HAIRDRESSER FALLS INTO LINE.

Many people, I believe, are delighted by a lot of hair; many people (at present) see nothing obscene about Poker's feet. No doubt that will come. Meanwhile the best thing would be to leave these matters to the individual consciences or tastes of Poker and Mortimer and the rest of us. What I do not see is, where the Urban District Council comes in? Also I do not see why, if Poker may not expose his in-offensive chest in summertime on the seashore, all these women are permitted to expose their chests all the year round in the streets, to say nothing of their backs in the ball-room.

Also, and lastly, I see a good many naked faces about me which might well be covered up for the public good; and I commend the notion to my chuckling friend. Let him have a look at the Urban District Council at — on-Sea.

A. P. H.

Mr. Punch's Spot-Lights on History.

Dead Israelites "slept with their fathers," but the Egyptians with their mummies.

FANCY.

"Quickly break her prison-string
And such joys as these she 'll bring."
KEATS.

WHEN London is hotter
Than ever you'd think—
Behold my pink blotter,
My pen and my ink—
"Sweet Fancy" they'd fetter
With houses and streets,
But loose I will let her,
As though I were KEATS.

Then down goes her carpet
Of magical art,
And, "Look," she says, "sharp! it
Is going to start"
(She swings the propeller)
"To—where would you wish?"
"Oh, thank you," I tell her,
"Let's both catch a fish."

"So brilliant a derring,"
Says she, "I can't match;
But salmon, red-herring,
Come, what shall we catch?
In Lowlands? In Highlands?"
Says I, "Let us out

North-west to the Islands—
I choose a sea-trout.

Where airs of Atlantic
Are salt on the lips
He fights something frantic,
He runs and he rips;
Then, all in a bumping—
A heart-beat that knocks—
He jumps with the jumping
Of Jack-in-the-Box."

"Be lines slack or tauter,"
Cries Fancy again,
"I'll give you grey water
In rags of grey rain,
Where kittewakes cock it
And mew like a cat,
With lunch in your pocket
And flies in your hat. . . ."

Oh, don't she know *nicely*?
Hang houses and streets!
She's brought me (precisely
As though I were KEATS)
A sea-trout—what antic!
A gull that down dips,
And always Atlantic
For salt on my lips. P. R. C.

THE FOURTH MRS. FIRTH.

A SPARKLING COMEDY.

(With apologies to Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE.)

ACT I.

SCENE—A drawing-room in the Haymarket Theatre, described in the programme as a flat in Knightsbridge. It is one of those vast and extremely expensive apartments which could not possibly cost less than fifteen thousand a year to run. There are a lot of delphiniums about to let you know the kind of play you are in for. Incredibly, the room has only one door. When the curtain rises a young man in plus-fours is lying on the luxurious sofa with his feet up reading "The Skatler" perfunctorily. A parlourmaid dressed in rose-coloured chiffon announces Mr. Firth.

Enter David Firth.

Vivian. Why, if it isn't my disreputable male parent!

David. Hoots, toots, ye impairtinent bairn!

Vivian. Oh, father, I'm awfully glad you've come. I don't like you very much, but I've been reading this *Skatler* for the last twenty-five years, ever since I went on the stage, so to speak, and you can't imagine how boring it gets. Now do sit down while I tell the audience who you are.

David. Havers!

Vivian (speaking very slowly and distinctly). You are my father, and you have divorced my mother three times and remarried her twice. You are now married to another woman, but I expect you'll be marrying Mother again before long. I must say I think it's very shocking for a husband to call on his divorced wife. It's so conventional, especially in the theatre. You've no idea of the number of bright remarks that I can make on that subject.

[He proceeds to do so.]

David (after the seventh). Hold your whisht, man. Surely that's enough.

Vivian. I think there's still a rather dull old lady at the back of the dress-circle who isn't quite sure of the situation. Just once more. I'll be sentimental about it this time. Do you realise the shame and the ignominy through which you dragged my poor mother? Do you know that the little boys in my kindergarten used to call me "Decree Nisi"? Boys at kindergartens always read the divorce reports. They study the Cause List in *The Law Times* every week. You don't know the shame that I endured.

Enter Susan Firth.

Susan (bright and girlish). Why, David, fancy your being here! I see far

more of you when we're divorced than when we're married.

David. Eh, lassiekin, ye always had a grand sense of humour. I want to speak to ye verra seriously.

Susan. Do you want to marry me again, David?

Vivian. Mother, don't give away the plot!

David. Topsy, that's ma preesent wife, wants to divorce me. I want ye to help me cook her goose for her and put a stop to it.

Susan. Do you think I'm quite the right person for you to come to?

Vivian. Well, you certainly ought to know how father behaves in the Divorce Court, mother, if anyone does.

Susan. David's sweet in the Divorce Court. So solemn and important.

David. Will the pair of ye kindly stop making Smairt Aleck remarks about me?

Susan. Oh, no, dear, we can't possibly. This is a light comedy. Now, of course it's perfectly obvious that you and I are going to get married again at the last curtain, but that won't be until eleven o'clock, so you'd better go home and wait. Meanwhile I'll do what I can for you. See you in the next Act. Don't forget to wipe your feet on the mat as you go out.

David. Ye're a grand woman, Susan. I can't think why I ever divorced ye.

Susan. It's a little late in the day to tell me that, David.

David. Aw! Go to hell!

[He goes out.]

Susan. I think your father's in love with me again.

Vivian. I can't imagine what you see in him, mother; I think he's the most crashing bore.

Susan. Yes, dear, I know. I don't know what I see in him either. But he's a very clever man. You know he's an awfully good playwright.

Vivian. But he hasn't any sense of humour.

Susan. No, dear. That's why he writes such good comedy. He does it with a sliding scale and a book of logarithms that he invented. It's used in all the best theatres. Now, dear, go and change into that nice grey suit you wear in the next Act, and I'll tell Gladys to move the delphiniums just to show that a week elapses.

Vivian. Mother, you are a clever woman.

Susan. I know, dear. I learnt it all from your father.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE—The same. Different flowers.

Vivian and Susan are discovered in earnest conclave.

Vivian. Mother, I do think Father ought to be told that his wife's getting herself talked about.

Susan. Darling, what a peculiar expression!

Vivian. Yes. Old PINERO taught it me when I was at school. I think she's getting herself compromised. You see, she was seen to go into that French dancer's flat after seven o'clock the other evening. I do think Father ought to know.

Susan. No, dear. You leave this to me. I'm a very managing woman and I think I can get a good Act out of it.

[The maid announces "The present Mrs. Firth." Enter Topsy. She is a bad woman. She wears black satin and pearls.]

Vivian (to Topsy). She-devil!

[He goes out.]

Topsy. I don't think you ought to let your son speak to me like that.

Susan. Why not? You are a she-devil, aren't you?

Topsy. If you're going to insult me I'll sit here and listen to you.

Susan. You're a selfish, heartless, mercenary, abandoned creature. "Woman" is too good a name for such as you. You think because you're young and pretty that it doesn't matter. But you wait. Wait until your beauty's gone; when your rose-petal skin begins to fade; your eye to lose its lustre; your figure its supple play. Then, ah, then the world will know what a hollow sham you are. Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!

Topsy. How beautifully you recite!

Susan. How dare you? Vivian and I are the only people who are allowed to be pert in this play. You shameless baggage! And when I say "baggage" I mean "baggage."

Topsy. Well, no one has to pay excess on my weight.

Susan. And yet (with a sob in her voice), and yet I am unwilling to believe that you are all bad. There must be some good in you somewhere. There is in everyone, especially at the St. James's, I mean the Haymarket. You love this French dancer. I know you do. You went to his rooms at a quarter-past-seven. That means you love him. It means that you would willingly beg your bread from door to door for his sake. No woman compromises herself for a man unless she loves him.

Topsy. It's a lie! I never went to François' rooms.

Susan. Did I say his name was François? No. You did. You've given yourself away, my girl. You've fallen into my trap. You thought I was a fool. But I'm a very clever woman really.

Topsy (breaking down). Oh, it's true, it's true. Oh, I'm so ashamed!



She. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHEN THE DUCHESS IS EXPECTED TO BE COMING OUT?"
He. "DUNNO, MISS; SHE AIN'T TOLD ME NO THINK."

Susan. Poor child, I pity you; from the bottom of my heart I pity you. However I'm not going to spare you. David shall divorce you and you shall marry François.

Topsy. He's married already.

Susan (taken aback). I never thought of that. Never mind; I'll tell you what you'll do. You're going to ring up the first man you know and tell him that he's got to compromise you. You probably know a large selection who will be more than willing. If you don't I shall publish this story to the world and then your reputation will be ruined. Now, come on; who would you like to ring up?

Topsy. Well, I think it had better be

Lord Nitwit. He's the richest man I know.

Susan (going to the telephone). May-fair 0000, please.

Topsy. How do you know his number?
Susan. I haven't the slightest idea. Hello, is that Lord Nitwit? Would you mind compromising Mrs. Firth for me? Oh, that is charming of you! Yes, she can manage this evening. Thank you so much. I'll tell her to come to your flat straightaway. Good-bye. (To Topsy) Now run along and get compromised. You might ring up the detective agency on the way and tell them to have a man outside. Good-bye. I don't suppose we shall meet again.

[Topsy goes out, colliding with David, who comes in.

David. Whit wey are ye fashing yersel' wi' yon ootsie-pootsie bit lassie? Or in plain English what the hell's Topsy doing here?

Susan. You wait until the next Act and see.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE—The same. Six months have passed and the sofa is on the other side of the room. Vivian is still reading "The Skatler."

Vivian. These photographs are getting a little stale.



Town-bred Little Girl (in village emporium). "I WANT THE TOY DEPARTMENT, PLEASE."

Enter Susan.

Susan. Your father's got his divorce, dear.

Vivian. I suppose you'll be marrying him quite soon?

Susan (coolly). Nobody axed me, Sir, she said.

Vivian. Mother, I do love you when you're arch.

Susan. I rather love myself, darling.

Vivian. You are going to marry Father?

Susan. Yes, dear. I think husband and wife ought to be married. (Looks at her wrist-watch) But there's still forty minutes to go.

Vivian. Well, I'm not wanted any more. I think I'll go and take off my make-up.

[He goes out. Susan turns on the wireless until David comes in.]

Susan (winsomely). Oh, David, this is a surprise! What can you want here?

David. Fine ye ken what I want. Will ye have me, Susan?

Susan. Are you proposing to me? Oh, Dav'd, this is so sudden!

David. Woman, dinna blether.

Susan. Oh, but I must. You see, David, you and I and everyone else say that I'm going to marry you,

but you've got to have a last Act somehow, so I think, if you don't mind, I'd better pretend to be coy and bashful and maidenly for the next twenty minutes. No, David, I will not marry you.

David. Ye've been reading *BARRIE* again, woman. Well, two can play at that game. I'd be a good match for ye. I'm a desirable catch. Ye're no chicken yerself. Ye won't find another body willing to marry an old woman. Awweel, it's sorry ye'll be the day ye see me riding by in my coach-and-six and you what might have been a baronet's lady, if ye'd only had the mind. Will ye marry me, Susan?

Susan. No, David, I will not.

David. Awweel, have it yer own way. I'm no the man to ask ye twice, not for the fourth time. I'm a strong character, Susan, and I'll truckle to no one. Guid riddance tae ye, and I hope ye'll be sorry one day.

Susan (in agony). You're not going, David?

David. I am that.

Susan. I'm sure the clock's slow. Won't you ask me again, David? Very slowly and deliberately.

David. What's the use? Ye winna have me.

Susan. Oh, you great, big, blind baby! I'd like you to ask me again, David, just as a last favour to me.

David. Ochone, I mean och ay, if it'll gratify ye. For the third time, Susan—

Susan (with an eye on the clock). The seventh, David. You've lost count.

David. Will ye marry me, Susan?

[The clock strikes eleven.]

Susan. Thank God! Yes, David, I'll marry you.

David. I always knew ye meant to.

Susan. What I love about you, David, is that you're so clever.

CURTAIN.

AN UNTIDY CLEARANCE.

BANK-HOLIDAY had been warm and sunny, a perfect day for picnicing, and early on the following morning the Oldest Inhabitant surveyed with satisfaction a large new notice-board planted on the edge of the common where the cars of the Londoners pull up on the crest of the rise.

"Nothing like a forty-shilling fine," he chuckled, "for making folk clean up their trash after feeding. Act of Parliament can't do it. Reckon no one could tell this morning that thisyer

common was a restaurang for half London yesterday. Not a scrap of paper to be seen. All put away ever so neat."

His back was scarcely turned when a spherical, white, crackling object emerged from the slope of a bank riddled with rabbit-holes and rolled into the ditch. The face of a very angry rabbit followed the ball, then the rest of the animal. At the same moment the turf at the edge of the bank heaved and a mole pushed his head and shoulders into the fresh air. He rested, panting, on his elbows.

"Mornin'," said the mole; "and how, might I ask, have *you* slept? No, we'll discuss my nose later, if you please. What I want to know is—"

"It's really scandalous," interrupted the rabbit. "Up to last Bank-holiday they were reasonably tidy; spread their nasty paper and broken bottles and sharp bits of tin well out in the open, where we could see and avoid them. The deuce knows what's come over them now-a-days. Poked my nose out of my bedroom door this morning straight into a sticky cheese-wrapper. The wife woke with a bad headache; says the smell of the cheese gave it her. And my youngest has just been sick on the landing. He found half a sausage in the very door of the night-nursery and ate nearly all of it. Well, boys will be boys, but it was such a *bad* sausage! My front entrance was positively blocked with rubbish, mostly paper plates and hand-wipers, right up to the foot of the stairs. I've been the best part of an hour digging my way out, and fresh air is so important for the children. The doctors say— But, talking of doctors, what have you done to your nose and wrist?"

The mole heaved up a shovel hand swathed in an enormous bandage. (Moles' hands grow straight out of their shoulders and they have no wrists, but it always pleases them if people pretend they have.) He waved the wounded limb indignantly.

"You know my run, between the loosestrife and the white stone the thrushes crack their snails on? *My* private run, as everybody knows; and I've made it a one-way road, so of course I go full bat along it every morning when I take my constitutional. Gad! if I hadn't kept my eyes open I'd have been a stretcher case. Some malignant ass had stuffed the pieces of a broken tumbler into a paper mug and rammed the whole caboodle into my run. Really, some people oughtn't to be allowed loose on the commons!"

The rabbit smiled inwardly. Moles' eyes, indeed! But he kept a grave face.



Very Young Apprentice. "THEY TELL ME, QUARTERMASTER, THAT WE'RE LOADING A STEEL CARGO HERE. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

Quartermaster. "WELL, GIRDERS, RAILWAY LINES, BITS O' BRIDGES AND—ER—CURLING-TONGS."

"I'm afraid," he said, "your nose is badly damaged."

"Hanging by a thread," snuffed the other. "But the point is, this has got to stop. Their noisy aeroplanes are poisoning the air, so the swallows say, and now our houses are being turned into rubbish-bins, let alone the danger to short-sighted runabouts like myself. Strikes me we'd both better take to the sea. I'd be all right, one way and another. I'm not unlike a seal."

"If you'd been reading the papers," said the rabbit, "you'd have known the sea's all covered with dirty oil

from their motor-boats. A gull came over yesterday, bound for the reservoirs. Told me he'd done with salt water for good and all."

The mole groaned. "What *are* we to do?"

"Write to Mr. Punch about it," said the rabbit.

"Lost. Leather wallet, containing one £5 not and four £1 Notet."

Advertisement in Natal Paper.

We cannot remember having seen a notet, but our wallet usually contains a £5 not.

MORE DOUBT AMONG THE DOCTORS.

THE British Medical Association, meeting last week at Manchester, has discussed psycho-analysis and decided to do nothing about it. So like the British Medical Association. A disease of comparatively modern origin, whose ravages are only comparable with those of influenza or pink-eye, is brought to their notice, and they suggest no safe remedial treatment, still less a permanent cure. Yet all over Great Britain men and women are being struck down by psycho-analysis day after day.

We had a case in our road only last year. A young girl, whom I shall call A, was in love with a young man, whom I shall call B. Unfortunately B was in love with another girl called C. It was not really her name. It never is in cases of psycho-analysis. But it will do.

A was filled with the very natural if unholy desire of putting arsenic in C's soup or throwing vitriol in C's face when she met her in the street. As C had been artificially sunburned as well as perpetually waved, I cannot myself feel that A was much to be blamed for her wish, and a little stern reasoning on the unpleasantness of being hanged would probably have put her all right

again. What actually happened was that she brooded until she caught psycho-analysis, and became proud of it, and believed that she had a Medea-complex, which was due to biting her finger-nails when a child, and proved conclusively by the fact that whenever she ate lobster she dreamed about buffaloes.

This made poor A practically impossible to know. She became a nuisance to her relatives, and no one would ask her out to dine. Her case was rendered more serious by the fact that I have completely bowdlerised it in order to have a chance of putting it into print. She had never been annoying to her neighbours until she caught psycho-analysis. It soon became chronic and threatened to undermine her whole character and physique.

Fortunately she was recommended (and only just in time) to eat china-clay and take up Channel-swimming, and subsequently, being rescued by a longshoreman about half-a-mile from Dover, married a clerk in the Treasury (whom I will call O) and is now doing well.

Many cases, however, are far more obdurate. I heard recently of a mother who had long been obsessed with the idea that her children were not her own,

contracted psycho-analysis and resolved to eat them. In this instance both Swedish exercises and bran proved unavailing, and the children had to be removed and placed under the care of a governess. The mother was sent for a voyage round the world, and, believing that it was only her subconscious self that was doing so, permitted her real ego to jump overboard at Hawaii, where it was rapidly devoured by sharks.

Again, a man named F (or it may have been G) had a lurking notion that he was his own niece, which did him no great harm until he caught psycho-analysis, and was able to explain to everybody that it was due to being frightened in his cradle by a fringe of jet bugles worn by an aunt. Nobody wished to hear about these bugles, and this man, named G (or it may have been F), was ostracised by the best society in P— (or possibly Q—), where he had a small residential villa (which I will call K—) with a pergola in front. Here his ego might be heard at almost any time of the day talking to his id. He was never asked out to tennis and found it impossible to borrow a lawnmower, so that he sank at last into a nervous decline.

I could multiply instances indefinitely, or at any rate until I get to the



WAYSIDE ENTERPRISE ON OUR CONGESTED SEAWARD ROADS.

end of the alphabet, but enough has been said to show that psycho-analysis is a scourge of civilisation very like some of the nastier plagues of Egypt. It has infested the minds of novelists and painters, and passed into journalism, so that one reads—

"Bates was caught at the wicket, and Binks, suffering from the same inferiority complex, attempted a similar stroke off the next ball and was bowled."

There is not the slightest reason to suppose that Binks suffered from any inferiority complex at all, and twenty years ago the journalist would have written—

"Binks made a thoroughly rotten shot and was bowled."

Or even, to spare his feelings, said nothing about Binks at all. The truth is that the writer is sickening for psycho-analysis himself, or maybe has a mild touch of it, and supposes that the same thing must be true of the unfortunate Binks, who probably had too much beer for lunch and was unable for the moment to distinguish between the actual ego of the ball and its outlying and circumambient eggoids.

When psycho-analysis breaks out badly in fiction or painting it is often, I notice, removed by the police and destroyed, and this alone indicates that the medical profession ought to have discovered some antidote for it. Quite possibly it can be taken out like adenoids, or it may be susceptible to treatment by a series of inoculations whilst the house and bedding are fumigated. I don't pretend to be a doctor myself. It's not my job. But, when you consider how long mankind subsisted without any subliminal self to speak of, contentedly enjoying original sin, whereas now A and B and C and D, not to mention E and F, do nothing but mope and pine away and worry themselves to death with conferences or come out all over in scarlet spots with inhibitions, it is clear that the medical profession ought to have isolated psycho-analysis by this time and done it down.

Another method would be to segregate all cases of psycho-analysis in some vast compound or private park and refuse to let any of them out until they had acknowledged that there were no such things as complexes but only horrid thoughts and spots in front of the eyes. Any reference to a complex or an inhibition after that would render them liable to prosecution.

I perhaps ought to have mentioned the case of M, a girl living at N——, who, whilst staying for a week-end with S (living at T——), tore into pieces a valuable edition of the works of W, and explained it by saying that she had the Orpheus complex, W being nominally a



"WHEN 'E WAS INTRODUCED TO ME HE SAID, 'PLEASED TO MEET YOU,' IN SUCH A WELL-BRED VOICE."

poet—though many of the elder critics thought not. The Orpheus complex was further substantiated by the fact that at the age of two years old she sucked her thumb, and on her third birthday swallowed a penny mouth-whistle, which did not reappear for a week. Yes, I certainly ought to have mentioned M. Even now she walks about in sandals and cannot listen to a saxophone without going into a kind of fit.

I feel that the British Medical Association must shoulder its responsibilities more seriously and combat this plague, even if it has to invent a new metal or

plant to do so. Nearly all novels and poems at the present moment are written by sufferers from the milder forms of psycho-analysis and are dangerous to have about the office or in the home. They are carriers of the germ. It has strayed into school reports and political speeches. I have found it in the advertisement columns and in catalogues of sales. It lies about the streets on dusty days. It gets into telephone transmitters and uncovered food.

The British Medical Association ought to hunt it down with microscopes and have it boiled.



Wife (who has undertaken the packing). "HORACE! HAVE YOU GOT ON THE SHOES YOU'RE WEARING?"

DOGGETT'S DAY.

I FEEL I cannot let the first day of August pass without asking all British lovers of sport and parlour-games to toast with me, in a bumper of *aqua pura*, the memory of one THOMAS DOGGETT, friend of Thames watermen and a pioneer of the "Brighter London" movement.

It was doubtless by way of atoning for his misspent life as an actor and theatre-manager that DOGGETT, on August 1st, 1715, founded the popular race for that highly decorative two-piece item of wearing apparel known as "Doggett's Coat and Badge," and so stepped into his peculiar niche in the Temple of Fame. For the honour of possessing this distinctive if somewhat limited costume a number of more or less jolly young watermen have since laboured annually to propel sculling-boats all the way from London Bridge to Chelsea, thereby doing themselves a lot of good and at the same time keeping alive the fading glory of Merry England.

What becomes of the award after it has been handed to the smiling and heated victor is one of the dark mysteries of London. I can only say that never in my life have I seen any of the

Doggett Coat and Badge, nor have I been struck by its appearance at Ascot, Cowes, Hampstead Heath or the Handel Festival. Maybe it is worn only on very special occasions, such as water-side club dinners or at those secret conclaves when London watermen meet to discuss the mysteries of their subtle craft.

Possibly the Freedom of the Company of Watermen permits the proud owner of the Doggett trophy to wear it at his wedding, or to use it as a bed-jacket whilst recovering from influenza; but I know very little about the peculiar benefits conferred by the Freedom of the Company of Watermen beyond the fact that it entitles the holder to drink as much of the River Thames as he likes provided the safety of shipping is not thereby endangered.

I kiss my Demand for Water Rate in affectionate respect for the departed THOMAS, who ensured that at least a little old-world jollity and sport should linger on amidst the humdrum work-a-day life of London. I wish I could have a shot at winning his Coat and Badge. I should love to wear them at my tennis-club.

Alas, I am one of those unfortunates doomed by fate to be a non-combatant in all the free festivals and money-for-

nothing scrambles that take place in this my native land.

Year after year the Dunmow Flitch passes me by. Never once have I been the recipient of Maundy Money, though it has ever been my ambition to push a handful of it across the bank-counter and bend my head in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the assembled staff.

The First of May comes and goes and, though I am called quite early enough for my liking, it is never for the purpose of accepting the high office of Queen of the Mayor King of the Sweeps.

So once again as I read the name of yet another joyous winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge I must comfort myself with the reflection that, little as I may share in the gradually diminishing pageantry of olden times, the imper-sonation of the late Mr. GUY FAWKES is a rôle which, I have more than once been assured, I have only to demand and I shall obtain it. D. C.

"SIR RONALD SCORRS."

Headline in Jersey Paper.

We congratulate him.

"EMPIRE AIR LINKS."

Headline in Daily Paper.

The lighter ball seems coming into its own.



PATROLS OF PEACE.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS. "THEY SAY I'VE GOT NO ARMY; BUT WHY SHOULD I WANT ONE WITH THESE ALLIES?"

[With Mr. Punch's congratulations to the Chief Scout on the coming-of-age of the movement—now international—which he inspired.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, Ju'y 22nd.—Question-time in the House resulted in a sort of Masque of Flora and Pomona, with Mr. LANSBURY and Mr. BUXTON in the title rôles. It was the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, bearing a good deal of likeness to Pan, even, as some farmers allege, down to the cloven hoof, who led the revels. In tones of gong-like satisfaction very different from the oaten pipe with which he mocks the harassed granger, he informed the House that the Government had decided to remit the penny admission fee to Kew Gardens. If only the Pagoda would cease to denigrate its spiritual home by serving the worst tea in the world Kew might yet be popular.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS announced, in accents no less prideful, if a shade ambiguous, that he had given provisional permission for nursemaids to push perambulators in the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens for three months. The House, envisaging a sort of long-distance push-as-push-can contest between Scotland's fleetest bassinette-propellers, cheered the announcement with vigour.

It cheered still more loudly—at least the Conservative section of it did—when Miss PICTON-TURBERVILL asked the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE why aliens were working eighteen hours a day over week-ends at the Allscott works when there were British labourers out of work. Slightly alarmed by this manifestation of approval from so suspicious a quarter the Member for the Wrekin hedged a bit. Would the Minister realise that while it had been necessary to employ aliens in this factory it was no longer so? The Minister, looking rather like the man in the poem who knows that close behind a ghastly fiend doth tread, murmured inadequate excuses.

It was Colonel HOWARD-BURY who, in the form of a Question to the same harassed Minister, revealed the grisly fact that the Continental black-currant-pulp crop of 1928 is being sold in this country at three-halfpence a pound, where it is imperceptibly transformed into the 1929 jam crop. Mr. BUXTON replied that he was not aware of it, but if the "deleterious substance" contained preservatives, as the Hon. Member alleged, it could not be legally imported.

It being Mr. LANSBURY'S

turn again he informed Mr. GARDNER that the Office of Works was giving due attention to the matter of abolishing Park railings wherever and whenever possible. This caused some nameless Member to inquire why it was necessary



PAN PIPES.

(After the sculpture by HENRY A. PEGRAM, A.R.A.).

MR. NOEL BUXTON, THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

to have these relics of feudal tyranny round Hyde Park. "To keep people out at night," replied the FIRST COMMISSIONER shortly.

Unlike the other Scots Members Mr. IAN MACPHERSON smacks of the glens and braes, alike in his questions and his speeches. What a delight, for example, to hear him asking the POSTMASTER-

GENERAL to extend the telephone service to Dundonnell, Strathcannard and Achiltibuie! It sounds like a line from some brave old Highland song—

"O wha's tae the muster when bonnie Mac-phairson
Has summon'd the clansmen tae plunder and airson?
And whence come the claymores that soon
they stick through ye,
Dundonnell, Strathcannard and Achiltibuie?"
(Hoots!)

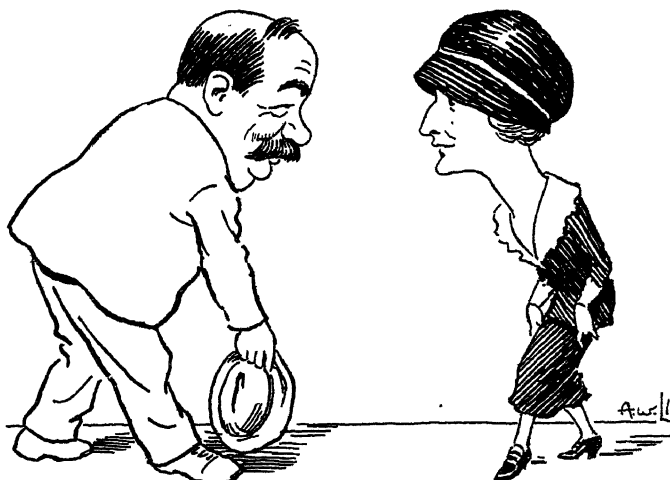
Housing Bills always produce interesting debates, and the third reading of the Housing (Revision of Contributions) Bill produced an admirable disquisition from Sir T. WALTERS, a real authority, as so many Liberals are, on this subject. Enough to say that, if anybody concerned in the building trade can blush, the whole trade would have blushed to its boots to hear what the Member for Penryn and Falmouth thinks about it. Miss RATHBONE made an interesting practical speech, urging, *inter alia*, that, instead of being so much per house, the subsidy should be so much per householder's children—a proposal that in this age of stern rationalisation is likely to have its critics.

Tuesday, July 23rd.—The Lords diluted the pleasurable business of hustling through the Colonial Development and Housing Bills, already passed by the Commons, with a still more congenial interlude devoted to affixing the tin-can of contemptuous disapproval to the tail of Lord BANBURY'S resurgent Cruelty to Dogs Bill. Lord RUSSELL said it was most undesirable to create new penal offences unless some very useful end was served, whereat Lord BANBURY expressed "considerable astonishment."

Following him, Lord ONSLOW denounced the Housing Bill as a mischievous retrograde measure, without however notably impairing its Second Reading.

In the Commons the New Charing Cross Bridge gave Mr. MORRISON the opportunity of paying a graceful tribute to Colonel ASHLEY (whose ears, though elsewhere, must surely have burned at so unaccustomed an experience) and others for their zeal. And then Mr. MANDER, who, if he is not careful will find people inadvertently slipping a "u" into his name, had to be assured by Mr. TOM SHAW that school cadet corps really are voluntary and not a "system of conscription."

It was Mr. HERRIOTS, a Durham mining Member, black-avized and of a some-



THE ASTOR-JONES RECONCILIATION SCHEME.
MR. PUNCH'S SUGGESTION FOR A NEW PACT IN THE COMMONS.

what forbidding mien (though that effect may have been occasioned by the business on which he was engaged), who pressed the Government for an announcement of its coal policy. It was Mr. GRAHAM who replied, and the reply was obviously a very carefully-thought-out affair. Legislation, said Mr. GRAHAM, would be introduced in the autumn "dealing with hours of work and other factors." Wild horses could not, and wild mining Members did not, drag from the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE any amplification or qualification of this statement, not even Mr. MARDY JONES, who—a little wilder than the rest—angrily demanded a straight answer.

Mr. GRAHAM also explained that the mine-owners would be compelled voluntarily to enter into district marketing organizations linked by a central co-ordinating body. It remained for the intrepid Mr. LAMBERT to ask if this meant that the price of coal would rise. That, replied Mr. GRAHAM somewhat airily, is one of the details that the parties will settle among themselves.

The third reading of the Colonial Development Bill found Mr. REMER maintaining, and Sir OSWALD MOSLEY refuting, the old orthodox theory that the more the Colonies, backed by the Government, went into the money market for loans the less credit would be available for the relief of unemployment at home.

Then came Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN's motion to annul the Orders by which the Government had decreed the supersession of the "appointed" guardians at West Ham, Bedwelty and Chester-le-Street. This has always been a sore subject with the Socialists, but only a reasonable amount of vociferation interrupted Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's arguments. Mr. GREENWOOD replied in moderate terms, and it was not until Lady ASTOR spoke of "corruption" in West Ham that a certain pepperiness began to make itself felt. Lady ASTOR refused to withdraw the word "corruption" at the request either of Miss LAWRENCE or Mr. LANSBURY. Then Mr. JACK JONES took up the cudgels and pretty soon fell foul of the noble lady, who, he suggested, had reflected on his sobriety in an amiable undertone to a fellow-Member. Mutual recriminations, exposures of unflattering facts, withdrawals and general bawling

followed, the SPEAKER reprimanding first one and then the other of the offenders.

Wednesday, July 24th.—It was a famous Irish M.P. who complained that he could not be in two places at once, "like a bird." Lord DARLING, not being Irish, envisages no such difficulty for Cabinet Ministers. Hence his Bill to give Commoner Ministers the right to sit and speak, but not to vote, in the House of Lords.

Some objected on the ground that



THE SHIPMASTER (MR. HENDERSON), AFTER ENCOURAGING THE PROPHET (LORD LLOYD) TO THROW HIMSELF OVERBOARD, TRUSTS THAT THE WATERS WILL NOW CEASE FROM THEIR RAGING.

this would discourage Prime Ministers from adopting bright young peers into their political families, but the more serious difficulty, said others, was how the thing was to work out. Would the Minister notify his intention of dropping in for, say, a snappy ten minutes' talk on the Budget, or would he await the receipt of a formal invitation: "The Lords Spiritual and Temporal request the pleasure of the company of the Right Hon. Mr. —, etc., etc., at an informal discussion of the Dogs' Bill (Thirteenth Edition) on Thursday the Umpteenth of October. The Lord BAMBURY will preside. R.S.V.P.?"

Lord PARMOOR opposed the Bill on the general ground that an Upper Chamber is no place for an honest proletarian and will not be reformed if he can help it. Their Lordships, unimpressed by the thought of better and more birdlike Ministers, rejected the Bill.

It was Mr. QUIBBELL, the mute inglorious Member for Brigg, who drew from the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS the news of Lord LLOYD's resignation. Mr. HENDERSON did not

quibbel. He said straight out that he had sent the HIGH COMMISSIONER a telegram "of such a character that most people would have accepted it as an invitation to terminate his position." He offered to debate the matter but declined to lay papers, and, after Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE had vainly tried to move the Adjournment "on a matter of urgent national importance, to wit the resignation of LLOYD GEORGE," the House bent its astonished ears to Mr. MACDONALD's statement of Naval policy.

Thereafter, and having learned that it would resume its labours on October 29th, the House proceeded to vote a trifle on account of the CORNARO Family. Less fortunate was the TROTSKY family, the plea of Colonel WEDGWOOD that the offer of an asylum to the excellent APPELBAUM would add lustre to the British name being countered by Mr. THURLE, who in one of his lucidest moments declared that TROTSKY hated the Labour Government and that "his pledged word would count as less than dust in the balance" if an opportunity came to do it harm.

Thursday, July 25th.—It was a somewhat befogged House that debated the resignation (or dismissal) of the Egyptian HIGH COMMISSIONER, Lord PARMOOR

seeming to know even less about it all than Lord SALISBURY. The LORD PRESIDENT besought them all to await Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON's statement on the following day. Then recurred the once familiar sight of Lord BIRKENHEAD "setting about" Lord PARMOOR. It was not a very elevating performance but, if the need to give Lord PARMOOR "elementary instruction" on one point or another compels Lord BIRKENHEAD to abandon the City and resume politics, the public entertainment will be well served.

Friday, July 26th.—Parliament expired in a blaze of debate, though not, it



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE MAYORESS OF PADDINGTON-ON-SEA, WHO IS A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED IN HER TASTES, POSES IN AN OPEN-AIR REPRESENTATION OF BOTTICELLI'S "BIRTH OF VENUS," IN AID OF LOCAL CHARITIES.

must be admitted, of glory. For well as Mr. HENDERSON acquitted himself in his defence of the circumstances attending Lord LLOYD's resignation it was as much his fault as anybody else's that the Government's quite legitimate decision to dispense with the HIGH COMMISSIONER OF EGYPT's services became the subject of a rather unedifying Parliamentary squabble. Quite obviously, if Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN had not been on holiday, the matter would not have been thus ventilated by Mr. CHURCHILL on grounds that possibly do credit to his heart but with an uninstructed haste that did no credit to his head.

Yet the debate was not wholly unproductive. It disposed of various wild rumours as to the Government's intentions with regard to Egypt. As for Lord LLOYD, no word was said to detract from his great services to the State. Indeed it has yet to be seen whether his strong views on Egyptian affairs, so at variance with the policy of this Government and its predecessor, are not as absolutely right as theirs have proved to be, if not absolutely wrong, at least unfruitful.

J. L. G. Goes from Strength to Strength.

"The immediate danger from a continuance of the drought is a water shortage."

The Observer.

A PLEA FOR THE PIGEON'S EGG.

I WAS sorry to see in a London morning newspaper recently, in the description of a storm, that the hailstones were said to be "as large as cherries."

I would like to know what is the matter with the pigeon's egg. Hitherto it has been the custom of the Press of this country to liken hailstones of unusual size to pigeons' eggs. The comparison has been excellent in every way; it has pleased the writer and it has impressed the reader. Why should the pigeon's egg be ousted in favour of the cherry?

With the pigeon's egg we knew exactly where we were. We might never have seen one, even in these days of easy travel when for three-and-ninepence one may journey by motor-charabanc into the very heart of the countryside. But we all knew how big a hen's egg is, and we all knew the size of the average hen; so that with these data before us, aided by our familiarity with the dimensions of a pigeon, we had little difficulty in arriving at the size of a pigeon's egg.

On the other hand cherries vary in size, and anyhow as a unit of comparison are not so effective in bringing home all the horror of a heavy hailstorm.

There is a personal reason why I

deplore the passing of the pigeon's egg. Frequently, when I have read a reference to it in the report of a storm, it has been my whim to put down the newspaper, close my eyes and picture to myself in the quiet of my own room the details of such a storm as I would like to assail certain people I know when they happen to have left their umbrellas at home. I then see the gathering clouds that darken the prospect and the flying leaves and dust propelled by the vicious gusts of wind. A stabbing flash of lightning comes; the crackle and bang of thunder begin. Flash and crash follow one another with hardly a pause. And there ensues a patter among the leaves, on the roofs, in the roadway. I smile as I hear it in my imagination and see the people I have referred to scurrying homeward in a vain endeavour to avoid it—the patter of pigeons' eggs, increasing in intensity to a veritable downpour.

A mere fancy, of course; but it has pleased me. It must be pigeons' eggs, however. With cherries it would be a poor sort of day-dream.

"Right-o Tommy. Please write A. Our love to you. Ramsay."

From Personal Column of Daily Paper.

It is these little intimate touches that so endear the present Government to us

AT THE PICTURES.

VOICES ACROSS THE SEA.

IN writing about the new kind of films when they are serious, unassisted or undiluted by infusions of vaudeville, one has to regard them simultaneously from two points of view: as talkies and as drama. Some day, when they will be less seldom excellent in both departments, the critics' task will be simplified; just now there is not only imperfect mechanism, but the producers are often not sure enough as to what is suitable to the speaking medium and what is not. For the most part it can be said that the ZUKOR and LASKY production, *Gentlemen of the Press*, fits the talking screen admirably,



DOMESTIC LIFE OF A NIGHT-EDITOR.

Fond Father (to Daughter, after eight years). "DARLING, THE LAST TIME WE MET YOU WERE A SCHOOLGIRL, AND NOW YOU'RE MARRIED AND GOING TO BE A MOTHER. WELL, EXCUSE ME, I'M BUSY; BUT BE SURE TO PHONE, IF I'M STILL ALIVE, WHEN YOU'RE A GRANDMOTHER."

Dorothy Snell . . . MISS BETTY LAWFORD.
Wickland Snell . . . MR. WALTER HUSTON.

although it has the defect that too many of the male voices sound alike, so that the eye has to work harder than it should. My impression is that American male voices are in real life apt to be more alike than English; but it would not surprise me to find an American maintaining an opposite opinion. Let me be less dogmatic by saying that at any rate the *Gentlemen of the New York Press*, if this film is trustworthy evidence, enjoy a perplexing community of tones.

Fortunately, however, the principal actors, Mr. WALTER HUSTON, as *Wickland Snell*, too susceptible night-editor; Mr. CHARLES RUGGLES, as *Charlie Haven*, the office "soak," and Mr.

DUNCAN PENWARDEN as *Mr. Higginbottom*, the speculator whose scheme for brighter mausoleums is to make at



GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW YORK PRESS GANG MAKE A SCOOP.

the same time death less repellent and himself more wealthy, are all easily distinguishable; although all, now and then, on the occasion of my visit, were made by a freakish instrument inordinately to boom. My conclusion after seeing this film was that it comes to this: that authors of talkies must arrange for as many scenes as possible



BY-PLAY OF A NIGHT-EDITOR (WITH VAMP).

Myra May . . . MISS KATHERINE FRANCIS.

between two or three persons and avoid crowds. The talkie probably is for a series of duologues.

In addition to the men I have named there is a very capable vamp in the

person of Miss KATHERINE FRANCIS, who gets *Snell* into her grip almost too quickly, and in whose enchantments we never quite believe; with, as a foil, the pathetic figure of *Snell's* daughter, *Dorothy*, played by Miss BETTY LAWFORD, whose youthful husband is added by the vamp to her bag with the same unconvincing swiftness that overwhelmed his father-in-law. Synthetic methods are necessary when the film has to be compressed into a rigid time-table, but I should like to have seen this one before the scissors-man came in.

The original play, I imagine, was written to lead up to the incident where the dying *Dorothy*, longing to hear her father's voice again, has the telephone receiver pressed to her ear at the moment that he is speaking at his office desk, not to her but to another. The opportunities offered by such a situation are endless and too little is made of it



AN EXCLUSIVE COMMUNICATION

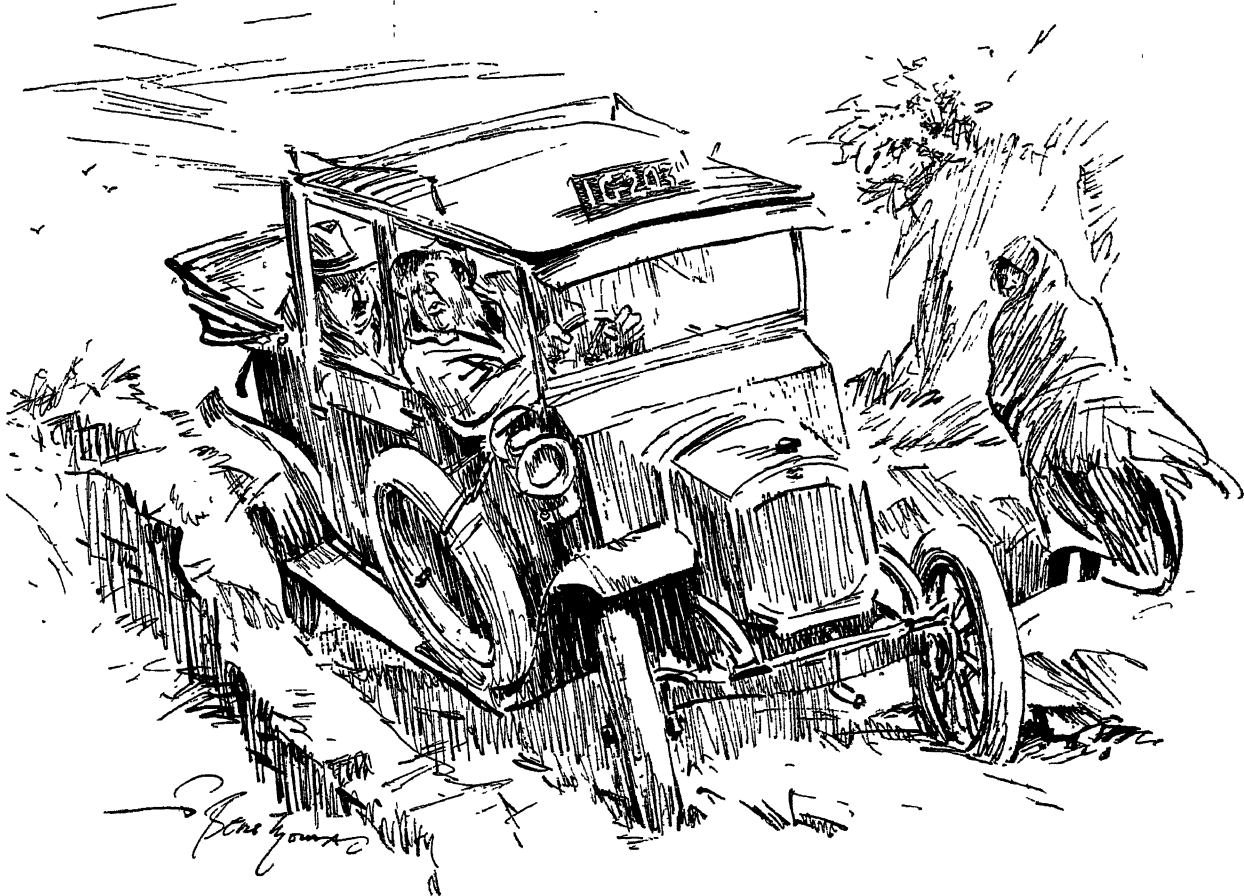
(By Private Wire).

Voices of his Vamp-Wife. "HAVE YOU GOT THAT GIN?"

here. *Dorothy* dies, but I can conceive of a case where the overheard words might galvanize a moribund invalid into life again. For the purposes, however, of the cynic who invented this story, Mr. WARD MOREHOUSE, *Dorothy's* death is necessary; otherwise how could he have ended on his bitter denunciation of the Fourth Estate?

In spite of blemishes *Gentlemen of the Press* is interesting, but I hope not true to New York journalistic life. Whisky may be more highly prized than it was, and reporting an increasingly thirsty task; yet one is reluctant to believe that *Mr. Higginbottom's* guests would have flaunted such bad manners or that his hospitality would have led to such an orgy. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that no audience will go dissatisfied away from any film that has an audible siphon in it. This in the talkies is as sure fire as the "damns" in the old English comedies.

E. V. L.



Tourist. "I SAY, GET ON A BIT QUICKER, WILL YOU?"

Irish Taxi-man. "IT'S THE TERRIBLE ROAD IT IS, SORR. I'D NOT HAVE TUK IT BUT I KNEW YE WERE IN A HURRY."

MR. MAFFERTY CONSIDERS THE CHARM OF MURDER.

"A FINE book, is it?" said Mr. Mafferty. "Well, you may call me difficult, Mr. Heather, but it's quare an' tired of murders I am. I never want to read about a dead body again. There's murders in the newspapers an' murders on the stage an' murders in books—has the whole country the CAIN complex or what? Last night I sat down to dinner by the side of a sweet little slip of a girl you'd say would be thinkin' of nothin' but the flowers an' the stars an' the tender beauty of the world. An' the first thing passed her pretty lips was a great poisonin' mystery in the newspapers, with arsenic an' exhumations an' the devil knows what besides. 'You may call me dull, sweet creature,' says I, 'but I've not read a word about it. You may dig up a dead body every day in the week, an' it full of arsenic, but I'll not be turnin' a hair. I wouldn't wonder if we all contained arsenic, only they don't dig us up, so it's not noticed at all. It's my belief if you dug up the poet WORDSWORTH you'd find the man was full of the stuff.

But it's all one to me.' An' that's the last words I had with the lady that night, for it's mad she thought me.

"Isn't it a strange thing now we'd be takin' so much pleasure an' interest in inquests on dead bodies suspected of havin' been killed, when you have your Leagues an' your statesmen talkin' of nothin' but the grand days when there's to be no more killin' at all? Any-one who says 'soldier' is a danger to the peace; but annyone who says 'murderer' is a fine feller. If one of them writers calls up a lively picture of two persons enjoyin' an affectionate embrace under the influence of the holy passion of love, it's immoral he is an' banned by the police may be; but if it's his profession in life to call up lively pictures of one man stabbin' another in the back he's a public benefactor an' has cards for the Royal Enclosure.

"An' isn't it a strange thing what kind of folk finds pleasure in murder? There's great statesmen, an' even bishops, does be workin' without end at the preservation of peace an' goodwill an' the like; but they can't make a speech after dinner without throwin' a great boast that their favourite read-

in' is the murder-stories. But if anny-one said that his favourite readin' was irregular love-stories they'd have fits in the night-time an' write letters to the papers.

"An' then there's the gentle ladies that faint at the sight of blood, an' shriek if you mention a mouse, an' wouldn't set foot on a live black-beetle, an' couldn't take two looks at a dead cow without they'd be ill. to say nothin' of a dead man. But it's themselves is the greedy readers of the seaside poisonin's an' Chicago homicides an' pools of blood an' dismembered bodies an' cracked skulls an' revolver shots an' knives an' wounds an' death-rattles an' the like."

"I'm sayin', it's a quare thing, Mr. Heather. Maybe they don't make pictures in their minds, an' that's the truth of it. In them dead-body books, Mr. Heather, a dead body isn't horrible at all, or even heavy. It's moved about from one place to another with no more trouble than a man would move a small piece of furniture an' he changin' his house. It's propped up behind curtains an' packed into bags an' hidden under beds, the way you'd handle a parcel of clothes. It's no trouble at all to read at when

away with a dead body in a book; indeed there's times they rise up an' disappear conveniently of their own accord. An' when they stay in the same place for a week of days they don't even smell.

"You don't like that word, Mr. Heather? I thought you would not. I used it for the purpose, to make you take notice; for it's meself is foundin' a grand Society to Make Murder Unfashionable. An' that's the scheme of it, to call up pictures in the minds of murder-fans, an' they readin'. If you'd seen as many dead bodies as I've seen, Mr. Heather, you'd not spend many nights readin' about them. How long dead now is the gentleman in that book? Three days, is it? Stabbed in the back? Clots of blood an' a gapin' wound. That's fine. I wonder now have you any notion how he'd look, the poor gentleman? You wouldn't like it at all, Mr. Heather. I wouldn't wonder you'd be sick to see him, an' he dead three days. There's no fun in death, Mr. Heather, nor there's nothin' attractive in a dead body. It's a sad spectacle always, an' if the death was violent it's disgustin', no less. There's many a sight would please me better than a pool of blood or a gapin' wound, an' as for what they call the death-rattle in them books I'd pay money itself not to hear it again.

"So the next time I find you with your nose buried in a dead body I'll peep over your shoulder an' dot the 'i's,' the way you'll run off to the library for a wholesome book about love and kisses. Good-mornin'!" A. P. H.

BINGO.

WHEN I had my tonsils out
(I was only nine)
Grannie gave me Bingo,
So Bingo's all mine,
Bingo's a sealyham,
Very kind and wise,
White all over
With dark brown eyes.
When I'm rather bigger
I know what I shall do:
I shall go exploring,
And Bingo will go too.
We shall reach the South Pole
(I shall keep a log)
And Bingo will be photographed
Because he is my dog.
He will be presented
With a silver bowl;
"This belongs to Bingo
Who went to the Pole." R. F.

"Shakespeare's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' will be given on the two first-named dates and Rutland Boughton's 'The Immortal Flour' on the latter two."—*Natal Paper*.

Mr. seems a pity that he never tackled Haven, of ALFRED and the cakes.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

THE COLISEUM.

THE Coliseum bravely maintains, against every discouragement of sweltering heat and the fond infatuation of



LA PRIMA DONNA È MOBILE.

ODALI CARENO SINGS WITH EASE IN RUSSIAN OR ENGLISH.

the public with the talking-film, its high standards of accomplishment. The turns are somewhat shorter than of old, out of consideration, no doubt, for the artistes working under the exacting new conditions of three performances a day,



CHINESE DOLLY SISTERS.

every day. They are well chosen and varied. The programme opens with a craven concession to the enemy—a comic vitaphone monologue by HARRY DELF, of which at least every fifteenth word was audible from the second row of the stalls. But nothing was lost of the horribly magnified grimaces. My spirits revived when a "Surprise in Art and Humour," by WILLIE SCHENK AND Co., introduced to us a most accomplished and shapely little lady who with a miraculous ease and grace performed the most ingenious and unlikely feats of balancing, while Herr SCHENK with a studied nonchalance made the wonder grow that human muscles could bear such strains without cracking. The third member of the company played upon a violin with passionate inaccuracy—unless indeed he was using some Oriental or neo-dadaist Continental scale with which neither we of the audience nor the startled members of the orchestra were acquainted.

The talented young actress and admirable mimic, DAPHNE, has a subtle sense of humour and a command of varied facial expression and well-selected dramatic gesture which might well be the envy of older players trained in a more orthodox school. Delighted anticipation, mischievous intent, shy deceit, feigned contrition, passionate protest—all these emotions were fitted with apt well-studied movements of hands and arms. And DAPHNE is but three years old and a chimpanzee at that.

There seems to be an indefinite number of modern English dancing-girls who can be trained to a really high standard of concerted athletic movement. Mrs. RODNEY HUDSON presents eight of these, the VICTORIA GIRLS, in three well-patterned dances, of which the exquisite precision of the tuning, the freedom of the rhythm and the happy impression of extraordinary physical fitness were entirely delightful. In the skipping dance in particular the varied individual feats of these admirable young athletes drew delighted and deserved applause.

LOUIS, a French clown on the Grockish or, more properly, the international standardised model with ingenious variations, moved us to easy laughter with his violin, violinetta, concertina and strange garments, EMMA and ANNIE offering an apt obbligato on the flute, ANNIE in addition performing the incredible and creditable feat of still looking beautiful when playing with a lively impetuosity the softly bleating saxophone.

CHARLIE HAYES (a generously interpolated extra turn), though perhaps not a comedian of the very first rank, had no difficulty in holding his own against

the hoarse gigantic wraiths of the vitaphone production—VAL and ERNIE STANTON in "Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake."

"Chinese Nights," a musical-comedy by an all-Chinese company, was a pretty and distinctly intriguing affair. The gentle voices were unsuited to this robust *genre*, and the obviously unnatural, and to the performers no doubt completely inexplicable, gestures, slappings, stampings and wriggings of the Western mode sat ill upon the naturally staid performers. I could not quite make out if they were trying to throw themselves with wholehearted conviction into this odd exotic art or were (as indeed I more than half suspect) quietly laughing in their wide embroidered sleeves at an exceedingly queer business and an inexplicable people.

Two more excellent turns follow—EDDIE DAROS, balancing on his chin a ladder on which ADA DAROS climbed and balanced with breath-catching daring; and GEORGE CLARKE—a comedian with a pleasantly quiet way of getting his effects—welcoming the new car and displaying to his terrified wife and *blase* infant daughter its disquieting accomplishments. ODALI CARENO, a Russian *prima donna*, sings with appropriate dramatic fervour a TSCHAIKOWSKY aria, and with an equal fervour, entirely inappropriate, an empty little English love ballad which apparently delighted everybody except myself. Threatened with more movie-tones I passed hurriedly away, more than content with Sir OSWALD STOLL's generous bill-of-fare, and fervently hoping that my countrymen will continue to stand by these old ways and not be led too far away by strange gods and ingenious inhuman toys. T.

"WAR CORRESPONDENT & 'D.H.' BERLIN REPRESENTATIVE."

Adventure and variety have marked the career of Mr. Morgan Philips Price, M.P. for Whitehaven. After his education at Harrow and Eton the young man travelled in Central Asia. . . .—*Daily Herald*.

This ought to satisfy even Mr. THOMAS.

"I have tried touching the two tags of the earphones together, but still the sound persists. I assure you that my ears are in perfect order. Also, I have thoroughly cleaned them and put them together again correctly."

Letter in Wireless Paper.

But was it the best soap?

THE UMPIRE'S STORY.

"I SAY," said Elfride suddenly, "what were those umpires before they were umpires, or were they always umpires?"

Elfride is aged fourteen and a keen cricketer. I understand she bats, bowls, wicket-keeps and fields silly-point with equal skill, and is regarded at her school as a possible future English hope. On this occasion I was privileged to be watching a county match in her company. The luncheon interval was over and the umpires, with that magnificent air of leisure peculiar to their calling, were returning to the wicket. On our



HAZELDEN.

GETTING THE WIND UP.

LOUIS AND EMMIE.

right the sun glistened on a group of gasometers in various degrees of elevation and, over a ten-foot wall to the left, buses, trams and other vehicles rattled by continually. Cricket pervaded the atmosphere.

"I wonder," I replied. "Their lives can hardly have been as peaceful as that all through, can they? Perhaps this is the evening of a long day of hardships overcome. Who knows?"

"All it says here," said Elfride, glancing at the score-card, "is 'Umpires—P. Gillman and B. Swift.'"

"No biographical notes?" I asked.

"Nothing else at all," said Elfride.

The players were taking their places in the field. We relapsed into silence and I thought the subject was forgotten.

"What sort of hardships do you mean?" asked Elfride after a pause. "Tell me some."

My eye wandered round the ground in the search for inspiration as to the trials that P. Gillman and B. Swift had successfully encountered before attaining to their present tranquil estate.

"I think," I said, in a low voice and after some thought—"I'm not certain, of course, but I think—that at the age of seven Master Bowling Swift was sent to school. Young as he was he realized at once that he was cut out for a cricketer's career."

"From a modest turn at the start his breaks increased rapidly till in a short time he had but one serious rival in the under-nine cricket eleven. Spinner was his name; he was a left-handed batsman, and in his innocence Swift thought him to be his friend."

At this point I was rudely interrupted by the clapping of hands. Somebody had hit a six in the direction of the gasometers.

"Go on," demanded Elfride when the noise had died away.

"At the age of eight," I continued, "Swift's first serious set-back in life occurred. Day after day at the nets Spinner would intentionally hit his last ball right over into the grounds of the gas company among the gasometers beside which the ground was situated. And day after day Swift had to retrieve his ball and was late for school. The reports of his conduct grew worse and worse till finally his father beat him and sent him—"

I was again interrupted, this time by a vendor of chocolates. Far away on the horizon the faint outline of the Hampstead hills could be discerned. The chocolates passed on.

"Where did he send him to?" asked Elfride.

"Right away," I said, "far from home and friends to another school in the north of London. And Spinner was left, wielding a straighter bat every day, the unchallenged leader of the under-nines."

More applause. These disturbances were becoming intolerable. Somebody had made a catch, and a small girl in front of us with black curls and wide green eyes was cheering loudly.

"One friend only poor Swift had at this sorrowful juncture," I went on when

I could again be heard. "Secretly, on the way back from school he had been meeting a small girl of seven years old with black hair and wide green eyes, and she would cheer him and encourage him with his breaks. Into the ears of this maiden on a summer evening he poured his sad tale. For some time she remained silent, and then with tears in her eyes she said, 'Bowling,'—for she had started to call him by his Christian name—it is an unfair world and those that deserve the best often don't get it. But virtue will in the end triumph.' And he went mournfully on his way wondering at her great wisdom. And at the new school, sick at heart and sorely discouraged, his breaks grew weaker and weaker till at the age of seventeen the deflection was barely noticeable. Let us pass quickly from this unhappy period."

We did; for we were again interrupted by applause. Away on the left two trams and two buses hurtled by in opposite directions, and the passengers on the upper-decks stood up, and the conductors rushed half-way up the steps, to catch the fleeting glimpse of the game allowed them. Elfride pressed my arm but said nothing.

"The age of nineteen," I continued, "found Swift a driver in the service of the L.G.O.C. He was put in charge of a bus that passed a famous cricket-ground on its route, and his conductor was none other than his one-time friend who had turned traitor; I speak of Spinner. For some years they ran their bus successfully and never a word was spoken between them. And then one day Swift realised that Spinner always rang for the bus to be stopped several times when passing the cricket-ground so as to see the cricket, and from that time he refused to answer the signal. But once, not noticing where they were, he stopped in answer to the bell. Quickly realising his mistake, he started again, and an elderly man who had been in the act of alighting stumbled and fell.

"Swift was reported by Spinner and dismissed from the service of the Company. For weeks he walked the streets in search of employment, and when he chanced to pass the old bus Spinner would shout derisively, 'What cheer, mate!' and he would avert his eyes and pass on in silence. And then one day, in a by-street, he recognised and spoke to the elderly man whose accident had been the cause of his undoing."

I paused for a breather and looked round. The small girl in front of us had gone. Far away, in the window of a house that looked over the tram-lines on to the ground, my eye caught the flash of a grey-haired man and a girl back in watching the match.

"The elderly man," I went on, "was sympathetic. He took Swift to his home, opposite that fateful wall and alongside the very scene of the accident, and asked him to tell his daughter and himself the whole story. For an hour or so Swift spoke and drew step by step the pitiful tale I have told. When he had finished the girl was the first to speak. 'It is an unfair world,' she said, 'and those that deserve the best often don't get it. But virtue will in the end triumph.' Swift jumped to his feet. Where had he heard those words before? He looked closely at the speaker and staggered back a pace. Those dark curls, those wide green eyes, were they not known to him? Barely had the answers to these questions occurred to him when with a cry of 'Bowling!' she was in his arms."

A privileged man walked calmly by in front of us on the ground side of the railings. A groundsman evidently. I looked at Elfride. Her head was averted and there was something suspiciously like a tear on her right cheek. The time had come undoubtedly for the happy ending, if indeed it was not overdue.

"The rest," I said, "is shortly told. The elderly man turned out to be employed at the cricket-ground, and through his influence Swift was taken on as a practice bowler at the nets. Every day, under the smiles of Aminta (for that was her name), who looked at him from her open window across the road, his spin became more and more powerful. Success followed success. He was chosen for the county side. He was engaged to Aminta. He broke both ways. He married Aminta. His spin became unplayable. Aminta had a baby; in short fortune smiled upon him. And in the long summer evenings, when his side was batting and his services were not required, he sometimes sat at Aminta's window with her (for they lived with her father) and himself watched the play from across the road. And sometimes the old bus would roar by immediately beneath them, and Spinner, the left-handed batsman, would be seen clambering desperately up the steps to catch a glimpse of the play; and Bowling would turn with a smile to Aminta and whisper, 'But virtue will in the end triumph.'"

"And, when after thirty years' unbroken success his playing days were over, the club unanimously passed a vote of thanks and gave him the job of—"

An outburst of applause rent the air. The umpire's hand was raised above his head. One of the batsmen had been given out l.b.w.

"That wasn't out," said a loud voice

two or three rows behind us in a tone that revealed the speaker as a strong partisan of the batting side.

"Nothing like," answered his companion. "Who's the umpire?"

"Gillman or Swift," replied the first gentleman, presumably consulting his card. "Know nothing about either of them; do you?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

Elfride squeezed my arm tightly.

"Don't let's tell them," she whispered. We didn't. C. B.

SAILING.

In a great big boat
On the deep blue sea,
Two Ones sailing—
Daddy and me;
I go sailing
'Cause I am three
In a great big boat
On the deep blue sea.

If we don't get home
When it's time for tea
We'll be hungry—
Daddy and me;
Men get hungry
When they are three
If they don't get home
When it's time for tea.

Though we might take Mum,
She would rather be
Going shopping
When Dad's got me;
There are no shops
On ships at sea,
So we leave Mum where
She would rather be.

And we can't take Nan
To sail on the sea,
She's got Baby
(Daddy's got me);
Baby can't go,
For she's not three,
So we can't take Nan
To sail on the sea.

But when Bill comes home
That will make us three,
Three Ones sailing
Over the sea;
Two Ones sailing—
Daddy and me,
But Bill coming home
Makes two Ones three.

The Long View.

"To be able to place your daughter in a—
BOARDING SCHOOL

—where good health and a country life are assured, combined with a first-class education, is an opportunity not to be missed. . . . Visits from prospective parents welcomed at any time."—*From Advt. in Law Paper.*

All bookings are automatically cancelled on the arrival of a male child.



GEN. SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL (CHIEF SCOUT).

You who caused our young to maffick,
Dislocating normal traffic,
When you held the Boer at bay—
Now you discipline their play,
School your scouts to be seraphic
At the rate of once a day.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—C.

FOR W



Umpire. "OW DO YOU BOWL, SIR?"
Our Last Hope. "LIKE LARWOOD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Memoirs of Lorenzo Da Ponte (ROUTLEDGE) have been favourably compared by no less a critic than LAMARTINE with those of BENVENUTO CELLINI. But I both respect and endorse the avowal of DA PONTE's first English translator that you cannot really compare the naïve and amusing revelations of CELLINI with the grimy whitewash which is DA PONTE's contribution to self-portraiture. Remembered, if at all, as MOZART's librettist—the librettist of *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutti*—this Venetian Abbé has much in common with his friend CASANOVA. But he ended his days in America and wrote his memoirs to ingratiate himself with Puritan patrons—hence the note of Pecksniffian apologetic about what in more congenial circumstances would probably have taken shape as a panegyric of roguery. Mr. L. A. SHEPPARD, whose translation is delightfully lucid and unaffectedly of the eighteenth century, has recaptured the DA PONTE of up-to-date research in an Introduction. I hardly like to say that the Introduction is the best part of the book, but it will undoubtedly be voted so by amateurs of the sensational. DA PONTE's banishment from Venice, for instance, is attributed by himself to his having eaten ham on a Friday. Mr. SHEPPARD establishes it as the result of flagrant loose-living, complicated by accusations of attempted murder brought against the innocent husband of the accuser's principal mistress and supported by forgery. There is a certain amount of historical interest in the life of this black sheep of the Trevisan seminaries, Opera's ill-paid hack in Venice, Dresden, Vienna and London, grocer and

teacher of Italian in Philadelphia and New York. But DA PONTE had no eyes for anyone but himself and deliberately looked askew in his own case. His estimates of his great contemporaries are few and worthless.

Herr EGON WERTHEIMER, London Correspondent of *Vorwärts*, has for five years been an observant child among us, taking copious notes, and now he has printed them. They were well worth printing. His *Portrait of the Labour Party* (PUTNAM) is a lively and efficient piece of work, and, though perhaps open to criticism in this detail or that, its general likeness to the sitter is unmistakable. Herr WERTHEIMER came to England with preconceived ideas. He expected to find the British Labour Party the counterpart of the Social Democrats of the Fatherland, and its leaders the exponents of a clearly articulated theory. He soon discovered that, like other English politicians, they were empiricists, floating almost casually down a stream of tendency and quite happy without a philosophical or historical justification of their faith; men of mark, some of them, but not men of MARX. Such programmes as they have produced have been afterthoughts, and Herr WERTHEIMER does not conceal that he considers them amateurish. Nevertheless, having adapted himself to a state of affairs so strange to his orderly Teutonic mind, he has come to regard this fluidity and opportunism as a source of strength to the Party, which he holds to be at the present moment—that is to say, some months before the General Election—the most powerful of its colour in Europe. What he has to say of its future deserves consideration, more especially from those who are not of the

Socialist persuasion. What he has to say of its past and present is well-informed and often illuminating, while his characterisation of individuals is penetrating and in cases pungent.

Mr. Mulliner Speaking renders

Homage to males of his kith and kin
Who in their bouts with the feminine
gender's
Wiliest charmers contrive to win.

Sometimes the nuptial noose is knotted;
With *Archie*, for instance, despair's
last dreg
Was about to be drained when the lady
spotted
His stunt of a hen that has laid an
egg.

Osbert clicked, though he had to grapple
For weeks with the part of under-
dog,
And once, we are told, his Adam's
apple
Inadvertently slipped a cog.

But just as often the happy ending
Comes when the swain by the skin
of his teeth,
Weighing the load of care that's descend-
ing,
Wriggles away from underneath.

And readers of that amusing fellow,
P. G. WODEHOUSE, will pray that he
(And JENKINS) may give us some more
as mellow
Plums from the *Mulliner* family tree.

Kings, Churchills and Statesmen (THE BODLEY HEAD), by HERR KNUT HAGBERG, bears what its author calls a "Preface to the English Edition," but "edition" can mean no more than the excellent translation provided by Miss ELIZABETH SPRIGGE and Mr. CLAUDE NAPIER. It is evident all through the book, even if it were not specifically stated on several occasions, that HERR HAGBERG is here writing merely for his fellow-countrymen. The sketches are indeed an excellent introduction

to a Swede of our sovereigns and statesmen from GEORGE IV. to the present day. HERR HAGBERG has not only read history intelligently, but he has brought himself completely up to date with the biographies of STRACHEY, GUEDALLA, RAYMOND and others, and with all the War diaries and writings of our present-day statesmen. In only one case does he hold an opinion different from that which would be held by most Englishmen well versed in modern biography. That exception is WINSTON CHURCHILL, whom he seems to regard with nothing less than idolatry. It has even led him into a lack of candour, of which he is otherwise incapable. To show Mr. CHURCHILL'S versatility he gives a list of the various departments of which he has been head, without ever mentioning any change of party. I congratulate HERR HAGBERG on having interpreted us with such intelligence and spirit to his countrymen. Whether there was any need to translate the



Donald. "THE YOUNG AMERICAN LEDDY APPEARS VERRA ENTHUSIASTIC. WHAT FLEE 'WAD YE BE PUTTIN' ON FOR HER?"

Gillie. "I'M NO' PUTTIN' ON A FLEE AT A'. SHE FLICKED OFF THE LAST OF THEM A QUARTER-OF-AN-'OOR AGO."

work for the benefit of Englishmen, to whose knowledge and outlook it adds so little, is another matter.

The Galaxy (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is chiefly remarkable for an attempt made (whether with the tongue in the cheek or out of the cheek I know not—Miss SUSAN ERTZ knoweth) to revive the Victorian blend of novel and tract with the *pensée libre* as protagonist. There used, if I remember rightly, to be an American story in the original vein where the heroine, having been asked by a free-thinking Papa to play the piano on Sunday, was kept sitting at the instrument, a martyr to conscientious objections, until she crashed and contracted brain-fever. This I always felt was a little hard on Papa, who had not counted on brain-fever when seeking to enforce his wishes. But his frustrations were nothing compared with those of Miss ERTZ'S *Mr. Devereux*, an orthodox Victorian parent, pitted against a free-

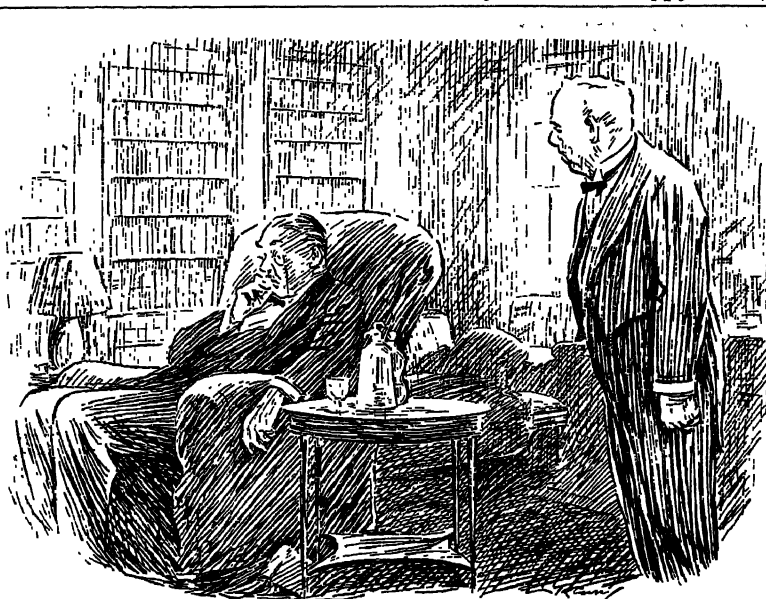
and daughter. Whenever *Papa* chastised *James* for refusing to go to church, *James* subsided into a fainting-fit; whenever *Laura* was denied an undesirable book or companion she contemplated suicide or earning her living. Both young people displayed an extraordinary disregard for fair dealing—a trait which in *James* was modified by his adult emancipation from the urgent need of lying, but which in *Laura* persisted until the day of her death. *Laura's* marriage to an armament king, her complacent motherhood and her still more complacent adultery are Miss ERTZ's main pre-occupation. Related in not always impeccable grammar, with a plentiful lack of the right kind of levity, these episodes form a poor contribution to the eternally interesting theme of the battle of faith and unfaith. A return to the literary and psychological standards of *Helbeck of Bannisdale*—where another *Laura* presents the appeal of free-thought with distinction—is, I feel, due and overdue.

Possibly the works of Mr. DENIS MACKAIL are not to the

taste of everyone, but I confess that I find them sufficiently agreeable for light summer reading. Suppose oneself reclining in a hammock, let us say, with suitable refreshment ready within easy reach and not too many insects to disturb repose, then surely *Another Part of the Wood* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) would be precisely the sort of book to select from the library list. It makes no tiresome demands upon the intelligence; in the delightful phrase of the late Mr. JEROME it "would not elevate a cow"; but it is pleasant and amusing and full of the spirit of youth. In fact I know no writer better fitted to pose as the interpreter of modern youth than Mr. MACKAIL. He seems to be perfectly at home in that excellent girls' school of St. Ethelburga's, Newcliff-on-Sea, where "*Noodles*" *Brett* is a popular but disturbing pupil; with her brother "*Beaky*" and his friend "*Snubs*" *Tipton* at the top of their singular establishment in Wykeham Street; with the wealthy *Mrs. Shirley* and her charming daughter, *Sylvia*, as they dash along the country roads in their expensive limousine; or with the ineffable *Lester Vaughan* and his troupe of Diamond Dominoes, performing at the Pavilion Chalet. No young women, surely, were ever more delightful in their wide-eyed innocence than these of Mr. MACKAIL's; no young men, fresh from Oxford and starting a life of business in the City, more inarticulate in the torments of budding love. A fairy-tale, in short, designed for an idle summer day, and excellently suited with a title recalling *Titania* and *Puck*, *Quince and Bottom*.

The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate (GOLLANCZ) is a sequel to N. OAKLEY's *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*. This book has a vivid recollection of the earlier book, which back in Venice, even funnier than the school-scenes in Mr.

EVELYN WAUGH's *Decline and Fall*. However, there are many, I suppose, who read the earlier book for the authentic information it gave as to life in a Russian school, and those who did so will no doubt wish to read the sequel now published, which does certainly tell one much about the different types composing the Russian intelligentsia of to-day. Unfortunately it is almost impossible to gain any clear idea of the university itself owing to the complete failure of the diarist to make up his mind what course of study he should pursue (the one faint echo of the humours of the *Communist Schoolboy*). Life in the hostels attached to the university is very fully described, and it seems with most of the students to be a succession of low and sordid intrigues. Although these are all decently handled by the author, in the aggregate they add greatly to the dulness of the book. *The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate* is an interesting and no doubt personally-observed study of life in certain of its aspects in Russia to day, but those whose memories of the *Schoolboy* are of the happy and lighthearted kind had better leave it alone.



"YOU MIGHT RING UP MY DENTIST, JENKINS, AND SEE IF HE CAN GIVE ME AN APPOINTMENT."

"YES, SIR."

"AND—ER—JENKINS—ER—DON'T PRESS HIM."

MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM must excuse my laughter when I read, on page 296 of *The Treasure House of Martin Hews* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), that *Major Owston* "felt the great urge of battle." For in the first chapter of this sanguine story the gallant *Major* entered the service of *Martin Hews*, and from that moment his life was almost a continuous fight. I have not counted the casualties that took place while the infamous *Hews* was engaged in adding to the treasures of his house, nor have I kept a tally of the *Major's* hair-breadth escapes, but I can without any

qualification assert that in his industrious career Mr. OPPENHEIM has never written a tale more packed with vehemement and surprising incident. And the *Major*, when not possessed by the urge of battle, showed himself adept in the art of making love.

MISS ELIZABETH BOWEN is an author who seems to take for granted that her readers will be distinctly intelligent, which, if a little risky, is also encouragingly flattering. In the eleven stories that make up *Joining Charles* (CONSTABLE) she writes quite delightfully and shows herself a shrewd and humorous observer of life in various conditions, but in some of them she will be found rather vague and inconclusive by those who demand that any tale, however brief, shall have a definite ending. For direct proof of Miss Bowen's qualities as a writer let me refer you to "*Aunt Tatty*" and "*Mrs. Moysey*," but indeed only one of her eleven, "*The Working Party*," where I failed to believe in the actions and reactions of the leading lady, left me with a sense of dissatisfaction.

Commercial Candour.

"This is our first sound film."—Notice Outside New York Cinema.

CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the increasing vogue of motor-boating it is anticipated that the English and French coastal authorities will erect "Cross Here" signs for the guidance of Channel swimmers.

A Post-office official declares that the average telephone-girl is pretty smart. She knows in fact how many beans make five.

An Australian scientist who has been lecturing on the cause of baldness in men says he made experiments with sheep, because the same conditions apply to both. Except, of course, that sheep don't have to fill in income-tax returns.

Bathing-dresses consisting of less than half-a-yard of material are on sale at five guineas. This seems like bare-backed robbery.

The Royal Commission on Transport recommends the abolition of the speed limit for private cars. The pedestrian's sense of sportsmanship has long been outraged by the handicap under which motorists have laboured.

"Most men who dance well are conceited," says an expert. We know of one who always asks his intended partners, "May I give you the pleasure?"

At the opening of a new water undertaking at Minehead the local Council allowed a bottle of champagne to be poured into the water in order that the townspeople might toast the scheme. Those who wish to drink the health of the Metropolitan Water Board have to do so at their own expense.

The omnibus volumes which are advertised by various publishers are of course the outcome of traffic developments and correspond to the railway novels.

Rope and Faggot is the title of a forthcoming book on lynching in the United States. No lyncher's library will be complete without it.

It is now stated that the projected "circus" in the space to be cleared on the removal of Charing Cross station will

be a circus only in name. We are keeping this disappointment from the little ones.

"Should parents apologise?" has been the subject of a newspaper discussion. Our own observation is that with over-severe children parents are apt to be defiant.

The hoard of Roman silver coins found at Caerleon is believed to be the savings of legionaries. It is a sad thought that they might just as well have spent it in the canteen.

A medical writer discusses noises in the head, which range from buzzing and ticking to a sound like the music of an orchestra. Relief is sometimes obtained by turning off the wireless.

With reference to the cotton stoppage we are asked to deny the rumour that both sides have agreed to submit the matter to *The Daily Mail*.

A railway company complains that passengers pluck the flowers along the wayside. They shouldn't do it while the train is in motion.

It is suggested that Harrow's freak straw hat should be abolished. But ought a tradition to be lightly discarded that gave birth to Mr. CHURCHILL's headgear complex?

It is stated that, whereas a year ago there was one motor-car to every thirty-six people in this country, there is now one for every thirty-two. Does this mean that every car has accounted for four pedestrians?

"Why are Buff Oringtons unpopular?" is a question raised in a newspaper. A contributory cause, we suspect, is a certain superciliousness.

Dark blue is the best colour for a car, says a motoring writer. We notice that quite a number of small two-seaters in that colour are now being worn.

There is a big demand in Scotland for three-penny-bits, says a news item. We understand there is also a steady

demand in that country for one-pound notes.

"Talkies are all noise and crime," declares a critic. And of the two the voice-production is rather worse than the vice-production.

A foreign film-actress who arrived in London refused to be interviewed. In Hollywood circles it is thought that she must be an impostor.

A snake three feet long was noticed in a Glasgow street and killed. Probably the unfortunate reptile had no idea that it was three feet long.

"Men in tail-coats and faneels were all there [in the Covent Garden], and some chat jolly Cockney women, the sort of thing up on bananas and beer at a performance of the ballet. It takes a genuine Cockney to go on bananas and beer."



"HE SAYS HE'S SWUM THE CHANNEL. BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK HE ASKED FOR? A BATH!"

Beer, according to Professor W. E. DIXON, depresses the higher faculties of the mind. Does Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON realise this?

The flags and banners brought by Hungarian Boy Scouts to the Jamboree are each invested with a black ribbon as a sign of mourning for the territories lost under the Treaty of Trianon. Surprise is felt that Thanet Boy Scouts do not display a similar token, by way of sympathy.

A woman-writer reminds us that wives are not furniture. That is so. The instalment people will take furniture back again.

A correspondent writing to *The Daily Express* says that two years ago he simultaneously gave up smoking, drinking and medicine. He seems to have cured himself of all the bad habits except that of writing to the Press.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO DIPLOMACY.

["In matters of foreign policy one has got to be careful." Lord PARMOOR.—From "Sayings of the Week" in "The Observer."]

ONE day, when I was feeling bright,
The happy thought occurred to me
That Caution's rule is always right.

In questions of diplomacy;
And now I ooze with self-respect,
Learning that words to this effect
Have fallen from Lord PARMOOR's lips
(Head of the noble House of CRIPPS).

To take the Soviet envoy's case:—

When he appeared on Monday week
He got no unrehearsed embrace,

No rash salute on either cheek;
And any hints we may have dropped
Of low intrigues that must be stopped
Before we sign a solemn Pact
Were full of Foreign Office tact.

So with the conference at the Hague:

Our Mr. HENDERSON should shun
All reckless conduct like the plague
(Lord P. and I are here at one);
When he confers with foreign nations
About those German reparations—
Themselves in need of much repair—
He'll have to take a lot of care.

And when the PREMIER visits U.

S.A. I trust that all the while
He'll think of PARMOOR and eschew

A careless rapture in his smile;
I do so hope, when Mr. HOOVER
Engages in a peace manoeuvre
To minimise the British fleet,
That RAMSAY will be most discreet;
And if he poses for a talkie
May Comrade PARMOOR keep him
pawky! O. S.

A YELLOWPLUSH PAPER.

I DON'T know if there is a Trades Union of Valets or a Butlers' Protection League, but if there isn't there ought to be. For then they might take common action against a very large number of playwrights and novelists. Consider the menservants of our writers' fancy. They are:—

(1) THE PROFOUNDLY IMPROBABLE.

At the head of this category I place the butler of a recent three-act "thriller," who for six unbelievable minutes gossiped about his master with the latter's confidential secretary (a gentlewoman): "Mr. X. is a typical product of the New Rich, Miss." To which the young woman responded: "Oh, he's not fairy-tale when you get to know him!" excellently. I place the butler of a Quince and B. who said: "There is a

see you, Sir. I don't know this butler to N. he came in a lovely car." back in Venice. SERVICE LACHRYMOSE. (the footman)

specialises in prolix professions of attachment to the Family. He talks brokenly of his employers, remembers (and reminds her) how he dandled Lady Moira on his knee as an infant. Frequent and main exclamation: "Ah, those were The Days, your Lordship!"

(3) THE NECESSARY EVIL.

See Act I. of hundreds of comedies. Here the butler (see also footmen) spends the first ten minutes, while the stalls are settling, in either—

(a) Drawing the curtains, placing salver of drinks, removing books from table (L.) to book-case (R.), folding newspaper and putting back in rack, looking out of window, glancing at clock, shaking head, and then drawing back curtains, removing salver, taking books from book-case (R.) to table (L.), shaking head and looking out of window; or—

(b) Indulging in streams of explanatory gossip with any female servant (irrespective of domestic castes) about the habits and motives of his employers.

From the manservant of musical comedy one expects nothing; therefore I will but skim the butler who in Act II. of *The Dollar Princess* waltzed in the garden with his young millionaire employer, and the footman who, striking an attitude, sang to the guests at Versailles that "Mud-arm de Pum-pa-door . . . is feeling bet-ter now. . . ."

Of the menservants of farce the least said the better. The authors of their being cause them to specialise in impertinence and a tendency to embrace anything in a skirt that comes in at the door, combined with a striking lack of knowledge of those duties for which they were presumably engaged. And their surname is never Sparkes, Matthews or Mitchell, because that isn't funny. They are Harbottle, Bloater or Soppett, because that is.

And now we come to the valets. On the stage they are alluded to as My Vally. In fiction My Vally is one of two kinds:—

(1) THE FRANKLY INCREDIBLE

(Of Dear Old Fruit type).

This vally indulges in fantastic adventure of a spy-cum-vamp nature with his master, who beats him upon the shoulders saying, "Stout Work, Old Scout." Wearing a poker face, he procures for his master pick-me-ups at the famous Piccadilly chemist's and gravely recommends hot anchovy toast for the Morning-after Head.

(2) THE HOPELESSLY THIRD-RATE.

In approaching this vally I am for ever at a loss to determine whether

master or man is the bigger cad. Most of us, if confronted with the task of writing a vally chapter, would, I think, deal with the matter in all humbleness thus:—

"Pearl studs, Mitchell, and look sharp . . . and phone up a taxi. I'm late."

"Very good, Sir."

"And if Miss Hartley rings up tell her I'm awfully sorry to have missed her, but I'll go round to-morrow instead."

"Very good, Sir."

"Oh . . . and you needn't wait up."

"No, Sir, thank you. Your keys and note-case."

But for the professional novelist this method does not exist. It is dull. Who cares a toot whether Mitchell stays up or not? He much prefers:—

"My dear old Indispensable, it must be apparent even to you that I can't dine at the Ritzley in a gent's lounge-suiting. Therefore my white waistcoat; *ergo*, my ditto tie. Bloater, I'm hit. Hard. I've just seen the most topping girl out of the window."

"It's a way they have, Sir. Looking topping out of windows. It's when you get what I may call a close-up that all is not, as it were, gold that glitters."

"Bloater, you're priceless! But look here—this girl. Find out where she lives; and if Miss Hartley rings up tell her one of the best."

* * * * *

I should like to take these writers round to view from all angles a butler of my acquaintance. He has seen me about the place since I was thirteen, and our estrangement deepens with years. He doesn't even look his part, being rather small and sandy. If I say "Good afternoon, Mills," he looks self-conscious and clears his throat. Once (a great concession) he said, "Thank you, Miss," when I wished him a happy Christmas on my uncle's doorstep. Oddly enough, we call him Mills, and not Old Top or Dear Old Face; strangely, he never says to me, "Costume a little abbreviated, but general effect quite pleasing if I may say so, Miss;" lamentably, he has never bent over my aunt and breathed, "Fork only with *coquille*, fish-knife a slight solecism but eminently understandable in the circumstances, Madam"; unforgivably, he has never quavered to my cousin, "You, Mr. Ronald, are the last of the line. I should wish before I die to hold your son upon my knee."

Mills is a complete failure. He is just any old butler. And he has been a failure now for twenty-nine years.

RACHEL.



CANADA CALLING.

MR. AMERY. "GLAD YOU TOO ARE GOING OUT THERE. DEVELOPS ONE'S SENSE OF EMPIRE."

MR. THOMAS. "THAT'S RIGHT. BUT HUSH! I MUSTN'T LET MY FRIENDS CATCH ME TALKING IMPERIALLY WITH A TORY. SEE YOU LATER IN THE GREAT OPEN SPACES."

[Mr. THOMAS and Mr. AMERY are to spend part of their holidays in Canada.]



Muffled Voice from inside. "DO BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU'RE SITTING, DARLING; YOU'LL HAVE THE TENT DOWN."

THE UNENCUMBERED FEE SIMPLE.

I.—THE COTTAGE.

THERE are many ways in which a Londoner may spend his summer holidays out of town, apart from the popular method of "running the wife and nippers down to Thanet in the side-car." He may exchange houses with his country cousins, who of course swarm into London in summer to see the museums and night-clubs; or he may go to Kew in lilac-time, except that it isn't far from London and it's rather late for lilac-time. If he is a resident of Hampstead he may jump on the bus which daily passes on its way to Manchester (for Blackpool); or he may go and stay with those friends in North Scotland who, knowing he lived in London, issued that generous invitation to drop in whenever he was passing—and they'll jolly well deserve it. Or he may just buy a cottage in the country and be a country gentleman.

This, as you may have guessed by now, is what I have done. I have bought a cottage at Harstead, a village in Sussex and, what's more, in a part of Sussex where you can actually throw a stone in any direction and not hit a novelist. Which is perhaps a pity.* My cottage too is a real old cottage; none of your *novelists* and riches affairs

* I have discovered that there is one in the village, but he is just out of range. I have tried.

with "ten bed, four recep., servants' hall, h. & c." My cottage has four rooms—five if you don't need a cupboard—a copper for h., and a seventy-foot well for c. In short, a real cottager would probably object very strongly to living in it.

For instance, it has been empty for two years and strange fungoidal growths projected from the walls of the rooms like the things you find on the north side of a damp oak-tree, but Frances ignored these and said she thought cream distemper would go well with apple-green paint. And when I pointed out sarcastically that it was essential to have a good strong paint, whatever the colour, in order to keep the decaying woodwork together, she retorted, quite irrelevantly, that the view of the Downs from the window was lovely and dragged me across the room to see it.

So we gazed at the view and inadvertently, while looking at it, I leant on a window-sill and the window-sill disappeared into dust like something at MASKELYNE'S. But Frances simply passed it off with a sneeze and went into ecstasies about the yew-tree cut into the shape of a half-porch over the front-door.

"You can stand under that——" she began.

"With my coat-collar turned up," I put in.

"Why?"

"Caterpillars," I answered. "And tarantulas. And other things which suddenly miss their footing and drop incredible distances down your neck and——"

"You're simply trying to look on the unromantic side of things," she accused.

I shrugged my shoulders and leant against the doorway. . . .

It happened to be the unromantic side of the door-frame and it took us ten minutes to push the thing back into its original position again. Even then it still looked as if it had been tampered with. Frances was at last forced to agree that the cottage was in rotten condition—and sent me off to buy it at once.

I went straight to the owner, a lady who lived close by.

"I'm thinking of buying your cottage," I said, and she choked down her surprise and said, "Good!" We then proceeded to do business. That is to say, for ten minutes I told her what a rotten place it was, and for ten minutes she told me what a nice place it was. Then for ten minutes I conceded points and said that it wasn't such a bad little cottage, and she for a further ten minutes returned the compliment by disparaging it. After that I said I had practically bought another and much better cottage elsewhere, and she countered by telling me that she had practically sold this one to another gentleman at a much

higher price than I had offered. Having thus thoroughly understood one another we split the difference, took a glass of port and a cigarette to clinch the bargain and ceremoniously exchanged the names of our legal seconds.

Lawyers are by nature a suspicious crowd. They all give the impression of having once been sold bogus oil plots and being on the look-out ever since. Though the lady and I parted the best of friends, by the time our respective lawyers had had us in their clutch for a bit, and referred to us with icy distrust as the Vendor and the Purchaser, I began to see that she was of course out to do me down. It appeared from what my lawyer said that she was all agog to get the deposit, and then to sell to someone else behind my back, or at least to take away surreptitiously all movable fittings (including, I supposed, the movable side of the door-frame). I no doubt, was meanwhile being represented to her as a deceitful cottage-snatcher, probably an undischarged bankrupt, whom she would do well to watch at every turn and from whom she should only accept cash.

This preyed so much on my mind that I at last ran down to Harstead for the day, ostensibly to see the cottage, actually to see which of us had changed. She gave me another cigarette, and I at once saw there could be nothing wrong whatsoever. In fact, in order that I might have the necessary repairs put in hand she volunteered to let me have the keys.

Thanks to this the cottage was nearly habitable by the time the solicitor advised me on the phone that the sale would be completed at his office in three days' time, when I would be handed the keys, the emblem of possession.

"But I've got the keys," I said.

"Nonsense!" he replied sharply. "Of course the Vendor wouldn't let you have the keys till completion."

I apologised. . . .

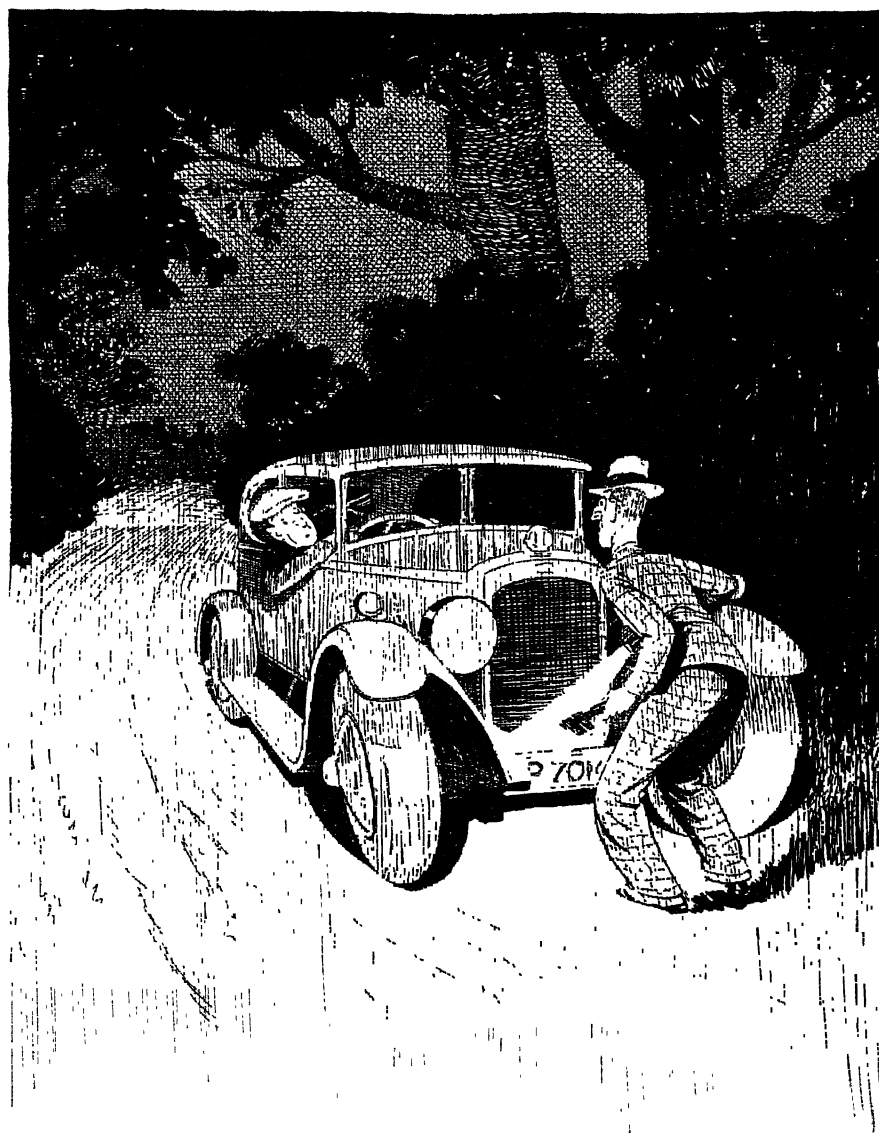
Evidently the Vendor had been equally sharply spoken to by her seconds, for that night I got an agitated wire:—

"Please send keys cottage immediate don't say you had them."

I complied at once, assuring my fellow-conspirator of my secrecy.

Three days later, amid a scene of unparalleled formality and suspicion, I paid over the purchase money by way of intermediate solicitors to the Vendor. Meanwhile the keys of the cottage, labelled and tagged, were handed by her to her representative, thence to my representative, and finally to me.

I received them with becoming gravity. But, just in order to show my lawyer how well I had improved



First Motor Bandit (to Second Motor Bandit). "WELL, HAROLD, THIS IS A NICE STATE OF AFFAIRS. WE'VE BEEN AND PINCHED OUR OWN CAR!"

under his training, I examined them very suspiciously all over, asked whether he was certain they were the right ones, and added in a meaning tone that I should be glad to have the Vendor's assurance that she had not retained duplicates of them. A. A.

A series of articles on "What I Owe to Liverpool" is being contributed to a well-known local newspaper by prominent citizens of that place. Other citizens who may be in doubt can obtain the necessary information on application to the Rates Department.

"Noel Coward, the author of 'Bitter-Sweet,' began his stage career at the age of five. . . . For years he remained 22, even now he is only just over 30."—*Gossip in Daily Paper.*

It is comforting to reflect that Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS did not remain 25.

UNDISCOVERED HISTORY.

CATHERINE OF ARAGON

Stole a quart jar of Tarragon.

"It's the last in the bin,"

She informed ANN BOLEYN.

"It's lovely! Give me more!"

Entreated JANE SEYMOUR.

Which made ANNE OF CLEVELS

Spill a lot down her sleeves.

"Not for me; I'm a coward!"

Said CATHERINE HOWARD.

But CATHERINE PARR

Drank the rest of the jar.

The Callous Ulsterman.

"Wellington (New Zealand), Tuesday.

Another earthquake shock occurred this morning in the Westport districts, on the western coast of South Island.

Other Sporting News in Page 11."

Belfast Paper.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY.

I WISH to be as helpful as possible to the Government in their efforts to lift up the moral tone of the nation. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has declined to proceed with Mr. CHURCHILL'S special tax on the telephones of bookmakers, for betting is an evil and this would be tainted money. Splendid!

But my elation has been damped by a shocking discovery—two shocking discoveries.

First, I find that *bookmakers are allowed to advertise in His Majesty's Telephone-Book.*

I look up in that respectable tome the name of the celebrated "Frankie" Foster (though that, of course, is not his name). And I see

*Foster, Frank R. Ltd.,
Commn Agnts.*

The term "Commn Agnt" means presumably Commission Agent, and Commission Agent means a credit-book-maker, one of the privileged kind, who bet with the rich and are left alone by the police. Now there are a column-and-a-half of Fosters—fish factors, medical practitioners, haulage contractors, waste-paper merchants, underwriters, metallurgists and assayers, electrical engineers and other queer but respectable professions, with many names which have no description after them at all. In this long list our Frankie stands out only by reason of the words (if you can call them words),

Commn Agnts.

And if that is not an advertisement of the evil of betting and an inducement to bet, printed by H.M. Stationery Office, then I will not only eat my hat but my boots as well.

To me, at any rate, this affair "gives offence." Like the rest of us I detest other people's vices, but regard with Christian charity my own; and, being free from the itch to bet, I look upon betting as one of the most futile and degrading activities of man, and probably the most potent force for evil in this country. It makes me quite ill to read the betting odds in a Sunday newspaper (next-door to the weekly column of denunciation of pubs). It shocks me that the high-priests of this demoral-

ising cult should be permitted to call attention to themselves in a Government publication, and I must ask the Government to act in the matter.

I will go further, as the politicians say. It appears to me to be elementary logic that, if the State ought not on moral grounds to put a tax upon the telephones of commn agnts and bookmakers, it ought not to charge them for their telephones. To the commn agnt at least the telephone is the principal tool of his trade, and the money he pays for it is as horribly tainted as a tax upon it would be.

One logical step onward and we come to the really exciting question—*Ought commn agnts and bookmakers to have telephones at all?*

of the poor. Now we have only to refuse to instal the KING'S telephones in the houses and offices of bookmakers and commn agnts and forbid the KING'S postmen to call at their doors, and the rich will have as much difficulty in disposing of their shirts as the poor, the moral tone of the country will bound up at once, and the Government would escape from an equivocal position. (There is, by the way, an Imperial precedent for this proposal in Australia, where the Federal Government refuse to deliver mails at the flourishing betting institution called "Tattersalls," in Tasmania.)

Far be it from me to take away any man's pleasure, but the logic of our moralists is so very erratic that one must

point out from time to time in what direction it is leading them. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. SNOWDEN and the POSTMASTER-GENERAL have the courage to adopt my proposal, which I think of asking Lady ASTOR and Mr. SCRIMGEOUR to put forward in the House when it meets.

And there is another rather awful thing. It has come to my knowledge that His Majesty's Government are running a number of pubs in a town called Carlisle—and making a profit out of them. I have even been told that the Government makes beer. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"Killed 8 birds with 3 stones. Mr. S. — of Vaddukodai East, writes:—'I used your three pots of —'s Balm on 3 Rheumatic patients, 2 Lumbago sufferers and 3 Influenza patients, all by rubbing externally and Inhalation and found your Balm rendered the desired effect and quick relief.'—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

Brighter Golf.

In golfing circles it is felt that whatever is done with regard to the other eighteen holes, the nineteenth should, during heat waves, be enlarged almost indefinitely.

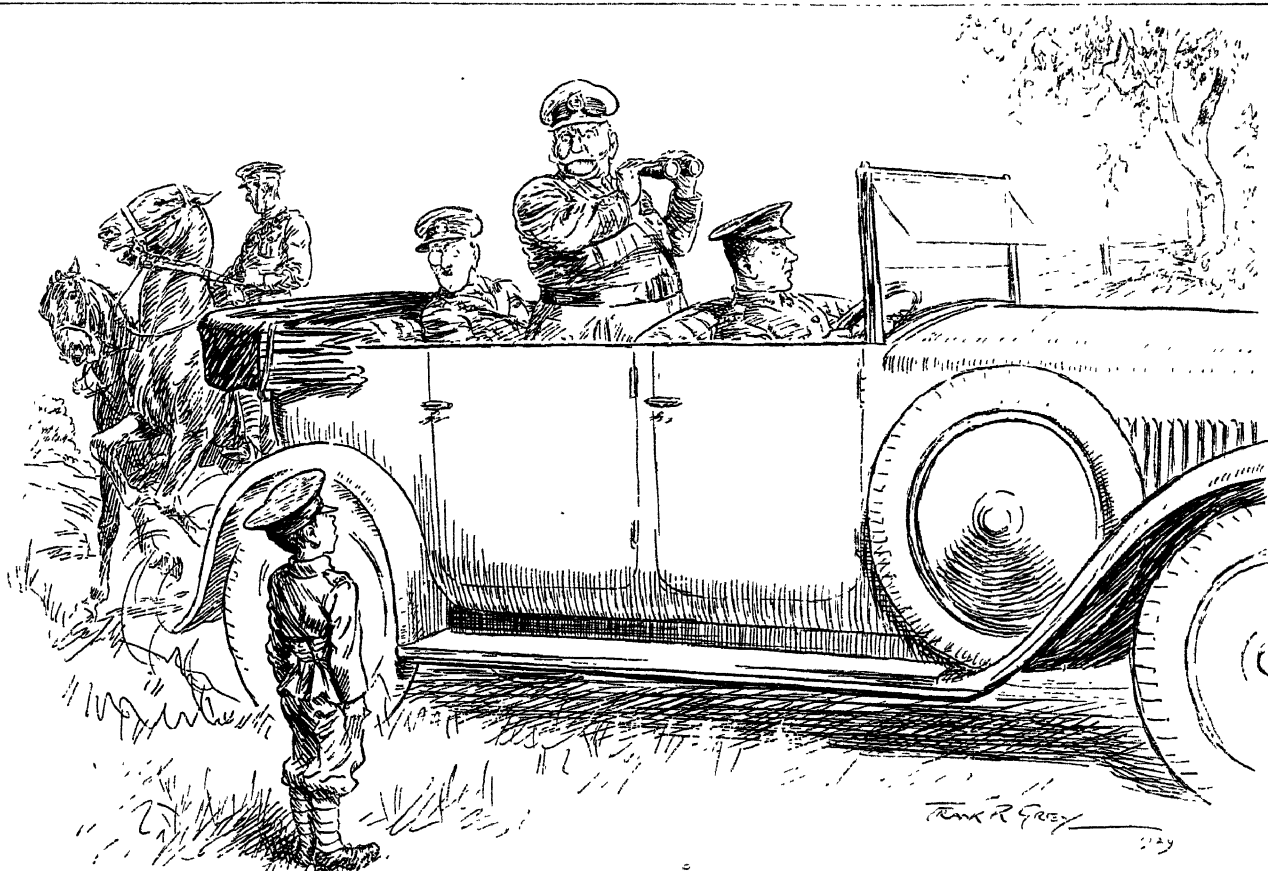
"Mr. A. J. Cook, the miners' secretary, went without his lunch at a London restaurant yesterday because he was not permitted to eat in shirt sleeves. . . . He talked about it to a reporter later on. . . . 'One night we had dinner with the mayor of Blackpool and we took our coats off.'—*Daily Paper.*

The night we had dinner with the Bootle Buffaloes they let us undo our waistcoats.



Gent in skull-cap. "I WANT A HAT."
Assistant. "YES, SIR. SOMETHING LIKE THE ONE YOU HAVE ON OR ONE WITH A WIDER BRIM?"

Those who, like Mr. SNOWDEN, object so strongly to betting that they cannot bear to see it legalised, controlled or taxed, have never yet had the hardihood to propose that it should be stopped. They would doubtless say that it would be impossible to get such a measure through the British Parliament and impracticable to enforce it if it became law. But this of course is all my eye—or very largely my eye. Most of the off-course betting could be stopped by a simple administrative Act; for most of it is transacted through (a) His Majesty's telephones or (b) His Majesty's mails. The vast machinery by which the rich are enabled to place their shirts upon their fancies with the minimum of inconvenience is wholly provided by His Majesty's Government—though it is true that His Majesty's police pursue with more or less energy the bookmakers



Conscientious Cadet (to General supervising Public School O.T.C. Manœuvres). "WOULD YOU MIND KINDLY MOVING YOUR CAR, SIR? I REPRESENT A DETACHMENT OF TANKS, SIR."

TRAVELLERS TO THE SEA.

ANOTHER LITTLE DUOLOGUE.

TIME—August. Terrible indications of packing are in the air.

Dramatis Personæ.

Myself. They.

Myself (disturbed). I do not wish to go to the sea.

They (firmly). You must.

Myself. Why?

They. Because a room has been booked for you in the hotel.

Myself. To what sea do I have to go?

They. To the sea in France.

Myself. Why France?

They. Because the hotel in which your room has been booked is a hotel in France.

Myself (annoyed by this grim logic). Why should I go away at all? What is this urge to lift up the tennis-racquet and the golf-clubs, transport them for a hundred miles and begin to use them again for the same purpose as before? And why the sea? Is not the English country beautiful? The gardens full of roses—and roses—and roses? There has not been a year for roses like this year. Parliament has risen. The Cabinet has gone. Where has it gone to? To the hills, the woods and streams.

Already Mr. HENDERSON puts himself in train to pursue the grouse, Mr. THOMAS applies himself to a battue of the deer and Mr. CLYNES commences to angle for the salmon. My lord PASSFIELD, with his bugle and powder-horn—

They. Why do you talk in this silly way?

Myself. Because we are going to France, is it not? I put myself to remember its ridiculous language. *Enfin*—

They. Anyhow, you are absolutely wrong. All the Cabinet Ministers are going to work during the recess.

Myself. Lucky beggars! To engage oneself in the affairs, this is the true happiness. The sea indeed! And the French sea! As if the sea by itself were not bad enough, with its waves large, mysterious and profound, with its absence annoying of shade and verdure, with its sand which enters the socks, with its chalk which finds itself in the hair! When did our ancestors ever wish to go to the sea?

They. The children—

Myself. Had our ancestors no children? Thousands of them. Far more than we have. Nobody invented the sea until a hundred years ago. Ozone is the fad of an effete civilisation. Did Dr. JOHNSON ever play hockey on the beach? Or OLIVER CROMWELL? Or Sir

THOMAS MORE? There was no sand in those days; it was all used for hour-glasses. Did CHARLES II. bathe? Did MILTON ever wander by the sea?

They. SHAKESPEARE wrote—

Myself. The Master BACON who wrote the works of SHAKESPEARE may have said, "Come unto these yellow sands," but it was not a general invitation—merely a lot of wretched fairies talking to each other. How differently, how far more beautifully Master BACON wrote when he wrote about gardens! He never wrote an essay or a sonnet about going to the sea. Still less about going to the sea in France! Think of the trouble—

They (unimpressed). There is no trouble at all.

Myself. The infinite labour of the Customs! The *douanier* plunges his hand into the baggage of the voyagers. There is nothing contraband, but he is filled with a curiosity the most intense. He pulls out a stuffed rabbit. *Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?* A hockey-stick, a cricket-bat, *et ça?* What has he found now? It is a rubber-horse, a *cheval de caoutchouc*, which floats upon the waves. And now? It is a pair of shrimping-trousers, *les pantalons aux shrimpes*. And now a lotion against the bites of insects. He pushes a cry.

The whole *douane* is in an uproar. What are these incredible objects, *ces choses pour rire*?

They. You know very well that nothing of that sort will occur.

Myself. I doubt myself of it. Besides, it will rain.

They. Not more than in England.

Myself. Much more. And the rain in France is of a wetness astonishing, sombre, heavy and sad. An *orage* is far worse than a storm. An *orage* in a French novel produces a melancholy from which the characters never recover for pages and pages. And in this wet French hotel by the sea there will be nothing whatever to do.

They. Quite as much as in England—bridge, gramophone, probably wireless—

Myself. Talking in French by example! You are going to take me across the Channel to listen to a French gramophone and a French radio-set in a badly ventilated French hotel, when I might be playing tennis in an English garden embalmed with the scent of the English rose, or watching the Atlantic beat against a weather-clad English cliff, or bathing in a Cornish cove.

They. I thought you didn't like the sea.

Myself. I am speaking of the English sea. But the French sea—flat, shallow and *tiède*.

They. A little time ago you said it was large, mysterious and profound.

Myself. That was a slight inaccuracy. Everybody knows that the French sea is too shallow to bathe in, and the French sand too deep to walk through, and the French sun so hot that one comes out in blisters from top to toe.

They. But you said it was going to rain all the time.

Myself. One does not always find oneself responsible for that which one has said in haste. M. BRIAND does not, nor M. POINCARÉ. Assure yourself of it, this French sea will be either too hot or too cold, and in any case most uncomfortable. If it does not rain there will be a drought. There will be no water in the hotel. No *froide* will come out of the *froide* tap and no *tiède* out of the *tiède* tap. The golf will be bad and there will be lumps on the tennis-court.

They. Then you can go to the casino at—

Myself. That is what I most probably shall do. I shall lose every penny we have and we shall be unable to return. We shall remain in France and eke out a miserable livelihood by hunting for snails.

They. The tickets can be booked both ways.

Myself (making a last effort). What are you going to do with the dog?

They. The dog is arranged for. He will stay with the vet.

Myself. And the car? How does the car arrange itself? Do we take the car with us?

They. The car will stay in the garage.

Myself. I think I shall stay there with it.

They. Why not stay with the vet?

Myself. Anyhow, I refuse to pack my own shrimping-trousers. I refuse to carry the rubber horse. What time do we start?

They. We breakfast at 7.30 to-morrow in order to catch the boat-train at Victoria.

Myself (rolling the eyeballs). *Mon Dieu!* EVOE.

POTTED POEMS.

THE tendency to-day is to shorten everything—speeches, serials, sermons and even sentences. Why then should poetry escape? Why should one be forced at different times to memorise hundreds of lines of indifferent verse on different subjects when an apt, pithy and concise treatment of these very subjects is even now in the press?

The well-known American thinker, Mr. Attaboy Hoosh, has placed the proofs of these poems and his success at my disposal. The poems seem to be a trifle disjointed after subjection to the process, but what of that? As he himself says, it may agitate some gink's Angoras, but, believe him, boy, it is the cat's.

I believe him and append a few samples.

The first is a poem originally entitled *How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*. The cumbersome title goes and is replaced by the terse and snappy version—

SOME RIDE.

I sprang to the saddle, and Joris and He.
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.
At full speed we galloped for everyone's sakes,
But Dirck fell, and Joris; alone I reached Aix;
And from that day to this I have not—tho' urgent 'twas—
The slightest idea what the good news from Ghent was.

There is a good deal of poetic licence in the last two lines, licence which Mr. Hoosh says BROWNING would surely have endorsed. Certainly someone should.

Space does not permit me to quote from "Sen's End," a poem about Assyrians by GEORGE N. BYRON. We must now pass on to a poem by WILLIAM W. WORDSWORTH, rechristened "Clouds and Flowers." The rhyme scheme seems to have been tampered with slightly, but Mr. Hoosh assures me that it expresses the sense of the poem better:—

CLOUDS AND FLOWERS.

I wandered pensive o'er the hills
And saw a host of daffodils

Which danced and danced, but little thought
What wealth to me this show had brought.
So, having mused on them aloud,
I wandered lonely as a cloud.

Mr. Hoosh has had this syncopated by Al. Kahlson and the Eight Red-Hot Cucumbers, and is prepared to wager that it will knock Britain endways for a row of canned beans.

That merciless bore, *The Ancient Mariner*, has been compressed almost beyond recovery.

THE LOONEY'S CRUISE.

It was an ancient mariner,
"There was a ship," quoth he—
The Wedding Guest fell down and dropped
Like lead into the sea.
Alone, alone, all, all alone
And quite of sense forlorn,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
He rose the morrow morn.

Horatius has also suffered a sea-change into something rich—very rich and strange:—

THE GRAND SLAM.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the nine gods he swore;
Seeing Horatius standing there
He swore by several more.
But when he found the bridge was down
His speech grew uncontrolled;
Of course men swore like troopers
In the brave days of old!

The version strikes me as inadequate, but I quite see that it is the compression that matters, not the divine spark.

Mr. Hoosh kindly informs me that he has under consideration a further volume entitled *Snappy Snips from Passionate Plays*. *Hamlet* is compressed as under, in the style of the author of *Biography for Beginners*:—

Hamlet met a ghost.
The ghost was rather
Like his father,
So he killed his mother
And many another.
It sounds rather crude,
But he was *such* a prude.

Well, as Mr. Hoosh says, get an eyeful of that, bo! Five Acts in seven lines. Can you beat it?

I have recommended him to beat it as soon—and as fast—as possible.

Our Careless Waterways.

"Rivers often change their course and pass on leaving behind them their beds, basins, etc."—*Extract from a Schoolgirl's Geography Paper.*

Revelations Which We Refuse to Believe.

"A. W. Carr, of course, is not new to Test match captaincy. He captained most of the England team which played Australia when the latter were last in this country."

Liverpool Paper.

An Apology Which the Public Will Demand.

"A. P. F. Chapman made his first appearance of the season after returning from Australia, and without having much to do, he failed with his customary sureness."—*Daily Paper.*



Northern Visitor. "HOO MUCH DAE YE CHAIRGE FOR TIEY CHAIRS?"

Attendant. "TUPPENCE EACH."

Northern Visitor. "WAD YE BE PAYIN' THE CARRIAGE ON THEM TO KIRKCUDBRIGHT EF I TAK' SAX?"

ONE OF THE TEAM.

LAST night, as my fancy went roaming
Through the gateway of dream and
beyond,

Cinderella sat sad in the gloaming
Till a wave of the godmother's wand
Had changed into sparkle and spangle
The poor little rags that she wore,
Had decked her in necklet and bangle
And called up her carriage-and-four.

I heard the light feet on the gravel,
I heard the faint tap of the bars,
I saw the long whip-lash unravel
And glint in the light of the stars;

Then the dream-shadows ceased to
enwreath me;

I woke—not a sound in the house—
And there on the carpet beneath me
Was sitting a little brown mouse.

He carried no gall of the leather,
No mark where a collar had lain;
I could not for certain say whether
He ever had bent to a rein;
I don't know his name or his breeder's,
I can't prove him part of the scheme,
But he *may* have been one of the
leaders
Who pulled in the godmother's
team.

I moved, and his ebon eyes glistened,
And swiftly he flicked o'er the floor;
I waited, I watched and I listened,
But saw him and heard him no
more.

Though I frankly discredit all dealers
In witchcraft, in spite of it all
He *may* have been one of the wheelers
Who galloped the coach to the ball.

W. H. O.

Statements Which Cannot be Impeached.

"Meanwhile his new church at Southbourne
is progressing. We hear that among *some* of
its new architectural features there is to be a
lovely lily pond in front—given by a donor."

South-Country Paper.

HINTS ON LIVING ALONE.

I.—MAKING THINGS.

ONE of the most marked effects of living the simple life in a cottage is the impetus which it gives to the creative instinct. Ever since I began to live alone I have been *making* things of one sort or another. It is therefore with the knowledge of an experienced creator that I offer the following observations to the public:—

(a) *Making a Bed.*—This is unnecessary, and almost impossible, anyway; it should only be attempted by those who can afford sleepless nights. It is done by thumping the pillows with the fists and throwing the sheets very high up into the air. The former of these two movements (although, as far as I have been able to discover, pointless) has the merit of being easy to do; the latter, on the other hand, is very difficult and must be done continuously for about three-quarters of an hour until the sheets fall flat and evenly distributed on the bed.

Blankets are big things and very confusing; they can be wrapped several times round a bed, but when the operation is finished the bed-maker will find himself so implicated as to be virtually in bed. Beds should therefore be made, if at all, last thing at night.

(b) *Making a Chocolate-Pudding.*—There are four possible stages in making a chocolate-pudding, but the later stages are not always reached.

Put some milk on the fire—in a pan, of course; this is Stage 1. Then add cornflour and chocolate (*plain* chocolate preferably), which will produce either Stage 2A, viz., brown porridge or Stage 2B, viz., brown soup. In the case of 2A the pudding must now be abandoned; in the case of 2B the soup need not be abandoned yet.

Put the brown soup in the oven. Opening the oven door ten minutes later you will observe Stage 3, viz., a brown balloon. Close the oven door again and wait with your ear close to it for a muffled report; this will indicate that the chocolate-pudding has exploded (Stage 4) and can now definitely be abandoned.

(c) *Making a Mess.*—This is done in the oven, the recipe being the same as for a chocolate-pudding.

(d) *Making a Mistake.*—This is much easier than a bed or a chocolate-pudding, but not so interesting as a Laundry List. It often starts as a baked custard and therefore has sugar in it; this unfortunately proves fatal when it becomes scrambled eggs, but is useful in the event of a *pancake* occurring.

(e) *Making a Laundry List.*—Laundry Lists are like General Knowledge Questions in the newspapers and are a sort

of speculative exercise. First you put all the dirty clothes on the floor and watch them for a time. Then you shut your eyes and guess how many articles of each kind there are in the heap; after that you write your estimate in a little ruled exercise-book and your answers are corrected by the Laundry. The correct solution is sent with the clean clothes the following week. (I have got the pyjamas right three times out of four and the handkerchiefs once; it is quite interesting.)

(f) *Making Conversation.*—Happens in the garden while you are thinning out the lobelia, etc. You ask your neighbour questions during a westerly gale and he replies the following week when the wind has veered round to the east.

(g) *Making Hay.*—Indistinguishable from making a bed.

(h) *Making Both Ends Meet.*—Is done in parallel columns in an account-book on Saturdays, and happens at infinity.

(i) *Making a Will.*—It is really better to do this before embarking on the Simple Life at all.

II.—ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS.

The best plan is to have one special room where you put the furniture and any rugs or mats that you happen to possess. This leaves you all the other rooms free to do anything you like with. For instance, it is a good thing to have a room where you put all the small mobile things, such as boots, apples, golf-balls, hats, etc., and another room where you do all the cooking. A cooking-room ought to be quite big and empty so that there is room to spill things without spilling them *on to* anything. Then of course there has to be a room that you can *live* in, but this will be decided for you when you know which is the chimney that does not smoke.

III.—VARIOUS DIFFICULTIES.

(a) *Sugar* is a very difficult thing to know much about; everybody knows that *salt-or-sugar* quandary, but very few people have really experienced ground-rice. The latter is not, as is generally supposed, *born* a milk-pudding but has an earlier chrysalis stage in which it is indistinguishable from granulated sugar; sprinkled over strawberries-and-cream it tastes like nothing so much as a Red Admiral prematurely evolved.

If there is any moth-ball in the house it is better not to risk confusion by attempting lump-sugar at all; naphthalene in tea is eerie, and no amount of lump-sugar among the spare blankets will dishearten a really plucky moth.

(b) *Ghosts* are difficult and annoying things and are caused by heifers, owls, goats, etc. For example, there is a heifer

living in this neighbourhood which purrs on mild nights and roars on wild ones: it takes a long time to get *en rapport* with this. Then there is a sadly confused owl, which hoots a good deal during what seems to me the afternoon, thus causing misgiving if, as is usually the case, all the clocks have stopped.

Tethered goats are distracting things; they are the opposite of clocks and have to be unwound at frequent intervals throughout the day. During the night they constitute ghosts by shuffling their feet and looking uncanny from either end.

(c) *The Bathroom.*—It is impossible when living alone to remember that there is no need to lock the bathroom door; the fact that one need not have locked it is not a consoling reflection when one cannot unlock it again and has to remain in the bathroom until the postman calls. There is something humiliating about being released from a bathroom by the postman.

HOSPITALITY.

[In the last six months Kettering has been visited by six thousand six hundred and sixty-one tramps.]

THE casual wards of England
Are various in cheer;
Some are benevolently run,
Others are more severe;
But Kettering, oh! Kettering,
The home from home of Kettering
Is good beyond all bettering
And stands without a peer.

The vagabonds of England,
Barring when cold or damp,
Prefer the skies for canopy
And the pale moon for lamp;
But Kettering, ah! Kettering,
The evening bell of Kettering
Will never fail to get a ring
From any neighbouring tramp.

The householders of England
Are liberal to the core,
They like to pay the Union rate
And wish that it were more;
But Kettering, my Kettering,
I claim the palm for Kettering,
Which carves in golden lettering
"Welcome" above its door.
DUM-DUM.

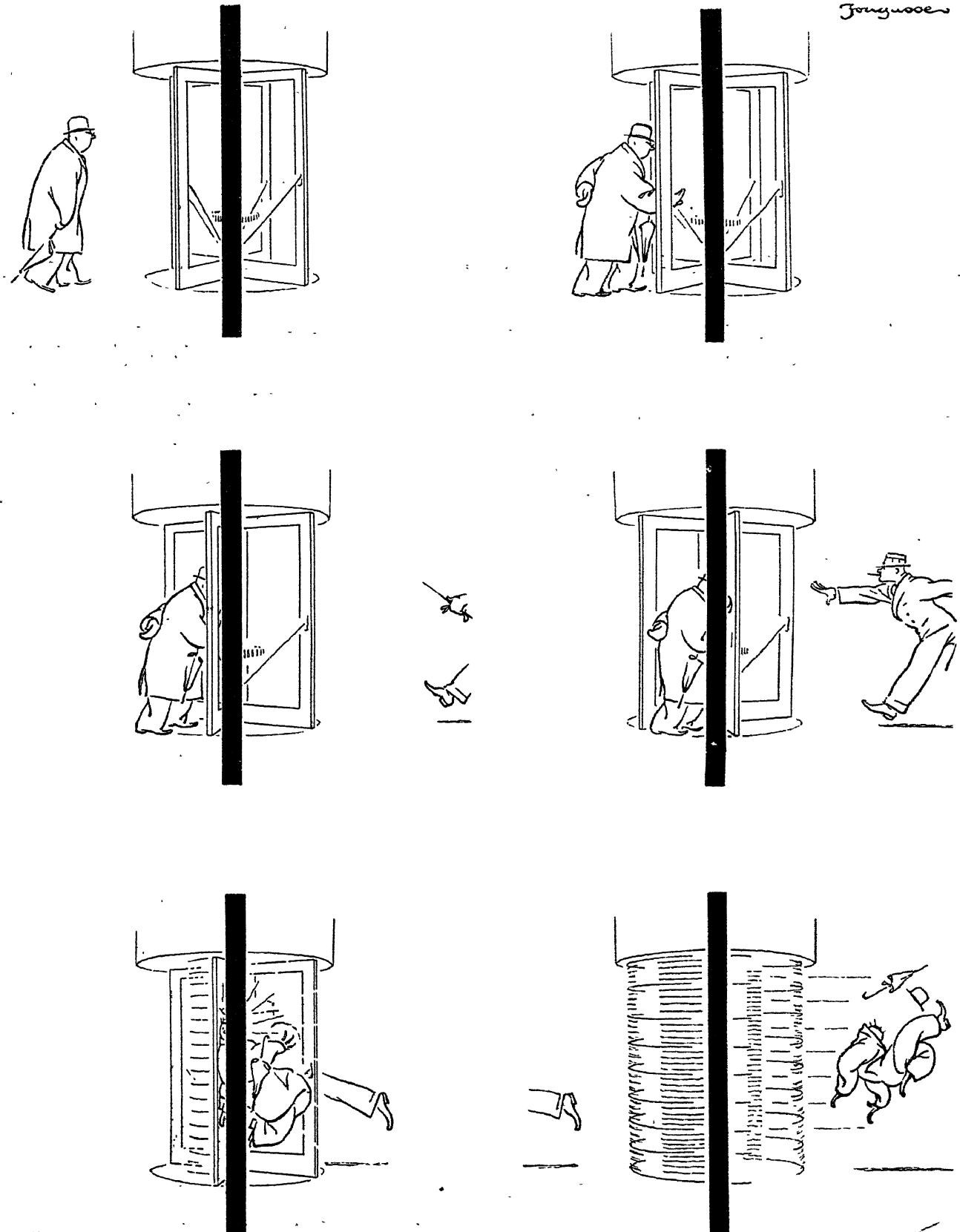
Statements Which Induce Gapes.

"Sir Basil Deane, author of 'Loyalties,' 'Young Woody' and 'The Constant Nymph,' is on his way to Hollywood where he will produce John Galsworthy's escape from the screen."—*Hollywood Paper*.

"Sir Oswald Mosley, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, addressing the Durham miners' gala, attended by over 1,150,000 people to-day, said . . ."—*Evening Paper*.

You need to be a Soc. Bart. to get a gala like that together.

Jonguosen



THE REVOLVING DOOR.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE DICTATOR.

ONCE there was a Dictator who was determined to have nobody but good people in his country, but as he couldn't expect to make everybody good all at once he told Parliament to pass a law that there must be at least one good person in every family or they would have to give up their house to somebody else. Because there weren't enough houses to go round, and the Dictator thought it would be a good start if there was at least one good person in each of them.

Well it was rather difficult to get it all arranged and there had to be a lot of Inspectors to go round and see about it. And one of the Inspectors went to the house of a family called Risotto, and he said I am sorry to have to turn you out, because if you have to give up this house you won't be able to get another one and I'm sure I don't know what you will do, but you are such a dreadful lot that I don't see how I can help it.

And Mr. Risotto said why what is the matter with us? We are as good as anybody else and I pay my rent regularly.

The Inspector said yes but how do you pay it?

And he said well I pay it out of what I make by taking clocks and fur-rugs and things like that out of motor-cars and selling them, and if I am caught I am quite ready to go to prison for it, so what is the objection?

The Inspector said well I don't know, but you can't call it good exactly can you? And your wife takes in washing and often keeps back things and says they were lost in the wash when all the time you or one of your children are wearing them.

Mr. Risotto said well we can't go about without anything on, can we? I think the Dictator is very unreasonable and it is quite time somebody assassinated him.

The Inspector said now that is just the sort of thing he doesn't like people saying, and if I were to repeat it to him you would get into trouble, but as I am sorry for you I shall say nothing about it. If only one of your children were good he might let you go on living in this house, but I have asked the neighbours about them and they say they are perfectly awful. Your little boy steals milk-bottles that are put outside front-doors, one of your little girls falls down just in

front of ladies coming out of shops so that they can't help tripping over her, and the other one snatches their bags and runs away with them before they have time to get up. So you can't call any of your children good can you?

Mr. Risotto said well two of them perhaps you can't, but there is no law against falling down on the pavement, or if there is I have never heard of it. But there are so many new laws now that you can't keep them all in your head.

The Inspector said well I haven't time to go into all that, and as you can't point to one single member of your family who could pass the easiest exam-

and that shows how good he is because you have come here to turn us out of our house, and yet he likes you and is returning good for evil.

Well the Inspector didn't quite know what to say about it, and there wasn't anything about Sealyhams in his book of rules, but William was really a member of Mr. Risotto's family because he slept on his bed and had his meals with them only on the floor instead of the table, and he never drank beer or whisky which the Dictator thought there was too much of and wanted to do away with. So he said he would ask the Dictator about it and perhaps it would be all right, but he couldn't say for certain.

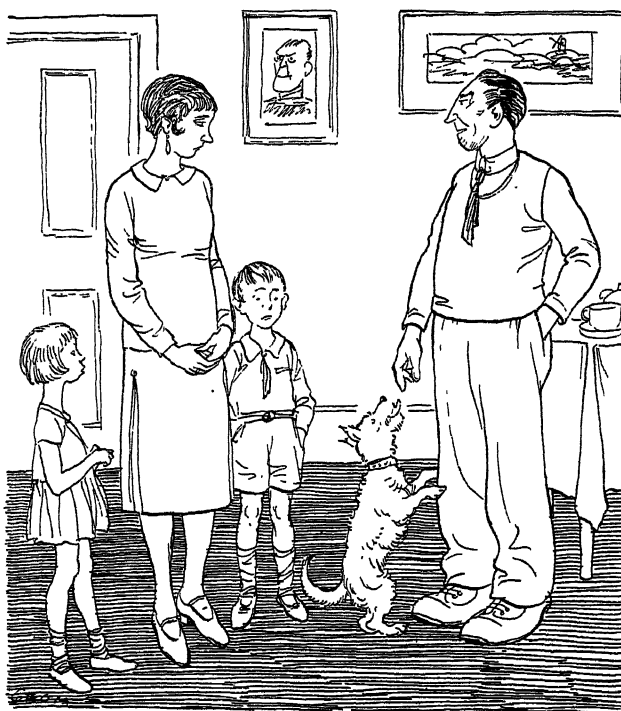
So he asked him about it, and the Dictator said well I wasn't thinking of Sealyhams when I made up the law, but I want to be fair all round so that the newspapers can't say I am a tyrant, so I will let it count this time but not again.

So Mr. Risotto was allowed to stay in his house and he became quite famous, because soon afterwards the Dictator made a speech about him and his Sealyham, and he said it ought to make people ashamed that very few of them were as good as dogs were, although they had so many more advantages, especially living in a country where there was a Dictator who wanted them to be good more than anything else, and they had better look out for themselves if they weren't.

Well Mr. Risotto knew he had had rather a narrow escape so he thought he had better turn over a new leaf, and he told his wife and children that they were to do it

too. And first of all he was rather annoyed with William for being better than they were and kicked him for it. And William gave a yelp, because it hurt him, but then he wagged his tail and licked Mr. Risotto's hand so as to show him that he didn't bear him any malice. And Mr. Risotto said to his wife and children there now see that, it is quite true what the Dictator said in his speech, William is much better than you are, though he hasn't had your advantages, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves that you are not so good as a dog, and if I ever catch you doing anything wrong again I shall give you a good welting.

And Mrs. Risotto said yes that's all very well, but how are we going to live? and he said why do some honest work, look at William, he doesn't steal ladies'



"YOU ARE NOT SO GOOD AS A DOG."

ination in goodness I am afraid you will have to go.

Mr. Risotto said well wait a minute, what about William?

The Inspector said who is William? and he said well he is a member of my family, and he is so good that he goes on loving you even when you kick him for something he hasn't done, and he has never told a lie in his life, and if anybody tried to hurt any of us he would go on fighting them even if they were much bigger than he was and nearly killed him. Now does the Dictator call that good or not?

The Inspector said well I haven't had time to get up all the rules but I should think he would, is William your nephew?

Mr. Risotto said no he is our Sealyham, there he is wagging his tail at you,

bags and keep things back out of the wash.

Mrs. Risotto said no and he doesn't take clocks and fur-rugs out of motor-cars either, what are *you* going to do? and he said you wait and see.

Well what Mr. Risotto did was to sell Sealyhams and other dogs to people who wanted to have them because of what the Dictator had said in his speech about dogs, because they were ashamed of being worse than dogs and a lot of them wanted to keep them so that they could see how they behaved. And at first he stole the dogs, but after he had had several litters of puppies he grew ashamed of that because he knew William would never have done it, and he became known for being as honest as a dog-dealer could be. And the Dictator heard of it and sent him a letter to say how pleased he was to hear that he had turned over a new leaf and was helping other people to do it by selling them a good class of dog.

So Mr. Risotto had the letter framed and hung up in his shop, and after that more people bought dogs of him than ever, especially Sealyhams because of William, and he grew quite rich. And the people got so much better in their behaviour that the Dictator had to see

about having a lot more houses built, because the Inspectors couldn't find enough had people to turn out of the old ones. A. M.

NEWS OF THE NOTED.

Mr. W. B. YEATS

Rebuked some Scouts from the States
For holding a jamboree
On the Lake Isle of Innisfree.

Mr. G. B. SHAW

Detected a flaw
In the statement of a man who said,
"All the greatest dramatists are dead."

Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR

Toured Mayfair,
But decided that he still liked best
Hammersmith, W.

Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER

Imbided some pink water
To get himself into condition
For writing a poetical drama round Prohibition.

Mr. MATHESON LANG

Was attacked by a gang.
"Look here," he said, "I only engage
In these affairs on the stage."

Lord READING

Attended a wedding,

Wearing a turban which had come his way
During his Indian stay.

Mr. MELBOURNE INMAN
Said to a very thin man,
"I could almost use *you*
For a cue."

Mr. PAT HENDREN

Trimmed his cap with a rhododendron,
Which vastly amused the hordes
Of spectators at Lord's.

Warning to the Parents of Bradford.

"City of Bradford Co-operative Society Limited. The Children's Carnival . . . Head of Procession to finish at the Society's Abattoir."—*Bradford Paper*.

The Dramatic Note in Advertising.

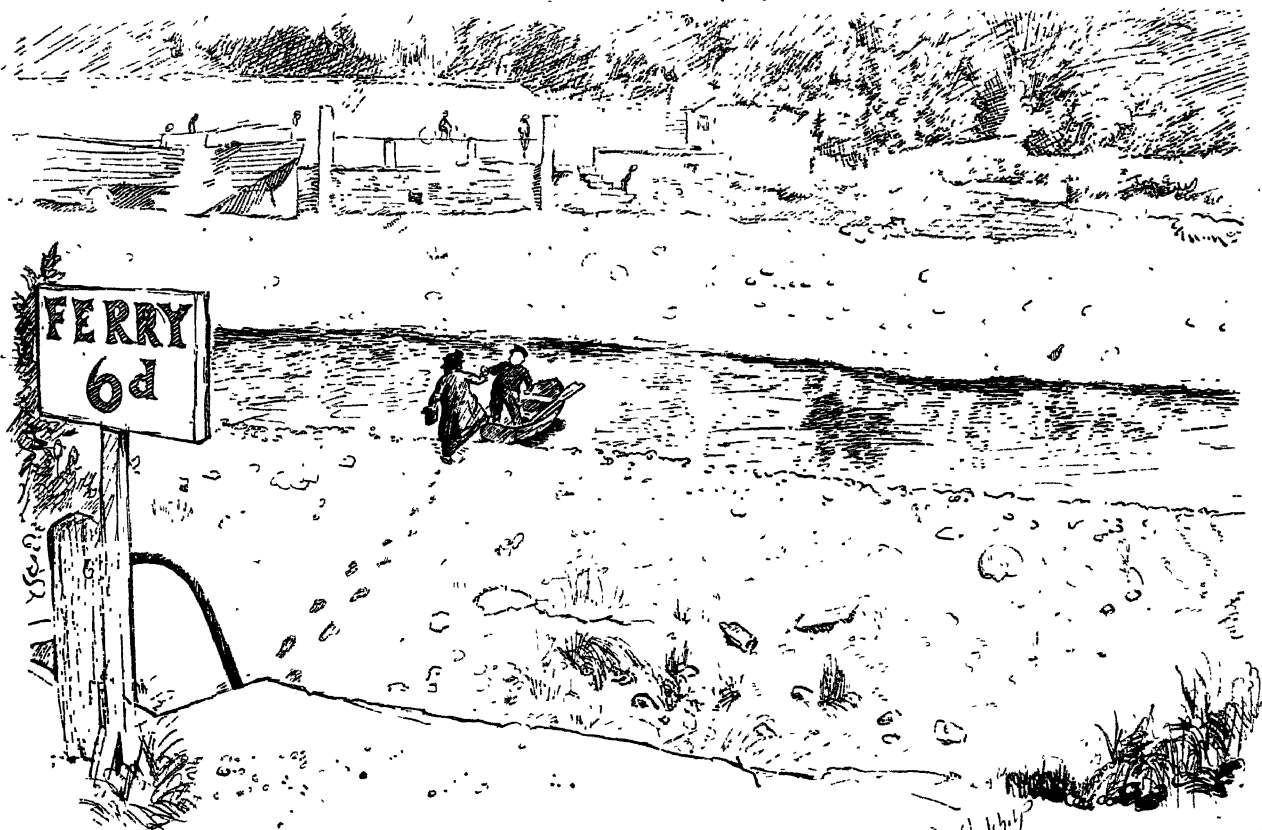
"Sale from June 1st. Is it so? Yes, indeed! Crepe Nighty for only Rs. 10/50! Petticoat also same. What about Bloomer? Is it also same? Oh, no! Only Rs. 4/75! Come soon and take!!! Best bargains very soon snatched. What a pity to loose!!!"

Sale Poster in Bombay.

"A London gossip writer has noticed several women wearing 'back-to-front' stockings. The fronts are plain; the backs are embroidered with mice and wasps, and even snakes."

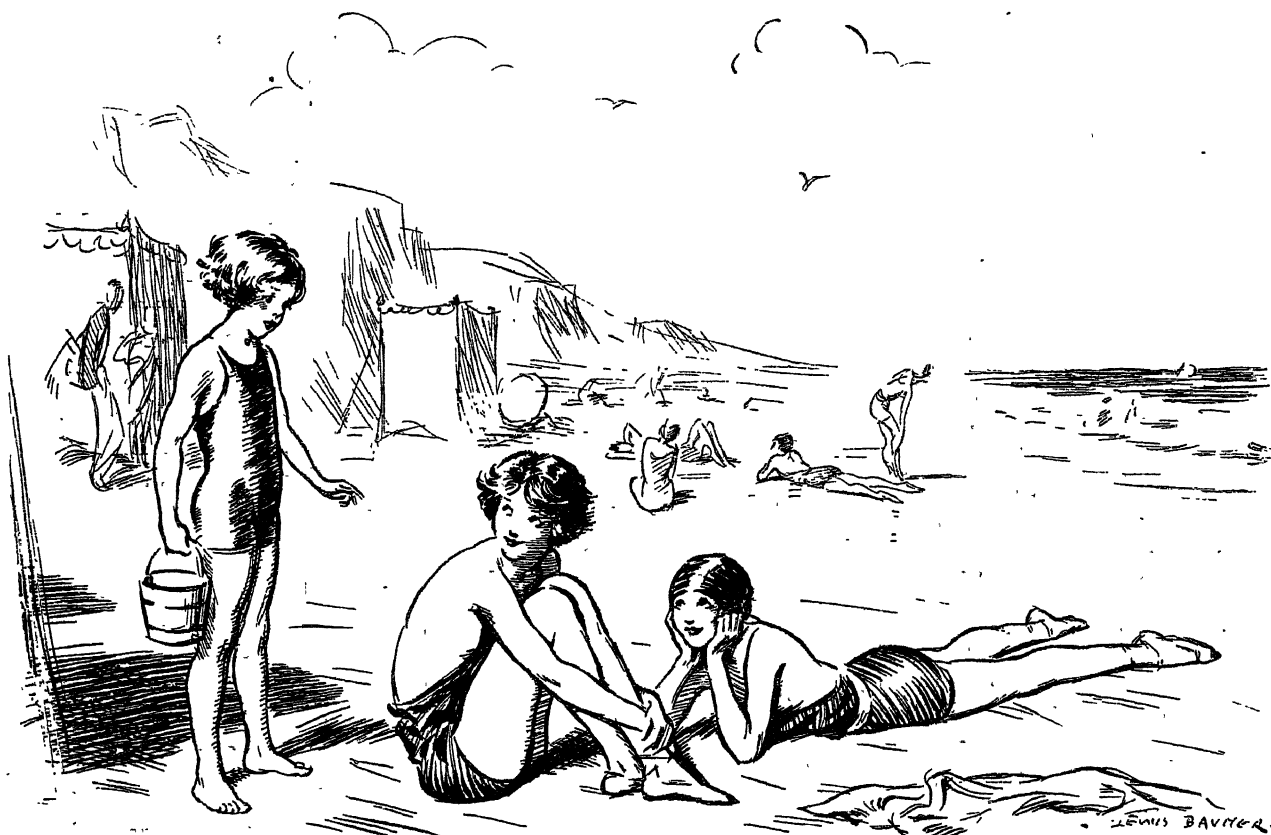
Blackburn Paper.

We just wear ladders at the back of ours.



EASY MONEY.

AN ECHO OF THE DROUGHT.



THE FASHIONABLE TAN.

Small Cook. "YOU'RE DONE TO A TURN, COUSIN JOAN. I'LL JUST BASTE COUSIN MABEL AND GIVE HER FIVE MINUTES MORE, AND IF YOU DON'T BOTH GET ALL THE PARTNERS YOU WANT TO-NIGHT IT WON'T BE MY FAULT."

THE RIME OF THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD;

OR, A STILL MORE DEPARTMENTAL DITTY.

[Written after reading the annual report of the above-mentioned invaluable organisation and in the full belief that the business and sentimental aspects of the Imperial idea can only be harmonised in verse.]

WHEREVER the steamship slides along
And the frozen meats are stored,
Wherever the strong man meets the strong
In the harvest-lands there runs the song
Of the Empire Marketing Board!

The hairy stevedore spits an oath
On the rim of the Seven Seas,
But the train and the tide and the time keep troth,
And the bent banana feels the growth
Of the Board's activities.

For these are they that among the nations
Have left us not in the lurch,
But pressed with infinite care and patience
Economic investigations
And subsidized research.

These are they that have scorned delights
(The wharfside ranger sings!)
And bred benevolent parasites
To harry the bug that gnaws and bites
Imperial crops and things.

Pest of the land that knows no lord
Save only the lord of flies,
Him the Empire Marketing Board
Hunts, and the good bug has reward,
But the bad bug droops and dies.

Far away on the white man's road
The white man's burden runs,
And the care of the Board has been bestowed
On a transport unit to handle a load
Of fifteen to twenty tons!

Sweet for stock is the English grass,
And the Marketing Board hath seen
Cattle and sheep of pedigree class
Bound for the daughter farm-lands pass
Through the London Quarantine.

Fruit of the sun-kissed vine, what aids
Put you in cask and keg?
Whose was the stamp that never fades
That sealed you in your varying grades,
O grape-fruit and O egg?

Till never a meat and never a fruit
(The blown gull cries the fable)
That was not spoil of the All-Red Route
Or spilt of the Island Mother's loot
Shall stand on the breakfast-table.

Wherever the wild-fowl watch the moon,
Or the frozen meats are stored,
Or the lorry shouts to the locked lagoon,
By freight and invoice runs the rune
Of the Empire Marketing Board!
EVOE.

Apologies Which Might Have Been Made More Perfectly.

"Through an error . . . an advertisement was published in the *Daily Mirror* on July 16 in which the name of the Countess of Lindsey was spelt with an 'a' instead of an 'e.' We express our unqualified regret to the Countess of Lindsay for this mistake."—*Daily Mirror*.
The next one ought to be fun.

"NEW ROAD TO AVOID ELEPHANT?"
Headline in *Evening Paper*.

After seeing *Simba* we are in favour of this.

"PARIS, Monday.
In the final of the French Singles Championship to-day, Rene Lacoste eat Jean Borotra."
... *Australian Paper*.
That should settle it.



AT THE REPARATIONS CIRCUS.

(THE HAGUE : AUGUST 6.)

BRITISH LION. "PLEASE, SIR, COULD YOU STOP THEM MONKEYING WITH MY RATION?"
MR. SNOWDEN. "I SHALL CERTAINLY LODGE A PROTEST."

MY HOLIDAY GUIDES.

If I do not benefit to the fullest extent from my summer holiday it will be because I have foolishly persisted in thinking I know how to enjoy myself instead of grasping in blind trustfulness the strong and capable hands stretched out to me from all sides.

There was a time when I held the crude old-fashioned notion that a summer holiday was a simple go-as-you-please affair. I know better now. I should not, for example, dream of starting on a holiday without a careful perusal of Lady B.'s directions for "Enjoying the Railway Journey." I feel I have need to enjoy the railway journey, for, to tell you the truth, I am just a little exhausted after wrestling with the vanload of luggage which I have accumulated after profiting from "Some Simple Hints on Packing" by "A Well-known Lady Novelist."

According to Lady B. (who, you may recollect, is also an authority on "Table Decoration" and "Baby's First Year"), it is useless for me to expect to enjoy the railway unless I endeavour to amuse the children in the right way on the journey.

Children of a less instructed era used to amuse themselves by looking out of the window, spraying themselves with orange-juice and kicking the shins of other passengers. These simple primitive delights are not encouraged by Lady B., who offers suggestions for what she calls "intelligent amusement," ranging from organised games to intellectual discussions between parent and child.

I have seen these admirable precepts put into practice by conscientious modern parents, and I must say they seem to me to work very well. The strain of arousing sufficient juvenile intelligence for the combined purposes of education and entertainment causes the conscientious parents to wrangle bitterly between themselves, with the highly satisfactory result that the children, bored by their elders' mutual recriminations, drop off to sleep. The parents themselves gradually sink into a coma of sheer exhaustion, whereupon their offspring wake up and steal forth into the guard's van, where they employ their recuperated intelligence in the good old-fashioned way by mixing up the luggage and trying to work the hand-brake.

In spite of the temptation to try the effect of intelligent railway travel on our fourteen-months-old twins, I think it will be more fun to let Henry run us down by road. I am anxious, while he overhauls the car and plays with our mountain of luggage which the unseen



WITHIN THE LAW.

DRAMATIC MOMENT IN SUBURBIA DURING THE DROUGHT.

hand of "Well-known Lady Novelist" has thrust upon him, to read to him what "Our Motoring Correspondent" has to say about "Happy Holidays at the Wheel."

At the seaside itself my best friend and counsellor is "Distinguished Physician," who is more than a father to me. "Distinguished Physician" tells me what to eat and drink, how to use my respiratory organs to the best advantage, how to keep cool, when not to bathe, how to move my body when walking (this is an exceedingly difficult business when you are thinking about it and requires expert instruction), the right way to lie in bed and how to keep my blood in good condition.

"Distinguished Physician" is a perfect treasure. He gives me so much to

do, so much to worry about (I love his cheery chat on "Holiday Death-Traps for the Unwary"), that I am really thankful to be back at work again. Which of course is how the right sort of holiday should make one feel. D. C.

"YORKSHIRE BEAT WARWICK."

Sutcliffe batted finely on a warm pitch. . . .
Liverpool Paper.

In very hot weather some batsmen prefer their wickets iced.

"Then came Woolley, and everybody sat up in the expectation of seeing some big hitting and quick scoring. Deane set his two left-handed bowlers at him at once."

Evening Paper.

Mr. Punch deprecates this attempt at brighter cricket as not in the best interests of the game.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

"HULLO!" said Patricia.

"Hullo!" I answered.

"Mummy and Daddy aren't up yet," she continued; "they don't get up till it's almost time for breakfast. Aunt Marjory isn't up yet, either; but she doesn't have to get up till after breakfast because she's a guest. I'm the only one up."

"I also am up," I corrected.

"Why did you get up so early when you're a guest?" she asked.

"Because I like walking round the grounds in the early morning," I explained.

"Did you hope Aunt Marjory would be up so you could walk round with her?"

"I could wish for no more charming companion to share my walk than the one I have found here," I replied.

Patricia giggled. Good breeding or perhaps a praiseworthy ignorance of the existence of the word prevented her from saying, "Garn!"

In view of what I had just seen in the walled garden I studiously refrained from suggesting that we should take a turn there. I had no desire to embarrass my young friend, so we strolled in thoughtful silence past the roses, across the lawn and down the slope towards the small lake that lies at the bottom of the grounds.

"You make up stories, don't you?" Patricia suddenly asked me.

I admitted that I did.

"So do I," she said in a tone that gave me to understand that I need not swank about it.

"What sort of stories do you make up?"

I asked the question with studied deference lest she should think I was patronising her.

"Mostly about a Princess who lives in a castle on the island in the lake," she answered.

Our walk had brought us to the summer-house that stands on what nature had made an island but the hand of man has converted into a peninsula, so I concluded that we were standing outside the castle she referred to. Now I too had often built castles in the air that looked just like that summer-house, and I had dreamed dreams wherein a beautiful young lady—

"Won't you make up a story for me now?" Patricia interrupted.

"All right," I said; "shall it be about your Princess?"

"If you like," she agreed.

"Very well," I said. "One fine summer day a man was walking through the woods on the island when suddenly he came upon a beautiful Princess—"

"A man? It ought to be a Prince. I thought you knew all about stories."

"This was just an ordinary man," I continued, "and not much of a man either. The Princess would have been quite justified in taking no notice of him, but she had a kind heart and she was tall—but not too tall—and dark—but not too dark—"

of my story?" I added, turning from the niece to the aunt.

"I didn't think it was a very convincing story," the aunt replied.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked.

"Well, in the first place," said Marjory, "the man couldn't very well propose to the Princess there and then, because there was another person present, a young lady who had fled to the island for sanctuary."

"Why had the young lady done that, Aunt Marjory?" Patricia asked.

"Because very early one morning she had gone out into the garden of the King, who lived on the mainland," my collaborator went on, "and she had seen a nice ripe peach right up at the top of the tree where she couldn't reach. And so, though she knew it was quite wrong to eat between meals, she got a box and climbed up on it and just managed to reach the branch where the ripe peach was. But the silly old box toppled over and she had to hang on to the branch. And then the branch broke—and it was a very big branch, too—and the young lady fell down on top of the strawberry-bed, and that didn't do the strawberries much good, either; and so she fled to the island for sanctuary," Marjory concluded.

Remembering the devastation I had seen in the garden that morning, I looked hard at Patricia; but not the slightest sign of embarrassment did she show.

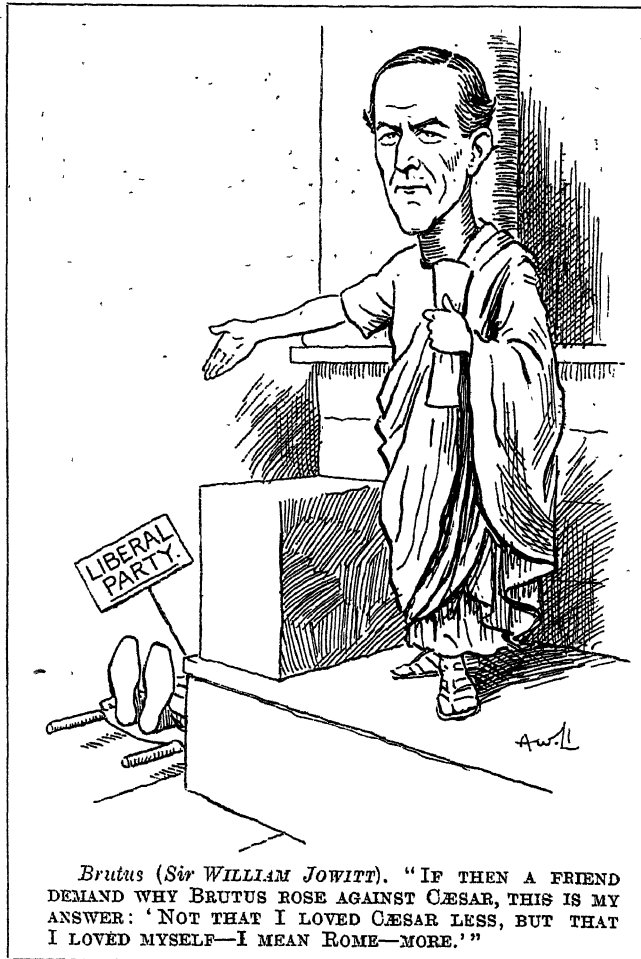
"And what happened then?" the child asked with assurance so superb that it almost bordered on insolence.

"Your turn to go on with the story," Marjory said to me, smiling.

"Well, the man thought for a moment when he found this other young person with the Princess," I went on, "and then he said to her, 'Now look here, young lady, I want to talk to the Princess—about something most important, and, if you don't run away and seek sanctuary somewhere else, I'll go over to the mainland and tell the King who it was who broke down his peach-tree and ruined his strawberry-bed; and I'll tell him where to find her too.'"

"I'm going to see if somebody really has broken down the peach-tree," Patricia announced; and she walked off without turning a hair.

"And when the young lady had gone away," I resumed to my happily de-



Brutus (Sir WILLIAM JOWITT). "IF THEN A FRIEND DEMAND WHY BRUTUS ROSE AGAINST CÆSAR, THIS IS MY ANSWER: 'NOT THAT I LOVED CÆSAR LESS, BUT THAT I LOVED MYSELF—I MEAN ROME—MORE.'"

"My Princess is short and fair, really," Patricia corrected, "but you can make her just like Aunt Marjory if you'd rather."

"And the man," I went on, hurriedly getting back on to safer ground, "though fully aware of his own unworthiness, asked the Princess to be his wife; and they lived happily—"

"What a master of the short story the man is!" a voice broke in, and Aunt Marjory herself, fully armed with the implements for letter-writing, emerged from the summer-house.

"Patricia," I said sternly, "you have slandered your Aunt Marjory. You told me she was having her breakfast in bed. And so you don't think much



Mistress (improving the shining hour). "REMEMBER THAT DIFFICULTIES AND TROUBLES HELP TO STRENGTHEN THE CHARACTER."
Maid-of-all-work. "I 'OPE YOU 'LL REMEMBER IT WHEN YOU 'AS TO WRITE MINE."

pleted audience, "what do you think the Princess said to the man?"

"I know," Marjory answered; "she said she would never dream of marrying a man who would treat a damsel in distress in such a scurvy manner."

"So she sent him away?" I asked, crestfallen.

"No," she gave him another chance. She told him he must prove his love by doing a knightly deed for her sake."

"And the task she set him?"

"Was to journey to the Court of the King, who lived on the mainland. And when he got there he was to go to the King and say, 'Your Majesty, if you think that any young lady has been breaking down your peach-tree and ruining your strawberry-bed, you are making the biggest mistake of your life. I alone am responsible for the havoc wrought in your wall-garden.'"

"But look here, Marjory," I protested, "I can't go up to your brother-in-law and say, 'Please, George, I cannot tell a lie: Patricia didn't break down your peach-tree. I did it.' It's absurd," I concluded.

"Yet I must do it if you won't," Marjory sighed.

"But why?" I asked. "Surely we can leave Patricia to the mercies of her far too indulgent parents? Why should either of us shoulder the blame for this lapse from righteousness on your niece's part?"

"Because the child is not guilty of any offence," Marjory replied.

"Do you mean to tell me that Patricia didn't climb up on that box after a peach this morning?" I demanded.

"Patricia did not," she answered, "but I did."

NICHOLAS CULPEPER.

THERE was a London doctor
 Who searched the starry skies
 And gathered from the planets
 That poplar helped the eyes,
 That clary took out splinters
 And borage cleansed the skin;
 And borage grew at Deptford
 And clary by Gray's Inn.

The victim of the vapours
 He dosed with hellebore;

He made up buck's-horn plantain
 The agued to restore;
 In Tothill Fields he found it
 (Or "Tuttle," as he spells),
 And juniper at "Dulledge"
 Beside "the New-found Wells."

For plague he gave star-thistle,
 For gout the garden bean
 (Star-thistle, and in plenty,
 Sprang up on Mile End Green);
 And lilies-of-the-valley
 Were comforting and mild
 And helped the vital spirits
 And grew at Hampstead wild.

He served his generation
 Till 1654,
 Culling his easy simples
 Where we shall see no more;
 But many a London doctor
 Would find life pretty thin
 If borage grew at Deptford
 And clary by Gray's Inn.

"£80,000 WASHINGTON BUST ON LINER."
Daily Paper.
 That's the sort of party we like to go to.

AT THE PICTURES.

"BLACKMAIL" (CAPITOL).

"THE First British All-Talkie Super-Film." So says the programme. But why "All-Talkie"? It is not "All-Talkie" (which is a mercy, for the speechless parts tell most). And why



Alice White (Miss ANNY ONDRA) after the murder. "GOLLY! THEY'VE FORGOTTEN TO STAIN THE KNIFE!"

in the name of lunacy "Super"? There is completely nothing "super" about it. It is just an ordinary sub-film, with some sound and speech accompaniment and a good deal of sardine music. And, if it were a hundred times super with a hundred hyphens, why say so? Let the critics and the public say that. Why must the First British Thingummy ape the disgusting brag of Mr. CARL BRYSON and those like him "over there"?

I will say at once that this British All-Talkie Super-Film is much more endurable than any American All-Talkie Super-Super-Film I have seen, though, thank Heaven, I have not seen them all. That is to say, I would rather listen to a bad British gramophone than to a bad American gramophone. But, patriot though I am, I will not pretend that I did not bitterly begrudge the eight-and-sixpence I paid for my hundred minutes in a hot place. But then, I confess, I detest the all-talkie. It is a bastard creature, with a horrible name, conceived in the lust of money, begotten in a muddle and doomed to an early but expensive death. So the "talkie-fan" (Lord, what words!) is warned to read no further unless he would enjoy the few complimentary passages about Mr. ALFRED HITCHCOCK, Mr. DONALD CALTHROP and others which will come later.

But if he is a member of the L.C.C. or

the Lord's Day Observance Society let him read this paragraph. I went to this super-film (for my sins) on Sunday, and every super-seat was occupied. The super-story is about a super-hussy who goes to a super-artist's studio at midnight, after an hour or two's acquaintance murders him with a super-bread-knife when he goes too far, and is married to a super-ninny of the C.I.D. who would bungle the arrest of a baby. She is constantly undressing, she wanders about for a long time in her underclothes, we see a lot of her super-legs (with stockings and without), she arouses our passions, as she aroused the artist's (and no hussy ever more richly deserved the fate from which the bread-knife saved her), she is not even put on her trial for murder, and leaves the screen without a stain on her character. So that the moral is scarcely up to Sunday standard. And I should be glad if someone would explain why the British public may wallow by the million in this sort of stuff on the Sabbath evening but may not see, say, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* performed by living actors—even if the actors are willing.

Blackmail, the play, was produced in the West End, but it was against the law to present it on Sundays. I did not see it at all, but will presume that there was some sense in the story then. Now that the words are spoken by photographs instead of people and there is no sense in the story at all, its exhibitors



Chatty Cockney Customer (discussing murder). "WOTEVER THE PROVAKYSHUN I COULD NEVER USE A KNIFE. NOW A BIFF ON THE 'EAD WIV A BRICK—THERE'S SOMETHING BRITISH ABABT THAT—"

Cockney Shopman. "AND ABABT THE WYE YOU SEZ IT. TO QUOTE FROM THE ADS. OF THIS FILM, I LIKES TO 'EAR OUR MOTHER-TONGUE SPOKE AS IT SHOULD BE SPOKE."

are licensed by the L.C.C. to break the law. It is a mad world, but that is the position. And if I were a theatrical

manager I would open my theatre on a Sunday, defy the law likewise and bring this matter to a head.

Well, the story is drivel, good honest British drivel, it is true, but nevertheless drivel. I tried hard to take it seriously, and was for sometimes splendidly assisted by the imagination and cleverness of Mr. ALFRED HITCHCOCK's production and by the excellent acting of Mr.



A HOT CHASE.

Tracy (Mr. DONALD CALTHROP) (in taxi, chased by Flying Squad). "THEY'RE GAINING ON ME. THEY MUST BE DOING A GOOD TWELVE MILES PER HOUR."

DONALD CALTHROP and other Britons. The moment Mr. CALTHROP appeared there was an entirely new sensation of power in the thing, and so long as he was seen (and even heard) one could delude oneself into a semi-serious interest in the absurd affair. But that interest was soon and sadly and wantonly smashed up by the usual lunatic "wild chase" (in this case in, and over, the British Museum), which was ludicrous without being funny.

Miss ANNY ONDRA at first looked no more than the usual blonde of the photographers' advertisements, but acted much better than that, and wears her undies well. By the way (a point of detail worthy of remark in a medium where so much is made of detail), when the murderess emerged with the fatal bread-knife, after a long and violent struggle with the powerful murderess, her clothes were as neat and spotless as before, and even the bread-knife, which she turned over and over before us in a bright light, was innocent of gore. If we must have murders on Sunday evenings, for goodness' sake let's have them murderous and horrible, if only as a warning to the multitudinous blondes in the audience. I do not stress so much the curious fact that Mr. CALTHROP began a breakfast-scene with a clean and shaven face, miraculously became unshaven during the meal and



Foosler (shivering). "BIT EXPOSED HERE, CADDIE."
Caddie. "AY, YE COULDNA HA' PICKED A WORSE SPOT FOR YERE GAME."

shortly afterwards was seen to be shaved again; for that sort of thing is always happening on the screen.

The acting was uniformly good, and Miss SARA ALLGOOD, Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD, Mr. CHARLES PATON and others did credit to their country as corroborative details adding verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative. The noise-production too was better than any I have heard. That is to say, most of the voices sounded like bad gramophones instead of bad stomach-aches. And there was more imagination in the use of sound. Yet I asked myself afterwards, How much was added for me by all this elaborate reproduction of sounds and voices? And the answer was "Less than nothing." For what little was added by an effective bit of dialogue here and there was more than wiped out by the constant irritation of erroneous sounds and milk-can music. Almost nothing sounded right. The Tube did not sound like the Tube. The piano did not sound like a piano. A crowd did not sound like a crowd. Miss ONDRA's frequent "I say" sounded, as usual, like "I thay." The one perfect sound was the canary's singing, and next was that of the motor-horns.

But is it for this that the frantic "wiring" of cinemas is going on? is this

the noise that launched a thousand companies? is it for this that the whole



THE BLACKMAILER'S BRAIN-WAVE.
 ENTERS BRITISH MUSEUM WITH THE IDEA
 OF GETTING LOST IN THE CROWD.

world of entertainment is being turned upside down? Frankly, I think it is—that and very little more. And, instead

of bowing down to the Bros. WARNER and luring yet more capital into the morass it is better to say so. The film-public is a doped public. They sit in a stupor, hypnotised by the organ and the comfy seats and the legs of the blonde, incapable of criticism and swallowing without protest things which, if they saw them in the theatre, would cause them to rise up, boo and go out.

But they will wake up in the end, and meanwhile the more digs in the ribs they receive the better. The trouble is that nearly all those who write about the films are more or less under the influence of the drug themselves.

And after these few kind words it only remains to congratulate patriotically the Britons concerned on a fine effort. A waste of good Britons, but still . . .

A. P. H.

AVICULTURAL NOTES.

THERE is yet time to take a nest of blackbirds from the hedgerow and hand-rear the youngsters. An average brood of six chicks will require nine caterpillars, two blue-bottles and a beetle every two minutes from 4 A.M. until dusk, so that the foster-mother must be prepared to give up his summer holiday to the task.

Birds thus brought up become delightfully tame and will readily take a

cockroach or earth-worm from their owner's lips. Then any slight sacrifice involved in their rearing or in the exhibition of their tricks will be more than repaid.

The following year the birds may reasonably be expected to rear some young themselves. The best plan is to leave up the Christmas decorations and give the birds the run of the house, the owner meanwhile sleeping in the garage or tool-shed.

By the autumn the premises will be over-run with blackbirds; and it is perhaps not out of place to mention here that blackbirds go remarkably well in a pie. . . .

* * *

Canaries will soon be moulting and the discarded feathers should be gathered up and utilised for cleaning cigarette-holders. The feathers are unfortunately too short for pipe-stems and aviculturalists addicted to pipe-smoking would be better advised to go in for ravens.

As canaries stop singing during the moult and as few people can otherwise distinguish the sexes then is the time to sell off the surplus cocks.

* * *

Newly-imported American birds are apt to mope for a time and every effort must be made to keep them in a dandy frame of mind. If possible the cage should be in a window where the inmates can hear their country-folk as they pass by. Where this is impracticable a gramophone record of almost any theatrical success will give the same effect. Bottles suggestive of alcoholic content must be kept out of their sight as tending to remind them of home. Water may be given sparingly at first, until they become used to the taste.

The life of one valuable bird was despaired of until it occurred to the owner to park chewing-gum under the perch.

* * *

Many thoughtless people use arsenic weed-killers on their lawns and then throw down crumbs for the birds, with disastrous results. In addition the fauna below-ground eat the stuff, and no bird can be expected to sing joyfully when half-full of poisoned worms.

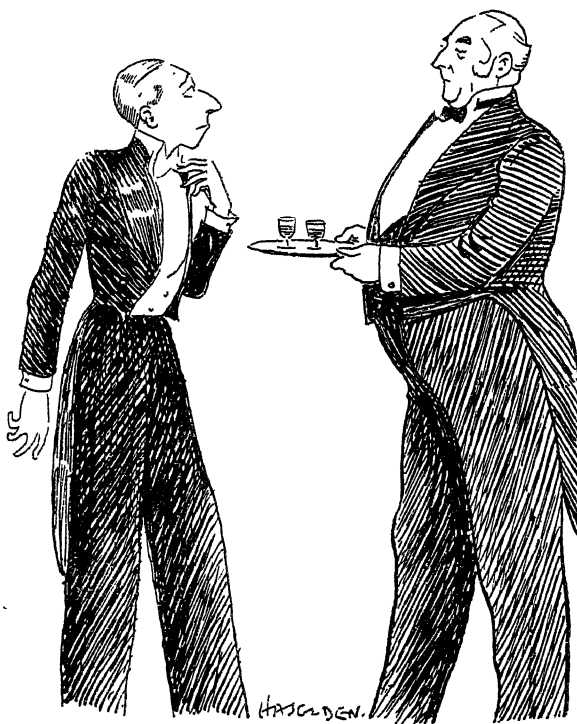
More Rope for Mr. Henderson?

There was a point on which a Foreign Secretary entering office should be left free to exercise his own discretion it is in hanging a British representative abroad whom he thinks unlikely to work heartedly with him on a given line of policy. *Daily Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"BEES AND HONEY" (New).

MR. H. F. MALTBY has woven such a pleasant whimsical plot for his new farcical comedy, has so engagingly modernised the relations between the embarrassed head of a noble house and his faithful retainer, and has invented and inserted at not infrequent intervals—at least in the first Act—so many bright lines that it is a great pity he has allowed certain gross crudities of characterisation to rob his play of even such semblance of plausibility as is necessary



A STRONG MAN BATTLING WITH ADVERSITY.

Dawkins. "THE CELLAR IS GETTING VERY LOW, MY LORD."

Earl of Cavender. . . . MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON.

Dawkins. . . . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH

for the comfortable enjoyment of farce. He has, moreover, as his own producer, too modestly doubtful of the intrinsic humour of his own jokes and situations, allowed or instructed his players to underline them so grossly by overplaying as to rob us of a good deal of our pleasure. *Bees and Honey* has the making of an excellent farce. I am afraid it is not possible to say more than that.

"*Bees and Honey*" is rhyming slang, a cult which has displaced cross-words in the servants' hall of Cavender Castle. The fourteenth earl is suffering from an intolerable shortage of bees and honey. The servants' wages are unpaid, the local tradesmen are beginning to be disrespectful, the telephone has

been cut off and it is unlikely that the gas and electric light will last out the house-party, which includes the daughter of the famous American millionaire who is indeed the centre of it. Duty, as the faithful *Dawkins* respectfully urges, points to the necessity of winning *Miss Ogden* to save the house of Cavender. Inclination is fondly centred on an exceedingly pretty secretary—salary unpaid and duties non-existent. It is the resourceful *Dawkins* who is directing this last battle for the continued existence of Cavender, who doles out the food and drinks and fuel, who counsels patience in the servants' hall, who seduces the electric light man from his duty by copious draughts of a heady *Tarragona*, audaciously referred to as "the '68."

So far so good. The shy *Cavender*, the bland, ponderous, familiar-respectful *Dawkins*, the pretty secretary are all pleasant inventions. But the house-party! Cads, cadgers and cormorants to a man and woman, with no single redeeming feature, no wit or spirit or character. It does not matter particularly that no such gathering could take place in the "baronial hall" of an *ex-hypothetical* decent fourteenth earl or of the least cultured of the new rich. Farce has its privileges, but the exhibition of unredeemed vulgarity, rampant without a trace of wit or manners or good fellowship, becomes intolerably tedious. The old Indian General, *Sir Timothy*, addresses his wife in a way no decent fish-porter could emulate and fills his cigarette-case from the slender store provided with such difficulty by the careful *Dawkins*. It is clearly hinted that all the other guests do the same, though curiously, for the author shows no distaste

for repetitions and unlikely symmetries, we are not shown them in the act.

I admit that he supplies explanations that are sufficient and ingenious for the vagaries of two of his worst vulgarities but none whatever for the rest. We are left to console ourselves with Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH enjoying himself immensely as *Dawkins*, with Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON's pleasant but perhaps rather too jerky variations of the moods of an embarrassed lover and with the suggestion of decent human feeling, aided by a charming comeliness, in *Miss Betty Stockfield's May Edwards*, the secretary, who of course turns out to be by no means the pauper she represents herself to be. *Miss Lolita Lee* (the apparent heiress) had the opportunity

of showing herself in two contrasting moods, but by that time the judicious were grieving beyond recovery. A friendly audience gave a friendly reception for reasons that must have been largely irrelevant, or perhaps with grateful memories of a promising first Act and with a kindly and selective appreciation of the good things embedded in the rather shapeless and discouraging mass.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"
(APOLLO).

Though I shall always be grateful for having seen Mr. OSCAR ASCHE's modernised version of the merry gross rogue, *Falstaff*, with his fat complacent laugh, his shameless cadging, his fatuous assumption of the part of irresistible lover, his craven spirit when discovered, I honestly don't think there is anything to justify further exploitation of Sir BARRY JACKSON's ingenious invention. It is rather curious that translation into this fantastic mood is less successful with broad comedy than with tragedy—or at any rate it needs a nicer taste to keep it in order—a taste which is here lacking. The language of comedy is much more obviously of its own day, of its own moment, than the universal idiom of high tragedy. The wholesale excision of many hopelessly obscure and inconveniently bawdy phrases still leaves the players with completely unintelligible terms and jokes which they bravely utter with an air of assured comprehension—a bluff which does not in the least deceive the perceptive; and gags of no great wit and point have been freely interpolated. The plot of the *Merry Wives* is moreover of a naïve simplicity which is of its own time and which passes muster in the livery of its time. Modern dress inevitably emphasises its naïvety and incongruity; people in plus-fours with putters (*Slender*), in bath-chairs and *Daily Mail* hats (*Shallow*), on motor-bikes (*Fenton*), with sweet *Ann Page* a-pillion, with dickies and detachable cuffs (*Dr. Caius*), in Homburgs and morning-coats or Gibuses and dinner-jackets (*Sir John*), telephoning (*Mrs. Ford*), tinkering with wireless-sets (I forget who) are not in our experience so re-

sourceless in invention, so credulous as these incongruous puppets.

I have always found the humours of

comedy. Now they are completely unconvincing and, to say truth, rather grim and dreary.

After Mr. OSCAR ASCHE's chuckling *Sir John*, Mr. HAY PETRIE's well-devised fiery little Welsh parson, *Hugh Evans*, complete in grey flannels, dog-collar and the evangelical piebald version of the gent's straw boater, was the most diverting. But it would be idle to pretend that everything the little man says is intelligible (or even audible). Perhaps the producer deserves some credit for pointing one of the many jests at poor frantic *Ford* by the chiming of a cuckoo-clock (OFF). But only the very unsophisticated will be much moved by the news-placards, gramophones, nigger-minstrels, etc., etc., the mere multiplication of which does not add to the essence but only to the volume of the already apparent joke. As an item in Revue the best of this affair, say a third of it, would have been admirable and worth doing, but candour compels the verdict that the proportion of the bread of dullness to the sack of vivacity is too great to win the approval of the discerning.

One must add in fairness that Miss JESSIE WINTER's *Mrs. Page* was a pleasing affair; that Mr. ERIC COWLEY's *Mr. Slender*, and parts at least of Miss MARIE AULT's *Mrs. Quickly*, were agreeable enough. As for Mr. OSCAR ASCHE he did entirely convince us that we had seen in the City and at Epsom gentlemen very like *Sir John*. T.



MEMBERS OF THE ELIZABETHAN DRESS REFORM LEAGUE.

Mr. Page . . . MR. LOUIS GOODRICH.
Mr. Ford . . . MR. ROBERT ATKINS.

Bardolph, *Pistol* and *Nym* something more than obscure in this particular



MERRIE ENGLAND (1929).

Mrs. Ford . . . MISS EVELYN HOPE.
Sir John Falstaff . . . MR. OSCAR ASCHE.
Mrs. Page . . . MISS JESSIE WINTER.

BINGO.

BINGO HAS AN ENEMY.

Bingo is kind and friendly,
A gentleman right to the
core,
But he cannot bear rats
And he hates all cats
And the fuzzy brown dog
next-door.

Quite a nice family lives
there,
But they glare at us more
and more,
So we never can call,
And the cause of it all
Is the fuzzy brown dog next-
door.

*Bingo is limping a little
And one of his ears is sore;
He's rather a fright,
But oh! what a sight
Is the fuzzy brown dog next-
door.* R. F.

THE PICNIC.

I AM going to give one of those old-world picnics, of which the custom still survives in our village, and I shall do my best to choose the right weather.

Our oldest and most energetic inhabitant is Mrs. Robinson. Her vitality, her fund of bracing reminiscence and her remarkable family have equipped her for the forefront of village life. In every far-flung outpost of the British Empire you will find a son of Mrs. Robinson, pig-sticking and surf-bathing and giving old-fashioned picnics. Her grandchildren blossom into Blues and scholarships and swords of honour as naturally as turtles turn into soup. Her great-grandchildren cut more teeth in a calendar month and toddle more miles to the gallon of milk than any other babies. So, when she organised a minor matter like a picnic, we knew that the official summer had begun.

"I am going to have an old-fashioned lunch-and-tea affair," she said. "It will be like the old days, when we used to take our tiffin into the Himalayas. I was famous for my tiffins."

I murmured that, when my uncle was in India, his chota hazris were known throughout the Dependency.

"I thought that everybody could contribute something, as we did in India," she said, turning her deaf ear. "I shall bring a chicken-pie. People still talk of my pies in the U.P."

I said that my mother's outstanding accomplishment was making coffee. Would she like us to bring that, or some hard-boiled eggs or bread-and-butter?

"That will be very nice. I'll put you down for coffee—two thermoses, because there will be nine of us; and eggs—better make it a dozen, because people get so hungry on a picnic; and bread-and-butter. Bring a loaf and a pound of butter, then we can cut it ourselves, as we did on shikari. Then we must take lemonade and some light wine or whisky," she added as I was escaping, list in hand. "I shall leave all that to Peter. The Navy is so good at providing drinks."

The day of our debauch dawned cloudy. I was up at sunrise, ransacking the hen-roosts and filling thermos flasks. Under the tranquil appearance of the countryside it was stirring to think of the feverish activity in kitchen and dairy and cobwebby cellar that heralded Mrs. Robinson's picnic. I pictured the contributions pouring into her cottage: earth's first-fruits of peas and potatoes, virginal spring onions, sugar from the storied East and tea from far Cathay; and, like the calm centre of a cyclone, Mrs. Robinson peacefully decorating her pie with sprigs of parsley.

The meet was at noon. I swung our hamper of provisions on to my shoulder and staggered downhill. Mother followed, clasping a crusty loaf. We joined laden figures toiling along every lane towards the same goal. Mrs. Brown, who is a vitamin fiend, brought two giant lettuces and a bag of tomatoes. She explained that the Major had refused to leave home until the last minute and was giving the final touches to his mayonnaise, crooning over it like a mother over the cradle of her firstborn. Mrs. Jones was bent double under a basketful of cake and cream and jam. She brandished a milkcan at us in salutation. "Had we ever seen such rich milk?" she asked proudly, pausing to open the lid. We said, No, we hadn't; and I had a sudden blinding vision of Peter lunching uproariously on a stiff milk and water, topped by a couple of egg juleps. Miss Smith popped out of the grocer's with two tins of peaches and a packet of tea. Then Peter hailed us from the gate with a bottle under each arm; his bride, like a neophyte in a Greek frieze, bore a siphon behind him.

While we all clustered in the porch, rubbing our aching arms and saying, Yes, we had just brought a snack to fill in the crevices, the rain began.

"The glass is falling, so I'm afraid that we're in for a wet day," said Mrs. Robinson, bustling out of the congested hall. "We'd better have our picnic in the dining-room."

We lunched heartily. Afterwards the maid cleared the table and we played cards. When we rose to depart delicacy forbade us to ask for our broken meats.

Peter, with the dashing spirit that characterises his Service, suggested raiding the larder before we left. To our credit we ignored him, thanked our hostess for her delightful hospitality and returned to our denuded homes. All except Miss Smith. Temptation was too strong for her. We saw her hurrying furtively out of the back-door stuffing an unopened tin of peaches into her bag.

I am thinking of giving an old-world picnic next week, to restock our larder.

Safety First.

"I would like to say a word about the library of the House of Commons. It is full of what Lamb called 'biblia et biblia.'"—*Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, as reported in Glasgow Paper.*

Most libraries are.

Sartorial Super-Brevity.

"I myself am glad for this reassurance, for it was but last Sunday that I hesitated before going into — Cathedral during Matins in a pair of shorts. I would have had less qualms had I known the Bishop has none."

Yorkshire Paper.

But perhaps he wears an outsize in gaiters.

ABOUT GROUSE.

BECAUSE in reddening lands of ling
Soon, soon men keep a date,
My heart has bid me up and sing
Their Bird to celebrate;
So, vowed in the attempt to be
A man or else a mouse,
I'll sing him up, I'll sing him down
From here to Edinburgh Town
And wake anew his old renown—
The right red August grouse.

I sing the Voice, the paradox—
The shrill *Go-back, go-back*—
The clarion captain-call of cocks
That lifts the instant pack
To where on seats in builded peats
Sit gentlemen of nous
With loaders too and guns a pair,
Six gentlemen prepared to swear
That not a bird that flies in air
Can match a driven grouse.

A headlong cloud is blurred upon
The broken leagues of heath;
The pack is up, the pack is on,
Its shadow hurls beneath;
It's up and on, it's here and gone:
Ah, when the hill-showers souse
On Cruachan's storm-ridden stack
And all the roaring west is black,
Not faster flies the driven wrack
Than flies the driven grouse.

Masters who ca' him from the gales
To many a far address,
Let largesse of him come like quails,
Quails in Life's wilderness;
Young, lightly roast, on toast, on toast—
Oh, how one happy house
Will wait the mail with bated breath
From Perthshire whence a patron saith
That surely ere the 20th
His bard shall dine on grouse!

So, since, where heath-bell chimes are
hung,

Soon, soon shall dawn a date,
Heart bidden I have up and sung
Its bird to celebrate;
Yes, though you say that this my lay
Lacks more of man than mouse,
I've sung the bird that one connotes
From Tooting Bec to John o' Groats
Always with bens or bread-sauce
boats—

The grouse, the August grouse!

P. R. C.

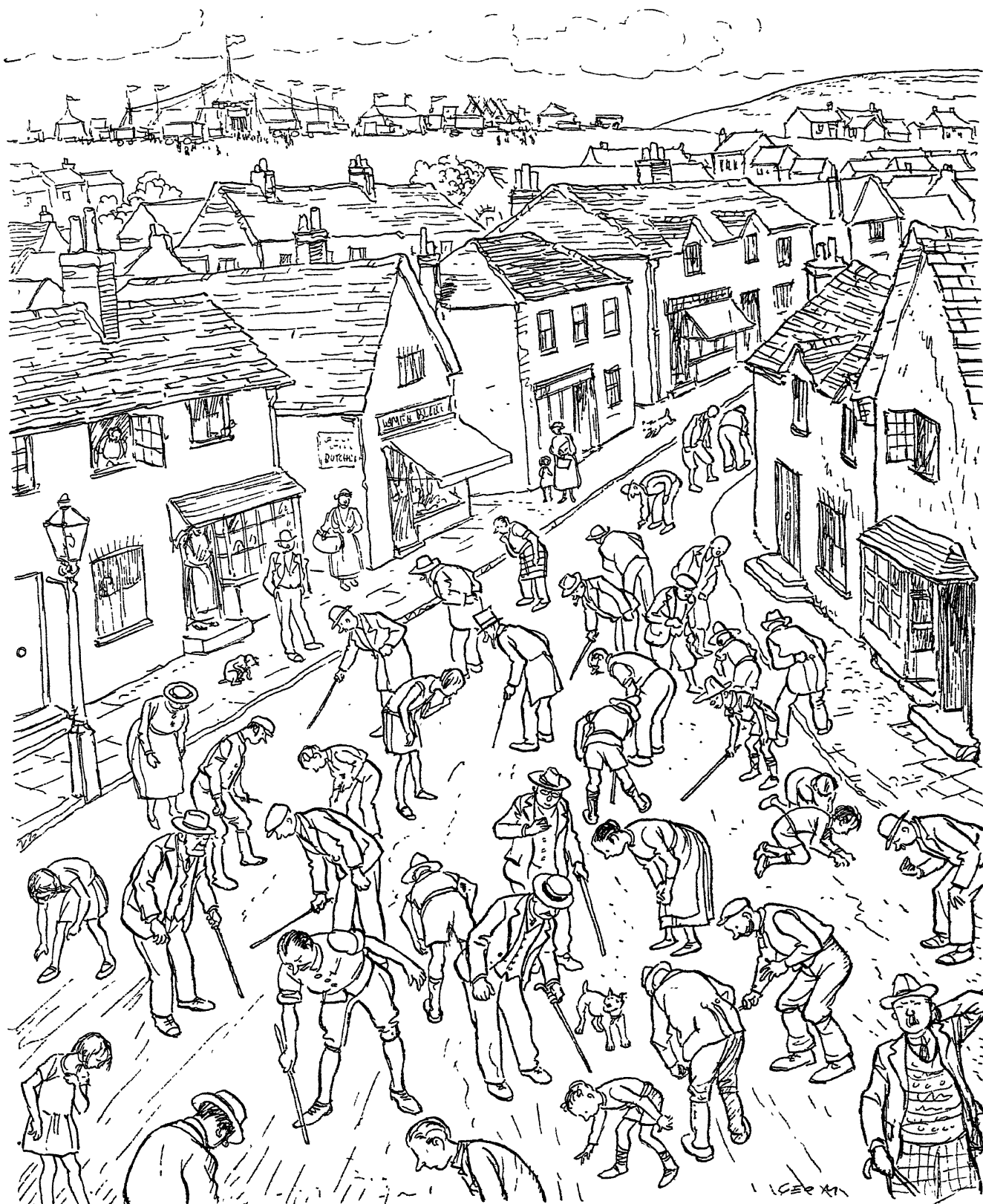
For Peter and Wendy?

"Tree Tops Burnham Beeches—Vacant
August; seven bed, two reception."

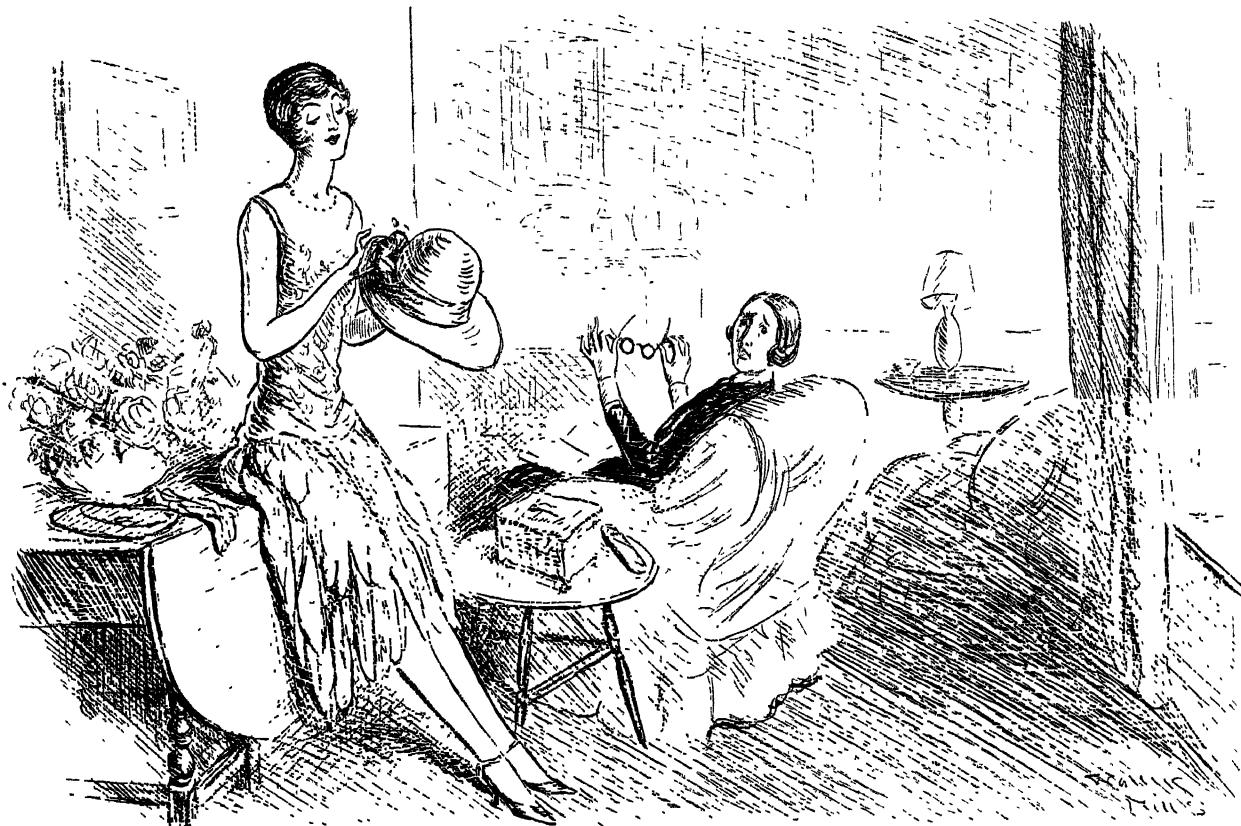
Daily Paper.

"Your holiday will not have been in vain if you go home with several new guest towels which you have made gay with simple-darning embroidery."—*Weekly Paper.*

It's safer to wait until you get them home than to start embroidering them under your hostess's eye.



A MEMBER OF A TROUPE OF PERFORMING FLEAS ESCAPES FROM A TRAVELLING SHOW.
REWARD OFFERED.



Ardent Welfare-Worker (to *Niece* who has been deputising for her). "MY DEAR, HOW SPLENDID! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU MADE FORTY CALLS AND SAW FORTY PEOPLE IN ONE AFTERNOON?"

Niece. "OH, NO, DARLING. MOST OF THEM WERE OUT, SO I JUST LEFT CARDS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH the praiseworthy aim, I suppose, of varying his menu, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has replaced the admirable *Father Brown* by a new sleuth, *Gabriel Gale*, painter and poet, tow-headed, lanky, mystical and full of unpractical but successful intuitions. A touch of *Adam Wayne* and the immemorial heroics of Notting Hill is evident in *Gale*, but his warfare is not against the irresponsible drollery of a single *Auberon Quin*, but against the serried forces of modern materialism and diablerie. I am not sure whether the various manifestations of the conflict are not rather heavy loading for a batch of short stories. One or two of the eight numbers of *The Poet and the Lunatics* (CASSELL) seem, if I may so put it, to sag under the strain of their metaphysical implications. With "The House of the Peacock," "The Yellow Bird" and "The Crime of Gabriel Gale" it is almost as though the sword were outwearing its sheath. But how refreshing to find a sheath with a sword in it at all—especially such an Excalibur as Mr. CHESTERTON'S! For a perfect blend of this writer's best qualities the opening of his first tale, "The Fantastic Friends," is hard to beat. The point of its ending, however, is only discernible at the close of the book, for Mr. CHESTERTON can be as baffling as life itself and as dilatory with explanations. Yet "The Shadow of the Shark" is complete enough for the case-book of *Sherlock Holmes*, under whose spell it has obviously been evolved; while "The Finger of Stone," with its Glozelian setting, and "The Purple Jewel," with its tragi-comedy of a Cockney D. H. Lawrence, show the slinging together of perfectly cogent episodes in that fine frenzy which a modern critic has so aptly termed "the form of association."

The navigators of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries for various reasons have never until recent years received their due share of recognition. This is due in part, no doubt, to the fact that the brilliance of their exploits has been a little dimmed by contrast with the splendour of those which immediately preceded them as well as those which immediately followed; but even more, perhaps, to the circumstance that so many of them had, so to speak, just a touch of the piratical or at the best the buccaneering tarbrush, a quality which, however attractive to writers of romantic fiction, may well have inclined respectable chroniclers to look upon them a trifle askance. WILLIAM DAMPIER, that paradox among sea adventurers, whose mournful scholar's face looks out (one fancies) with a sort of quizzical half-smile from its frame, inscribed "Pirate and Hydrographer," in the National Portrait Gallery, is a case in point, and his biography, contributed by Mr. CLENNELL WILKINSON to the *Golden Hind Series* (JOHN LANE), fills a felt want. Mr. WILKINSON has carried out admirably what was evidently a congenial task, and he has done it in the manner of one who knows what he is talking about. He has unearthed quite an amount of new and interesting material, especially relating to DAMPIER'S family and to the "Roe-buck" episode. And for the rest he has wisely allowed his subject to be very largely his own biographer. Upon one or two minor points I do not find myself quite in agreement with him. He appears to me, for instance, rather to over-estimate DEFOE'S indebtedness to DAMPIER; more particularly with regard to one passage from which it is suggested that DEFOE "lifted" the *leit-motif* of *Robinson Crusoe*; and to some extent of *Captain Singleton* also. Nor am I aware of any warrant for his spelling of the name of DAMPIER'S rascally mate as "Clippington."

Mr. SETON

GORDON has writ
Of all the unbeaten
Charm of it—
That land so famed
Of The Cuillins high,
In a book that's named
The Charm of Skye.

Hills of Fairy

And hills of deer
And the eagle's airy
Haunts are here;
Here are tales unvouched
For or tales all true
Of where THEARLACH crouched
Or MACRIMMON blew.

Fairy-lover,

You're done most proud
(Here you'll discover)
By CLAN McLEOD;
Cragsman who cocks
An eye to a hill,
Here are your rocks
Awful and still.

Now, all too thinly,

My grateful part
I've said, save that FINLAY
MACKINNON his art
Has put into paint
For this CASSELL lot
Like a perfect saint
And a perfect Scot.

I feel sure that no reader of *Viennese Medley* can have forgotten that endearing record of post-War struggles, struggles for the most part of gently-born, gently-bred people to retain by sheer pertinacity of spirit the standing their economic ruin denied them. Something of the same sort of contest and some of the same aspects of nobility you get, I think, wherever a devout peasantry is found pitting its strength against the land. It is a point Mrs. EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY has admirably brought out in her sketches of Rankweil, a small hill-town on the Swiss border of the Austrian Tyrol. Of the ten sketches entitled *Other Ways and Other*

Flesh (CAPE), all save one, a portrait of the writer's mother, have their roots in the Tyrolese genius for making the most of life. And even "Images of a Mother" are images influenced by their background. The other studies deal with the legends of the place itself, the two innocently avaricious sisters whose inn the writer frequented, the doctor who gave to Rankweil what might have been thought by the undiscerning to have been meant for mankind, and half a score of figures still obscurer and more strenuous. Rankweil is not presented as an Arcadia. Its food sounds nasty and inadequate, its neighbours are not by any means always neighbourly and its small boys are only too obviously of the race of *Cruel Frederick*. But for charities such as those of "The Tailor's Wife" to have been customary you would have to go a long way back in English social history; and for those of "The Nun and the Hospice Guest" still further. A charming book, and only inferior



The Scandalmonger. "AND IF IT'S NOT TRUE OF HER IT OUGHT TO BE!"

to *Viennese Medley* in the slightly self-conscious manner its more intimate matter extorts.

The Adventures of Ralph Rashleigh, which gives a minute account of convict life in the time of Botany Bay, must be placed in the human document class, though it belongs more to the fringe than to the inner circle. Its publisher (CAPE) explains that the original manuscript was so archaic in style that it was necessary to get it rewritten. A few pages reproduced in facsimile facilitate comparison, and the rewriting appears to have taken the form of a paraphrase with elaborations. The original, moreover, does not claim to be a journal written at the period of the happenings, but rather an account set down as a narrative some twenty years later. Lord BIRKENHEAD, in his Introduction, says that he is "on the whole, after consideration, of opinion that this remarkable volume of memoirs may be accepted as authentic." I hesi-

tate to disagree; but I doubt if any of the savageries attributed to convicts, warders and aborigines are beyond the inventive powers of some of our modern dabblers in horror. Perhaps the best argument in the book's favour is that, if the almost incredible cruelties described are mere fiction, there is no reason why they should not have been made more incredible still. So possibly Lord BIRKENHEAD is right.

No living English writer is so versatile as Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC. He is at home in every branch of literature. There is no subject which he does not touch and therefore none which he does not adorn. *Nihil humani . . . Quicquid agunt . . .* all the old tags are applicable to him. If he is the most scholarly of humanists he is also the most human of scholars. But what is most admirable in him is the spirit of his approach. Whatever his theme, he attacks it with gusto, with zip, *avec élan, con brio*. Whether he is hammering the heretic or belauding the brew of Sussex, he is always in high spirits. And when he condescends to fiction he is positively exuberant. Fiction for Mr. BELLOC

—as it is not for quite a number of his contemporaries—is fun. He writes novels for the fun of the thing, with the excellent result that they are supremely funny. *The Missing Masterpiece* (APPLETON) is very funny indeed, notwithstanding that it exhibits an illusionless knowledge of human nature, from the pot-house to the palace, comparable with that which the Reverend Simon Rolles so much admired in the person of Prince Florizel. Mr. BELLOC is often biting but he is never bitter. He has the Rabelaisian charity. He castigates millionaires and journalists and aliens, but the thongs of his cat-o'-nine-tails are tipped with bladders. What *The Missing Masterpiece* is about does not matter at all. One picture is lost and three are found, which is mathematically as absurd as the forty-odd drawings with which Mr. BELLOC's great twin-brother, Mr. CHESTERTON, has embellished the absurdity. Mr. CHESTERTON draws, as Mr. BELLOC writes, for the fun of the thing. But he has claims to be considered as quite a serious comic artist.

There is still a lot of milk in the WODEHOUSE coconut. It remains a juicy and generous fruit. I mean to say this new book, *Summer Lightning*, is off the old tree all right, and P. G. puts it across in the sort of way that only goes to show what I've always said, that the fellow simply can't help it. He says in his preliminary canter that this particular tome is in answer to a critic-johnny who rounded on him for raking up all his old vegetables and using them under new names. But *Summer Lightning*, he admits right away, contains most of the old kitchen-garden under the same old names—so that's that, and ought to flatten the carping gent. *Harry Carmody, Ronnie Fish, Lord Emsworth, Aunt Constance, Bessie the coot Barter*, and then some,

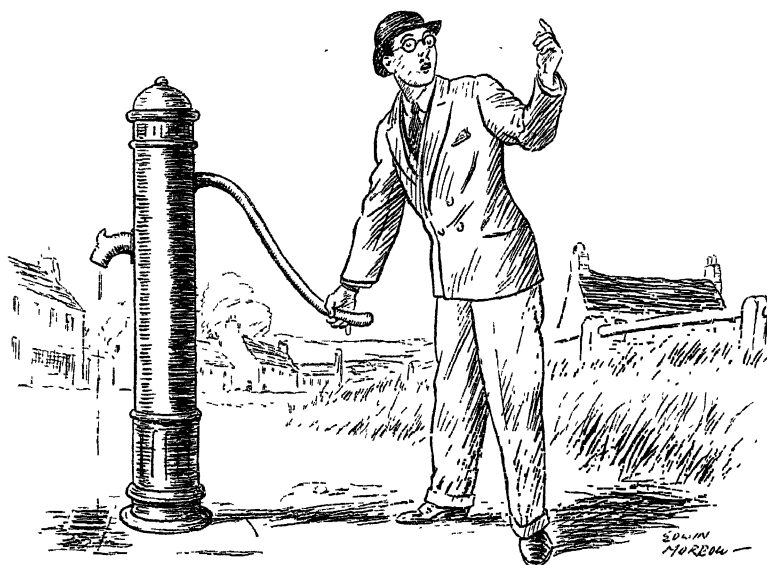
all mixed up in the most crashingly deceptive manner. If you know what I mean, it's jolly difficult to spot what's going to happen next. Oh, and I forgot that confounded pig, which the whole story really buzzes round, the *Empress of Blandings*. Straight lush stuff. HERBERT JENKINS is the bloke who purveys the thing. I wish I did.

Mr. P. G. H. FENDER reported the Test matches in Australia for *The Star*, and many of us during those agonizingly prolonged encounters were grateful to him for telling us details of the play which a less shrewd critic of the game would have missed. Now in *The Turn of the Wheel* (FABER AND FABER), with its sub-title, "M.C.C. Team, Australia, 1928-29," he gives most illuminating accounts of the five all-important matches, and expresses keen appreciation of the English players, and—with one or two exceptions—of the way in which Mr. CHAPMAN handled them in the field. Mr. FENDER, however, has one grievance, and he gives it ample airing. Frankly he states his dissatisfaction with those who were chosen by the M.C.C. Committee to select

our team. After drawing our attention to a list of players who were most successful as all-rounders in English cricket in 1928, he goes on to say, "An England Selection Committee, actuated only by the desire to place England's most efficient cricketing machine in the field, must have included two or three of the above-mentioned all-rounders, to the exclusion of the same number of specialists." Mr. P. F. WARNER, himself a member of the Selection Committee, replies to some of Mr. FENDER's criticisms in a Preface, and in a "Note by the Author" Mr. FENDER has something to say to Mr. WARNER.

All of which does not lessen the value, even if it detracts from the dignity, of a book written by a man whose sense of cricket is exceptionally real.

Commander BERNARD ACWORTH, in *The Bondage* (MURRAY), hopes to convince his readers that biological explanations of bird phenomena are incorrect, and that "a steady and unswerving application of the physical laws of flight will throw new light on matters of debate among ornithologists . . ." Whether he will realise his hopes is a matter on which a mere layman, however interested in physical science, would be foolish to express a decided opinion. But I can say that this book, which is divided into two parts, "The Laws of Flight" and "The Migration of Birds and other Phenomena," seemed to my inexpert mind to be full of convincing information. In his concluding chapters the Commander examines the obstacles that stand in the way of what he calls "Empire-linking air projects," and asks several questions that are distinctly pertinent. And I am glad that he does, although he says that "many, led by Mr. GARVIN, regard all aerial critics as first-cousins of Noah and advocates of the construction of Arks."



City Worker (new to rural life). "COME ALONG, MABEL; I'VE FOUND OUT HOW IT WORKS. YOU JUST MOVE THIS LEVER UP AND DOWN LIKE THE THING ON A FOUNTAIN-PEN."

CHARIVARIA.

THE remains of numerous elephants have been discovered at Oxford. They constitute an interesting link between the don and the mastodon.

Those who have heard Vesuvius on the talkies were agreeably surprised that the famous volcano did not rumble with an American accent.

A film-critic has stated that he nearly fell asleep at a talkie. Better luck next time.

It is estimated that sixty-five thousand vehicles pass Hyde Park Corner every working day. We shudder to think what would happen if they didn't.

ADRIENNE GUYOT, a pretty girl arrested in Brussels for bigamy, is said to have been engaged six-hundred-and-fifty-two times and to have gone through the marriage ceremony fifty times. Nothing is said about what she does in her spare time.

Soldiers taking part in the mimic war in Sussex last week were instructed to close all farm and field gates behind them. This of course is always done in the best wars.

A paragraphist has discovered four bald-headed policemen in the Metropolitan area, but it is not anticipated that Lord BYNG will take action in the matter.

In considering the relative times taken by the *Bremen* and the *Mauretania* to cross the Atlantic it should be borne in mind that the *Mauretania* is practically an ocean greybeard.

Medical writers emphasise the danger of bathing after a full meal. In view of this risk full meals are not provided at seaside boarding-houses.

It is announced that a white-rose tree in a Cumberland garden has produced a red flower. If this had occurred in a Yorkshire garden it would have been hushed up.

We are reminded that Mr. GEORGE ROBEY has been a prominent comedian for over thirty years. And there isn't a grey hair in his eyebrows.

Snails, we are told, have had a difficult time during the dry weather. Lovers of BROWNING's *Pippa* must accept this explanation of an occasional absence from the thorn at 7 A.M.

With reference to the doubts which Professor JACOB VINEY, of Chicago, has raised as to the real authorship of the DAWES Report, we are requested to contradict the rumour that it was written by Sir JAMES BARRIE.

A gossip-writer complains that he trips over dogs in flats, that he eats with them in restaurants, and that they lick his face on the tops of buses. Still, every profession has its drawbacks.

The Times has found it necessary to deny that it publishes a Sunday edition, but so far *The Sunday Times* has not

thousands of feminine bathing-costumes have been ruined.

When he attended a fête at Leyton the other day Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Minister of Labour, wore leather sandals and an open-neck tennis-shirt. No wonder Mr. THOMAS has hurried off to Canada.

In some prisons the inmates are taught to grow potatoes and to dig gardens. It is too early to say whether this will act as a deterrent to crime.

A moorhen has built a nest out of bus tickets in Hyde Park. We do not yet know which newspaper is claiming this sagacious bird as a supporter of its anti-litter campaign.

Sir ARTHUR KEITH, in his report on the seventeen-hundred-year-old Roman skeleton found at Purley, says that the man had a greater brain capacity than he has. Still, we would rather have the smaller brain capacity than be a skeleton like that.

The new telephone service inaugurated by the Post-Office has been called the "Find your Man" system. A more pressing need is a reliable "Cherchez la Femme" service.

A driverless motor-car has been invented. In future the way to enjoy motoring at week-ends will be to stay at home and let the car go for a drive on its own.

A famous philosopher says he can think better if there are people whispering in the room. A triumph of mind over mutter.

Two burglars were surprised in a London warehouse by a plumber who arrived at 5 A.M. to do some repairs. It was enough to surprise anybody.

A daily paper has been publishing a series of conversations overheard by one of its correspondents at holiday resorts. Holiday-makers are requested not to mumble.

A seven-year-old boy has won a saloon car at a carnival. His only worry is that pedestrians may be extinct before he is old enough to drive.



"LOOK, HAROLD! SOMEONE'S CAMPING."

seen the advisability of disavowing a daily edition.

A correspondent writing in a morning paper declares there is one law for the rich and one for the poor. And about three thousand for the middle-class.

According to a writer in *The Daily News* the heavens are as full of comets as the sea is of fish, but, though astronomers are always sweeping the skies, the average yearly haul amounts to only five. Possibly they make it a rule to put the small ones back.

In some recent notes M. WORTH, the famous fashion-expert, says that the new autumn dresses will give an air of increased femininity. Can this mean that our womenfolk are to lose their manhood?

Owing to the recent heavy rains

THE SIX FAMILY ROBINSONS.

A DAILY paper has started what strikes me as being an extremely entertaining symposium.

"If you were shipwrecked, which six well-known men would you choose as your companions on a desert island?"

Now, speaking as a female, am I, or am I not, eligible to send in a selection?

I put this query to a cousin of mine, and she began by looking confused down her nose (so to speak), and at last, and at bay, muttered something about SHAKESPEARE and GLADSTONE, followed, as waiters say, by THACKERAY, CHAUCER and BEETHOVEN; and when I answered that I thought the choice was limited to the living, she asked How I Could? in capitals.

"My dear Mary," I responded, "I believe you must be one of those good women one sometimes reads about; you have such an uncharitable mind. I assure you that my intentions towards my six are the last word in honour. You will notice that the newspaper doesn't say 'would you be willing to connive at a wreck in order to paddle ashore with six selected men?' This is an unpremeditated shipwreck. Think what a fundamentally respectable thing an unpremeditated shipwreck is. It might happen in all purity to anyone. These six gentlemen," I went on, lashing myself into a chivalrous rage, "shall never say that they were the worse for knowing me."

"And who are they?" grunted Mary crossly.

I bowed formally. "They are WILKIE BARD, Mr. Justice AVORY, FRED TERRY, MARTIN-HARVEY, BERNARD SHAW, and our family doctor. The doctor I had to shovel in as he'd be the only one capable of thumping the right place on my shoulder-blades when I choked on a prickly pear. One must be practical, though the newspaper doesn't urge it. I only wish I could include PACHMANN, but the tides couldn't be trusted in real life to float his grand piano to our creek. Otherwise it would have been very pleasant, as we got washed up in an abalone shell, to murmur, 'Cher Vladimir, just a morceau of CHOPIN, hein?' for I feel (though the newspaper doesn't say so) that a coral beach, a moon, a palm and the plaintive note of an O-O bird would be very conducive to the use of the Christian name.

"WILKIE BARD of course would keep us amused. TERRY and MARTIN-HARVEY would steadily rehearse, and the island should, as it were, teem with plums from *The Only Way* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. Mr. Justice AVORY, whom I, from the public benches of the Law Courts, have long ad— I mean, for

whose brains I have the most profound respect, would keep explaining to me about the baffling amount of wardrobe sported by Judges, and I should learn at last why they sometimes put on red gowns with black sashes and sometimes black gowns with red ones; or what it is about a case that causes them suddenly to line everything with beige silk or else to burst out into grey silk tippets, or yet again into confections of white rabbit?

"BERNARD SHAW, when we got rather low at dusk about the non-arrival of a rescue-party, should talk to us about the peculiar political advantages of a desert island world, wherein the absence of Capital the parasites of Capital would disappear; where individualism would be compatible with a Socialist State, and where the middle-classes might safely indulge their passion for romance. In the intervals he should contrive us vegetarian messes three times a day."

One consideration bothers me. I think my family of six would be quite tame with me, but how would they hit it off with each other? The newspaper naturally doesn't say anything about that either.

Would AVORY, his pince-nez on the tip of his nose, austere join WILKIE in the chorus:—

"Roses are blooming there for me and you;
That's the song she's singing next-door;
Why can't I sing it too?"

Would MARTIN-HARVEY and TERRY consent to practise music-hall patter?

Would contact with the legal mind result in the employment by BARD of such expressions as "Incontrovertible" and "I concur"?

Would it satisfy Dr. SCOTT to walk on at rehearsals, failing any prescriptions to make up?

And who would have the last long word, AVORY or SHAW?

And should I be expected, like Mrs. Swiss Family, to have waded ashore with a wonderful bag, out of which I archly draw every imaginable object of utility, from saplings to safety-razors? Or, having done so, would they call me "Our prudent housewife" or (infinitely worse) "little woman"?

And in time might not a situation arise in which they all made common cause against me, blaming me in the immemorial male manner when the crayfish were tough and the yams had given out, and finally walking off on me to form an amalgamation of the Athenæum and Garrick Clubs under a banyan-tree on the next atoll?

* * * * *

No, the idea in many ways is adorable; but, taking it all round, I quite see that this newspaper ought to be careful how it gets us all worked up.

RACHEL.

DOLE IT OUT.

"Among the crowd (of men drawing the dole) were to be seen Russians, Poles, Lithuanians and coloured men. Sometimes Chinese make it even more cosmopolitan. Some cannot even write their names and sign their cards with a cross. When language difficulties arise, other unemployed aliens act as interpreters."—*Press*.]

Sons of Europe, Asian folk,
Lads of Afric too, if broke;
Men from anywhere, in short,
If you're looking for support,
Pass the word from pole to pole,
"Enter for the British dole."

Lithuanian, Slav and Lett,
Come to us and don't forget;
Kanaka, Dago, Czech or Chink,
Here is meat and here is drink
Once your names are on the scroll
Of recipients of the dole.

If at first we keep you out,
Don't be gravely put about;
Try again and don't give in;
There's a glorious prize to win.
When you've dodged the stern control
Which would thrust you from the dole.

Jobs you may not get, O Russ;
There are not enough for us;
Wages will be none, O Turk;
We've a million out of work;
But you'll manage, on the whole,
Nicely when you get the dole.

Though our taxes weigh like lead,
They are for the British head;
Though our rates increase each day,
You'll be on them; you won't pay;
Things like this are merely droll
To the alien with the dole.

Wherefore, if your home does not
Keep you going, come and squat;
We are mad, but never mind;
Here at our expense you'll find
Food for body and for soul
When you touch us for the dole.

DUM-DUM.

Mr. Punch's History Notes.

"The result of the persecution of Protestants in France was that a great many Hottentots came to England."

Schoolboy's answer in History Paper.

"Four men . . . appeared at a special court at New Ferry to-day, charged with causing a breach of the peace by distributing literature calculated to cause a diversion among the people."—*Cambridge Paper*.

Mr. Punch ventures to tremble.

"The stipulations the United States is reported to insist on regarding the importing of alcohol for use at the foreign embassies at Washington is bound to lead to plain speaking in diplomatic circles."—*New Zealand Paper*.
We're afraid stipulation may rather lead to confused speaking.



THE CHAMPION.

MR. SNOWDEN (*to British Taxpayer*). "ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP; I'LL DEFEND YOU TO THE DEATH."

TAXPAYER. "SPLENDID!" (*To himself*) "I'D NO IDEA HE WAS SO FOND OF ME."



OWING TO THE VOGUE AMONG LADIES STAYING AT DEAUVILLE OF CARRYING SMALL ANIMALS ABOUT WITH THEM, THE MORNING APÉRITIF AT THE BAR DU SOLEIL HAS ITS THRILLS.

THE UNENCUMBERED FEE SIMPLE.

II.—WOPSESES.

UPON closer inspection of our newly-acquired country cottage, Frances and I discovered the alleged Unencumbered Fee Simple to be strongly encumbered with two wasps' nests in perpetuity. Not being particularly brave, we did nothing much about this at first, except that we swore and hit each other in the face with napkins at breakfast-time. Later, however, Frances marked out with stones a détour in the paddock round the nests and set aside half a pot of marmalade as a trap.

But all this had little effect, and at last I spoke about them to a local gardener who happened to pass the paddock and, seeing me zig-zagging in a peculiar manner and without visible cause, paused with an anxious, almost apprehensive expression at the gate. I explained my motions, to his relief, and he told me that the way to get rid of "wopseses' nestses" was to soak a rag in petrol and stuff it down the entrance with a stick, whereupon the "wopseses," who were old-fashioned and detested the smell of petrol, would promptly die.

I at once said I had no petrol, and he said his son Joe would give me some.

I said I had no rag, and he said his missus had a piece. I then said tentatively I had no stick. He looked at me sternly and I hastily added, with more truth, that I meant I had no stick long enough to reach the nest from the nearest point to which I dared go. He said a walking-stick would do (though a hop-pole was more my idea), and I gave up. I could see the fellow was simply out to get me stung.

He looked round after lunch with the things required. He had not forgotten anything—except to offer to do it himself. And this I could not honourably ask him. We Apples, though unfortunately we do come of a wasp-fearing stock, have our pride. I thanked him and left the things ostentatiously on the table. I had hopes that someone would take the stick to light the copper fire, that Frances would commandeer the rag and that the petrol would evaporate.

The situation was, however, saved by Frances' cousin, Colin, who lived nearby and luckily drove over for the afternoon. Colin is one of those hearty young Englishmen with a laugh that cracks plates on the table. He golfs very mightily, he boxes, he shoots and he fishes, and, what's more, he catches fish—always assuming he hasn't recently

laughed and scared them away. In short, he is definitely "country," and when he comes up to town he stares about him in Trafalgar Square.

Now Colin is fond of field sports, among which I was delighted to discover he included "wasping." Taking wasps' nests, I gathered from hearing him talk, was mere child's play to him. Why, he had often, I understood, taken as many as three before breakfast, quite neat, and now not a wasp dares enter his grounds during the nesting season, except as a gesture of sheer bravado, which often costs the foolhardy insect its life.

So Colin eagerly led the way into the "wopseses'" paddock, and from as near as five feet inspected the nests, which were themselves only a few feet apart. Personally, I kept at a safer distance during this manoeuvre. I wanted to make it clear to the wasps that I was dissociating myself from his discourteous behaviour. Colin then said he could do them both; it was as easy as shooting a partridge. All he wanted was a spot of cyanide. . . .

I felt in my pockets, but, as I told him, I had stupidly come out that morning without my cyanide. This completely baffled him. Apparently he didn't know

any other way. I gazed on him in the scornful manner of an old-fashioned cavalry officer when modern upstarts talk about tanks.

"Don't you know *any* other way?" I asked.

"It *can* be done with gunpowder," he said after thought. "I'm not suggesting you have any," he added quickly as I murmured that I would have a look round the larder: "but gunpowder, when obtainable, is effective."

"I should say it was," I agreed warmly. "And a five-nine shell would no doubt be even better—only the greaser hasn't left any this morning."

"Silly ass!" retorted Colin. "You don't blow it up. It's the smell which kills 'em. You damp the gunpowder and let it smoulder."

"Well, Colonel Blood lives down the lane," I suggested. "Let's go and ask him for some. He's sure to have it about the place—probably takes it over his porridge at breakfast."

Colin looked witheringly at me, as if I had been a wood-pigeon or a salmon or something.

I bridled. "Now that you have run dry of suggestions," I said pointedly, "suppose I tell you of a little idea of my own. A rag soaked in petrol shoved down the nest with a stick—"

"We haven't got a—"

"I have some rags and some sticks," I replied swiftly, for I knew that one, "and the son of my neighbour's gardener has some petrol. Yes, and my aunt has some mustard."

"Do we *want* mustard?" asked Colin doubtfully. That's the worst of Colin; you can't be funny with him with any success. Perhaps it is as well, remembering that laugh of his and that he boxes. . . .

I got everything for Colin and we sallied forth. I woke the dog up and took him too—for a reason of my own.

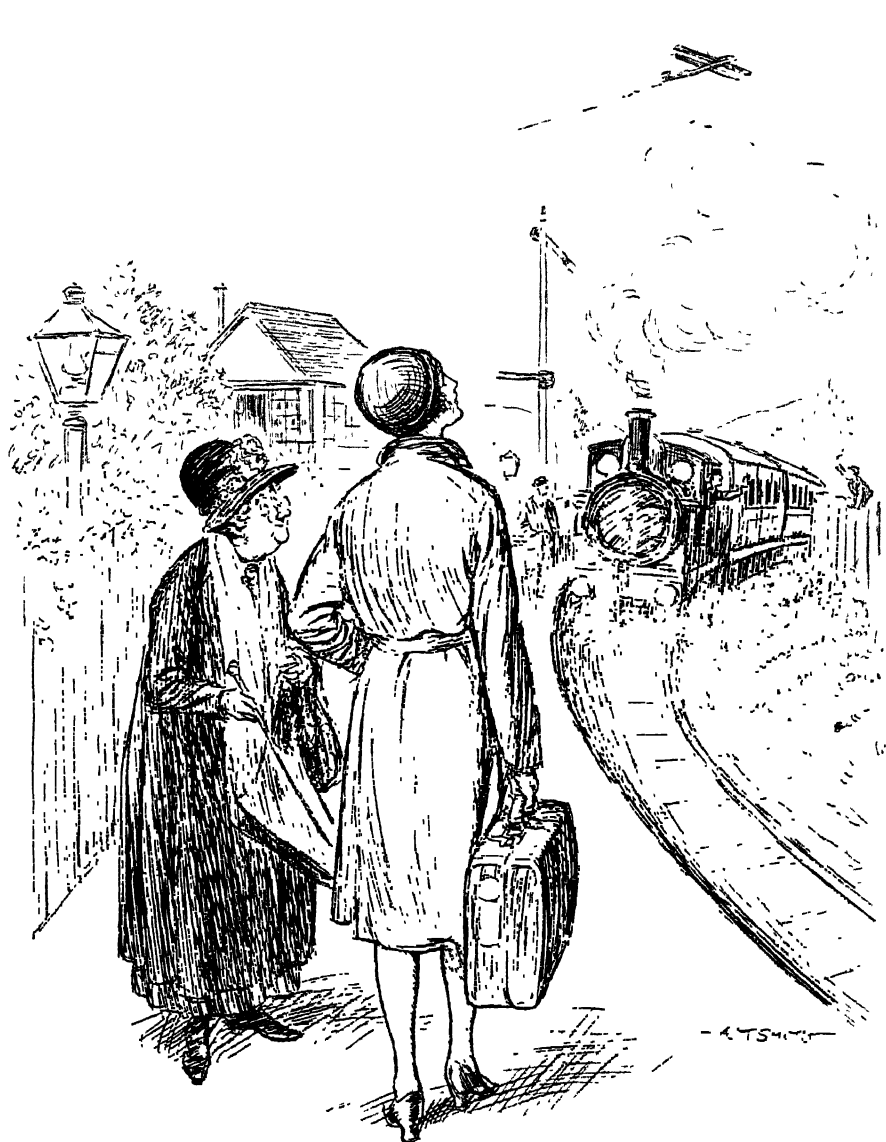
Colin soaked two rags in petrol and took the stick. Then he advanced with consummate foolhardiness.

"Sorry I can't come close up," I said with a great show of reluctance, "but I must hold the dog or he'll get stung. He's struggling as it is."

This was quite true; the dog *was* struggling, but only to get back to the porch and sleep. However, Colin didn't see this, and so I was enabled to remain at what I considered a point out of range.

Colin stuffed one rag rapidly into each nest. . . .

Now the only reason I can assume for what happened is that Colin must have been thinking of some other method—possibly that of bolting rabbits. Or perhaps I had not made myself *quite* clear about the petrol fumes. Whatever the reason, the fool got it into his



Granddaughter. "DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE GOING BACK BY AEROPLANE, GRANNIE?"

Grannie. "NO, MY DEAR, CERTAINLY NOT. I DON'T HOLD WITH THEM. I ALWAYS KEEP TO THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED RAILWAYS, AS NATURE INTENDED US TO, MY DEAR."

head that he ought to *light* the rag, and before I could protest, struck a match. . . .

There was a terrific flare-up; Colin received a free singe of hair, eyebrows and moustache; I collapsed, from shock, into a bed of nettles, and the dog left for the next parish.

Colin went home quite early and much subdued. He said it would be all right now. But a large portion of the nests must have been constructed as bomb-proof dugouts; for next day wasps were still going angrily in and out. So I came to an ignominious financial agreement with my gardener-friend to destroy the nests for me on his next free afternoon.

I shall be out—exercising the dog.

A. A.

Conservative Relics.

"We have a great quantity of Good Second-hand Government Vices."

Contractor's Catalogue.

We should like to hear more about Lord BRENTFORD'S.

"Beautiful Betty Compson in a Talking Epic that is Like the Rippling Melody of an Empty Heart Calling to a Pal who had Forgotten."

Advt. in Birmingham Paper.

It might have been worse; the Heart might have been Full.

"Long after it had been carried out Socrates averred that his death sentence would never have been passed but for Aristophanes' Clouds."—*Extract from a Schoolboy's Examination Paper.*

Not until they dug him up and allowed him to cross-examine himself at the inquest was the truth made known. .

THE TEST INFLUENCE.

In the good old days the influence of Test cricket on our village was negligible. It is true that young George (now old George) would sometimes cock up his left toe to show how W. G. did it. This generally happened after he had reached double figures. Then Mark Belcher—just to intimidate the rabbits—might try the length of KORTRIGHT's run up to the wicket; but there was no special culture of the spins and swerves and stances of the masters of the game.

Now it is very different. Behold young George (the son of old George) returning from an unprofitable visit to the wicket.

"Why didn't ee hit un, Georgie?" his father shouts to him.

"No one won't hit he much. He's bowling Oxy's" (OCHSE's?) "swerves."

"Pack o' nonsense!" exclaims old George. "HIRST he used to swerve 'em better than any of 'em to-day and we wasn't frightened of him."

Having thus skilfully placed himself in the ranks of first-class cricket he proceeds to monopolise the theme. "I'm fair sick of all this talk 'bout swerves and curves. We never bothered 'bout no nonsense like that and we bowled out Morton Podbury for seven runs. Whitsun Bank 'Oliday, wasn't it, Mark?"

Mark pushed what must have been an asbestos finger into his pipe and nodded. "Yes," he said, "twenty-six year ago last Whitsun, Foxburrer field wer o' wheat that year. I got six wickets for two runs and Squire sent out four gallon o' beer for tea. Cricket that were. And to-day they lets 'em get ninety-eight. All through young Joe and Cheesy Smith trying to do top-spins and in-swings and such mess-outs. You don't want nothin' like that 'ere. You wants to bowl at the batsman's legs when you bowls from the Rectory end, and when you bowls from the dingle end you must pitch 'em short on the edge of that old furrer."

"That's all very well," said young George, "but wot sort o' battin' did you have to bowl to in them days?"

"Good battin' it wer," said old George. "Why, I mind when Woodham come to play us once they brought over a chap as played for one of they shire counties. Sweated us proper, he did, an' he wer that darned quick that Sam

Smoothy, who wer bowlin' from dingle end, couldn't touch him not nowheres, not even with his fast un on th' edge o' that old furrer . . . Ay, it wer good battin' in them days. None o' yer silly nonsense 'bout lettin' half the balls go by because they oughtn't to be hit. You can't hit 'em, that's why you let 'em alone. An' what be the good o' that two-eye fanteg? Why, most of yer's so gallus crosseyed when yer looks at a cricket-ball that like as not yer gets hit in the stomik, like young Billy Bunn did to-day. Looks at the ball too much, most of yer does. You try hittin' it a bit more an' you'll do better, mark my words."

Such is the dissension between the older and younger lights of the game. But in practice the younger lights have it their own way.

Observe our side going into the field. Half-way to the wicket there is a confab-

When Billy Bunn attempts the in-swerve leg trap the performance is much the same, only it is in the opposite direction.

I do not feel that my position is sufficiently strong to criticise the tactics of Test cricket, but so far as the village is concerned I throw in my lot with old George and Mark Belcher. "You wants to bowl at the batsman's legs when you bowls from the Rectory end and when you bowls from the dingle end you must pitch 'em short on the edge o' that old furrer;" and again the voice of wisdom: "You try hittin' it a bit more an' you'll do better." Knowing the wicket for some twenty years I am convinced of the soundness of this advice.

CRI DE COEUR.

I HAVE just received a letter which, in spite of any outrage to my modesty that may be caused by printing it in full, I am asking the Editor to print in full.

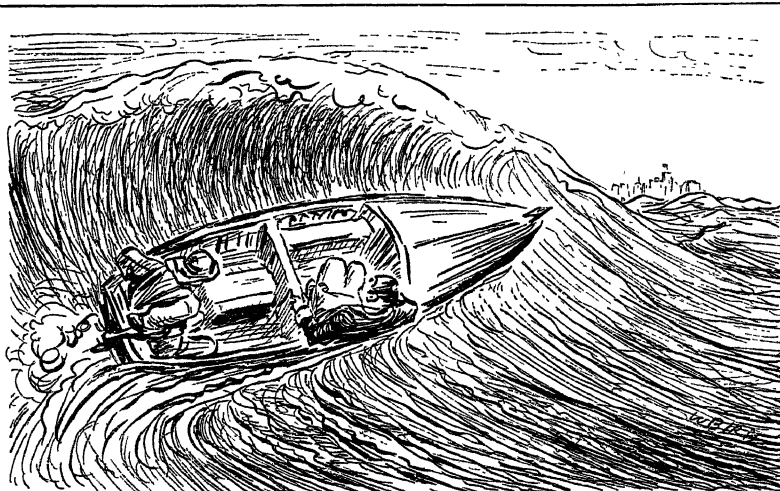
"DEAR SIR, — Forgive the intrusion of a stranger, but, having read much of your work, I feel sure that you will be sympathetic, and that with your great influence [loud winces] you may be able to help me.

"I want to enlist your pen on behalf of the owners of pet dogs, who, if we take them abroad on our holidays, are prevented by law

from bringing them back. At least, we may bring them back, but cannot resume our ownership and the friendship that means so much until six months of quarantine have passed.

"Don't you think that you could induce the new Socialist Minister for this kind of thing (I think he's at the Board of Agriculture) to revise that law?

"I am told that the reason for it is fear of rabies, but who ever heard of a case of rabies among pet dogs, and why aren't the French afraid of it too? They are a very self-protective race. If Twee-Twee, which is the name of my Pekinese, can land at Calais and go with me to Paris and Cannes without any foolish red tape, why can't he land at Dover and go with me to London and my home in England without an expensive six months' interval with a vet? Half a year is a long time in the life of a Pekinese.



Owner of Seagoing Motor-boat (to Passenger). "VERY SAFE COURSE THIS. NICELY BANKED."

ulation between the captain and Cheesy Smith, the fast bowler. As soon as the batsmen arrive the gist of it becomes apparent. There are four slips, a backward point and extra cover. Cheesy is going to try the out-swerve off theory. His first delivery, a full toss to leg, goes for two byes. His next ball, a long hop, also on the leg side, is promptly despatched to the square-leg hay area. There is no one in that neighbourhood, and the wicket-keeper, who has gone after it, fails to hit the right spot, and it is only after he has been joined by point and the four slips that the ball is found. The batsmen are then running their sixth run, and the finder, not seeing that cover and extra-cover have moved on to discuss the situation with mid-off, throws in fiercely at the wicket with the result that two overthrows are run. Cheesy, having been severely cautioned, bowls his next ball so much to the off that first-slip receives it on the knee for one wide.



Wife. "LET'S SEE, DARLING, IS THAT NINE OR TEN?"
 Husband. "TEN."
 Wife. "AH, WELL, EVERY LITTLE HELPS."

"You, I know, as a lover of dogs, will understand my feelings in this matter. There is something peculiarly intimate in the affection which we have for Pekinese and which Pekinese have, or pretend to have, for us. They are so different from other dogs that I think that this law, even if retained for other breeds, should be altered so as not to apply to Pekinese, and I hope that you will agree and do your eloquent best [renewed winces] to make the new Socialist Minister agree too. To treat dogs like this is certainly not Socialistic anyway. Socialists should be more broad-minded and receptive."

"I have now had Twee-Twee for five years, and every day I become more devoted to him, more bound-up in him. It seems to me very hard that I, a free-born tax-paying Englishwoman, with a vote and a certain amount of property, should be debarred from bringing back from France a tiny inoffensive spaniel under my arm, with the same simple ease with which I took him there."

"This ridiculous law means that I am giving up foreign travel altogether, which surely is not what the Government wants. If all dog-owners gave up travel it would infuriate the French, who are never too patient; and the Government couldn't desire that. It would also be a very serious matter for the Southern Railway, and everyone knows that railways are getting nervous everywhere."

"The joke is that I know two women who successfully smuggled their dogs through the Dover Custom House in their muffs, and nothing happened. Not a sign of rabies. And of course it is notorious that aviators will oblige their prettier friends. Twee-Twee is, however, too big for a muff and I know no flying men. That is why I write to you. Please do what you can to help."

I am, Yours sincerely,
 (Mrs.) ———"

That is the letter, and I hope that The Right Hon. NOEL BUXTON will read it. I have nothing of my own to add, except this: that if the quarantine

regulations are no longer necessary it would be a very satisfactory thing to scrap them. There are a great many rules that, once necessary, are so no longer. Those governing passports, for instance, have become absurd.

E. V. L.

Superb Undress in Architecture.
 "Lansell Road 3 minutes from Station; magnificently unfurnished flats."
Advt. in Australian Paper.

"... They feel—the policemen—that this may well be the thin end of some wedge or other, which ought to be nipped in the bud before it swallows up the entire force."

Daily Paper.
 But it must be remembered that young man-eating wedges are notoriously sensitive about their thin ends.

"Mrs. — in a few remarks spoke of the advance of Temperance in our country and of the wonderful national gathering just held at Cambridge, when the executive met and had lunch in the Christ Church dining hall—the first time in history that a women's association has ever been invited there."

Maidenhead Paper.
 All good Oxtabs trust that this faux pas will never occur again.

HORSES OF STONE.

Myself. I don't know whether a modern General ought to have an equestrian statue.

They. Why not?

Myself. Horses no longer represent triumph and speed in war. A fellow in the Old Testament offered another fellow two thousand horses if he could find riders to put on them. That was his way of saying the other fellow had a contemptible little army, and up till fifty years ago it was a fairly sound remark.

They. But Generals still ride.

Myself. Not much in war.

They. But on all ceremonial occasions.

Myself. On ceremonial occasions even Admirals ride. I shall never forget seeing four great Admirals riding on shire dreadnoughts at the Coronation of KING GEORGE.

They. I suppose a statue is a ceremonial occasion?

Myself. A ceremonial eternity. But stone Admirals do not ride.

They. Who do ride?

Myself. Princes and Generals. But philanthropists, statesmen and admirals go afoot.

They. What are the principal equestrian statues in London?

Myself. Three only—I mean, I don't know. There is one of RICHARD I.

They. He probably lived on horseback.

Myself. He died there. And then there is CHARLES I.

They. He died otherwise.

Myself. He has a small thick-set mount of brass. GEORGE IV. and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE are pretty well horsed. And then there are GEORGE III. and Physical Energy and the Duke of WELLINGTON and BOADICEA—

They. BOADICEA is in a chariot. Queens don't ride in stone.

Myself. No. That's another point. Nor does the PRINCE CONSORT in the Albert Memorial, in spite of the number of elephants at hand.

They. There is a mounted statue of the PRINCE CONSORT.

Myself. Where?

They. In Holborn Circus.

Myself. Is it a noble quadruped?

They. So-so. Not more than fits the sit.

Myself. OLIVER CROMWELL stands. ABRAHAM LINCOLN has a chair, though he does not use it. But I will tell you another thing.

They. What?

Myself. There is no statue of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH at all, mounted or otherwise. But the titles of his victories are on the colours of all the regiments, and he always made a point of riding to his wars.

They. This is a great scandal. I am

glad you have mentioned it. Why should CHARLES I. and GEORGE III. and Physical Energy and the PRINCE CONSORT ride upon horses and the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH be forgotten by the crowd? But returning to the main point: If the statue of a modern General is not to be a mounted statue, how would you have him posed?

Myself. He might be seated on whatsoever the modern sculptor considered to be emblematic of a battlefield, with a map unrolled before him or with field-glasses raised to his eyes.

They. I do not think so. That is foolish realism.

Myself. There is realism in the Artillery Memorial.

They. If you are going to be realistic you might make a modern General seated in a château or a dug-out representing G.H.Q., and not even the most daring of sculptors could accomplish that.

Myself. Well, what kind of a stone horse should a modern General have? Ought there to be a committee of cavalry officers to decide? Or would you have a symbolical horse of great solidity, denoting strength, or a very active horse, denoting speed?

They. That can safely be left to the sculptor.

Myself. I am not so sure of it. You tie him down to this traditional horse, if I may put it so, and yet you give him scope with regard to its training and breed. That seems to me to be quite illogical. He should either carve a cavalry officer's horse, I say, or none.

They. Perhaps the whole question of sculptured animals demands a certain amount of consideration, apart from equestrian statues. After all, what animals do commonly figure in stone?

Myself (vaguely). Lions, wolves, elephants, bears, bulls, panthers, the hounds of Crusaders, which bite the sword, but not usually either asses or sheep.

They. There are rabbits in the statue of *Peter Pan*.

Myself. I have seen a moose carved out of butter.

They. I have seen an elk made of ice.

Myself. Most animal statues that I can remember are realistic in the extreme, and this even applies to the animal carvings of more or less primitive men. Therefore we might say that a modern General, if he rides at all, should ride as nearly as possible the horse which the mounted officers of his day are riding. If Generals should ever cease to ride, sculpture would have a great difficulty in representing them. If battles are to be fought in the air, how would you have your Generals carved? In monoplanes, or riding upon eagles?

They. Goodness knows.

Myself. And if they are won with poison-gas?

They. That is harder still.

Myself. Also, if battles are won by the excellence of the commissariat, a General might be represented with loaves in his hand.

They. Or a cornucopia. All things considered and speaking for the present, I think you have admitted that we cannot do better than a horse.

Myself. But a realistic horse.

They. Meaning by that—?

Myself. A cavalry charger. Not an Arab and not a Clydesdale and not a Suffolk Punch. The sculptor should be straitly charged not to allow his fancy to play around the figure of the horse, for if he does most terrible things might occur.

They. For instance?

Myself. Mr. ERSTEIN might be commissioned to carve an equestrian statue after the next war. I should not like to see a British General mounted for all time upon a hippopotamus. EVOE.

THE FUR.

HALF-A-DOZEN of us were in the club exchanging yarns about India, and the conversation had gradually turned from reminiscence into a discussion of Orientalism and Indian "magic," when Johnson said thoughtfully—

"A man told me really a rather curious tale the other day. It seems that a week or two ago the daughter of a retired Indian Civil Servant went to some leading furriers in London and bought a white fox fur. She took it home with her, unpacked it, left it in her bedroom on the bed, and went down to tea. Her young sister came in half-way through tea, heard she'd bought this fur, and dashed upstairs to see it. She came down again in about five minutes and said what a lovely skin it was, and how much she admired it, and how she wished she could have one like it, and all that kind of flummery; and after tea both girls went upstairs to talk flapper-doodle about it.

"When they got into the bedroom the fur was lying on the floor, and the elder girl gave the younger one a piece of her mind for not having left it on the bed. At this the kid sister fired up and answered back that she found it on the floor and that before she went downstairs again she *had* left it on the bed. For a few moments relations were distinctly strained, but eventually peace was restored, they put the fur *on the bed* and left it there, and when Father returned home he was promptly dragged upstairs to have a look. And where do you think he found it?"

"On the floor," we chanted in unison.



Teacher. "WHAT IS MEANT BY 'THE KING'S PARDON'?"

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, 'THE KING'S PARDON' IS WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU HAVE TRIPLETS."

"Exactly," he assented. "The fur was on the floor. And from that time onward it *wouldn't* stay put; if they left it anywhere for five minutes they'd find it somewhere else when they got back, and its mysterious behaviour so got on the girls' nerves that it sent them half-hysterical and so frightened them that at last they locked it up in a cupboard overnight and took it back to the furrier's in the morning. They told the management what extraordinary things had been happening and asked them if they wouldn't mind changing it as they were beginning to feel somewhat superstitious. Well, the management hum'd

and haw'd and said they couldn't understand it at all, they'd never heard anything like that before about any of *their* furs, and so on and so on. They were quite polite, of course, but it didn't take the girls long to see that they didn't believe the story and that, what was worse, they weren't going to change the fur.

"All this time the fur had been lying quietly on the counter, and the management pointed to it and said laughingly that, if it really was invested with such peculiar properties of motion, it might be expected to jump off the counter on to the floor.

"And at that very minute it *did* jump off the counter on to the floor. . . .

"That clinched things. After the first shock the management rallied, collected a staff of experts, seized the fur and slit it open. . . .

"*There was a snake inside!*"

Dead silence followed this revelation and then somebody said sharply: "Yes, but what's all this got to do with India?"

"The snake was a krait—a common Indian variety," returned Johnson. "And that," he added pleasantly, "is the connection."

We then threw him out of the room.
WOON.

PLEASANT SUNDAY MORNINGS

WITH MR. JAMES AGATE.

"Cherry Ripe" (at the Golconda).

LET it be posited boldly that two and two do constantly make a total which cannot be described as four. As, peradventure, two elderly persons and two young persons conspiring at matrimony—the sum of which is a crowd; or two shares in oil and two in a coal-mine—the answer to which is nothing; or the two eyes of the DUSE and the two legs of LA LOLA—which makes one angel, and two separate blasphemies. Was it not CHATEAUBRIAND who said, "*Un, deux—c'est le monde*"? It was not—nor was it anyone else—but no one will know. And here one is enmeshed, *hic, hoc and alorum*, in a difficulty not to be put off without straining a point or two, as *Ardath* said to the traveller. If one is punctilious to avoid the egoistical "I" beloved of one's pen-fellows, nor will not lightly pepper his pages with "my readers" and "my correspondents," after the blushless manner of our Mr. ERVINE, then how shall one convey that this or that opinion is put forward as a person's and not as the people's, proceeds from a self and not from the shelf, like the wine-songs of Wardour Street? How to be positive without the Papal touch? How to present a pistol in the third person singular? How shall violet cry out like peony yet still be violet? Here's fuel indeed for the midnight lamp. But how now! Shall we cry "Halt!" at the starting-gate? "*Non multum*," as our old friend QUINTUS HORATIO FLACCUS riposted to a certain senator in the Appian Way. "To feel for the bottom with deprecating foot was ever the best overture to a drowning"—or do we misquote our EMERSON? Out, mustard, and to our muttons!

Let it be granted then that for the normal frays of criticism one has forged a sharp and serviceable formula or two wherewith to strike the I out of egoism without doing injury absolute to that breath of personality which is the spark of the weekly scribe. We would not, by our livelihood, ban, bell and book the first person singular from these our columns; but here at least it must suffer the singular discipline of being singular;

so that it shines like a naughty deed in a good world, or, if one may give the trope a twist, like Vega in August and not as the Milky Way. Let others throw all their egos on the table; an I for an I shall never be our motto. Without doubt there were good and sufficient reasons why HENLEY did not write "One is the master of one's fate; one is the captain of one's soul"; but he would have earned as many marks for his meaning if he had, and a few extra for his modesty. "*Esto*," then, or "Make it so," as the Admiral whispered.

which flits uncertainly between the Lido and a Bond Street milliner's; that the plot is unfathomable, like the appetite of M. Bientôt; that the Brigade of Guards do *not* wear hunting-kit at Venice; that the eldest son of a baronet is not called "Viscount"; that the Fifth Symphony of BEETHOVEN may not provide the happiest inspiration for a fox-trot; that the words conceivably might have more wit and the chorus more clothes—and still we are left with the naked but agreeable fact of our new potato. What, does one bandy words

with a vegetable? Tell me not that a DE MAUPASSANT could have contrived a better story, and the late Mr. SHELLEY a nobler lyric than—

"I love my Baby,
My Baby loves me."

These gentlemen were not on parade when Mr. Sid Froithem mustered his army of ready writers. And here, faithful as the boomerang, we fly back to our arithmetical beginnings. Two authors and a brace of lyric-manufacturers (to say nothing of three composers) do not make four authors, neither do they make one play; they make Babel, they make Bedlam, they make—by your leave and the canons of ARISTOTLE—balderdash; nathless in this present affair, an one may hazard a guess, they also make money. "*Et pourquoi pas?*" we sigh with Madame DE SÉVIGNÉ. The haberdasher is worthy of his hire, and shall the balderdasher starve? And if one did not, with one's neighbours, roar like *Falstaff* in the stalls at the easy humours of this noisy trifle

let it not be supposed that one slept. We would not of all things be ticketed "highbrow"; and therefore, *Buzfuz*-fashion, we must swim through a sea benevolent of words to our point, which is that, like the honest GORVA, one cannot conceal from you that I—that is— Oh, Lord, if you want to know, I loathed this miserable show!

A. P. H.

Viva Voce!

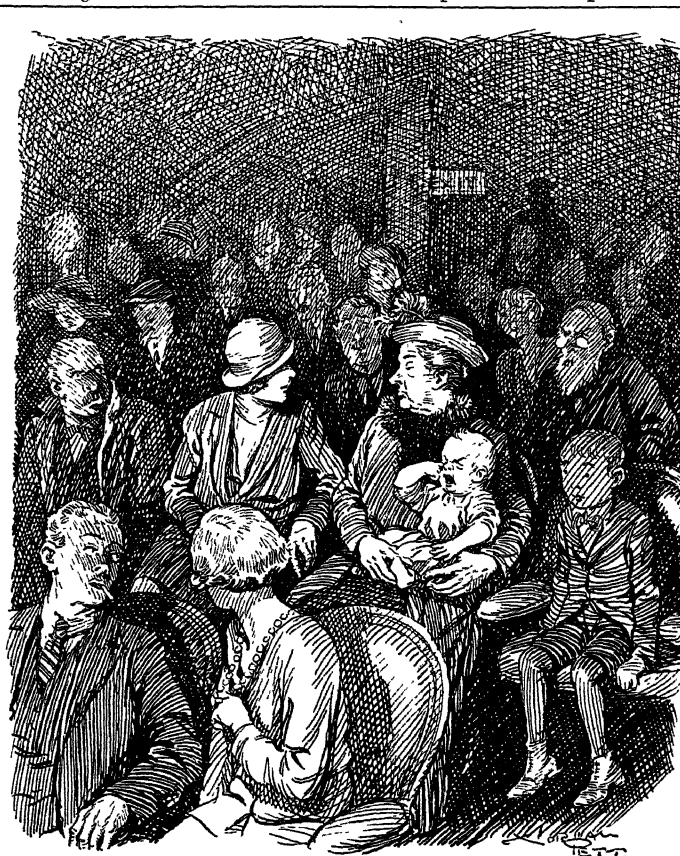
"VOCE BOWLS WELL."

Headline in West-Country Paper.

"BEDROOM WINDOW ESCAPES FROM BURNING HOUSE."

Headlines in Birmingham Paper.

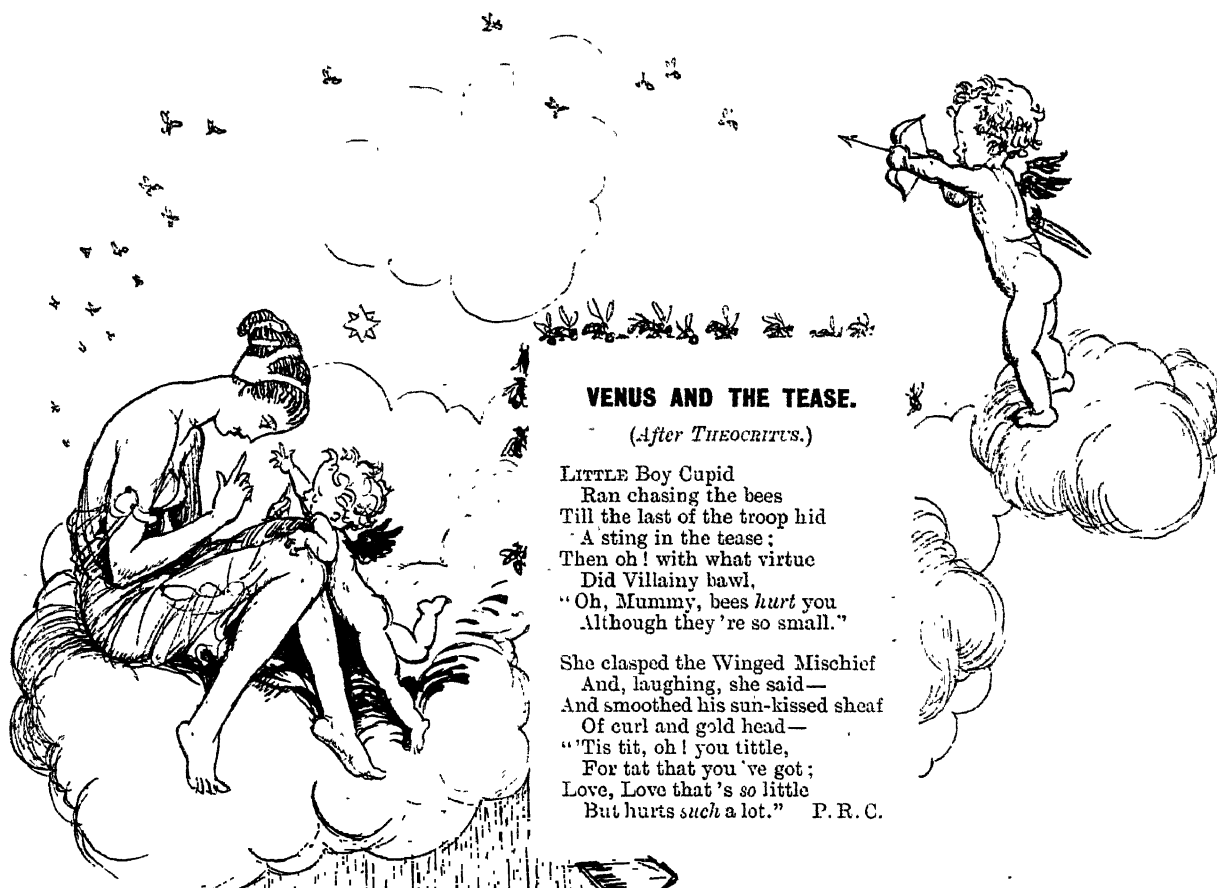
We should have tried to do the same.



Picturegoer. "WHY DO YOU BRING THAT CHILD TO THE PICTURES?"

Mother. "TO GIVE THE PEOPLE AT 'OME A CHANCE."

There is a sort of piece which appears as punctually as the new potato in the early summer and is called musical comedy. That it is no more new than the potato may be postulated boldly; that it hath no more music in it than the vegetable and perchance the same quantum of the comic spirit will here be humbly suggested. But what? Consider the new potato. And then, good coz, consider a world without it. Doth it not fit with an air into the scheme of things necessary? Dost thou think because thou art highbrow there shall be no more ladies of the chorus? Ay, and jazz shall be hot in the mouth! Let it be conceded then that the name of "Cherry-Ripe" sits ill upon a piece

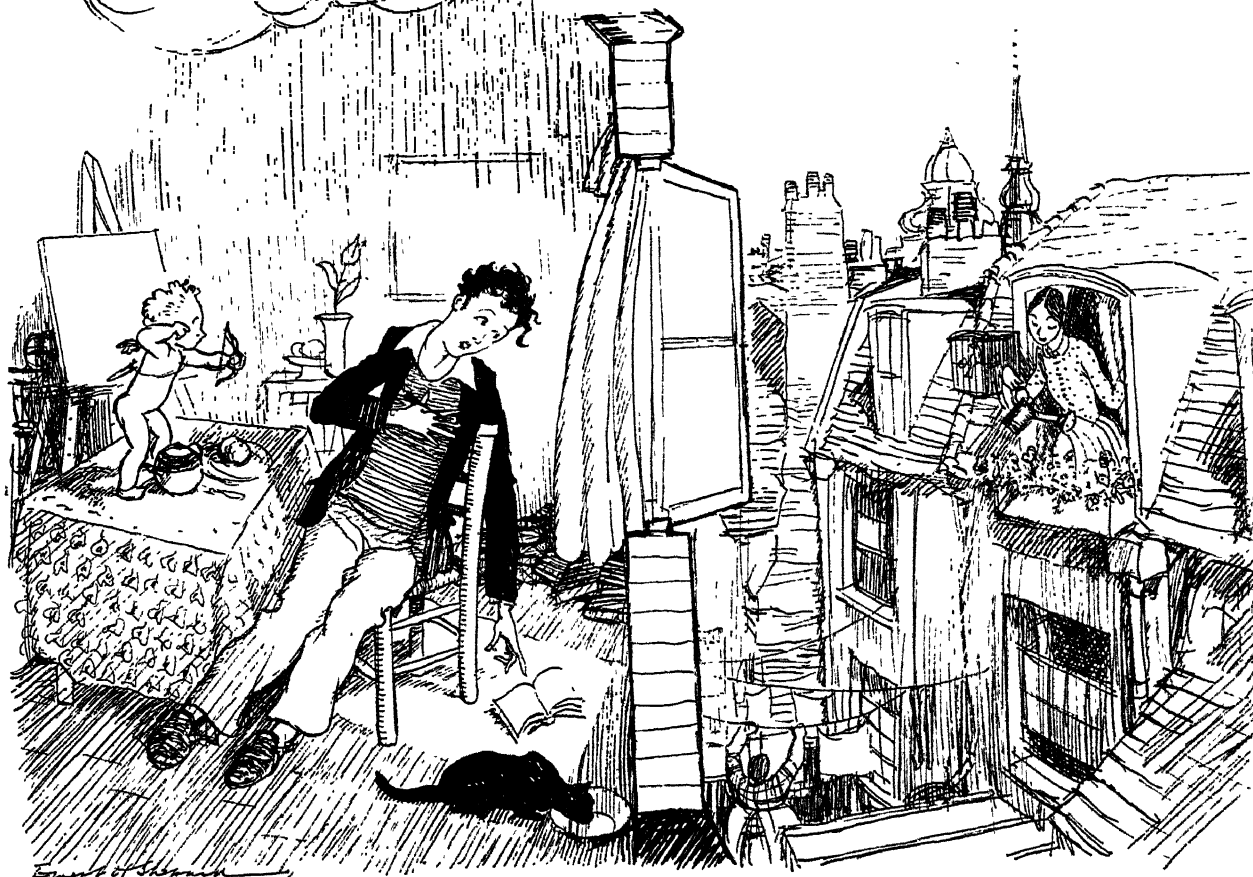


VENUS AND THE TEASE.

(After THEOCRITUS.)

LITTLE Boy Cupid
Ran chasing the bees
Till the last of the troop hid
A sting in the tease;
Then oh! with what virtue
Did Villainy hawl,
"Oh, Mummy, bees hurt you
Although they're so small."

She clasped the Winged Mischief
And, laughing, she said—
And smoothed his sun-kissed sheaf
Of curl and gold head—
"Tis tit, oh! you tittle,
For tat that you've got;
Love, Love that's so little
But hurts such a lot." P. R. C.



the visitors—and there were only four—appeared to be members of one family who had been staying there for some weeks, for I read the following:—

Name	Age	Date of Arrival	Nationality	Address
Capt. Grimwade	34	July 16	British	London
Mrs. Grimwade	32	"	"	"
Master Rodney Grimwade	7	"	"	"
Miss Primrose Grimwade	4	"	"	"

Later in the evening I visited the bathroom again. Everything was as I had left it, and I found nothing added to—no, I am wrong. There was one exhibit I had not noticed before, but it was comparatively of no interest. It was merely a piece of paper pinned to the door, on which was written in a neat hand: "Visitors are requested kindly to leave the bathroom as they would like to find it." C. B.

BIRDS AND MATHS.

[A correspondent of *The Times* has recently stated that not only crows but all birds are unable to count.]

Of all the living creatures
That brighten Nature's face,
In colour, form and features
Birds claim the foremost place:
But whether they be lowly
Or high in ether mount,
They lack one asset wholly—
Not one of them can count.

Here higher on the ladder
We find the wingless brutes;
The snake—when he's an adder,
The pig extracting roots;
While in his hutch the rabbit
Proclaims to passers-by
His immemorial habit,
The power to multiply.

Yet rooks, who love oration,
Indulge in high debate
And understand cavitation,
Can never calculate;
And pigeons, though quite splendid
As messengers in war,
Have never comprehended
How many beans make four.

So I, who honoured GUNTER
More highly when at school
Than EUCLID or TODHUNTER,
And shirked COLENSO's rule;
Who never reached quadratics
But left them to the smugs,
And was in mathematics
Reckoned amongst the mugs—

I, finding no attraction
In decimals or surds,
Hail with deep satisfaction
My kinship with the birds;
And, as I sip my potion
From the Pierian fount,
Salute with fond emotion
The crows that cannot count.



Office-Boy (to Boss who is off to watch an hour's cricket). "AND IF ANYBODY CALLS—FUNERAL, I S'POSE?"

"FORGOTTEN FACES
With Talking Features."

Cinema Poster.

Speaking likenesses, in fact.

"Piano, grand, good condition, suit concert
or dance hall; thrown at you for £10."

Local Paper.

We prefer confetti.

"When the last farewell had been said Mr. Wensley returned to his room, where he has worked for ten years. Taking a view from the large window, he passed out of it for the last time."—*Daily Paper*.

We nearly always use the door for our exits.

"GOLF COURSE HAUNTED BY ANNE BOLEYN."
Headline in Local Paper.

She is said to show every sympathy with players who find it difficult to keep their heads in the right position.

"China Tea for the early morning cup. Ask your Doctor."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

Our G.P. prefers his in his own room.

"All trams taking part in the county dancing display on Friday, the Grand Rally Day, are asked to report in the South West Lancashire Camp lines not later than noon prompt."—*Provincial Paper*.

It is sad to think of all these admirable vehicles going off the rails.



Modern Child. "Lost? . . . ME! . . . 'OP IT!"

THE HOLIDAY RABBIT.

Is there anything in sea-air that is unsuitable for pet rabbits? Brant is taking his wife, his children and his golf-clubs to Eastbourne for three weeks; why not his rabbit also?

If he had taken the rabbit with him he would have been able to boast that he was one of the few, or maybe the only one, who had ever taken a rabbit for a summer holiday. He might have discovered to his lasting satisfaction that until his rabbit passed through the turnstile no rabbit had been known to stroll along the pier within living memory. He could have had it to stand guard over his clothes while he was bathing. Then why did he foist this rabbit on to me during his absence?

I can only faintly picture the look of wonder that steals over the face of a rabbit on its first view of the illimitable sea. I should have thought Brant would have liked to see that.

Can rabbits swim? Few people are sure about this. I doubt if Brant knows. If he had taken his rabbit to Eastbourne he might have found out once and for all. Then, again, he would have been able to study a rabbit's reactions to the motor-boat that takes one to the lighthouse.

Would a rabbit whine when a tenor pierrot achieves the peak point of his song? He might have discovered that too.

And surely there can be few seaside resorts more suitable for a rabbit's holiday than Eastbourne. What better place than Beachy Head for the little thing to gambol on? And when the tide is out, what a wealth of sand to burrow in! Then, when it wearied of these amusements, it could sit and watch the ships go by.

I know so little about rabbits. What if it died while in my care? Ought I to spoil the Brants' holiday by informing them? It would be no easy task to word the telegram discreetly. Yet if

I said nothing they might well feel aggrieved that none of the family had been given an opportunity to attend the funeral. Its skin might be valuable, or they might wish to have their pet stuffed; so that any mishandling of the question of burial might lead to a lot of unpleasantness. After all it is their rabbit, dead or alive, and one should deal carefully with other people's property.

I wish I knew more about a rabbit's diet. There are noises from the garden in the dead of the night which may be due to indigestion, or for all I know it may be the rabbit, escaped from its hutch, nibbling my dahlias. I do not even know whether a saucer of milk comes amiss to a rabbit. I do not even know what would poison it. It is all very awkward.

"Wanted, Battery 27 cells for house plant: first-class condition."—*Manchester Paper*.

When we mentioned this to our aspidistra it fainted.



THE LAST LAP.

EGYPTIAN CROCODILE (*shedding his traditional tears*). "IT PAINS ME TO HAVE TO DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THAT NOTICE."

DAILY DIFFICULTIES;

OR, CAN I HINDER YOU?

(With acknowledgments to the "Can I Help You?" column in "The Sunday Dispatch.")

I HAVE been walking-out with a girl for twenty-three years now, but I am not yet in a good enough position to be married. Is it fair to ask her to wait until I have saved up enough for the home?—PERPLEXED.

Certainly it isn't fair, PERPLEXED. If you are such a spineless creature, lacking intelligence enough to make your way in the world, why should you expect any girl to waste the best years of her life on you? Neither do I wish to waste my time answering silly questions.

Will you advise me as to what kind of shoes look the smartest? I find that the suède are apt to bulge and patent-leather crack and soon look unsightly. WOULD-BE-SMART.

It is evidently your feet and not the shoes that are to blame. No doubt they are large and unsightly, so there is really no hope for you. I am glad to say that I—and all my family—have small elegant feet. I can offer no solution to your big problem.

I am a kitchen-maid and do a lot of rough housework. How can I keep my nails from breaking and my hands from getting chapped?—TWEENIE.

Well, TWEENIE, I myself use an excellent hand-lotion at fifteen shillings a bottle. On receipt of a stamped addressed envelope I will forward an address where it can be purchased. As for your nails, I can give you an introduction to a wonderful manicurist in Knightsbridge. She is rather expensive, but has a large *clientèle* among the smartest Society women. My aunt (whose portrait appears on this page) always patronises her. Write to me again if I can assist you in any daily difficulty.

I am very shy and suffer agonies of bashfulness when I go out into company. Is there any remedy for this distressing condition?—ANXIOUS.

Certainly. If you are shy when you go out, why not stay at home?

I am going to be married and have saved up a hundred pounds for furnishing the home. Can you suggest the best way of laying out the money? WORKING LASS.

I am delighted to give you my valuable advice. Genuine antiques are the rage for furnishing nowadays, and my own sister has a marvellous



Visitor. "WHAT'S THE FAVOURITE FLY IN THESE PARTS, BOY?"
Boy. "A WORM."

house furnished throughout with period furniture, with not a spurious piece in the place. This is expensive of course, but, if you make a tour of the lesser-known antique shops and have a flair for getting a bargain, you can often pick up wonderful pieces. I myself once secured some fine old Waterford glass for twenty pounds—less than half its value—in this way. Above all, in furnishing don't overcrowd your rooms or go in for bizarre effects. Let your house-linen be of the best, and *do* try the effect of pink crêpe-de-chine sheets. You will never want to sleep in any other kind afterwards. Write to me again, WORKING LASS, if in any doubt.

I wrote to you some weeks ago asking what was the best stuff to use for clean-

ing my plate. I have to inform you that what you recommended has completely discoloured the teeth and I may have to get a new set.—INDIGNANT.

Of course I thought you referred to silver plate, INDIGNANT, and gave you a recipe accordingly. It is stupid ignorant people like you that make my task so troublesome. Please don't write to me again.—THE EDITRESS.

(The Editress of this page is always willing to give a helping hand and advice to readers in all daily difficulties.)
F. A. K.

"TO WHAT RED HELL.

Showing To-day.

Our Sliding Roof Will Be Kept Open."

Notice outside London Music-hall.

This is carrying realism too far.

"IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE. . ."

[The following contribution and letter were both received during the same week. Mr. Punch has decided to concede to the request on this occasion but would emphasise his ruling that this sort of thing must not become a habit.]

"My poor boob," said my host, "it's as safe as houses. You simply take my car into Bordeaux, call at the *Vache Qui Chante* and ask the landlord, 'Why does your stove smoke?' He will reply, 'Because the leaves are green.' Then you say, 'Give me leaves which are browned by sun,' and he will sell you a thousand perfectly good English cigarettes which have been smuggled. It's easy."

"I know," I replied. "Then I pack the cigarettes in the car, get stopped by the police and explain that I didn't know there was a duty on tobacco. If I am still young enough I shall be released from prison in time to fight in the next war—you know, the one that will be started by the disarmament proposals. Thanks very much, Lampowe. Nothing doing."

"Now if only the pub had been called *Le Lapin aux Pieds Froids*," said Lampowe, "I suppose the scheme would have appealed to you?"

"Anyway," I said, "I've never driven your car. I might smash it up."

He smiled at me incredulously.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have never driven a Quilecroit?" he demanded. "Why, France is swarming with them. The makers turn them out by the million."

Curiously enough I was over half-way to Bordeaux before it occurred to me to ask him why he should not fetch the cigarettes himself. Lampowe is like that. The man ought to have been a politician.

I arrived at the *Vache Qui Chante*, ordered some wine and spoke of the weather. Summoning up all my courage I ordered more wine and found I had forgotten the French for "stove." With a desperate effort I pulled myself together and ten minutes later was on my way home with the contraband. As the road slipped under the wheels I began to feel happier. Lampowe had been right—the thing was easy. He had also been right about the popularity of the Quilecroit car, for I had already met six of the breed when I suddenly came across the seventh, drawn up at the edge of the road with one back tyre

ominously flat. I was about to pass by with that look of silent sympathy so popular with the motoring classes when I noticed that the driver was a woman and that the car itself bore a G.B. plate. Obedient to the dictates of chivalry and compatriotism I swore softly and applied my brakes.

"Can I help?"

Her hair glinted in the sunlight as she looked up.

"I can't get the jack to work."

As I started operations—"Shall I

My case was empty. I gazed at her earnestly and decided that she looked quite unlike a detective—a thing a real detective would scorn to do.

"Under the rugs in the back seat," I said; "take a box if you like."

"Well, you seem to have got a fairly good stock, so if you're sure you don't mind. How much do I owe you?"

"Thirty francs," I replied unguardedly.

"Thir—ooh! If you're caught you'll probably be guillotined," she gasped.

"I never am caught," I said coldly.

I finished the work in hand and stood for a moment looking at the two cars. To the last lick of paint they were identical. As the girl thanked me once more I glanced at my watch.

"I must hurry," I said; "my host gets peevish if one is late for *déjeuner*."

As I let in the clutch—"Many thanks," she said. "Good luck with the cargo."

I gave the car her head, flashed through an empty village street and kept on. As I approached the next village I saw a gendarme standing in the road with outstretched arms. I stopped the car. So far as I could feel, my heart had already stopped.

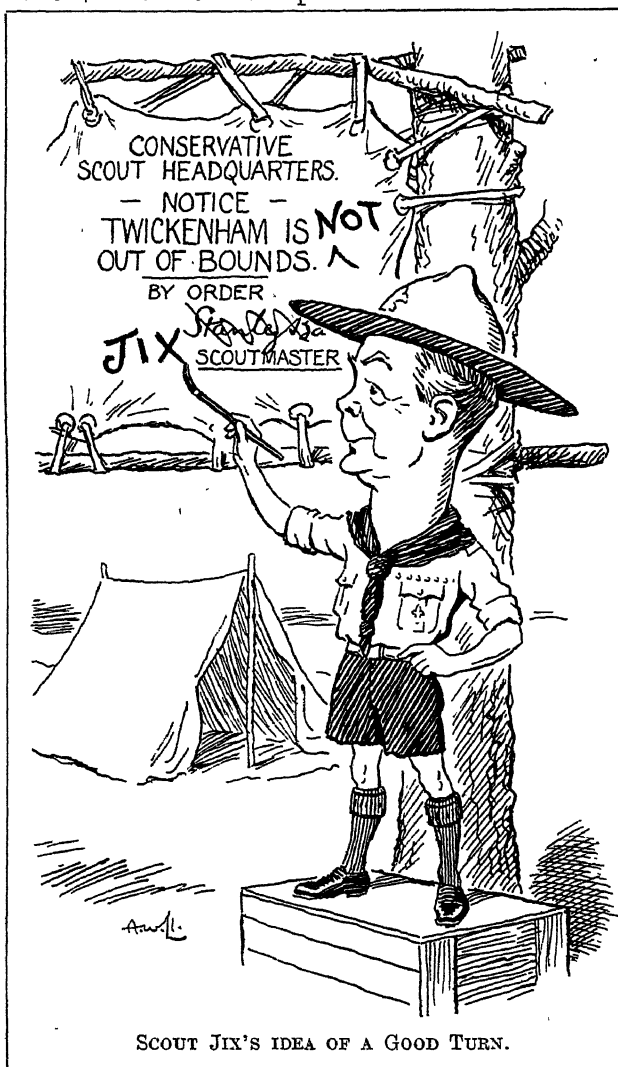
"A beautiful day," I said to the gendarme—"a day worthy of France." He was not interested. One had reported by telephone that my car had passed through the village of Cloisy at a pace ferocious. One could not allow so formidable a speed. I must accompany him to the gendarmerie, where one would take my particulars. The téléphone, he said, had been indistinct, and he had been sent out post-haste to stop a brown Quilecroit *coupé* bearing a G.B. plate. By this time the officer in charge would have ascertained the number from the gendarme at Cloisy and identification would be complete.

Moodily I nodded my acquiescence. I could not remember whether or no they still guillotined people in public.

The gendarmerie smelt of French cigarettes and whitewash. The officer in charge shook his head at me and reproved me loquaciously, knocking off the ash from his cigarette against a notice which forbade smoking. When his admonition had run out—"Monsieur admits the charge?" he asked.

"Not at all. Regard, my Captain, my poor little car, so tranquil, so—"

"Attend, Monsieur. Your car is a coupé, brown and a Quilecroit?"



SCOUT JIX'S IDEA OF A GOOD TURN.

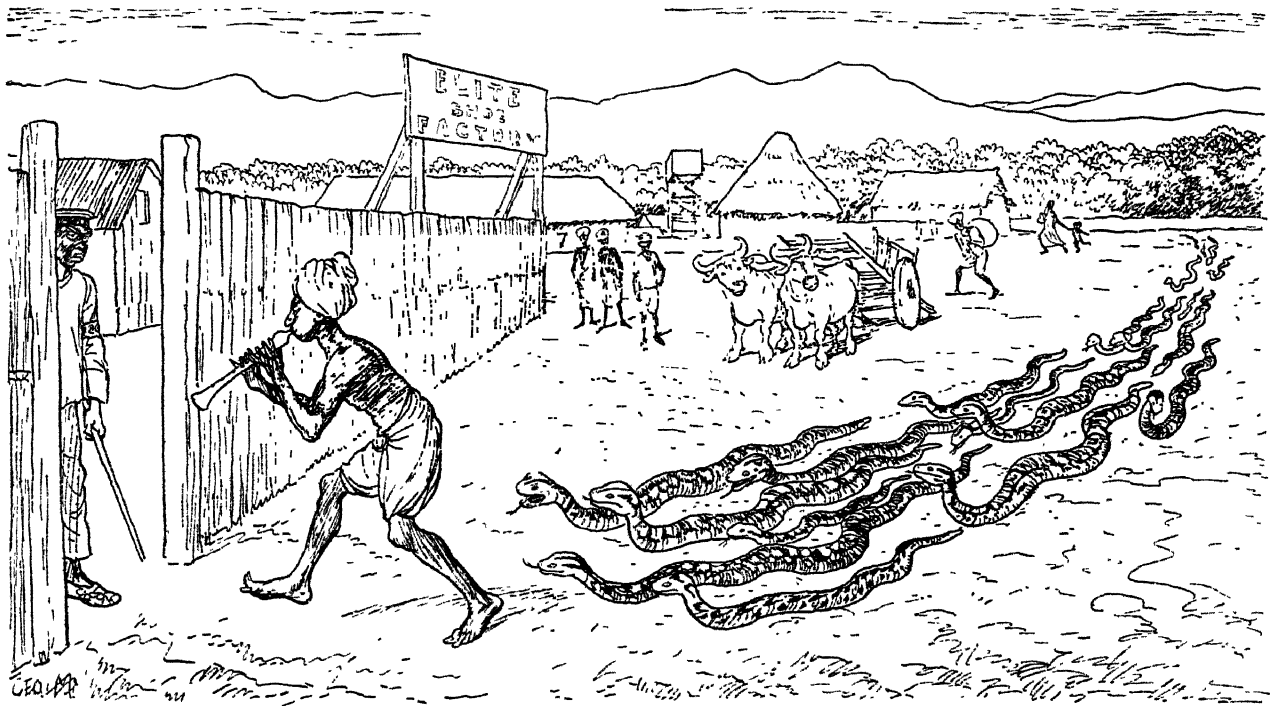
stand by and hold things," she asked, "or go away and put my fingers in my ears?"

"There's a copy of *Punch* in my car," I replied; "would you like to look at it while I change the wheel?"

"Thanks—I've seen *Punch*—I have it sent out every week, but—"

["What IS this—propitiation?—Ed. "No; it's part of the story. Besides, it shows the sort of girl she was."]

"I suppose you haven't got an English cigarette, have you? I ran dry a week ago."



THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

A SNAKE-CHARMER RETURNING FROM THE JUNGLE WITH A HERD OF SNAKES WHOSE VALUABLE SKINS ARE TO BE USED FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF LADIES' SHOES.

"But yes."

"Number G B. K.O. 27653? That is the number reported at Cloisy."

Here I hesitated, for I did not know the number of Lamplowe's car.

"The car is outside," I said. "It is for you to ascertain the number."

The officer's head jerked sideways and one of the satellites went out to inspect. Even as he passed the door I inwardly cursed my imprudence. What if the fellow lifted the rugs in the back seat?

In twenty seconds, however, he returned. "Numéro G.B. S.B. 31190," he announced. There was a glutinous silence. I broke it with a hammer.

"I shall report this outrage to the Embassy," I said.

The officer was desolated—it was a mistake. He hoped Monsieur would cause no trouble. One had reported from Cloisy—Monsieur would be merciful.

My heart, warmed by my sudden reprieve, gushed forth mercy.

Over *déjeuner* I told Lamplowe of my adventure.

"But how did you work it?" he asked.

"I didn't work anything. The police had simply got hold of the wrong car."

"But, my poor fish," he replied, "K.O. 27653 is my number."

For a moment I said nothing. Then I got up and walked to the car. The spare wheel was punctured.

"I don't know whose car you've brought home," said Lamplowe, "or where you've left mine, but somebody has got you out of a nasty mess. Another case, I suppose, of the Devil looking after his own."

"I think it was an angel," I said.

And now Lamplowe wants his own car, because, he says, the back seat is better equipped than that of the car which I brought home.

Will the Angel please send her address to the Editor?

AN APPEAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I wonder if you will help one of your countrywomen in distress. A few days ago I picked up a puncture on the Bordeaux road and on starting to change the wheel found that my jack refused to function. So I sat on the roadside in the dejected attitude of a maiden in distress. In turn I refused help from two Spaniards, an Italian and a Frenchman, all of whom had dark flashing eyes. Seeing that I was not to be trifled with, Fate then dealt me a young Englishman with baggy flannel trousers. While he was changing the wheel for me we discussed *Punch*, tobacco and the extreme similarity of his car and my own—all vital subjects, as events proved. He set off in front of me at full speed, and as he passed the village of Cloisy he was two hundred yards ahead. I rounded a bend just in

time to see a gendarme spring from nowhere and take his number as he flashed by.

I knew, of course, what would happen—the gendarme would telephone through to the next village and there my friend would be stopped. I happened to know that, for reasons not unconnected with tobacco, he would hate to have his car searched, so I made a *détour* to avoid the Cloisy gendarme and arrived at the next village, to find my compatriot's car outside the gendarmerie. I examined it and found that the rugs covering the cigarettes on the back seat had not yet been disturbed.

My one idea was to remove the contraband; but to transfer this from his car to my own would take too long. Making sure that nobody was about, I ran my car behind his, got out and drove his away. When I had gone a safe distance I stopped and waited for him. Probably he took another road, for, though I waited an hour, I neither saw nor heard anything of him.

Now here I am with his car and there is he with mine, neither knowing the other's name or address. This is where you come in. You see, he reads *Punch*, so would you be so good as to publish this letter? You don't mind, do you? Please, Mr. Punch.

Yours very sincerely,

PAMELA E. METHERILL.

Clos de Renard, Blongy-le-Bas.

AT THE PICTURES.

CHAOS AND CALM.

I HAD not been to the Empire since it suffered a tea-change into something rich and strange; very rich and very strange indeed. It is not merely the marble and the gilt and the panelling,



AN AWFULLY-CLOSE-UP.

THE PRINCESS (MISS MARY CHRISTIANS), FOLLOWED RIGHT THROUGH THE FILM BY THE PRINCE (MR. PAUL CAVANAGH) DISGUISED AS A DETECTIVE.

the quiet gloom, the goldfish playing in the porphyry fount (there are even imitation starfish in the fount where the goldfish play), nor the alcoves fitted with rich furniture that most startle the wanderer returning after many years. It is the long and decorous bar devoted to the effervescence of soft drinks, and soft drinks alone, that makes him cry in the words of SWINBURNE:—

"Where are the imperial years, and where Art thou, Faustine?"

If the vestibules and antechambers of the new Empire are surprising, the tonitorium is no less magnificent. The management states clearly on the programme: "THE DEAF CAN HEAR AT THE EMPIRE." And I can well believe it.

Also the Empire makes its own weather nowadays, using in the summer-time a forty-thousand-pound refrigerating-plant for the purpose, so that it well may be called the Empire on which the ice never melts. And it keeps up a continuous performance from noon until the hour that Londoners are now supposed to regard as midnight, though clocks were distinctly more generous in the brave days of old.

Behind the half-lit purple curtains of the stage-boxes in the new Empire are

organ-pipes, and the orchestra apparently rises and sinks into the floor when it feels so inclined. The whole place, in fact, is full of American self-determination and the pomp that seems inseparable from candy and celluloid and torches and iced-lemonade.

Of the three attractions which I witnessed, the most sensational by far was the advanced display of *The Flying Fleet*, in which aeroplanes hurtled ruthlessly across the screen accompanied by the exact sound which aeroplanes make when they hurtle through the sky. Terrific stunts were performed, and blazing aeroplanes dropped into the sea. This preliminary exhibition was accompanied by fiery screen sentences which made no attempt to minimise the marvels of the coming show, and themselves performed acrobatics not unworthy of the aeroplanes. Letters hurled themselves to right and left, expanded, collapsed, stalled, banked, and did almost everything that screen literature can possibly do.

Before this occurred we had *The Runaway Princess*, directed by ANTHONY ASQUITH, which I seem to remember as a novel; but, if I am right, the story has been rather violently modernised. It is a soundless film, and, except that the Princess (Miss MARY CHRISTIANS) ran away a lot too fast and was not at all like a princess, it was quite ingeniously done. Speed, of course, in a film may represent swift action, or swift emotion, or swift thinking, or all three at the same time. But the effect of too much speed is apt to be as wearisome as too much leisureliness, and there ought to be some variation and compromise. The best film I have ever seen was deliberately slowed down in time.



A MILLIONAIRE MAGNET.

MISS MARY CHRISTIANS was pursued through London traffic, through London offices and London shops by two detectives, one of whom was of course a prince in disguise, so that all ended

happily at last in Ruritania, or wherever it was, and she certainly gave quite a vivid impression of personality in the midst of the turmoil and hullabaloo.

After that came the celestial gymnastics, and then *The Idle Rich*, an all-sound film. From the point of view of contrast the programme could not

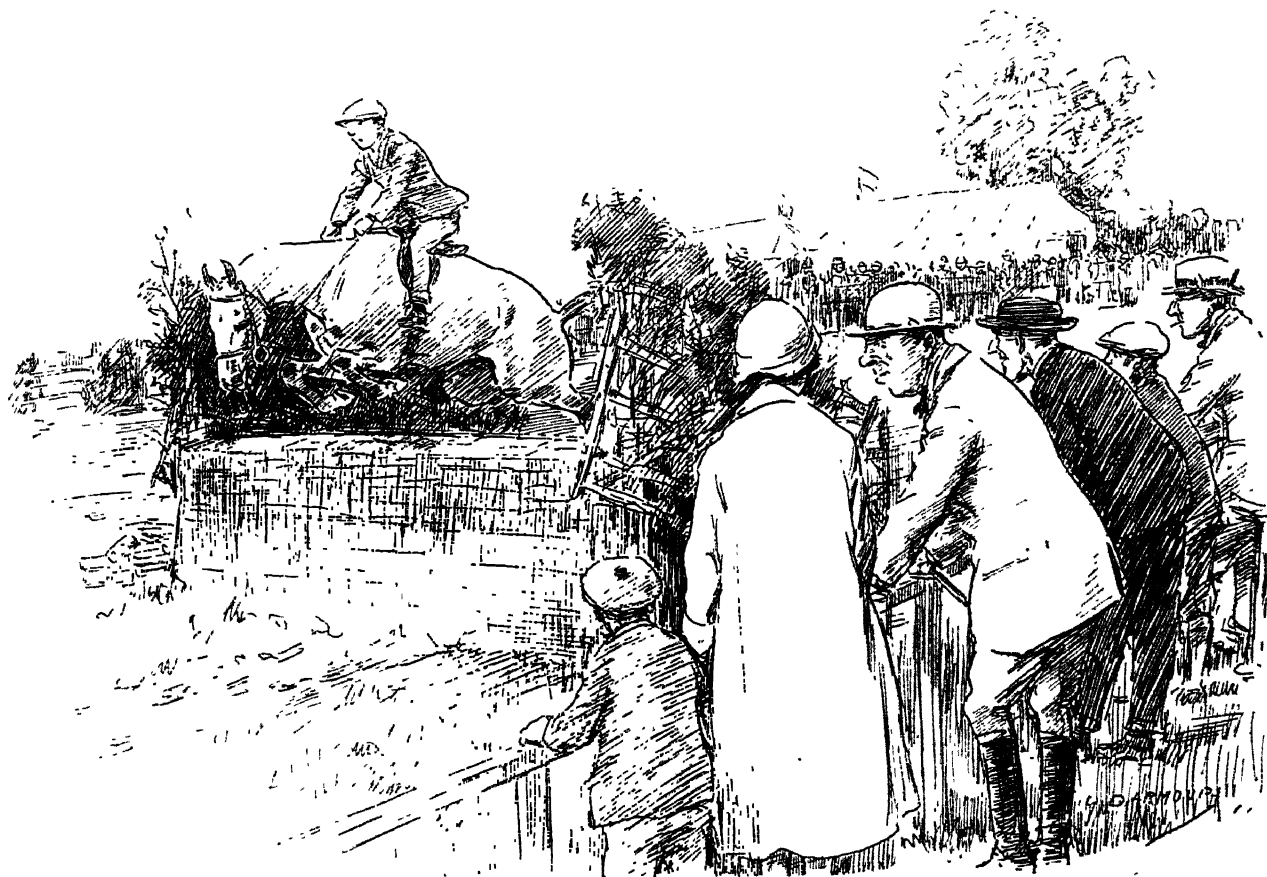


AN ALTOGETHER TALKIE.

have been more subtly devised. Confusion on earth, confusion in the sky—and then a middle-class American family flat, from which the story never shifted throughout the entire piece, and in which there was no confusion at all except confusion of tongues.

The plot of *The Idle Rich* is somewhat peculiar. A millionaire marries his typist and so allies himself with a class-conscious and, I suppose, clerkly family, some of whose members are inclined to resent the patronage of wealth, just as they keep themselves aloof from the disgrace of manual toil. One of the young wife's relations wanted to know whether the millionaire considered himself a true democrat. Another, in despair about his present job, toyed with the awful notion of earning better money as a bricklayer. The family spoke of itself as "part of the white-collar brigade," but at least one of them never wore a collar, or even a coat and waistcoat, from beginning to end. The whole gang of them, men, matrons and maids, were in the habit of retiring to the kitchen at the end of each meal and washing-up, the noise of dishes as they touched each other being rather like that of railway trucks shunting in the night.

The most crucial moment occurred when, on a visit to the flat after their honeymoon, the happy pair were faced by the necessity of occupying a single



Lady. "I HOPE MY BOYS WILL RIDE AS WELL AS THAT ONE OF YOURS. I WISH YOU'D TELL ME HOW TO TEACH THEM."
Dealer. "LICK 'EM EVERY TIME THEY FALL OFF. THE MORE YOU LICK 'EM THE TIGHTER THEY STICK—SAME'S POSTAGE-STAMPS."

tiny bedroom. The millionaire simply refused to do it. He went and slept on the sofa in the sitting-room in his shirt and trousers.

The difficulty, to an English spectator, of discovering what social difference, if any, apart from wealth, existed between the millionaire and his new relations was far from being solved by the fact that the voices of one and all appeared to proceed through nasalised megaphones. There was notwithstanding some excellent acting, and acting which, much as I disliked the sounds produced, could not possibly have been supported by the use of sub-titles alone.

But I was badly tantalised by the fact that I could hardly distinguish a single word that the young sister of the heroine uttered, and when the whole middle-class and class-conscious American family were talking at once, which quite frequently occurred, there was a resonance throughout the building like that on Dodona mountain.

"When winds were in the oaken shaws and all the cauldrons tolled."

Needless to say that the millionaire (Mr. CONRAD NAGEL), whose gestures and action seemed as faultless as his in-

tonation was funny, after threatening to give up his wealth, did no such thing, and went off to complete his honeymoon with Miss BESSIE LOVE, who also behaved most prettily: all the same he persuaded the family that it is far better to be pauperised than to be poor.

Altogether, I saw signs in this film that, if they can only make those voices tolerable, there is a future for simple comedy-acting on the screen. But what in that case is to happen to the world of kaleidoscopic commotion and swift panorama in which the screen has made its principal triumphs until now?

EVOR.

"And farmers tell me that what rain we had—only a fifth of an inch all told—has really come too late to save their serials."

Warwickshire Paper.

Now we understand the earthy flavour in recent instalments of modern fiction.

"Lady — gave away the bride (Miss —) at the wedding of Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the dress-reformer, on Tuesday at St. Augustine's, Kilburn. The bridegroom wore a dark brown suit, brown shoes, and a soft silk shirt fastened low down at the neck."—*Leamington Paper.*

Some people would say that the bridegroom gave himself away.

BINGO.

BINGO SEES A FAIRY AND BEHAVES BADLY.

I saw a little fairy
 Sitting on the grass;
 She wore the prettiest flowery things,
 Her tiny, shiny, pointed wings
 Were made of golden glass.

Bingo made a rush at her;
 Bingo is a dunce;
 For in the twinkling of an eye
 She turned into a butterfly
 And flew away at once. R. F.

"SUSSEX UNEVEN."

Headline in *Sunday Paper Sports Column*.
 Sussex has long been famed for its ups and Downs.

"A wooden refreshment opposite Brixton Prison has been burgled."—*Manchester Paper.*
 We have never dared to pinch the ham out of a railway sandwich.

"Londres, 2 août.
 Le *Discovery* est parti hier matin de Easy-India-Stock, pour un long voyage d'exploration dans les régions du pôle Antarctique."
French Paper.

There should be no lack of buyers for such an attractive investment.

AT THE PLAY.

"THESE PRETTY THINGS" (GARRICK).

MISS GERTRUDE JENNINGS has often entertained us all, and her new full-dress farcical comedy is admirably planned, full of amusing lines and diverting situations and has one character at least, the plain forlorn cinema-ridden little mannequin, *Susie Parsons*, which is a genuine comic invention.

Susie has ideas—romantic, but not in the old accepted sense. It isn't so much that she wants to be loved; what she does want is to be able to wear those pretty things which she and her colleagues at *Madame Cesarine's* display for their wealthy sisters, having themselves to be content with ill-cut much-worn frocks and undistinguished undies, except for short moments of glory in the showrooms—a glory mitigated by the consciousness of being no more than living clothes-pegs, turned and twisted about by people who successfully ignore the fact that they are real flesh and blood.

Susie's fellow-mannequins, especially her great friend, *Clara*, have their beauty to console them, as well as the more solid consolations that beauty in such circumstances is wont to bring—free films and feasts and as much else as honour and character allow. No one of the handsome and/or wealthy gentlemen that frequent *Madame Cesarine's* salon with their wives and friends has noticed *Susie*. And none will, she thinks, as long as she is employed merely to display the mackintoshes. But give her the white charmeuse or the black silk pyjamas and all will be well.

As it turns out it wasn't these ravishing garments (which *Susie*, casting aside all sense of discipline, puts on against orders and displays to their disadvantage) that caused the trouble, but the fact that *Clara*, when asked by the affable gentleman and good sport, *Harvey Mayfield*, at the cinema, after some innocent friendly exchanges, what her name is, in a fit of nervousness says, "*Susie Parsons*." So that, when the eager but unresourceful *Harvey*, married to an exacting purse-proud dragon and not very scrupulous about his means of temporary escape, asks his friend, *Stephen Beverley*, the real but secret and generally absentee owner

of *Cesarine's*, to arrange that his mannequin, *Susie Parsons*, should be offered, at his (or rather *Harvey's* wife, *Lady Laura's*) expense, a holiday in the most luxurious hotel at Paris Plage, *Stephen*, profoundly puzzled at *Harvey's* choice, makes *Susie* the offer, which that half-witted young lady, in the ecstatic conviction that Romance has at last knocked upon her door, eagerly accepts.

The complications are cleverly woven by Miss JENNINGS, and with much less distortion of the probabilities of the given ridiculous situation than less skilful farce-makers allow themselves. And with more originality. *Susie* has been installed a fortnight in the *Hôtel Magni-*

young *Jimmie Beverley*, with the inevitable estrangement and ultimate reconciliation; the cynical *Stephen*, reluctantly converted by *Clara's* staunchness and disinterestedness, pronouncing the paternal blessing; and poor *Susie's* blank dismay, with her one romance shattered in her hands.

The pleasant affair is capably produced and runs swiftly and smoothly. Miss SEYLER's *Susie* is a brilliant piece of work, played with a commendable restraint which heightens the comic effects and makes a genuinely likeable and pathetic character of what might have been a mere grotesque. Miss SEYLER, who has the gift of looking as pretty or as plain as she chooses, does not allow herself even at the end, when some compensation is arranged for *Susie*, to appear hastily renovated and embellished, as is customary in this kind of situation, as though to say, "This is what I really look like, good people." Miss MERCLA SWINBURNE's staunch, managing, pretty *Clara* was just in the right key for the piece—an excellent performance. Miss MARIE LÖHR gave us an amusing little sketch of the excessively refined mannequin, *May Smythe*, and Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH was at his very best (which is very good indeed) in the part of the amiable, easily-puzzled lowbrow, *Harvey Mayfield*. An admirable entertainment. T.



A "PRETTY THING" IN SLUMBER-WEAR.

Harvey Mayfield MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH.
Susie Parsons MISS ATHENE SEYLER.
May Smythe MISS MARIE LÖHR.

fique, thrilled by the fine clothes, the elaborate flimsy furniture, the balcony giving on the sea, the luxurious bedroom and, above all, the attached bathroom all to herself. But no cavalier has appeared, and, though he is a secondary consideration in her mind, she feels that something has gone wrong and wires in despair for her friend, *Clara*. That high-principled young woman, suspecting that her friend has got into evil hands, rushes nobly to her rescue. The game of cross-purposes then begins in earnest—the dismay of *Harvey* faced with the bedizened imbecile *Susie* instead of his pretty *Clara*; the inconvenient intrusion of *Lady Laura*; the glib contradictory explanations of the chief conspirators, *Harvey* and *Stephen*; the pursuit of *Clara* by

melodrama returned to its ancient haunts; or delectable travesty of the same played with inordinate seriousness but without sufficient emphasis on its diverting absurdities; or disguised anti-feminist tract for the times of which the more appropriate but too obviously revealing title should be *The Donkey in Women*—I don't quite know. Perhaps the safest way to derive entertainment from it is to de-sophisticate oneself as far as is possible and yield to the operation of a good story of highly improbable people behaving quite impossibly in a preposterous situation.

Staying in a Malayan hotel giving upon a violently ultramarine bay is a slim, beautiful, stupid and pretentious young English girl. The only other occupants of this eccentric caravan-

"THE TIGER IN MEN"
 (ADELPHI).

Whether this stout play of Mr. DION TITHERADGE'S is to be viewed as straight

serai are a tall Englishman of independent means, who goes to bed gloriously drunk every night and pulls himself together every morning after with a stiff hair of the dog; an amiable French metallurgist, whose refreshments are Vichy in public and cocaine in private; a young American remittance-man, who ventures at poker money he hasn't got and loses to everybody, including the beautiful English girl with the "magnificent poker face"; and a stout and genial German, whose only vice is that he can't keep his hands off other people's money.

The young woman's father, a mining engineer of genius, had discovered tin in some distant Malayan caves only to be approached through miles and miles of all but impenetrable fever-haunted jungle infested with everything that bites, stings, claws or tramples, and, when attained, surrounded by superstitious natives who will blow-pipe you sooner than pass the time of day. The father, whether blow-piped or stricken with fever is not known, struggled back to die in his daughter's arms. And it is for his *Joyce*, the last of the *Gilmores* (happily, I think, in the interest of the higher eugenics), to carry on his unfinished work, not primarily for the sake of the untold wealth which, needing no pick or drill, is just lying about on the floors of the caves waiting to be shovelled into bags, but out of filial respect for a dying parent's last wish. The fat men in London on the Board of the Company for which *Gilmore* had worked have no faith in the proposition; and we are not surprised. It is for her, *Joyce Gilmore*, to stake her last sixpence, to organise and equip an expedition and to be its leader. And what more likely to secure her filial ends than to select the first four men she meets in a hotel, especially as each is badly bitten by his particular private tiger? So that if, as seems highly probable, nobody comes out of the business alive, well, four worthless lives will be sacrificed instead of four good ones. Everybody is much too polite to ask why only four.

By a series of homilies and insults heaped upon the four, including a slap in the face with her gloves to the owner of the alcoholic tiger, she prevails upon them to enlist. Two weeks later (and I calculate that not one of the expedition would have lasted two days) they are in a deserted hut-on-stilts, with walls and doors of matting not even dart-proof, except the door leading to her bedroom, which appears to be of solid wood and has evidently been brought through the jungle in the interests of propriety. All the men except *Hans*, who retains glimmerings of common-sense, are in love. With perhaps some

faint instinct of self-preservation masquerading as generosity the three lovers wish each other every success. And in other ways everybody has become ex-



THE PAGAN THAT HAS NO TIGER: OR, THE WHITE MAN OF THE PARTY.

Kria MR. HENRY CASS.
Joyce Gilmore . . MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

ceedingly noble, their tigers balked by lack of opportunity. But the expedition is in a bad way. The natives make threatening noises; a real man-eating



A TIGER FOR SPIRITS.

Hal Denham (Mr. IAN HUNTER) ABOUT TO BROACH THE KEROSENE FOR A DRINK, APPARENTLY WITH HIGHLAND HONOURS.

tiger howls and prowls nearby. The natives send a peremptory notice to quit before the sun shall shine over a certain rock. It is certain death to remain. But

Joyce, her lips brilliantly lip-sticked to the end and her donkey (bone-headed obstinacy) waxing fatter and fatter with exercise, refuses positively to leave. And to make matters worse the tigers in the men creep back.

The American hero is caught betting with himself at "Canfield" with home-made cards; *Hans* has been pinching the bearers' rice; the tall Englishman is hardly prevailed upon to refrain from drinking the kerosene out of the lamp; the Frenchman has secured some cocaine from a bearer and is only saved from doing rough violence to the lady of his desire (expressed in no uncertain manner—in the French tongue, for politeness' sake) by the Englishman, who is almost eaten by the tiger at the foot of the ladder as he rushes unarmed to her rescue. It is the American who gets the brilliant idea of actually shooting the beast instead of talking about him, and then only in the nick of time. And with the death of that noble animal, thought to be a spirit by the natives, their opposition vanishes and the expedition, less the Frenchman, who has meanwhile died quite honourably in *Joyce's* bedroom, is free to get back to the coast, with or without the swag.

The news of the deaths of the tiger and the Frenchman having been rather unpalatably delayed in the interests of the plot, which now becomes complex beyond belief, we have time to see the sun leap up with unastronomical suddenness over the fatal rock, and a coal-black native miss the fatuous *Joyce* with a blow-pipe at four yards; also to hear that idiotic young lady declare that she had loved her big Englishman from the first moment she set eyes on him, in his cups, and that's why she had hit him in the face with her glove.

Mr. IAN HUNTER (Englishman), Mr. DION TITHERADGE, the author (Frenchman), Mr. ALEXANDER CLARK (American) and Mr. PHIL WHITE (German) exercised or restrained their respective tigers with discretion. Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN had too unsuitable and unattractive a part to be very convincing. The author has sprinkled his woeful tragedy with a sound assortment of lively and amusing lines. T.

MORAL ALLIES.

[Signor MUSSOLINI has lately started a crusade against the present fashions for women, which he considers immoral.—See *Daily Press*.]

Dame Grundy's left our shores, to find The counterpart of her chaste mind

In MUSSOLINI'S;
What blessed harmony is there,
Since neither of the worthy pair

Can bear to see knees! R. F.

ORE AUREO.

ONCE upon a time, in pre-war days, there was born a baby girl. It was very much the usual sort of thing; it had irregular tufts of hair, and eyes as yet of an indeterminate colour; and no doubt it was the merest chance that a good fairy should have chosen this particular babe as her *protégée*.

As a general rule, fairies in the twentieth century do their work unobtrusively. That baby you saw in the park intent upon biting its big toe may have had a magic wand waved over it; but no one will ever suspect it until in due course the infant becomes a Hollywood Queen or wins the Calcutta Sweep with one reluctantly-purchased ticket. The fairy, however, that had taken a fancy to Griselda—for so our puling heroine was named—was old-fashioned enough to appear in person at the christening, and to bestow an old-fashioned gift that had always been very much appreciated, namely, that, whenever Griselda spoke, gold would drop out of her mouth.

Griselda's father pooh-poohed the whole affair; for, although he was equal to sustaining the conviction that the new engineer would discover oil in the Perro Muerto Oilfields, he could not believe in fairies. And, while it must be admitted that he waited feverishly for the day when Griselda should begin talking, he only said, "Just what I expected," when the mite's first intelligible utterance, "Nigh-shee" ("Nice"), came over without, so to speak, any cash on delivery.

Years passed by. Griselda's eyes were now of a cornflower-blue, and her golden hair was long enough to sit upon; she had, in effect, all the points of a damsel in whom a good fairy has been taking a very strong personal interest. The incident at her christening had long since been written off and forgotten, but on her eighteenth birthday, when she came down to her presents on the breakfast-table and trilled, "Oh, how lovely!" three pieces of gold, exactly one for each word, fell out of her mouth and tinkled with a pleasant old-world ring against the coffee-pot. Griselda's father was able to explain to her that they were half-sovereigns.

As the novelty wore off the gift did not bring much happiness. For one thing, the local income-tax collector became a daily visitor. And Griselda's father grumbled incessantly because he thought it horribly mean of the fairy to make it only half-sovereigns per word when she might just as easily have made it sovereigns per syllable.

The gift brought dissension in the home. Griselda's father, although he

was now a self-centred widower, saw it as only his plain duty to devote his life to watching over Griselda's interests. So he threw up his post in the City and planned to buy a couple of cars, a new set of clubs, and a nice house with its own billiard-room in a good fishing district, preferably near a bowling club. But Griselda not only spurned his parental tutelage, she kept him short of cash; and sometimes, when he had swallowed his pride and had come to her for money, she would sit smiling mutely and let the golden moments slip away into eternity without so much as coughing up a solitary half-quad.

Once she sat munching chocolates when a word from her—or, to be more exact, a paragraph or two—would have provided her father with the extra cover needed on some drooping tin shares. It was most humiliating for him to be marched down to the bank by Griselda at the eleventh hour and to have the amount required, to the nearest half-sovereign, paid in to his account by Griselda literally by word of mouth.

Griselda, of course, became in great demand as an opener of charity functions, where her speeches, accompanied by therhythmic tinkle of half-sovereigns, never seemed too long or her words ill-chosen. A career awaited her in politics, for the leaders of all the parties were united in thinking that she would contribute effectively to any debate. But it was English literature that attracted Griselda, for, as she was soon to write, "The difference between the modern girl and between her mother is that she likes to really express herself." A newspaper peer, who doesn't mind what he pays for journalistic matter so long as it is not the work of a journalist, gave Griselda her wish, and the rate per word which he offered her rivalled that which she received from her fairy godmother.

Romance came to Griselda. She rejected the first suitor as a half-wit, because he was too gentlemanly to allow a lady to bear any share of the expenses. She rejected the second as a fortune-hunter because he had a delicacy about paying for a lady to whom money was almost an embarrassment. And her dismissal in each case was expressed in such a torrent of words, with the corresponding half-sovereigns, that the mahogany table in the sitting-room became piled with gold like Ye Olde Pre-Warre Banke Counters.

The third did much better. Probably the good fairy was partial to him and had arranged for him to be the third and, according to precedent, the fortunate suitor. At any rate he was handsome and had, moreover, kinky hair. He declared solemnly that to

him Griselda's gift was her only flaw. He taught her to speak to him only with her eyes so that the sordid stream of gold should not sully their idyll. But when he put the vital question in the conservatory she could not help breaking into an excited whisper, "Do you love me for myself alone?" and the sudden rattle of seven half-sovereigns on the tiled floor caught him off his guard. He did for himself for ever with Griselda by breaking from their embrace and instinctively putting his foot on the coins.

It was now that things went wrong. It may be that Griselda, by rejecting the third suitor, committed an unpardonable solecism in the good fairy's eyes; certainly there is no instance of the rejection of a third suitor in GRIMM. But, whatever the reason, Griselda's stream of gold suddenly dried up, and this was a very great pity, because she was about to begin a series of readings of the articles of Mr. J. L. GARVIN into a special vault at the Bank of England with the object of wiping out our debt to the U.S.A.

BOONDOGGLE.

THE CHIEF SCOUT has recently been presented by the University of Liverpool with a Degree, and by the scouts of America with a boondoggle. Of the two, I think I should prefer the boondoggle. Great as is the honour conferred by the Seat of Learning, there is a homely flavour about the other gift which touches the heart even more.

"Boondoggle." It is a word to conjure with, to roll round the tongue; an expressive word to set the fancy moving in strange and comforting channels; and it rhymes with "goggle," "boggle," and "woggle," three of the most light-hearted words in the English language.

It sounds like the crooning of a mother to her child; like the bubbling of a brook to a thirsty traveller; above all, it sounds like forty-two nations extracting fifty thousand brace of cheerful feet from the particular brand of mud enjoyed at Arrowe Park.

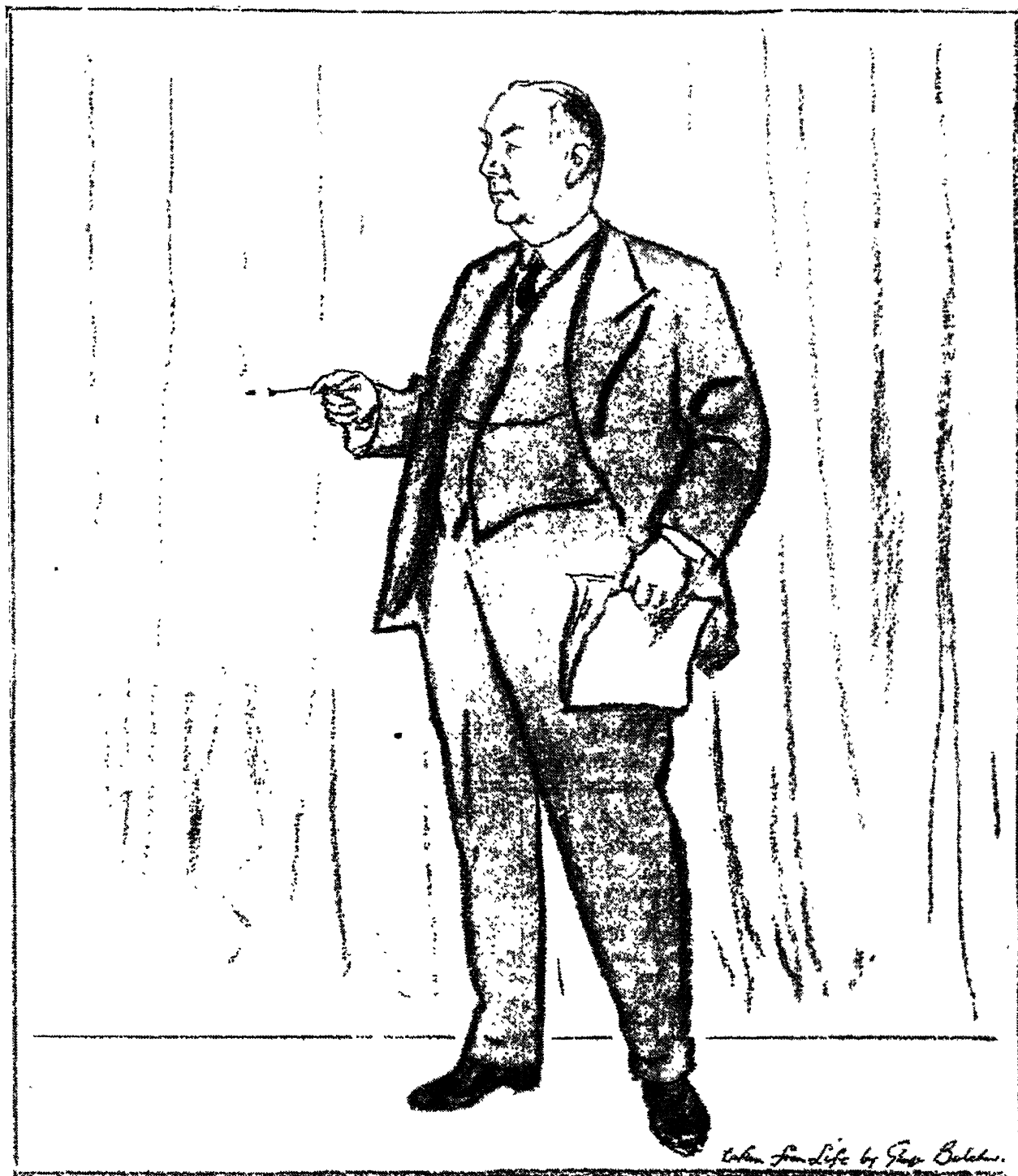
When you ask the American Scouts about the boondoggle they slowly move their gum from one cheek to the other before they answer. And it is like that too.

Guests We Cannot Afford.

"'Glenhyrst,' home of E. L. Cockshutt, Ava road, was the scene of a most unusual gathering this evening when some \$5,000 Anglicans of Brant district gathered at a garden party."
Canadian Paper.

"The Management of the Nuneaton Hippodrome are retaining 'The Singing Food' for another week."—*Warwickshire Paper.*

This should come as a great relief to all residents in Nuneaton.



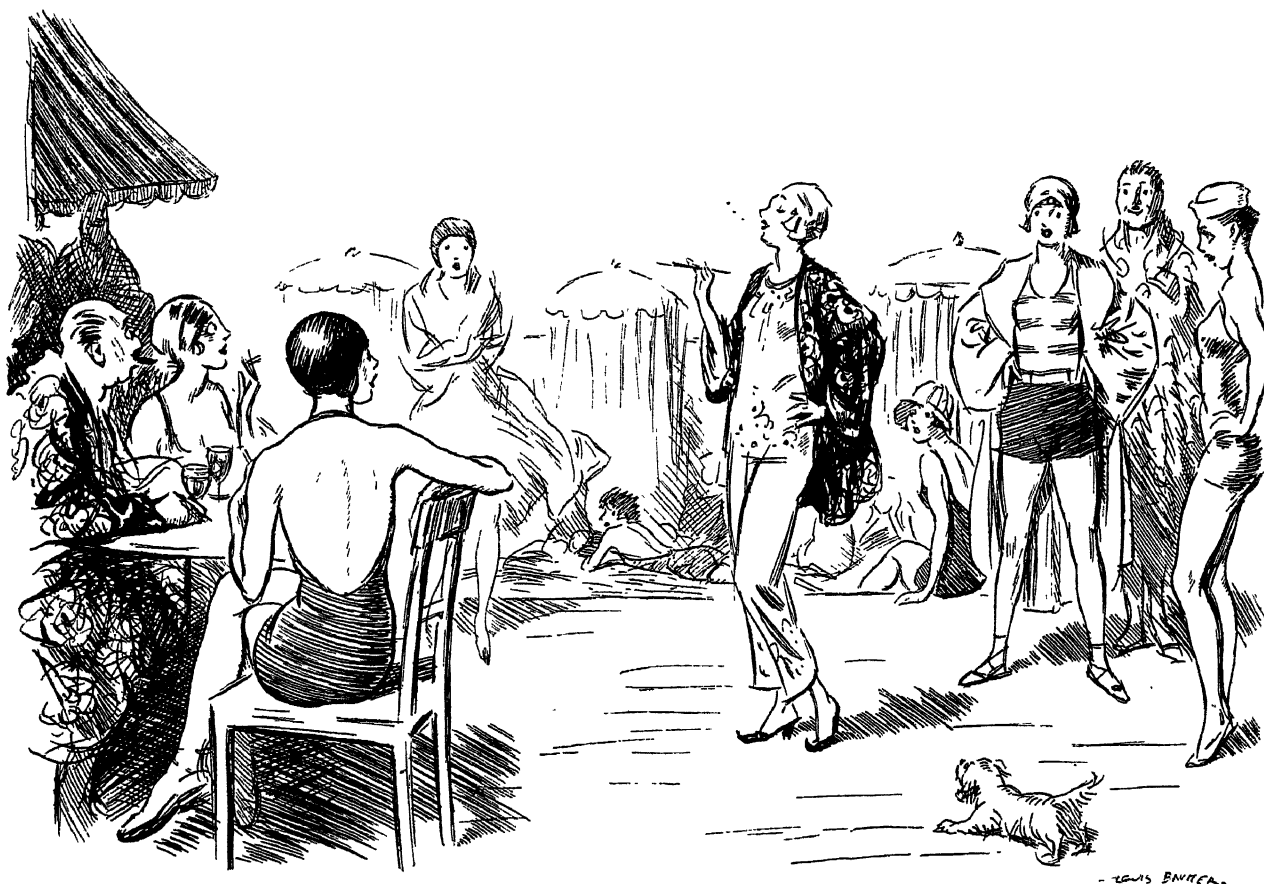
MR. EDGAR WALLACE.

Bookmakers play an endless game.

*When (roughly) thus KING SOLOMON wrote,
He hadn't heard of EDGAR'S name.*

*To count the books this robot makes
With hand of iron that never aches
Would be to totalise the Tote.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—CI.



HINTS TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS: HOW TO BE DIFFERENT.

WEAR PYJAMAS AT DEAUVILLE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT will, I think, occur to an English public that the rather pitiless satire of *Young Mrs. Greeley* (HEINEMANN) bestows on individuals what should have been reserved for institutions. I at any rate cannot go all the way with Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON in his ridicule of two particular American business men's two particularly silly wives, when the whole system to which the quartet belongs puts so high a premium on inanity. *Mrs. Greeley* and *Mrs. Hedge*—in intimacy *Stella* and *Aurelia*—inhabit two adjacent "kitchenetteapartments." *Stella's Bill* and *Aurelia's Henry* work at a hardware factory. *Stella* and *Aurelia* have nothing to do but manicure their nails, visit the "pictures" and talk scandal. *Bill* is promoted over the head of *Henry*, and *Aurelia* suggests, partly in malice and partly in sheer abandonment to the film mind, that *Bill* owes his preferment to the boss's eye for *Stella*. *Stella* allows herself to be fired by this false insinuation, and at a big "tuck" to celebrate *Bill's* rise the boss unwillingly feeds the flames. Utterly beside themselves the two women pile up a whole Spanish castle of dreams, while their spouses—the *Hayseed* type, with business-instinct substituted for mother-wit—look helplessly on. Finally an intimate party at the boss's, where *Stella*, overdressed and understocked with social clichés, crashes rather badly, shatters the romance. I cannot sufficiently praise the clearness and economy of Mr. TARKINGTON's presentment of this poor tragedy. I can only regret that his technique is clearer than his social philosophy and that his principal economy

strikes me as having been an economy of justice. I can envisage *Stella* and *Aurelia* as cockshies, but only as two of a row, their companions being the ridiculously complacent top-dogs and still more ridiculously complacent underdogs of their muddled and rather maudlin world.

The clean pungent writing of *Sydney Smith* is much too good to be lost in the flood of modern literature. *The Letters of Peter Plymley* (DENT), potent instrument in the cause of Catholic emancipation, with some controversial essays and even a sermon or two, put together with a witty introduction by Mr. G. C. HESELTINE, all show that strong sanity, that scorn of cant and rejection of mawkishness carried to the degree of a positive quality, which characterise him even more than his irrepressible mirth. His profoundest meditations come with a loud voice and great gusts of laughter. His sermon to the assembled Corporation of Bristol on the occasion of an anti-popish celebration, even though he himself would have none of "that Catholic nonsense," was so full of uncompromising toleration and plain home-truth that he feared he would break the repose of the turtle consumed at the preceding banquet; and only when he was fighting in the cause of the boy chimney-sweeps—children of five years old chosen for their smallness to climb the narrowest flues—did he drop the fun and strike home in deadly earnest. Iniquitous game-laws, rotten boroughs, wooden-headed railway companies—he thundered down upon the supporters of all alike with a clubbed feather-bed of romping ridicule that was obliterating in its effects but left no sting, remaining himself through all his crusading sallies the cheerful Church-

man who fain would have Liberty; but let it be managed with "soft-beds, good dinners and fine linen for the rest of my life." Never was there a stay-at-home town-loving clergyman who carried so much sail to the fresh airs of common-sense. He is a rollicking sea-captain slanging a lubberly crew in the accents of an Oxford don and with the diction of a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's.

In *The Sword Falls* we're shown the plan

On which an ordinary man
Tackles the daily round of work
That falls to (so he'd say) a clurk.
Also we're shown the kind of thing
That greets him of an evening,
The friends he meets, the jokes he makes,

The sandwiches and buns and cakes
Consumed by guests the day his son
Reaches the thrilling age of one.
We see how, merciless and grim,
The sword of war descends on him,
And how when it is over he,
A maimed bereaved nonentity,
Resumes his job without a word,
Much as though nothing had occurred.

This, the bare outline of the tale
ALLEN AND UNWIN have for sale—
A scheme pedestrian enough
If you regard it in the rough—
ANTHONY BERTRAM vivifies
With every sort of mild surprise,
Bringing a vision which discerns
Small wholly unfamiliar turns
Linked with a style in which I trace
No single touch that's commonplace.

I confess to a distinct weakness for mere tales of episode rendered easier for the uptake by the fact that they all concern one dominating character. Very pleasant work in this vein is produced by Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES in her latest batch of short stories, a baker's dozen of

adventures and misadventures all befalling one middle-aged Duchess. Wealthy, charming and of an amusingly "dated" Victorian simplicity, *Duchess Laura* gives herself to an unfashionable brand of good works—those which involve taking personal trouble and responsibility while relegating the worker entirely to the background. The quandaries of her own children and maturer members of her own set claim her just as surely as the personal difficulties of the poor, and all three take precedence of social problems at large. This being so, you can imagine *Duchess Laura* in some sufficiently delicate situations and her family, while extremely proud of her, not a little apprehensive of her activities. A selfish seducer must be got to make an honest woman of a favourite god-daughter; a sentimental daughter must be headed off a dangerous passion; there is a feud over a grandchild's christening to compose, a stolen heirloom to retrieve without scandal. Scandal occasionally stalks too close to be comfortable; rough drafts of a State document vanish from a guest's sitting-room; the *châtelaine* herself comes near to figuring on the expensive side of a libel action. In all these dilemmas and half-a-dozen others the Duke



Edna (to Joan). "TOO WONDERFUL. ISN'T IT, LEAR? HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE WAVY BRIMS?"

(who is as unpopular as his wife is the reverse) sits quietly in the backwash of his lady's charitable excesses and trims the family boat. As the accompaniment of a hammock and a hot afternoon, *Duchess Laura: Certain Days of her Life* (WARD, LOCK) seems to me undoubtedly worth securing.

What a wonderful book would *University College, London, 1826-1926* (UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS) be had Mr. H. HALE BELLOT, the author, suppressed his lists of many many names and substituted for them character-sketches of the elect few! That a book with such a title should dismiss W. P. KER, A. E. HOUSMAN and A. J. PLATT in this sentence: "In Ker, Housman and Platt the college had a trio not exceeded by any group in its history, in reputation or in its affections" is a kind of treachery, or would be so if the scheme of the work allowed for a more human treatment. But unfortunately it does not, and upwards of four hundred very large pages have been filled in the process of merely recording the growth and makers of the Gower Street institution. In the first half, it is true, space has been found for a quotation from BAGEHOT's famous

description of CRABB ROBINSON'S nose, which has the effect of causing the reader to want more in the same vein; but that wish could not be gratified. CAMPBELL the poet was the real originator of University College, but BROUGHAM, the public advocate of the cause, does not seem to have been emphatic in denial when praise for that deed was offered to himself. On the practical side ISAAC LYON GOLDSMID and FRANCIS PLACE were of the greatest assistance; and thus in 1826 the first stone was laid of the building where gentlemen who did not propose to become Greek or Latin scholars or to take holy orders might be fitted for the world of facts and commerce and be able to meet on level terms some of the technicians they employed. The story of University College, from its beginnings to the present time, is of the deepest interest, and Mr. BELLOT deserves the warmest praise for his clear arrangement and selective skill; but I shall continue to hope that a more intimate account of the greater Gower Street figures may one day be ours. In order to illustrate the dress and manners of the medical student of the eighteen-forties a page has been borrowed from Mr. Punch.

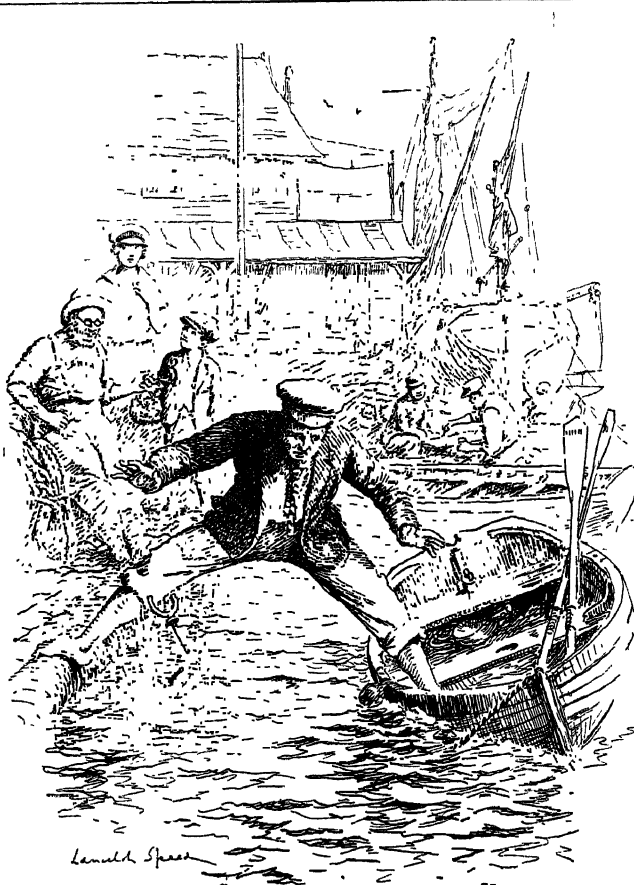
HERMANN SUDERMANN, who died last year, undoubtedly stood at the head of the German novelists of his generation, but it was a generation which had had its day. It is not merely that he was pre-War; so are SCHNITZLER and even HEINRICH MANN. He was whatever is the German equivalent for Victorian, a *naturaliste* of the 'nineties. The conscientious realism of *The Mad Professor* (LANE), which Miss ISABEL LEIGHTON has rendered into fairly adequate American, has little in common with MANN'S merciless analysis. It is a very long book and its reading entails a curious mixture of tedium and interest. Your impulse to skip is nicely balanced by your desire to know what is going to happen. Dr. Sieburth, the "mad professor," who, by the way, is not a full professor until near the end of the story, is a lecturer in philosophy at Königsberg, SUDERMANN'S own university. He is brilliant and unorthodox. He flouts accepted opinion by mocking HEGEL on the platform and BISMARCK in the common-room. His private life is scandalous, a complication of loves polite and sordid, platonic and not so. SUDERMANN'S seven hundred pages are the story of the steps which lead him from cynicism to despair, from the position of suspect to that of pariah, and to tragedy in the moment of professional triumph. They are too many pages. Sieburth talks too much. Nevertheless he is a living figure, and so, if with a lesser intensity, are his colleagues and pupils and mistresses. And round them the old German world of beer and philosophy lives again. For SUDERMANN, after all, was a novelist of quality.

The Sleeping Fury (GOLLANCZ) is so broad in outlook and so admirably contrived and written that, were I not sadly perplexed by one of its principal characters, I should feel inclined to proclaim Mr. MARTIN ARMSTRONG as a complete master of his art. *Charlotte Hadlow* was born an aristocrat, her mother was an *Ebernoe*, and to the *Ebernoes Debreit* was more of a bible than a book. So, after *Charlotte's* sister had nearly broken what may be called *Lady Hadlow's* heart by marrying the son of a dentist, *Charlotte* really had to bring consolation to her mother by accepting a proposal of marriage from a parson who was also a peer. Indeed there was no reason why she should refuse the offer, for, if she did not love *Lord Mardale*, she certainly liked him, and all went well with them until *Charlotte* was caught in a whirlwind of passion for a young man. In this crisis *Lord Mardale* behaved with wonderful broad-mindedness; but subsequently, when his daughter wanted to marry a delightful youth who was well though illegitimately born, his behaviour was so entirely different that it passes my comprehension. That is the snag; but all the same Mr. ARMSTRONG is well on the way to remarkable achievement.

Commander KEBLE CHAT-
TERTON has perhaps been a trifle injudicious in arousing unduly high expectations on the reader's part by claiming for his book of nautical studies, *On the High Seas* (PHILIP ALLAN), that in it "will be found all the thrill and suspense, the drama and daring of imaginative fiction." The volume, like several previous books by the same writer, is a collection of stories drawn from old sea history and episodes of the Great War. It contains a good deal of interesting material, especially that relating to some of the lesser-known Arctic expeditions of the early nineteenth century; but the compilation is very loose and scrappy,

and much of the matter is either far from new or, despite its antiquity, rather small beer.

Any doubt of Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME'S cleverness will be banished for all time by *Tatter'd Loving* (COLLINS), in which she gives us an unforgettable study of a self-centred woman. The world does not contain supplies of love large enough to satisfy the demands of such women as *Vera Middleton*, but, through lack of imagination, she dissipated all the chances of being loved and adored that came her way. The scene in which she, adept in the subtleties of social life, verbally bullies the young man to whom her daughter was in the modern manner attached is almost painfully vivid, for *Vera*, while revelling in her attack upon this youth, was blindly unaware that she was irreparably hurting her daughter's feelings. So, while recognising the brilliance of the portraiture, I cannot acquit it of a certain ruthlessness.



Boy. "IS THAT MAN GOING OUT OR COMING IN?"
Old Salt. "DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE MADE UP HIS MIND;
BUT, IF YOU ASK ME, I SHOULD SAY HE'S GOING IN."

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN MR. YOUNG (of Young's Plan) was a boy, we are told, he rose at dawn to milk the cows. The opinion in certain quarters is that he will have to get up very early to milk the British Lion.

It is not known whether the Anti-Boy Scouts, recruited among young Communists, who are to hold their own Jamboree in Moscow, are required to do their daily bad turn.

A beauty-expert says women are now having their ears trained further back. This, of course, is the melon season.

Although a detective-inspector is said to have been saved by his long, thick, coarse hair when struck on the back of the head with an iron bar, the "Buns for Bobbies" movement finds little support at Scotland Yard.

A doctor advises those who want to keep fit to live dangerously. The man who practises the cornet next-door seems to be following that advice.

Good oysters are expected to be scarce this year, owing to the drought. Oysters do best in a wet sea.

Beer, according to a household hint, is the best thing that can be used for polishing old oak. The desired mellow effect is never produced by strictly teetotal treatment.

Speaking of the Eisteddfod as a deeply-rooted institution, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that people did not come from the farthest parts of the earth to see a reed shaken by every breeze. The woodwind, of course, is not the predominant feature of these festivals.

A leading hostess displays printed notices requesting guests not to tip her servants. All the same we should never be surprised to learn that many a sixpence is slipped under a plate.

It is reported from Kabul that the Ameer is slowly modernising himself, but there is no confirmation of the rumour that he is wearing ex-King AMANULLAH's old white topper.

Wrinkles caused by frowning at the sun, which are discussed by a beauty-specialist, should of course be treated similarly to creases produced by smiling at the rain.

Delegates to the Hague Conference are said to have required nothing special in the way of food. So much for the belief that they were fed on raw meat.

Boiling-point for water, a contemporary reminds us, decreases by one degree for every five hundred feet above sea-level. This should be taken into consideration when planning a picnic.

Lizards of a Canary Island species which have arrived at the Zoo are said to have a weakness for cheese and

A woman-writer's pity for the neglected wife of an angler is justified by the fact that his wide-spread arms are too seldom a gesture of affection.

A pigeon has nested in the bathroom of a Westminster flat, and we await the news that it has burst into song.

"I have been taking the waters at Surbiton," says a *Daily Express* writer. This raises the question of what is wrong with the Surbiton beer.

"Settle your differences with a kiss," says a lady-writer. New recruits should try this on the sergeant-major.

Four cows have just died in Westmorland from the effects of eating tar-

felting, glass, tins and gravel. While such food is not correct for cows, the addition of a sprinkling of barbed wire would have made it excellent fodder for Army mules.

MADAME HÉLÈNE PESSL, the Viennese beauty-specialist, says that if we want to be beautiful we must make a habit of looking in the mirror. This may be sound advice, but how many of us have the heart to do it?

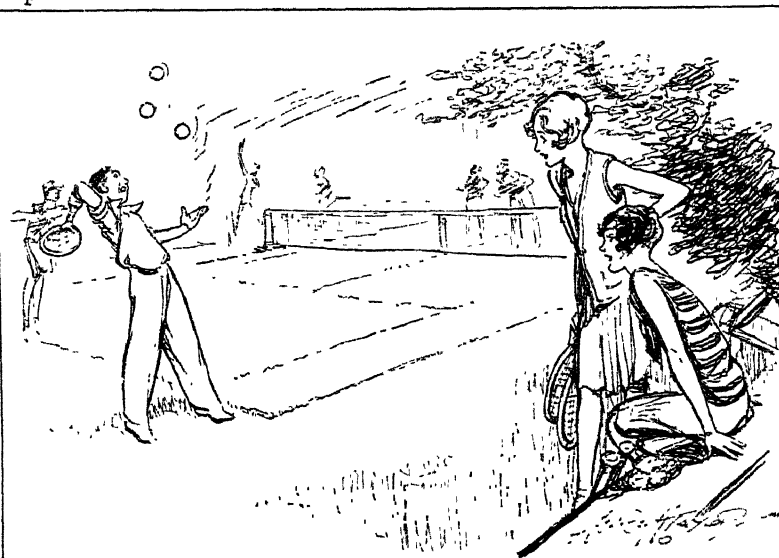
A toy balloon released at a fête at Wigan did not come down until it reached a town in Sweden, seven hundred-and-thirty miles distant. We leave to others to comment on this.

The latest motor-cars have two horns attached. The first sounds a gruff warning and the second a parting sneer.

President HOOVER spent his fifty-fifth birthday fishing. It must be hard for an American President who is an angler to live up to the GEORGE WASHINGTON tradition.

A large part of the area covered by one of our Colonial bishops is on the ocean. A life on the rolling sea!

Charing Cross station is to be moved to the other side of the river. The authorities, after due thought, concluded that this scheme would be simpler than moving the river to the other side of Charing Cross station.



Visitor. "SURELY HE HAS A MOST UNUSUAL METHOD OF SERVING."
Club Member. "YES, HE THROWS UP THREE BALLS AT ONCE AND HITS THE ONE HE LIKES BEST."

tomatoes. Such frugal fare would be rejected by the Argentine or lounge variety.

Banks are observed to be springing up at every street-corner where there used to be public-houses, and it is feared that the craving for overdrafts is likely to be aggravated by increased opportunities for bank-crawling.

In the opinion of Pipe-Major DOUGLAS TAYLOR the English people are fond of the bagpipes. Everybody will admit that the bagpipes are quite all right if people would only leave them alone.

Owing to the wobbling of the magnetic poles, it is pointed out, the latitude of every place is always changing, but it is feared that the League of Nations is powerless to deal with this potential cause of frontier disputes.

A PHRASE-BOOK REHEARSAL.

LAST night I ran into my friend Charles, complete with phrase-book, on his way to France for his long-promised holiday. Nothing would serve him but that we should dine together and that I should see him off at Victoria.

We entered our favourite restaurant, chose our accustomed table and were welcomed by our familiar waiter. Charles's first remark, made in an undertone as we sat down, came as a shock. "I do not like this table, this wine or this waiter. Cannot you find me something better?"

We looked reproachfully at him, and he apologised, tucking away his phrase-book under the table as he spoke.

"Only practising my dinner-table dialogues," he explained. "I memorise them in English first, you see; the French is harder, but I'm making progress by degrees. You don't mind, I hope?"

The waiter, still disapproving, handed *hors d'œuvre*, and Charles murmured rapidly, "Give me radishes, melon, sardines, sausages, celery, anchovy and lobster."

"You ordered iced grape-fruit, Sir," said the waiter with restraint.

Charles accepted it cheerfully. "Naturally, the portions can be divided," he continued, with a sidelong glance towards his little book.

"They don't trouble to answer that, I presume?" I said scornfully as the waiter withdrew in disgust.

"Oh, yes, they do," replied Charles. "On the very next page, I say quite firmly, 'We have divided the portions; cannot we also divide the coffee?' And when we have divided it I say, 'Do not sugar it; I will put in the sugar myself.'"

"Fish, Sir?" interrupted the waiter, returning.

"Turbot or sole, whichever is the fresher," responded Charles mechanically.

"If you go on as you've begun," I observed, "you won't be exactly popular, old chap. 'Whichever is the fresher!' What'll they say to that?"

"Say damn," began Charles absently, then stopped himself abruptly. "I've got that wrong. *Say damn*" begins the French for 'These ladies want a sweet wine.'"

"Will you be entertaining ladies often?" I asked ironically. Charles, when in England, is a retiring bachelor of quiet tastes.

"One never knows," he replied with caution. "In any case I'm prepared. I say first, 'Put plenty of flowers on the table,' and later, 'Which is your best wine for (a) the ladies? (b) the digestion?' *Hi!*"

At this explosive shout several of the other diners turned in their seats to stare at us; three waiters rushed swiftly towards our table; even the massive bulk of the manager stirred perceptibly as he glared at us from behind a palm.

"What did you do that for?" I exclaimed irritably. "The whole room's looking at us."

"They'll do more than look, I expect, in France," replied Charles placidly. "I shout 'Hi!' quite often," he went on as the sensation subsided: "to the lift-boy, to the waiter, to the taxi-man, to the Chief of Police—no, it's 'Good-bye' to him, followed by 'A thousand thanks.'"

"The manager," I said bitterly, "will say that in a moment as he puts us out. He's still looking at you. You need only learn the French for 'Good-night' after that; there won't be anything else for you to say."

Charles looked worried. "You'd think, wouldn't you, that '*Bonn nvee*' was quite all right?" he asked, frowning. "There's a snag, though." He fished up the phrase-book and announced impressively: "'*Bonn nvee*' is said *only just before going to bed*.' So it's no good for public occasions, you see. I shall have to say it to myself as I turn in, and that's a waste. '*Bonn swahr*' is what you say for 'Good-night' in ordinary circumstances. I shall mix up the two and be misunderstood, I know I shall."

"Your bill, Sir."

The waiter, disillusioned and vindictive, hung over us like Fate. Charles took it, waved him away and sat firmly down again.

"I do not care to receive my bill at the last moment," he remarked; "'I desire time in which to verify it.'"

"Charles," I said as I left him, "we're old friends. I wish you well in France, but I will not see you off. Instead I shall try to forget this unhappy evening and go straight home to bed."

"In that case," said Charles, his face lighting up suddenly, "I've not wasted that phrase after all. *Bonn nvee!*"

The Grouse-Step.

"On Tulloch, Mr. Douglas—had no organised shoot. gunners merely walking about." *Scots Paper.*

"A. P. F. Chapman, c Absent, b Hurt...O." *Cricketer Report in Bristol Paper.*

These two fieldsmen should go far.

"Although deep beneath the surface there may be a certain amount of racial antagonism, yet Sassenachs and English get on very well together, especially at this time of year. . . ." *Daily Paper.*

How different from Scots and Caledonians!

HINTS FOR STOWAWAYS.

THE anti-stowaway movement appears to be growing in intensity. Hardly an airship prepares to voyage round the world, or a plane to fly to the Far East, or a vessel to visit the Everlasting Ice, without an intensive search for stowaways.

The increasing hazards of stowaway-ing (or stowingaway) tend to make it a more attractive diversion than ever. It is surprising that more of our brighter youth of both sexes do not take up this setting for a holiday in preference to the caravan, the camp and the bathing-suit. To a certain type of feminine mind there must be something intriguing in the idea of tucking oneself into the tail of an aeroplane, to be discovered by a fascinating pilot after a forced landing in a desert; while the powers of endurance required by either sex to lie doggo for days in the dark, amid the odours and the verminous activity of the lower hold of a ship of adventure, must win an enviable admiration for the gently nurtured.

Beginners should not make the mistake of choosing too difficult circumstances. As an initial experiment one might select a motor-charabanc bound for Brighton. It is an easy matter under cover of darkness to steal into the garage where one of these big brutes stands waiting. There is room to lie nearly at full length in the sort of cupboard into which hand-luggage is flung piece by piece, and the quantity of baggage conveyed at this time of the year ensures that the stowaway is at last entirely hidden.

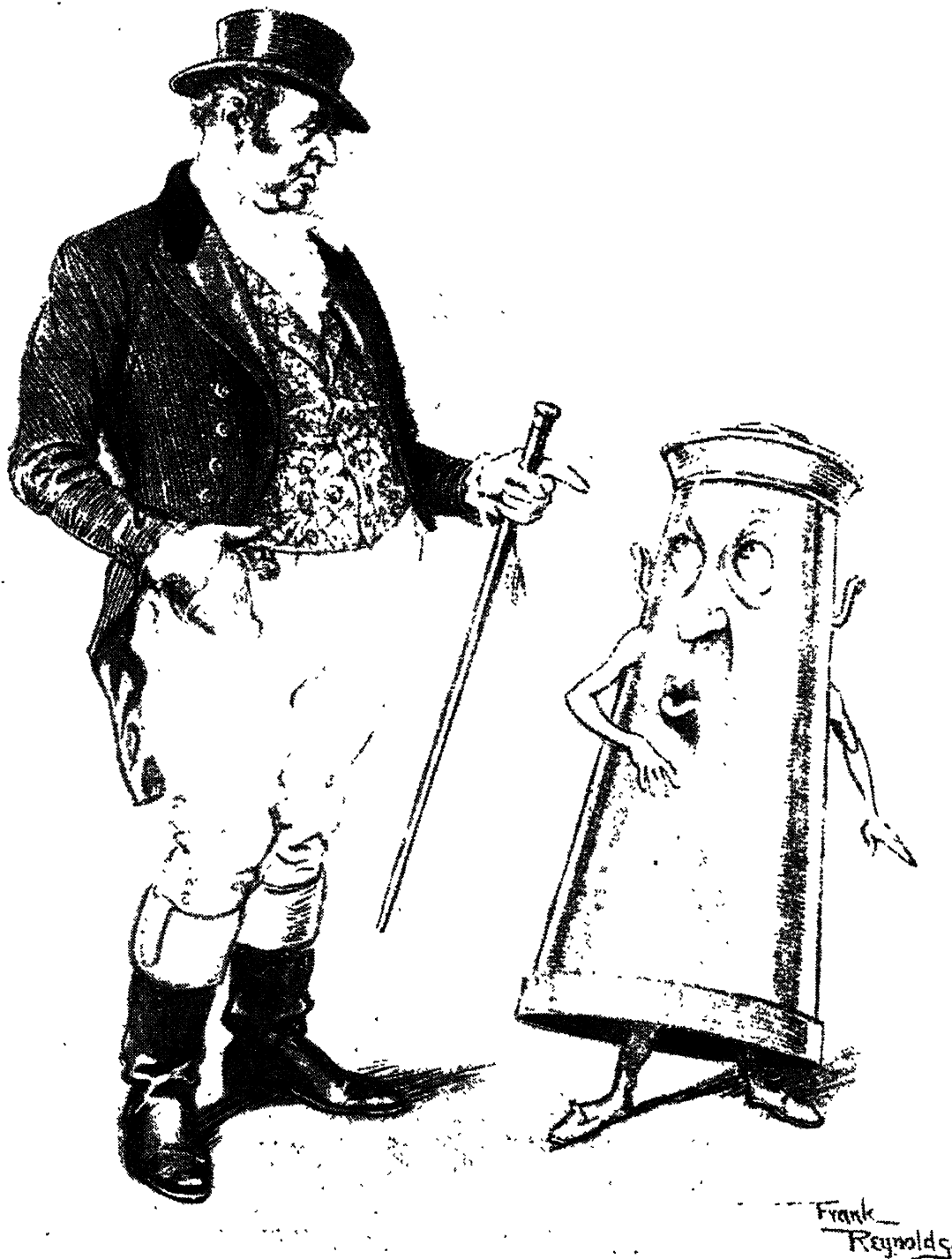
If it is desired to lie completely at full length, however, we can recommend the *Mauretania*, where there is more room. But even here the voyager should travel light. A toothbrush might be taken in case an opportunity can be snatched during the voyage to use it. A clean collar would be an asset if one were called upon to interview the captain. And if the bilge should be the only place available on board for concealment, a clothes-brush would be handy. Also a small bottle of liniment and some soothing ointment for bruises and abrasions might not come amiss.

And another thing—enough money should be taken for the return journey in case one preferred to come back in some other way.

"Thistlethwayte, on the giant Mercedes . . . tore round the fourteen miles in fifty-eight seconds, his great black and white car cornering beautifully."—*From account of the Irish Tourist Trophy Race in Daily Paper.*

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes Angulus ridet

when it's being turned at 868.96 miles per hour.



A NAME TO CONJURE WITH.

JOHN BULL (*to Representative of the Milk Trade*). "IF YOU GO ON SQUEEZING THE BRITISH PUBLIC I SHALL HAVE TO PUT MR. SNOWDEN ON TO YOU."



TAKEN AT HER WORD.

STUDY OF FAMOUS FILM STAR WHO HAS GIVEN OUT TO THE PRESS THAT SHE HATES BEING STARED AT.

THE UNENCUMBERED FEE SIMPLE.

III.—THE WELL.

It is, we both feel, something of a distinction to have a well on one's Unencumbered Fee Simple, especially as we have been told it is worth about a hundred pounds. All the same, to one who has been accustomed all his life to get water from a tap, a well seventy-foot deep is a bit of a problem. There seems to be a disproportionate amount of strenuous manipulation—dodging flying handles, listening for the arrival of the bucket on the water, winding up and so on, in order to bring within using distance one small bucket of water. Or—if Frances is doing it—one small half-bucket of water; for Frances has not got the steady hand required for good well-winding work. Frances, I fear, doesn't even know the proper way to let the bucket down, let alone bring it up.

As a matter of fact I didn't know this myself till I was told by a passing villager. The friendly interest, by the way, which all the villagers take in us is stupendous and cannot now be connected anywhere with financial gain,

for we are quite unable to divide up our washing and our garden-digging any further, and we have already arranged with three farms about eggs and milk. However. . . . The proper way, I gathered from my passing villager, of dealing with the empty bucket question was to let it run down of its own accord, retarding its motion with a hand on the rope to prevent too headlong a plunge. This of course is all very well for horny-handed sons of toil, but I, a lily-palmed Londoner, find it towards the end rather like holding a slippery red-hot poker. Also there is the question of the flying handle; only the other day the dog brought off a beautiful and unexpected parabola into a lilac at the end of the garden through walking over the handle just before I started.

On the whole and despite my instructions, I prefer to wind the thing down slowly and avoid accidents, and it was this which led to Frances' wonderful effort the other day.

She had watched me for some time unwinding deliberately with one hand and holding the dog with the other, and, without asking for information, came to the bright conclusion that there must be

some quicker method. So, waiting till I was proudly carrying off the water I had drawn, she took the other bucket and tried her method, to see if it were quicker.

There was no doubt that it was quicker—far quicker. The well is sixty-five feet to the top of the water and the acceleration of a falling body due to gravity is, as my friend Sir ISAAC tells me, "g," or thirty-two feet per sec., per sec. So that a bare two seconds or so after the bucket left the top it had reached the bottom and was then travelling at a speed of sixty-four feet per sec. It clove the surface with a thunderous roar that echoed up the well-shaft to heaven. Then it plunged on through the five feet or so of water into the clay bottom of the well.

"There!" said Frances triumphantly to herself and prepared to wind up again. Nothing stirred; so she took a firmer grip of the handle and prepared even further. Still nothing moved.

"Coo!" said Frances brightly and called me. "I believe it's stuck."

I came and leant hard against the handle. Even for me nothing happened, except that the rope acquired a truly

terrific tension, and, when inadvertently touched by Frances, it quivered in the manner of a gigantic harp-string and gave off a note of portentous depth (at least sixty-five feet deep), something like I should imagine the Last Trump will be. Frances looked both reverent and awestruck.

"Did I do that?" she said and, reaching out a finger, did it again. This time, since I was pressing with a little more force, the note was a trifle higher. Frances was terribly pleased.

"Tighten up a little more," she commanded; "we're not in tune yet. Doh-ray-me-faah! . . . A leetle more, please . . ."

"Peace, woman!" I snapped. "Leave your five-finger exercises and come and help me."

Together, with a noise like a plesiosaurus taking its foot out of a mesozoic swamp, we pulled the bucket up. We wound away slowly—very slowly, for the wreck of a submarine, a heavy one, appeared to have become entangled with our pail.

At last we got it up. Frances took one look inside, shuddered and turned away.

"Have we been drinking that?" she asked in a strangled voice.

"We couldn't have *drunk* that," I said. "We might have *eaten* some of it, but then we should have known—"

"But I thought wells had water in them?"

I peered into the mass of viscous yellow clay. "There *is* water," I pointed out, showing her an inch of thick soupy liquid at the top of the bucket. "At least a cupful; all there was room for in the pail. You see, besides water wells also have bottoms, and you apparently preferred to bring that up instead. You'd better put it back at once or all the rest of the water will fall out."

"Don't be funny about it. I think it's disgusting. Why, we might die. . . I feel unwell already."

"Nonsense! Look at me. Do I look unwell?"

"You must get a sample analyzed at once," she said. "Who does it?"

"A geologist," I suggested, but it didn't go down well and so I told her the county analyst would probably see us through. Frances sent me in to get a bottle, fill it with a specimen of our ordinary well-water—not the muddy brand—and visit the county analyst that very afternoon.

A county analyst is rather a hard person to find, but generally speaking he lives in the centre of the county. With the help of a borrowed car I discovered him at last and handed over my precious bottle full of well-water. He looked at it suspiciously, shook it up till it got a head on it and then put



Friend (to female with enormous pile of luggage). "HALLO, DEAR! WHERE ARE YOU SPENDING THE WEEK-END?"

it away in a sort of safe. Personally I didn't blame him.

"I'll send the analysis along in a day or two," he said.

It came in ten days' time. There was nothing much wrong. Our well-water apparently possessed what I was informed were the usual ingredients of water, in addition presumably to the hydrogen and oxygen of one's school-days. That is to say, there were lime and chalk, and traces of iron and sulphur, and so on; but in addition to these my well-water had a quite unsuspected component.

To be precise, the sample, according to the analyst, showed strong traces of malt, hops and alcohol, in other words ordinary beer.

Frances can't understand, but I, who omitted to wash the bottle previous to putting in my sample, have a strong suspicion. But I shan't let on to anyone. You see, I was told that my well was worth a hundred pounds, but should I ever want to sell it I could, I feel confident, by showing that official analysis, get at least one thousand pounds for the thing. Wells with beer are not so common in England nowadays. A. A.



Young Man. "THESE CONTINENTAL RESORTS WANT SOME LIVING UP TO. I LOST TWENTY THOUSAND FRANGS AT THE TABLES LAST NIGHT."

Habituee. "AH, WELL, WE'VE ALL GOT TO BEGIN IN A SMALL WAY."

THE GROCER.

THE Song against the Grocers*

And all that does belong,
I love it well, for, oh, Sirs,
It is a splendid song,
Although it says that always
A grocer is to shun
In great ways and in small ways,
With no exceptions—none.

"The wicked grocer" gaily
Exists, I understand,
To dose cane-sugar daily
With little grains of sand;
And "Out on such a doser!"
I hear you all repeat,
Yet some men love the grocer
That serves Great Coram Street.

In guile he goes, revealing
The blood of which he came;
He lies, he's double-dealing,
And *Jorrocks* is his name;
But oh! a grocer never
Had equal space in shelves,
And—Coram Street for ever!—
We love him like ourselves.

*In Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON'S *The Flying Inn* and elsewhere.

And *why*? As Bread supports
Man

Here's reason and here's
rhyme—
Because old *J.*'s a sportsman,
A sportsman all the time;
Because he is the Master
Of Handley Cross, and oh!
Because, now years run faster,
We loved him long ago.
Because he bids immortals
To serve him in his sin;
Pigg opes the kennel portals
And *Benjamin* whips-in;
Because in grasslands' greenness,
Or where the great ploughs
lean,
The fellow stands for *keenness*,
Insatiably keen.
The reprobate old rascal;
Since, here to heaven above,
To hunt is all he'd ask—all,
I love him for that love!
And, though they mix still closer
Their sands and sugar, nay,
Till all sands run away,
I'll always love a grocer
For sake of *Mr. J.*

P. R. C.

HOW TO GO ON THE RIVER.

By the river I mean the Thames, and if you must go on it be careful to choose a good spot. Don't, for instance, try to enjoy yourself off Wapping, or even near Blackfriars Bridge.

Quite apart from the fact that the scenery is all wrong you will meet strange craft known as barges, and when I say you will meet them, you won't if you are wise.

Barges are occupied by people called bargees, and bargees are excellent fellows, but they lose their self-control if you get in their way, and you can hardly go on the river at Wapping or Blackfriars without getting in their way. Then they say things, and the things they say are such that you might as well be sitting in the stalls at a modern play and not be on the river at all.

The proper place to go on the river is at Maidenhead or Cookham or somewhere like that. The river isn't so muddy higher up, and not nearly so wide if you ever have to swim ashore, which shouldn't be necessary, but you never know.

Bargees don't go much to places like Maidenhead and Cookham, because barges only carry coal and wood and things like that, and people at Maidenhead or Cookham want things like lobster-mayonnaise and caviare and champagne, and these aren't carried in barges; well, not regularly.

So when you want to go on the river go to some such place as Maidenhead, and then, if you don't like the look of the water, you can go to a club and dance instead, because there are lots of clubs up the river.

There are clubs down the river too, of course, but mostly the kind of clubs where you save up to get a goose at Christmas, and they aren't so good for dancing.

When you get to Maidenhead you have to decide what sort of boat you want. If you are tired of life you take a canoe. Canoes are funny little boats, quite sharp at both ends, and if you are not very sharp in the middle they turn upside down; or, if you sit at one end, the other goes up in the air unless there is somebody else there to keep it down.

The best sort of boat to get is a punt, because the punt has a flat bottom and is ever so much better behaved than a canoe. There is lots more room too, and you want that for your gramophone and wireless set and ukelele and picnic-basket and cushions, and all those things that you really need if you are going on the river properly.

Then you can stand up in a punt if you want to. You can stand up in a canoe too, but not for long; whereas in a punt you can stand up for hours and hours; and it is far easier to smack at the gnats who have gone on the river too if you are standing up.

As a matter of fact you really have to stand up to make the punt go along. This is quite simple, and you do it with a long pole; you stick it in the bottom of the river and push like anything, and that makes the punt go along. But you must stop pushing at the right moment so that you go along too, and don't get left behind with the pole in your hands.

When you have stopped pushing at the right moment you pull up the pole, wait for the water to run up your sleeve and then stick it in the river again nearer to the place where you are going.

If you keep on doing this the punt will go along quite nicely, and the others who are lying on the cushions and watching you will say how well you are doing it until you hit something.

After you have bounced off a few things you turn into a side-lane where the branches keep trying to push you out of the punt. This is called a back-water.

Now is the time to tie up the punt,



Scots Mother (to Grandfather). "THE BAIRN OUGHT TO BE AT HIS BOOKS. YE'LL DESTROY HIS MIND WI' YER FREEVOLOUS GOIN'S-ON."

and then you can sit down and dry yourself where the pole has dripped on you, while the others get the food out and the gramophone and the wireless going, and soon everything is going on just as if you were on dry land, and, if it wasn't for the flies and the gnats, you would hardly know you *were* on the river.

When it is time to go home and you have to push the punt in that direction, you wish you hadn't pushed it so far on the way out because then you wouldn't have so far to push it back again.

Still, that's the proper way to go on

the river, and when you have tried it you will know why the output of motor-cars in this country is steadily on the increase.

Statements Which are Beyond Dispute.

"U.S. PRISONS TO BE ENLARGED.

... The present large prison population is attributed by Department of Justice officials to the increase in crime."—*Irish Paper*.

"... keepers stood in front of the leafy case where the stick-insects live, exchanging roguish smiles."—*Daily Paper*.

They say that Mr. HAROLD LLOYD is indebted to these little Phasmidae for the idea.

ERIC AND THE "MAURETANIA."

Eric had taken the triumph of the *Bremen* very much to heart, which is only natural, for he is himself a British shipowner in a fairly large way. His fleet sails twice daily, once in my bath and once in his. At other times it is laid up in dry dock on the sponge-rack.

He felt that the Atlantic crossing was not a final test and decided to hold, with my co-operation, a race for the Blue Ribbon of the Bath Tub, so to speak, at which the Red Ensign might have another opportunity to vindicate its prestige.

Of the craft available, *Benjamin*, the Thames barge, long since dismasted and more than disreputable in appearance, is famous for her seaworthiness rather than her speed—indeed she depends entirely on external means of propulsion even though, when Eric makes storms with his toes or unlooses a double water-spout from the taps, she is the only one that can keep the seas. As for the submarine, she is generally believed to hold the world's open record for submersibility; no sooner launched but she proceeds at once to the bottom and abides there tranquilly until you are bored and fish her out with your hand. Neither of these, therefore, appeared to us to possess the particular qualities demanded of an ocean greyhound. Remained the motor-boat and the steamer, both, as becomes comparatively recent additions to the fleet, still capable of navigation under their own power. When I tell you that the latter has four funnels and that the former displays on her stern the proud device "Made in Germany," you will agree that their rôles as British and German champion respectively were appointed to them by destiny and that Eric and I had really nothing to do with it.

The course was to be twice the length of the bath, starting and finishing at the taps, with Eric as starter and myself as steward of the course at the other end, to turn them when they touched.

The first test was indecisive, as Eric had turned on the cold tap to make weather conditions more realistic, with the result that both craft foundered almost immediately and required to be baled before they were in a fit state to resume. Here the superiority of the British ship was plainly evident, for, whereas the *Bremen* could only be induced to evacuate slowly through the nose and with much shaking, the funnels and superstructure of the *Mauretania* were found to be readily detachable, thus permitting her by the simple process of inversion to be emptied at once. The second test would, I maintain, have

been a tie anyway, even if I had not in my natural excitement failed to prevent the *Mauretania* from fouling the *Bremen* at the turn. Thereafter the Locarno spirit prevailed, and they completed the course arm-in-arm as it were, to the scorn of Eric, who sacked me forthwith and assumed the duties of steward of the course in addition to his own.

In the third test the *Bremen* made all the running and should really have won, had not Eric derogated sadly from that austere standard of impartiality that one expects from a steward of the course by intervening at a crucial moment of the race. With his assistance the hard-pressed *Mauretania* deftly divested herself of her funnels much in the same way as you will see M. BOROTRA discard his beret at the turning-point of the fifth set, and so just managed to scrape home by half her hurricane deck.

We told each other that it had been a great race, and I was glad to notice that he had the grace to avoid meeting my eye as he put the boats away and retired, leaving me in vacant possession of the course for the purpose of my customary ablutions. But one does not escape the punishment of complicity so lightly; for I had no sooner entered the bath than I became poignantly aware of the presence of a foreign body, four-pronged, trenchant, in immediate contact with myself, which a single excruciating second sufficed to identify. I was sitting on the funnels of the *Mauretania*.

PLEASANT SUNDAY MORNINGS.

II.—WITH MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE.

The Contemporary Drama.

(1) *Pipes.*

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Bristol to ask my opinion on a question of some importance to the future of the drama. Since she appears to have a mind (unlike most of our young dramatists) and shows no taint of an Oxford education, I propose to answer her question at length. Most of the people who write to me are nit-wits. There is no mind in their remarks. I had a letter from Wolverhampton yesterday which must have been the work of a hippopotamus. I am of course accustomed to abuse, which I enjoy. A dramatic critic who gets no abuse is a critic who has been no use. On Thursday a lady wrote from Hull to complain of what I said last week about short skirts in my article on IBSEN. She said I reminded her of a bull in a china-shop. I will give my readers my answer in full, for it pleases me:—

DEAR MADAM,

There are many china-shops in

which a bull would do a lot of valuable work; and if there were more bulls in my particular china-shop there would be fewer managers tearing their hair in the box-office, fewer fine actors on the streets, and fewer puling young persons from Oxford and Hampstead on the stage. The cheap and gaudy tea-sets of the Tottenham Court Road cry aloud for an energetic bull. They have no mind. Their makers, having no taste themselves, underestimate the taste of the public. The Shaftesbury Avenue drama is in the same condition, but worse. Not one bull is needed, dear lady, but a drove.

Yours, etc., ST. JOHN ERVINE.

I do not object to personal abuse. It is this absence of *mind* which distresses me in my correspondents, and indeed in nearly everyone else. I often look about me at the spectacle of modern civilisation and suddenly realise that nobody else has a brain—with the possible exception of my friend MR. SHAW. Yesterday I saw three young men standing at the edge of a pavement in the West End watching one man working a mechanical drill. Their mouths were wide open. They wore bowler-hats on the backs of their heads. If I were a betting-man I would bet ten pounds to a tiddler that those young men were educated at Oxford and sing folk-songs at Hampstead. They were bat-brains. They were lippy. How can you expect to have a healthy theatre with a population like that?

The problem of the drama in America is a different problem. America is much larger than England and has many more people in it; therefore everything is much worse. When I was in America I was asked, as every distinguished visitor is asked, to state my opinion of American women and American skyscrapers. I said, "They are very fine, but they have no *mind*." There are a hundred million people in the United States but I cannot remember meeting anyone who was my intellectual equal. Nevertheless the American theatre is a healthy theatre; the most important people in it are the critics, which is as it should be: the programme-sellers are very attentive and well-dressed, and no smoking is allowed.

That brings me to the subject of my article, which at this rate should run to a column-and-a-half this week. My friend MR. GARVIN fills so much space in this paper that it is almost impossible to attract attention with a single column. Nevertheless I know that my readers read me, because so many of them write letters to me from places like Huddersfield and Newcastle. I like my readers



Doctor's Wife. "ARE YOU FEELING BETTER, GILES, SINCE THE DOCTOR SENT YOU THE NEW MEDICINE?"

Giles. "I DUNNO THAT I AM, MUM. YOU SEE, THE MORE HE TAMPERS WITH ME THE WUSS I SEEMS TO BE."

to write to me, because it gives me something to write about; and if the letters are long letters I can sometimes fill half a column with quotations, which pleases both me and my correspondents.

I am asked by my friend at Bristol whether as a dramatic critic and lover of the theatre I think that pipes ought to be smoked in the stalls. Now this raises the whole question of the place of the drama in the national life. Before I discuss it I had better say at once that in my opinion it makes no difference whether the pipe is in the stalls or the pit. The distinction is a purely

snobbish one. I have no prejudice against smoking. I don't smoke pipes myself because I don't like the filthy things; and nowadays there are so many theatrical failures and so many first-nights that a dramatic critic would scarcely have time to finish a pipe if he had one. If some of our young men gave less time to lighting their pipes and more to illuminating their minds we should have better playwrights and brighter audiences. I have always said that a nation which cannot create and appreciate great tragedy is a C3 nation. And here is the importance of

my correspondent's inquiry. Evidently she has seen some gentleman smoking a pipe in the stalls, whether at Bristol or elsewhere, or she would not have asked the question. Now a man who will smoke a pipe at a musical comedy, whether in the stalls or in the pit, will smoke a pipe at the greatest tragedy that was ever written. He has no mind. He cannot concentrate. Consider the mental equipment of a man who could smoke a pipe at a performance of *Hamlet*. He is batty. He is a sponge. I should like to knock him down. In the days when I tried to smoke a pipe

I was constantly striking matches, puffing, blowing and removing vegetable matter from my mouth. A man who is doing that cannot at the same time give his whole mind to poetry and the growth of character. If anyone can prove to me that the Athenians smoked at the first performance of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* I will give him a new bicycle. And the mere fact that at half of the theatres in London the audience are able to strike matches during a ghost scene and blow smoke at the singers shows how far we are behind the Greeks. When I was in America I did not see anyone smoke in the stalls. If I had I should have hit the man. Tragedy distils the essential greatness of the human spirit, and no one can absorb it who is at the same time engaged in a petty occupation such as the inhaling of nicotine. For the same reason I disapprove of evening-dress at a play by SHAKESPEARE. A man in a stiff shirt and a high collar cannot hope to project himself into the tomb of the *Capulets* or the mind of *Iago*. I should say that the audience at a tragic play ought to wear soft flannel shirts and knickerbockers, except that there is something cranky about knickerbockers, and I detest cranks.

What I have said about smoking in the theatre applies to the art film. A business man once wrote to me from Leeds to say that he could always judge the character of a strange club by the character of its washing-places. I don't know how far this is true; the arrangements at the United Highbrows are ghastly. But it is true that one can judge the intellectual value of any form of entertainment by looking at the audience. If they cannot enjoy it without enjoying some other distraction at the same time, holding hands or sucking chocolates or nibbling at paper packets of tobacco, then it is bad art. There is no mind in it. At most cinemas most of the audience are doing all these things at the same time, which shows that most films are very bad art, though I detest the word art. When the cinema-audience begins to leave its acid-drops and its fags at home we shall know that mind has come into the film.

And now I must be well into the second column, so that will do for the present. Next week I hope to discuss the place of the programme-girl in contemporary drama, about which three people have written to me, one of them a coal-porter at Runcorn. A. P. H.

A certain young lady at Brighton
Her complexion endeavoured to heighten
By the rays of the sun,
Till a nicely-browned bun
By the side of her face looked a white'un.

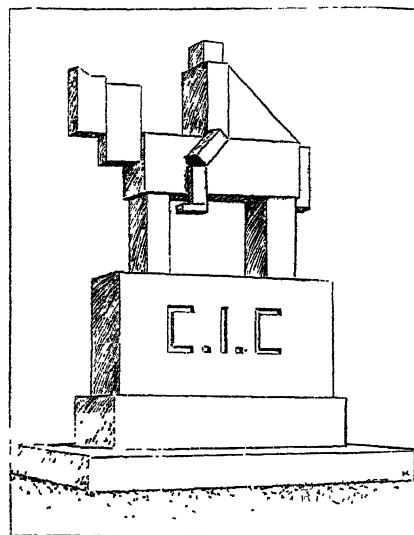
THE HAIG MEMORIAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This puerile passion for representational sculpture seems to be ineradicably fixed in the grovelling minds of the official arbiters of public taste, in spite of the noble examples of symbolical art which have, almost miraculously, struggled into the tardy dawn of our æsthetic perceptions.

Now we are threatened with another of these "tin soldiers," which, in spite of certain concessions to the ideals of the New and Significant, is deeply tainted with the merely petty and photographic.

These two diametrically opposed elements cannot be reconciled. Light and darkness cannot exist together.

Must we submit to be insulted by yet another Commander-in-Chief, upon yet another charger, of puny human and



equine insignificance? Cannot those illuminated minds which have outgrown the childish passion for dolls and toys, those pioneer souls in the vanguard of intelligence, combine to make their voices heard in sufficient volume to penetrate the dull ears of the groundlings, not to mention the Undergroundlings?

We want no HINDBENBURGS on chess-horses or roundabout-steeds, any more than we desire to see an honoured and noble gentleman on an actual and beautiful horse, riding for ever with the graceful seat and modest calm which were (photographically) his.

No, Sir, what we need is something far different from this; something which will perpetuate for us and for our children all the exalted emotions of Glorious War; something indeed which will serve equally well for the Next War and the War After That, when the (temporary) subject of this monument may be just another "unknown warrior."

Cannot you, Sir, with your powerful baton of ridicule—far more potent than that of any mere Field-Marshal—help us to attain this noble consummation of Art?

I venture to attach a design for the Ideal Monument of a Commander-in-Chief as adumbrated in the above remarks.

Yours hopefully, ÆRE PERENNIOUS.

TO MY PAPER-BOY.

CHILD, whom I ne'er have seen, because thou comest

As one who with my slumber interferes

And with irregular aubade ungummet
Peace from my pillow, silence from mine ears;

Yet, not unwelcome, bringest in thy faring

The matutinal wisdom of the Press,
Wisdom in volume greatly overbearing
News, which appears to grow still less and less;

Punctual child, as punctual as dawn is,
Clean as the daisy's though thy face may be,

Though clear as blackbird's voice upon the lawn is

Thine to the milkman's joined in repartee;

Competent child, not as the last, who threw in

Papers with views incongruent with mine,

So that my breakfast calm was laid in ruin

By some extremely irritating line;

Child, though you muster nearly every virtue,

Yours is a beauty not quite consummate,

And I shall get up early too and hurt you

If you don't learn to close the garden gate.

The Alternative School in Modern Journalism.

"It is supposed that three men were connected with the bodily removal of an automatic cigarette machine which stood outside a garage at Caterham. stood outside a garage at Cotesham."—*Glasgow Paper*.

Things Which Could Have Been Expressed More Pleasantly.

"VINDICTIVE V.C. NOW A REAR-ADMIRAL."
Headline in Daily Paper.

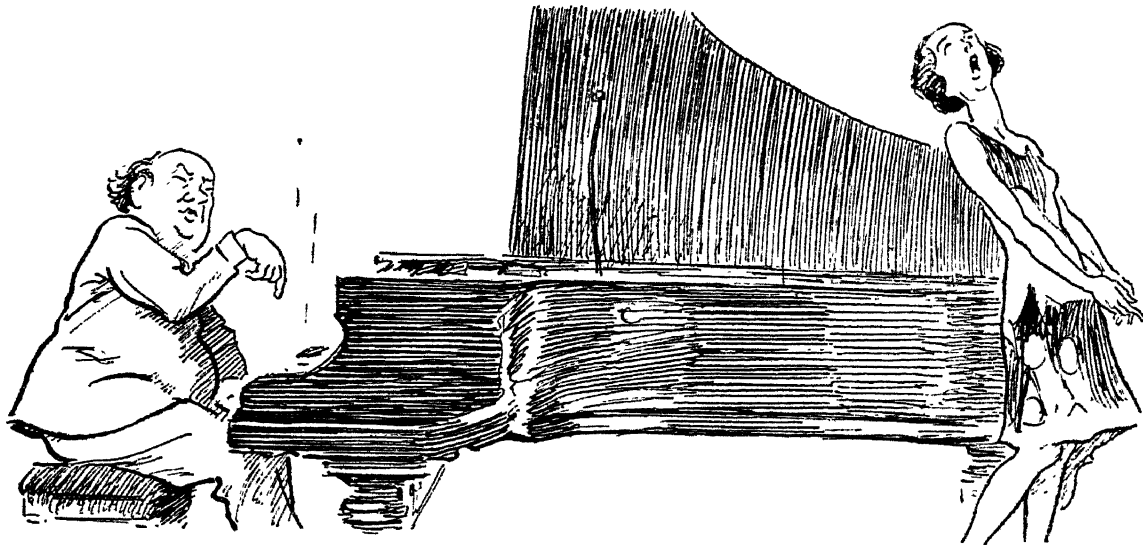
"Dorset yesterday made 320. Devon used bowlers to get rid of their opponents."
Dorset Paper.

Was this quite playing the game?

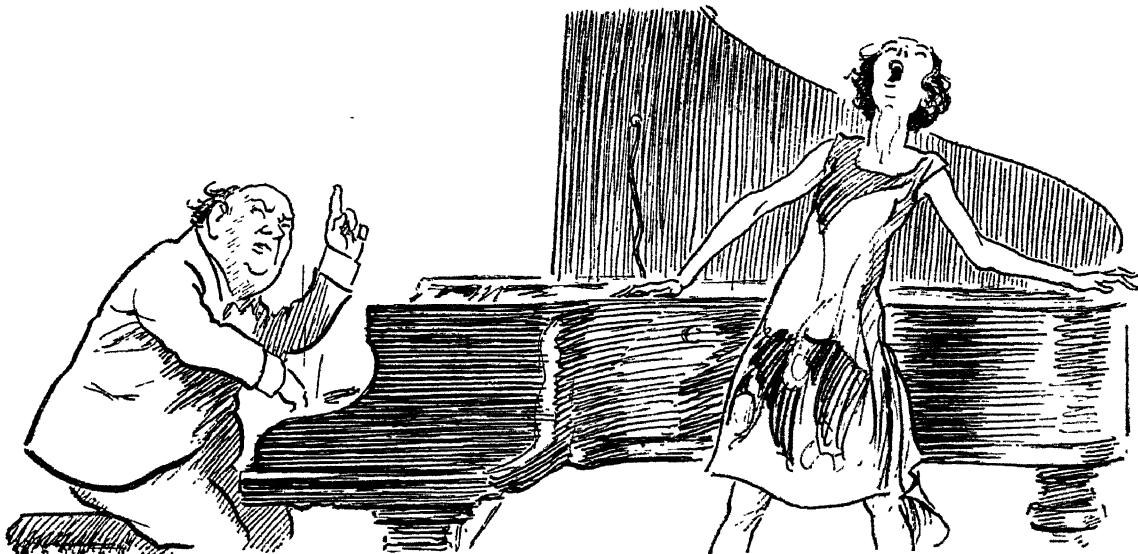
"Harlequin Great Dane for Stud."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

We doubt if our collar could stick it.

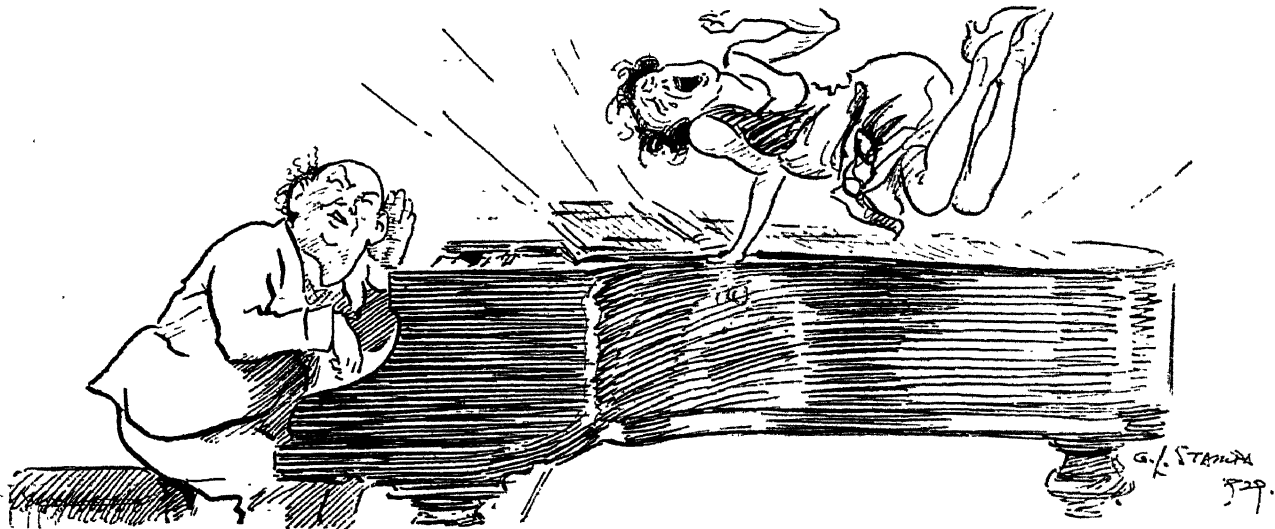
SCHOOL OF VOICE-PRODUCTION.



Professor (violently thumping piano). "DON'T BE AFRAID OF IT—



YOU CAN GET HIGHER THAN THAT—



(As piano-top falls on her fingers) THAT'S BETTER. SUSTAIN IT—HOLD IT—HOLD IT!"

G. F. STANDA
529.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

WHEN Mr. Carnabas was staying at the seaside for his summer holiday he made friends with Miss Pewrent who was in the same boarding-house as he was, and they used to go about together and weigh themselves on the pier, and sometimes they sat on the beach and threw stones into the water, and they enjoyed themselves very much.

Well one morning they were sitting on the beach and Mr. Carnabas said these stones are rather hard for sitting on, I think I will hire two chairs one for you and one for me, it will only cost fourpence and we can go on sitting on them until dinner-time so as to make it worth while.

And Miss Pewrent said oh no, the way to get rich is not to spend money like that, when the stones get too hard we can shift our position and then we shan't notice it.

Well Mr. Carnabas thought to himself if only I had married somebody like that I should be much richer than I am, and he said to Miss Pewrent have you ever thought of getting married? you are rather old for it but I should think you could easily find somebody who wouldn't mind that. And Miss Pewrent said well I have thought of it sometimes and I should quite like it, but do you think I am good-looking enough? And Mr. Carnabas said well perhaps not, but looks aren't everything, I am not very good-looking myself. And Miss Pewrent said oh I think you are one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, I was talking to Mrs. Mattrass, that was their landlady, only yesterday about you, and she said it made her come over all queer to look at you.

Well Mr. Carnabas was pleased at her saying that because he wasn't at all handsome really, his ears stuck out and he had a wart on each side of his nose. So he liked Miss Pewrent better than ever, and on his last evening at the seaside he took her to a lecture on Starfishes where there wasn't anything to pay, but he bought her a stick of chocolate out of a machine. And he said he would like to write to her when he went back to Birmingham, and she said she would write to him when she went back to London.

So they wrote to each other once a week, and at Christmas-time Mr. Carnabas sent Miss Pewrent a present of a

book with a hundred pieces of poetry in it, and she sent him a present of two napkin rings of imitation ivory, and she wrote in her letter that it would be useful to have two of them when they got married.

Well Mr. Carnabas was surprised at her saying that because he was thinking of marrying Mrs. Joby if she would have him, he didn't like her so much as he liked Miss Pewrent but she had more money, and he only hadn't asked her to marry him yet because he didn't know whether she would let him have some of her money or would want to spend it all on herself. So he sent

them now can't you two people make it up and get married instead of going on with this trial? you are middle-aged and are both so plain that it isn't likely you will get another chance. You had better go into a private room and talk it over, I can easily go on with another trial while you are making up your minds. I have to try a murderer next, but I don't think he did it so it won't take long, and when you have had your little talk you can come back and listen until I have finished.

Well Miss Pewrent said she didn't mind and Mr. Carnabas was just going to say he didn't either, because he hadn't seen Miss Pewrent for over six months and he thought he would like to have a little talk with her. But just then a woman got up at the back of the court and said I object.

And the judge said who are you? and she said I am Mrs. Joby, and the prisoner at the bar promised to marry me.

And Mr. Carnabas said oh I never, but the judge said silence in the court, it is for me to say whether you did or not, and I warn you that if you are one of those men who go about asking women to marry you and then getting out of it I shall take a severe view of it, because we can't have that sort of thing in England, we are not Hottentots or Bolsheviks either.

So then the trial had to go on, and the first thing was to read out the letters that Mr. Carnabas had written to Miss Pewrent. And the judge said well I don't think there is much in those letters, when I was in love myself before I got married I used to call the young ladies Popsey or Mousey or some-

thing like that when I wrote to them, but Mr. Carnabas never goes beyond Dear Miss Ugly, and the jury will see that that is quite natural when they look at Miss Pewrent. And there is only one cross in all the letters, and that looks more like crossing out a word that he has spelt wrong than sending a kiss, why I sometimes used to put six rows of crosses in my letters when I couldn't think of anything more to say. Now Mrs. Joby please step forward and put in the letters he wrote to you.

So Mrs. Joby stepped forward but she said that Mr. Carnabas hadn't written her any letters except one when Mr. Joby died, and that was a business letter because Mr. Carnabas was an undertaker and he had offered to do the funeral cheap for her.



"OH I THINK YOU ARE ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST MEN I HAVE EVER SEEN."

back one of the napkin rings to Miss Pewrent and thanked her for the other one and said he should always think of her when he put his napkin into it. And he thought that was the best way of showing her without hurting her feelings that he wasn't thinking of marrying her.

Well the next thing was that Mr. Carnabas had a letter to say that he had committed Breach of Promise of Marriage, and there would have to be a trial about it.

Well they had a trial, and the judge was a very nice man who was interested in the Boy Scout movement in his private life and went in for being as kind as he could to everybody. And he made Mr. Carnabas and Miss Pewrent stand up in front of him and said to

And the judge said well that might look as if he was already in love with Mr. Joby's relict, and it is for the jury to say whether he was or not, but I shall direct them that he would be a very bad man if he was, and there is nothing to prove it.

Then he asked all of them about their incomes, and Miss Pewrent said she hadn't got any income except what she earned by holding the curling-tongs in a shop where ladies went to be shingled and sweeping up the hair afterwards. And Mr. Carnabas said he was in a fair way of business but the place where he lived was so healthy that there wasn't as much custom as there might have been. And the judge said well now let us hear about Mrs. Joby's income.

Well Mrs. Joby didn't want to tell him about her income, and she said she didn't really want to marry Mr. Carnabas because he was too ugly for her, but the judge said oh we can't have that now, you have intervened in this case so I must go through with it, and he made her tell him what her income was. And she had got it from Mr. Joby being a tin bath manufacturer, and when people had begun to have more baths than they used to he had got quite rich from selling his tin baths, and Mrs. Joby had a good deal more than a thousand pounds a year.

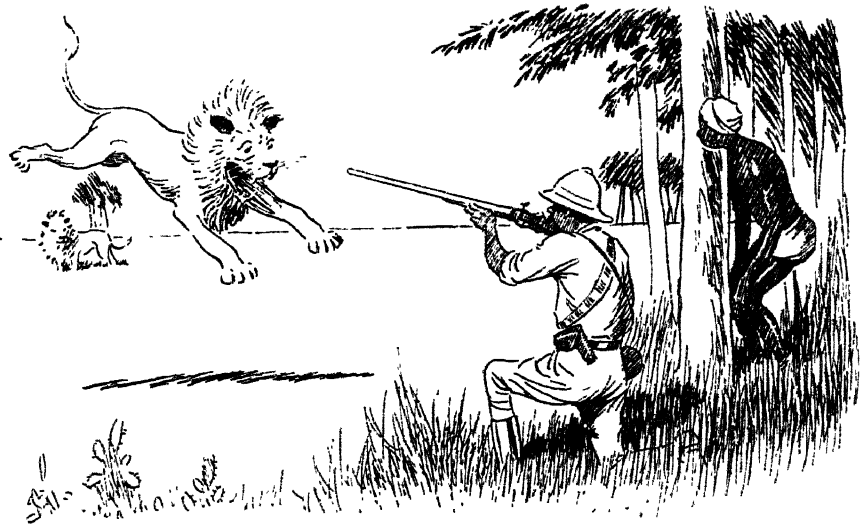
So then the judge summed up, but first of all he asked Mr. Carnabas whether he would marry Miss Pewrent if he summed up in his favour, and he said he would, because by this time he was feeling quite fond of Miss Pewrent again, and besides he didn't want to pay her money for not marrying her.

So the judge said very well then, you will leave this court without a stain on your character, and so will Miss Pewrent, who is not so ugly as I thought she was when I first saw her. But I am not at all satisfied with the way Mrs. Joby has given her evidence and I shall fine her a hundred pounds which will be paid to Mr. Carnabas when he can show me documentary evidence that he is married to Miss Pewrent. So they will have something to set up house with and I hope they will be very happy.

So the jury brought it in like that and Mr. Carnabas and Miss Pewrent got married as soon as possible. And what was nice about Mrs. Joby was that she bore no malice but paid her hundred pounds and said it was well worth it for making two people happy, and she would ask them to supper sometimes on Sunday evening. A. M.

"Winter Concerts: singers heard now."
Manchester Paper.
Coming events cast their echoes before.

BIG GAME HUNTING.



THEN—



AND NOW.

THE TYRANNY OF TOOLS.

It irked me when in boyhood's days
I was described in various ways
According to the arm or tool
A game was played with as a rule.
For instance, need I mention that
I soon became a rotten bat?
Nor was it very long before
I grew to be a feeble oar.
When father carved the loin of pork
I proved a handy knife and fork;
And very soon they called me in
Orchestral clubs a violin.
And now, though grown to man's
estate,
I bow beneath the self-same Fate.
Lately a hopeful M.P. wrote
To call me an important vote.
I growl with rage if anyone
Describes me as a chancy gun.

Thank heaven, at bridge folk are
debarred

From calling me a crafty card!
But bright reviewers gall me when
They class me as a peevish pen.
And all the time, alas! I sigh
To be but for a moment I.

Yet always to my discontent
I rank as some base implement.

When on this life the curtain falls
I fear the bright celestial halls

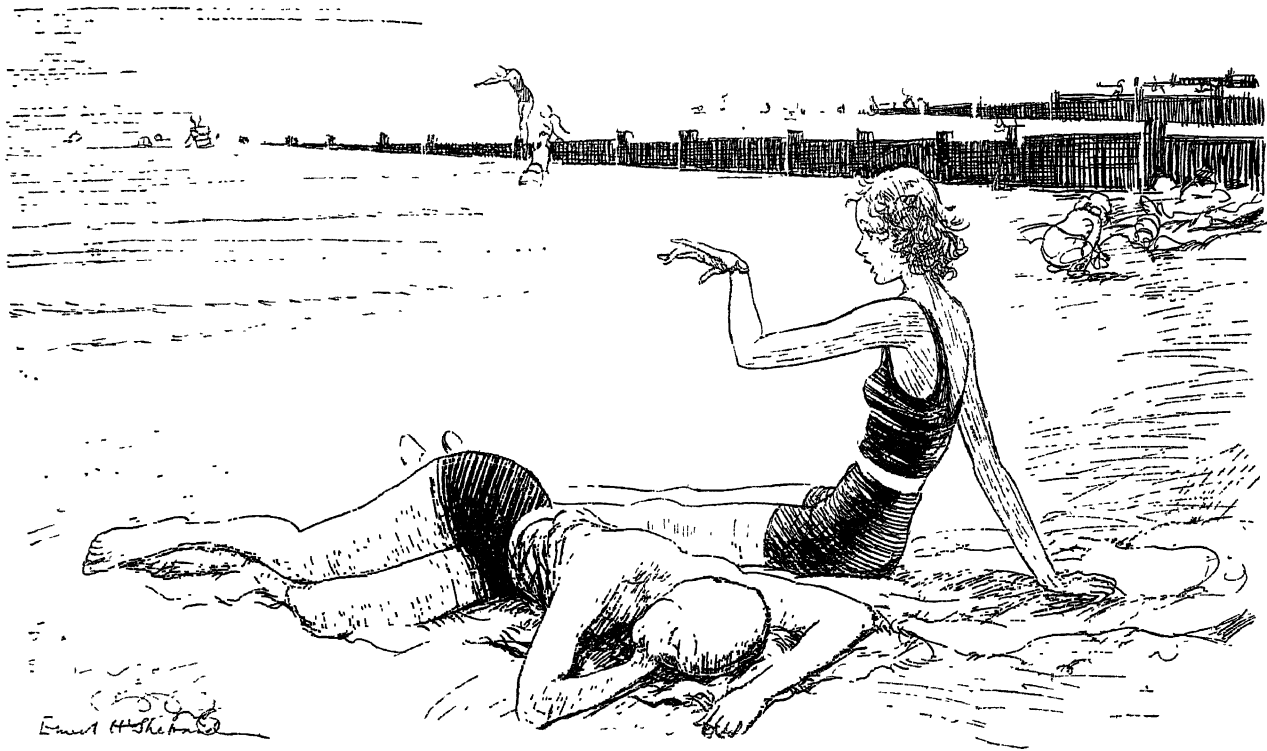
Will find me still disposed to carp
At being an indifferent harp.

E. P. W.

"... Tenby enjoys an equable temperature
summer and winter from the neighbourhood
of the Golf Stream."

From Pamphlet on Tenby.

The only Golf Stream which we know
is the verbal one, but that blisters
everything in its neighbourhood.



First Sun-bather. "HEAVENS! MY WRIST-WATCH!"

Second Ditto. "WHY DID YOU BATHE WITH IT ON?"

First Ditto. "IT'S NOT THAT; IT'S SPOILING MY SUNBURN."

A SURE CURE.

THE most effective method of securing bodily health is a matter upon which most people have pronounced views and are passionately eager to convert others to their way of thinking. But there is no propagandist so fierce as the believer in osteopathy. We have one in our office.

"Do you notice anything about me, old boy?" he asked me one morning.

"Yes," I said; "I notice that you are standing in my light."

"I meant about my body," he said.

I looked him up and down. "No," I replied at last; "but of course I'm no artist."

"My dear man," he said peevishly, "surely you remember how crooked I used to be?"

I must say that I was surprised that he should have raised this point. I had personally put that little matter of the Calcutta Sweep ticket entirely behind me. I felt embarrassed.

"Well—er—I—er—need we rake up—?" I began.

"I was referring to my body," he said icily; "I have been referring to my body all the time."

"Oh!" I breathed. "Quite so, of course. How nice!"

"Can't you remember," he proceeded, "how oddly I used to stand—with one shoulder up and the other down and my right leg so?"

I couldn't truthfully say that I did.

"Lord, you're hopeless!" he said, turning away in disgust.

The one weak spot in my otherwise strong character is that I cannot bear to disappoint a human creature. "Tell me," I said, laying down my pen.

He swung round eagerly. "Well, on Saturday," he started, "I went to see a chap called Smith, an American. Perhaps you've heard of him?"

"The man who isn't President after all?" I ventured.

"No, no, my good fool; a doctor—at least an osteopath. He took one look at me and said, 'My poor friend, how long have you been like this?' There's diagnosis for you!"

"Astounding!" I said. "He'd never seen you before?"

"Never."

"Marvellous that it should strike him at once; but then the Americans are very perceptive, aren't they? And what did you say?"

"I told him that I had always been the same—since birth."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He said that it was a thousand

pities that I hadn't consulted him sooner."

"Come," I said, leaning forward, "I like the sound of this man; tell me more."

"I knew you'd get interested as soon as I began," he said patronisingly. "Well, he started by throwing me down on the ground."

"Good for him."

"Yes, it was wonderful. Then he took my head in his hands——"

"And looked deep into your eyes?"

"No, no; my face was away from him."

"Ah, yes, I see his idea."

"Then he gave my head a sharp twist."

"Did that hurt?"

"No."

"Oh!"

"There was a noise like a pistol-shot——"

"And a white rabbit jumped out of your trousers."

"Look here," said the ex-patient, "I'm perfectly serious. Of course, if you——"

"I'm sorry," I said; "I got carried away by your narrative. Who fired the pistol? Was it his assistant running amok, or merely a tyre bursting in the street outside?"

"Don't you understand," he said



ONE MORE RIVER TO LEAVE.

RHINE MAIDEN (*politely concealing her satisfaction*). "MUST YOU GIVE UP KEEPING A WATCH ON US?"

THOMAS ATKINS (*knowing the language*). "ICH MUSS."



Grandma. "No, MY GOOD MAN. I SEND MY SUBSCRIPTION DIRECT TO THE AFRICAN RELIEF SOCIETY."

loudly, "that it was the vertebræ of my spine going back into position? Look! they ought to be like this"—he interlocked the knuckles of his clenched fists—"but practically everybody's are actually like this;" and he slid one fist half across its fellow."

"Whose fault is that?" I asked.

"How should I know?"

"I thought Smith might have told you," I said.

"Now don't you see what that leads to?" he went on, fixing me with a glittering eye. "What comes out of the spine?"

"The tail," I ventured.

"The nerves, man," he shouted, "the nerves—the conductors of vital energy! If they are being nipped how can they do it?"

I had no idea and said so.

"Exactly," he yelled, his eyes blazing; "you don't know and you don't care; you are content to crawl about with a backbone like a kinked dog-chain. Look, I'll show you—"

Without warning he struck me a sharp blow on the nape of the neck with the edge of his hand.

I leapt from my chair tingling with rage.

"Ah, ha!" shrieked the maniac. "Now do you believe that the nerves come from the spine?"

"I should be obliged," I hissed, "if you would remember that I am not a rabbit."

"But that's just what you are," he roared. "We are all rabbits until we have had our spines adjusted. You have no idea what it feels like to be loose-limbed and free!"

He burst into satanic laughter and delivered a heavy blow on my chest which started me coughing.

"You've got a cough," bellowed the new man. "Go to Smith; he'll lift your chest for you."

"I have no intention," I said angrily, picking up my pen, "of allowing the man to lift anything of mine—not even a guinea."

Another Argument for Mechanisation.

"Following the companies were two travelling kitchens drawn by horses which contained the day's dinner—Irish stew, beans and potatoes."—*Scots Paper*.

"— Ltd., famous Gape Cure for Pheasants."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

The Gape Cure for Club Bores has, alas! yet to be invented.

THE REUNION.

EVERY Saturday morning about ten o'clock a small pile of clothes appears in my bedroom. Sometimes it is upon the bed, sometimes on a chair, sometimes on the end of my dressing-table, its exact whereabouts depending upon Jane's inclination. It is my share of the laundry, washed, ironed, aired and generally brought to that state which allows it to be handed over to the male.

I have made it a rule to call in and stow away with my own hands this weekly dower, otherwise the distribution is accomplished without respect for propriety or congeniality, and I find my collar-drawer invaded by golf stockings, and horror-stricken silk handkerchiefs in the coarse company of mixed underwear; also I keep in touch with old and trusty friends whose like I may not see again.

One Saturday, some few weeks ago, I was astounded to find a total stranger resting blatantly on the top of the pile. It was a sock. Not an ordinary sock but a wonderful and extraordinary sock. It was a sock such as the brightest of Bright Young People, supping extravagantly on lobsters, might bring himself

to dream about. It had a scarlet ground-work somewhat brightly overlaid with canary and puce stripes. Some people in the same circumstances would have lost their head, but I didn't. I called for Jane. When she arrived I said, "Jane, someone, probably the Warden of the Master Dyers, has mislaid a small sock. Will you kindly inform our wash-lady and request her to return it to its rightful owner?"

A few days of the brutalising routine of life and the incident was forgotten, but on the following Saturday, when I went to carry out my usual programme, I was confronted with it again. The irrepressible Tweedledum (so I named him as being one of an indistinguishable pair) had returned, his position on top of the pile unchallenged. My first impulse was to rush upon him and cast him out to the worms, but then I realised he might be valuable, so I called once more for the services of Jane.

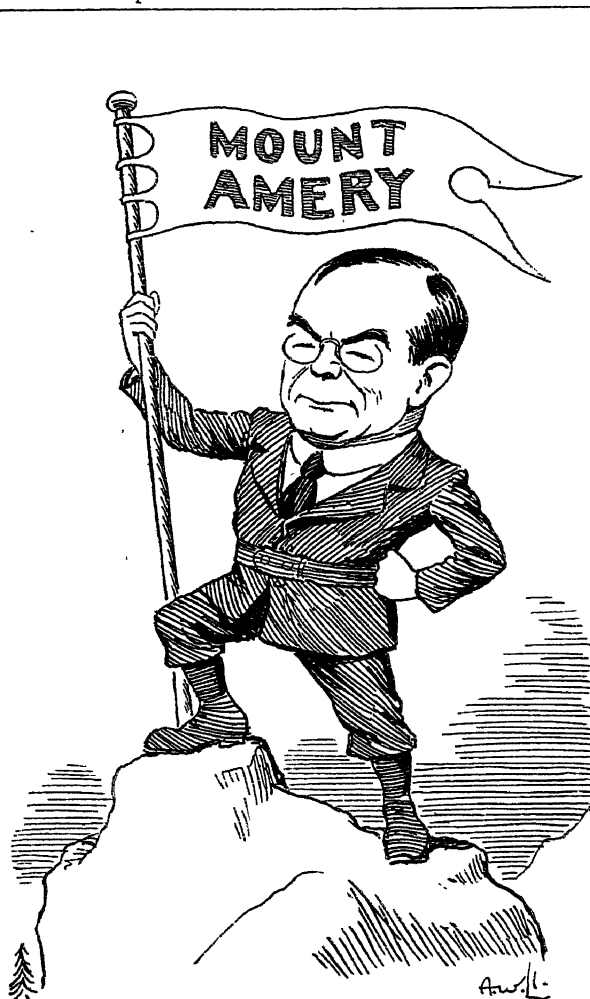
"Jane," I said severely, "in no well-ordered house does this kind of thing occur more than once. You must have recognised Tweedledum when he was getting out of the washing-basket. Then there is Tweedledee to be considered. He must be somewhere, probably fretting himself pale pink."

Now it is hardly credible that this was not the last of the affair; but I do not care whether you believe me or not. Next week they both came. There was Tweedledum, and there beside him was the incarnadined Tweedledee. I gazed at them fascinated. I felt overwrought. The thing was getting on my nerves. I realised that some desperate measure had to be taken. No, I did not call for Jane. I snatched up the atrocities, whipped them under the cover of my coat and then crept downstairs and out into the garden—a far corner of the garden. It was a lonely spot. Nearby a derelict spade stood waiting. I grasped it feverishly. "Now," I muttered, "we shall see." And when I had patted down the earth and made the spot look as uncrimelike as I could, I felt it was the end.

Three days later Margery came into my study and asked me to go into the garden with her. Unsuspecting as a May lamb, I went. In front of the strawberry bed she halted. Yes, there they were, slightly earth-stained, flaunting in the breeze—Tweedledum on one

stick and Tweedledee on another. Margery looked at me stonily. I felt like a murderer suddenly confronted with the corpse.

"Yes," I said, "they make very good scarecrows. Though, of course, if the Warden of the Master Dyers happens to come along for a strawberry it's all up."



At dawn of day, ere breaking fast,
High up the Rocky Mount there passed
A man who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
Mount Amery!

[Mr. AMERY has gone to the Canadian Rockies, where he will spend some weeks mountaineering, one of his objectives being Mount Amery, so named in his honour.]

I meditated upon the chance which led old John, the gardener, to exhume them, and realised the extreme difficulties which handicap the criminal.

"I don't think you're a bit funny," Margery broke in. "You're just hateful to treat me like that."

Then came the chill feeling that some where or somehow I had seen those socks in the dim past.

"The first Christmas present I ever gave you," Margery, encouraged by my silence, swept on. "I found them in your

old suit-case and washed them myself just as a surprise, and now——"

Margery, overcome, broke off and pointed at them, and Tweedledum (or it may have been the disgusting Tweedledee) waved his toe derisively in my face.

To-day is Saturday, and resplendent on the top of my laundry-pile rest Tweedledum and Tweedledee. To-morrow I shall walk to church in them, and Margery will accompany me just to show how friendly we all are again. I can see no other way out of it; and perhaps I may have the courage to inquire if it is known what really happened to Tweedledee during the first two attempts at our reunion.

There is now no other mystery about this episode.

LADIES AT LORD'S.

"HE's out," said Marian as sillypoint neatly caught the ball first bounce. "Why doesn't he go?" she demanded as the batsman stood his ground imper-turbably.

"Don't, Mummy," muttered Peter in an anguished whisper, at the same time snatching off and sitting on his school-cap so that none among the surrounding spectators should know that the mother of a fellow at his prep. school couldn't distinguish between a bound-ball catch and a legitimate one. The poor lad didn't realise that few women have ever been able to make this not very subtle distinction.

It began to dawn upon me that it is a mistake of the first order to take one's wife and one's small son together to Lord's. And yet what to do? If only Lord's had a ladies' pavilion, where one could deposit what Hindu gentlemen are pleased to term their "females" and call for them at the end of the day! Yet I am not sure that this would be any good, for Marian shares with all right-minded

women an abhorrence of being seen anywhere in a place set apart for ladies only, where accommodation for both sexes is available.

At this juncture the luncheon interval fortunately arrived. After Marian's explanation that she had, following the "last time," told cook always to put more mustard on the sandwiches had been coldly negated by my reminding her that we had had two new cooks since "last time," we finished our food in silence and then proceeded to inspect



THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

AN ENTERPRISING TRADER DISPOSING OF A CARGO OF BOATERS TO DWELLERS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS, FOR USE IN THEIR BRIEF SUMMER.

the pitch. On reaching the ropes the lad Peter took up his stance as near as possible to the stumps and gazed long and earnestly at them.

"Do you think they look any different, Daddy?" he demanded after he had gazed his fill.

"Different from what?" said Marian.

"Half-an-inch higher and half-an-inch wider," I murmured.

"One inch," came Peter's correction, with all the intolerance for inexactitude that one has learned to associate with the very young.

"Anyhow, they look very nice and new," said his mother.

"FREEMAN is *exactly* ten days older than WOOLLEY," said Peter somewhat inconsequently; and we let it go at that.

Just then one of the not-out batsmen, a youthful left-hander who crashes 'em past cover-point in a manner reminiscent of CLEM HILL, passed us by escorting a lady. Marian scented a romance at once.

"I wish you had been good enough, when we were engaged, to play at Lord's," she said to me reflectively.

"Engaged, nonsense!" I replied. "It's probably his mother; you never can tell nowadays. And anyhow," I went on firmly, "there ought to be a rule in cricket prohibiting women interested in a not-out player from entering the ground until the luncheon interval is over."

"What ever for?" snorted Marian,

fiercely ready, as always, to take up the cudgels at the sign of the least obstruction being placed in the path of true love.

"Why," I replied, "you have a young man just getting nicely set. He's seeing the ball well and he's timing 'em to perfection. Then comes the luncheon interval. Now the rules prescribe that he shall be allowed forty-five minutes to eat his luncheon. You may depend upon it that the period of forty-five minutes has not been decided upon lightly. It is the exact time necessary for a man to partake of a good cold lunch in such a manner as shall ensure that he will digest the meal properly and not impair his chances, if he's batting, of running up a big score in the afternoon through having bolted his food. That silly ass there," I said, "knowing that his girl (I accept your view of their relationship for argument's sake) was on the ground, swallowed his lunch in something like twelve minutes, so that he could rush out and be with her for the rest of the luncheon interval (a) on the ground that she expected him, and (b) lest some other fellow should get hold of her."

"Well, you can't blame a girl for the (b) reason," said Marian, "and anyhow I think they make a very nice pair and I hope they will be very happy."

"You mark my words," I said, "and see whether bolting his food in that ir-

rational manner, just because there's a chit of a thing waiting for him, doesn't cause our left-hander to get out in the first few overs after the resumption."

Here the minx was observed to give the food-bolter an upward glance from under her lashes that finally disposed of the "mother" theory.

Play was resumed. I closed my eyes for a second and must have dozed, for on being roused by a burst of applause I saw that it was four o'clock.

"What are they clapping for?" I whispered to Marian.

"He's got his hundred," she said.

"Who has?" I asked.

"The left-hander," Marian replied sweetly.

The Apple of Discord: New Edition.

"William —, Arthur —, Charles —, and Leo — were accused of causing a breach of the peach at the Scouts' Jamboree at Arrowe Park on August 1. . . ."—*Daily Paper*. And yet we are encouraged to eat more fruit!

"The bride, who has lived was fully choral." *From Wedding Report in Staffordshire Paper*. It's more usual for ladies with a past to keep fairly quiet.

Dairy, Dairy, quite contrary,
How do your profits grow?
Ignored reports and dearer quarts
And farmers all in the know.

AT THE PICTURES.

"INNOCENTS OF PARIS" (PLAZA).

THERE was no particular need to locate them in Paris. They would, I hope, have been innocent anywhere. Possibly Paris was selected as their home town for the sake of the contrast offered by its reputation for vice; or was it just because M. MAURICE CHEVALIER had some French songs to sing and spoke English with a French accent? There was, of course, nothing incongruous in the fact that all the other characters spoke American; for in movie-land, it must be remembered, Americans occur in settings where you would least expect to find them. Was there not a popular film out West which represented the

ALL TIME IS SEX-APPEAL TIME—
ON THE FILMS.

MAURICE MARNY (M. MAURICE CHEVALIER) GIVES THE GLAD EYE AT FIRST SIGHT TO LOUISE IMMEDIATELY AFTER ANNOUNCING HER SISTER'S SUICIDE.

surrendered German Fleet being escorted into Scapa Flow by American battleships?

Briefly the story tells how Maurice Marny (M. CHEVALIER), who is a "junkman" (American for a street-dealer in second-hand goods), rescues the little boy, Jo-Jo, whose mother, having jumped into the Seine with him, has failed to get him drowned, though successful with herself—so successful, in fact, that she was out of the picture before it appeared on the screen; how on emerging (not very wet) he takes the child to the address of its grandfather, a bourgeois with bowels of stone, who turns them both from his door, but not before Maurice has observed the old man's pretty daughter and instantly fallen for her. His only hope of securing her in face of the dragon's opposition is to make a career; and his chance comes when he is taken on at a Montmartre casino for a singing turn. He is boomed in the Press and on posters

as a "Mysterious Prince," and at the *répétition générale* he sings a song, congenial to his assumed character, in



THE JUNKMAN'S FIND.

THE ANTIQUE DEALER PICKS UP A MODERN ARTICLE OF VERTU.

Maurice Marny . . . M. MAURICE CHEVALIER.
Louise Leval . . . MISS SYLVIA BEECHER.

which he asserts a definite preference for a life *à deux*, and declares himself indifferent to the attractions of kingship unless he can have someone to

THE CHILD IS GRANDFATHER
TO THE MAN.

Jo-Jo MASTER DAVID DURAND.
Emile Leval. . . . MR. RUSSELL SIMPSON.

share his throne; concluding each verse with the statement—

"I don't want to be sitting on top of the world
If I have to be sitting alone."

The song, which is of an exquisite banal-

ity, earns a fury of applause, and, for an encore, he sings another, of even inferior quality, about kisses. This has a *succès* so *four* that he is subsequently embraced, as the Prince of Kissers, by just anybody, from the ballet-troupe up to the manager's wife. Upon this last and passionate salute, Louise, who has become privily affianced to Maurice, chances to intrude. Jealousy, natural if not justifiable, supervenes, and she declines to receive any further attentions.

On the opening night Maurice, broken-hearted, gives his song of the unshared throne, but with a difference of expression very nicely indicated. He is not dressed *en prince (mystérieux)* but wears his junkman's clothes. This



A PERSONAL PREMIÈRE.

MAURICE TELLS HIS PRIVATE LOVE-TROUBLES TO THE AUDIENCE.

is due to the accident of his late arrival, but contributes to the effect when, after a great reception, he takes the audience into his confidence, reveals his identity and tells them of his loneliness and its cause. Louise, watching him from the *coulisses*, is relieved of her jealousy and reconciled on the spot. Finally he drags her on to the stage and demonstrates their reunion with a public embrace.

All this is delightfully fresh and confiding. Unspoilt nature indeed is allowed to have its own way throughout this very human little comedy. A lapse into melodrama must be confessed in the case of Louise's parent. His sudden resolve to shoot Maurice and his no less sudden and improbable conversion at the instance of the boy Jo-Jo were concessions to the habitual film-fan.

M. CHEVALIER is an artist. If there is a flaw in his equipment it is that he



Butcher. "TENDEREST PIECE OF BEEF IN THE TOWN, MA'AM."

Lady. "IT OUGHT TO BE. YOU'VE BEEN SMACKING IT TO MY KNOWLEDGE SINCE YESTERDAY MORNING."

is not a perfect interpreter of all the aspects of romance; he is better with its high lights and dark shadows than with its middle tones: he can convey to us the gay and the tragic phases of his love, but not—or not so well—just the quiet serious joy of it. However, there are very few emotions that he cannot easily command with that mobile face of his and that supple voice.

It was a one-man play, though M. CHEVALIER was extraordinarily well supported by each of the minor characters. Little DAVID DURAND, most minor of all, but only in point of age, played with a discretion far beyond his years. As a rule I detest prodigies, and there was something rather prodigious in his *Jo-Jo's* solemn conviction that he was there to put everything right; but it was an inoffensive and even lovable precocity.

With the exception of some of the women's voices, which tended to boom like baritones, the sound-production, both in solo and dialogue, was surprisingly good. I admit that the accomplishments of the new art were not put to a very exacting test. Apart from the life-saving scene in the Seine (extremely well contrived) and those quick changes by which we were able, for instance, to turn from the singer and see the effect produced by him on his audience, there

was little here that could not have been managed on the ordinary stage. We have yet to see how the movie-tone will cope with vocal drama carried on in the course of the swift movements, impossible in the theatre, which are the distinguishing attraction of the pictures.

Meanwhile I thank the talkies for at least one boon: the voice, coming to the assistance and relief of gesture and facial expression, should save us from much pantomime, and in particular from the silent registering of emotions in those tedious close-ups which are the terror of the film that doesn't talk.

O. S.

BINGO.

AUNT LOUISA FAILS TO APPRECIATE
BINGO.

Great-Aunt Louisa

Sometimes comes to tea;
One ought to love relations,
And she always kisses me;
She wears a lot of golden rings
And a velvet coat with fur,
But she doesn't like Bingo
So I can't like her.

R. F.

"Mr. —, who is known as Shoebury's Gland Old Man, claims to be the oldest aviator in the world."—*West-country Paper*.

Shoebury's Monkey Gland Old Man, we suppose.

A NEW CARD GAME.

It is a long train journey from Calais to the Transylvanian frontier, and William had begun to be bored and irritable when I suddenly remembered that I had a couple of packs of cards in my bag. William said that he had played whist when he was a boy (William is older than I thought) and that he had played bridge. That may be so; anyhow I undertook to teach him picquet. We sorted out the cards, put the small ones, together with the jokers, back in the card-cases, and fortunately put the cases back in my bag.

Then we began, and, though I have no hesitation in saying that I never knew anybody having so little, let me call it, card-sense as William, I can also say that I never in all my life met anyone having such luck. Everyone knows what beginner's luck is, but William had the luck of one who hasn't even begun. He persistently held all the aces, kings and queens; once or twice he condescended to hold a knave, but only when he had the three higher cards of the same suit as well. My hands consisted of every possible combination of sevens, eights, nines and tens. This went on for some hours, during which time William sang the praises of picquet.

Gradually we approached the frontiers of Transylvania, and just before the train came to a standstill William for the first time dealt me the makings of a decent hand. I took all five cards and, as I picked them up and saw that I had at last got William hip and thigh, a voice said in guttural tones, "Have you anything to declare?"

I almost shouted, "I should rather think I have. I have a point of six and a sixième major; that's twenty-two. And fourteen aces; that's ninety-six. And fourteen kings; that's a hundred-and-ten. I take all the tricks; that's a hundred-and-sixty-three."

The guttural voice continued, "Cards, matches and tobacco in any form are contraband," and a large and dirty hand swept away all our cards, matches and cigarettes.

Why is it, I wonder, that all the Customs-house officials of foreign countries are dressed like soldiers and have, I presume in consequence, the impossible manners of a regimental sergeant-major on early-morning parade, while the British revenue officer is dressed as a sailor and has invariably the suavity of demeanour of a bo'sun when cleaning ship after coaling and immediately before an inspection by the Admiral.

We stopped at that horrid little frontier station for one solid hour, with a further journey of three hours before us. William suggested that we still had twenty-one cards of each pack, and then it was that we invented piquet, played with a joker. It's a rotten game. It was really William who invented it.

Colonial Studies in Relativity.

"Mr. O. R. Wise stated that the whole of the racing fraternity of the Dominion were prepared to stand behind the Minister, provided he stood behind them."—*New Zealand Paper*.

"Mr. and Mrs. ——— left for Paignton where the honeymoon is being spent amid a shower of confetti."—*Dorset Paper*.

A joke, Mr. Punch considers, is a joke; but it can go too far.

"By the transfer of Charing Cross Railway Bridge to the south side of the Thames a vast scheme of London improvement is made possible."—*Daily Sketch*.

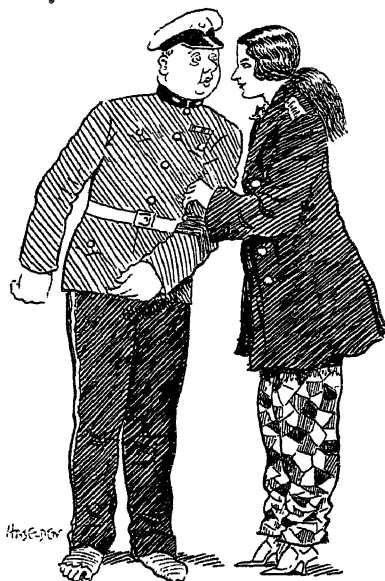
For instance, we could then have a new bridge on the north side.

A trade announcement states that a portable two-valve set will be placed on the market in September. One naturally expects bivalves when there's an "a" in the month.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MIDDLE WATCH."

You would hardly believe the things that happened in the middle watch on board *H.M. Falcon*, on the China station, if you had not Commander KING-HALL's



TELLING IT TO THE MARINE.

Marine Ogg . . . MR. AUBREY MATHER.
Mary Carlton . . . MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY.



A "WIFE" IN EVERY PORT-CABIN.

Fay Eaton . . . MISS JANE BAXTER.
Captain Mailland . . . MR. BASIL FOSTER.
Mary Carlton . . . MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY.

expert word for it (with Major BEITH in support—not without a certain friendly malice, we may assume). Nor has the mere civilian, I am sure, hitherto quite realised the disedifying possibilities provided by the lay-out of the Captain's quarters in a well-found cruiser—sleeping cabin, spare cabin, with bathroom intervening. But let me hasten to add that night operations were conducted with that regard for true virtue for which the senior service is remarkable, though *Corporal Duckett* (*R.M.*), *Ah Fong*, the Captain's servant ("These Chinese take so much for granted," as the Commander observed), and the Admiral's lady took, I regret to say, the cynical view.

The whole trouble arose because *Captain Randall* of the Marines (Mr. HUMPHREY MORTON) wangled leave from *Commander Baddeley* (Mr. REGINALD GARDINER) to dine his fiancée, *Fay Eaton* (Miss JANE BAXTER), and her elderly chaperon, *Charlotte Hopkinson* (Miss VIVIENNE WHITAKER), in his cabin after the Naval *thé dansant*, which was to break up at sundown. The ladies could go ashore by the late routine boat. At the last moment the merry young American widow, *Mary Carlton*, is substituted for the elderly cousin, *Charlotte*, who is thought to have gone ashore, but has merely been mislaid in the gyroscopic compass-room.

The picket-boat is naturally found to be out of action. The delicate news is broken to the *Captain* (Mr. BASIL FOSTER), a ruthless misogynist. He sends for the infernal females. One glance, however, from the lively eyes of *Mary*, the American, converts him (as is common with this breed in stageland and not unknown in real life) into the most impatient, not to say fatuous, of lovers. The two young women are installed in the two cabins of the Captain's lobby, and an offer signalled from the flag-ship to call and take off anyone for the shore is incontinently refused. The *Captain* himself selects from the collected slumber-wear of his midshipmen the pyjamas for his guests, causing us incidentally to wonder what would have happened to the misguided snotty who had ventured to spot the harlequin suit chosen by the besotted *Captain Mailland* for his *Mary*.

It is the Middle Watch. The two "bits," to use the irreverent idiom of *Corporal Duckett* (Mr. REGINALD PURDELL), have been comfortably settled in their

cabins; *Marine Ogg*, an inordinately respectable married man, has been posted sentry to prevent the approach of unauthorised persons and to render (para. 3) such services as may be required of him—a part of his instructions about which he is virtuously apprehensive. *Maitland*, *Randall* and *Baddeley* have reluctantly retired; *Marine Ogg* is thoughtfully pacing the lobby in his stockinged feet when a signal from *Admiral Sir Hercules Hewitt* (Mr. CLIVE CURRIE) orders *Falcon* to raise steam (which it does very creditably in about ten minutes) in order to proceed to the rescue of *Lady Hewitt*, marooned in a more or less unseaworthy yacht some leagues away, and meanwhile to be kind enough to provide him with sleeping accommodation for the night.

What permutations and combinations of two cabins, one bathroom and four visitors (the *Admiral*, *Fay*, *Mary* and *Charlotte*, who has meanwhile emerged from the gyroscopic compass-room, having incidentally thrust her parasol into its works—because it made an abominable humming sound—and so caused some but not apparently undue disquiet to the navigating officer) were contrived by our authors; what startling derelictions of duty and acts of disrespect towards outraged authority by infatuated Naval officers; what scenes subversive of discipline were witnessed by *Duckett* and *Ogg*; what deceptions practised by the helpful *Ogg* upon his immediate superior—it is for you to hurry to the Shaftesbury and see for yourself. You will already guess that the *Admiral's* lady boards the *Falcon* (at breakfast-time); that the virtuous *Admiral* (by now, for excellent private reasons, having decided to overlook the curious happenings in *Captain Maitland's* ship) eagerly aids and abets the concealment of the two young women, knowing only too well that his lady will assume the very worst; that these attempts at concealment are futile, especially with *Ah Fong's* bland references to "Admiral's piecy miss." But you may not guess how *Lady Hewitt* is reduced to tears, shame and reason by the dishevelled *Charlotte*. Twenty-three years ago, *Lady Hewitt*, then a maid, had eluded her chaperon and been left on board her fiancé's ship alone with ninety-five sailors.

This farcical romance will not indeed restore the dwindling reputation of the English stage as a Serious Institution, but it will provide two hours of quite

I find nothing to criticise. And Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY's high spirits and vivacious appreciation of her lines made her exactly the right kind of heroine for this diverting affair.

The farce was excellently mounted and most intelligently produced by Mr. FRANK CELLIER. Everybody seemed to act as well as every body else—the most satisfactory kind of performance. *Corporal Duckett* and *Marine Ogg* contrive somehow to stand out in the memory. T.

THE PASSING OF AN EMPIRE-BUILDER.

Prenderghast Ponsonby was an Empire-builder. This was not his fault; the Ponsonbys had always been Empire-builders, though some of them only in a small way, and it was generally understood, though not mentioned, in the family that, if a Ponsonby had been present, the reputed time in which Rome was not built would have been reduced by several hours.

Prenderghast had had no alternative. He was apprenticed to the business of Empire-building in the days of QUEEN VICTORIA, when it was a flourishing occupation, and he had been building away hard ever since. And now here he was, the ultimate product of a long line of Empire-builders.

He was not one of your modern breed. Prenderghast Ponsonby did not believe in rushing about in aeroplanes, dropping a bit of Empire here and a bit there. "Empires," he said—and it is one of those pithy sayings which characterise the truly great—"Empires cannot be built from above." That was not his way. LIVINGSTONE would have recognised in him a brother in the craft, STANLEY a spiritual affinity. His chief pleasure was to cut himself off from white men for months and even years at a time, and wander aimlessly about in impenetrable forests and impassable swamps. He never really knew where he was going or when exactly he expected to get there; that he was blazing the trail was enough for Prenderghast. His was a simple nature; the best Empire-builders are like that.

Prenderghast Ponsonby would have been recognised as an Empire-builder by any film audience in the country. Not because he was a he-man, for he wasn't; not because he made a habit of bagging a couple



THE ADMIRAL AND THE SIREN.

Mary Carlton MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY.
Admiral Sir Hercules Hewitt . . MR. CLIVE CURRIE.

excellent entertainment. It seemed to me an artistic blunder to ruffle the smooth current of the fun with a tearful reference to *Mary's* first husband, killed in the Great War. But otherwise



Lady Hewitt (Miss RUTH TAYLOR). "IF THAT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY, I DON'T LIKE IT."

of lions every day before breakfast: he didn't. The thing which stamped him as genuine was, like himself, simple, but it was the hall-mark of all the best Empire-builders of Victorian fiction; he always, even in the midst of the most impenetrable forest or the most impassable swamp, dressed for dinner.

To Prenderghast Ponsonby this was at the very root of responsible Empire-building. An Empire built in a lounge-suit, however perfect its cut, was to him an unstable thing, bound to pass away and be forgotten; it might succeed for a time, it could never be the real thing. But, once an English gentleman had tied a black tie in the wilderness, that wilderness became a portion of the Empire. A simple but beautiful thought. Other men might put their faith in meteor flags and leave them fluttering on alien breezes from inadequate flagpoles, but to Prenderghast it was less significant than this great simple gesture of civilisation.

It must not be imagined that Prenderghast was a conscious symbolist; his was far too simple a character. The majesty and glory of the struggle between nature and a dinner-jacket, in which the one must suffer eternal defeat—a theme worthy of Æschylus himself—never struck Ponsonby. It was simply his code.

Native opinion was divided. One influential school of thought held that the strange evening garb of the white man was powerful to thwart the devils of the night, a theory strongly supported by the perspiring black who nightly with strange incantations starched and ironed a shirt against the morrow. Others held it to be a form of prayer, and yet others a form of madness. Their poor unsophisticated minds were incapable of realising that it was the rock upon which an Empire was being built; it somehow never struck them like that.

Prenderghast Ponsonby was on his last trip. For thirty years Darkest Africa had been the lighter for his shining shirt-front, but now it was to know it no more. Even Empire-builders wear out, dinner-jackets decay, and Prenderghast realised sadly that the time had come for him to leave it to others to perform this nightly ritual to the greater glory of England. As he sat in his tent, his single black pearl stud shining sombrely in the light of the two candles in their silver candlesticks, he looked back and realised that his life had been well spent. Allowing for leaves, one year in three, he had sat thus more than seven thousand times, calm, serene, immaculate, whilst around him the tom-toms roared and the denizens of the jungle made such noises as seemed good to an inscrutable Providence. It was a great

record. And each time he had fought with his collar-stud or tied his tie he had felt somehow vaguely that another day's Empire-building had been brought to a fitting close. Not that he was sentimental about it—Mr. GALSWORDTHY would have loved him; he was just a sound Empire-building English gentleman.

It was this utter English gentlemanliness which made him so rigid a stickler for sartorial propriety. It was done; that was enough. The plain gold links, the plain stiff-fronted shirt were always exactly right. Once, in a particularly impenetrable piece of bush, an American explorer had dined with him in a double-collar and a soft shirt, and Prenderghast had suddenly realised why America would never be imperial.

To-night, as he finished his single glass of port and lit his cigar he was sad. It was his last evening in the impassable swamp. Never again would he penetrate the impenetrable bush. To-morrow he would be back in comparative civilisation. Already a runner had met him with the accumulated mails of the last six months. With a little sigh he stretched out his hand for the first package.

His native servant found him an hour later, sitting in his chair with an open number of *The Tailor and Cutter* in his hand, quite dead. On the page on which his eye had last rested was the announcement that six months before, the very day after Prenderghast Ponsonby had set out on his last expedition, two studs had become *de rigueur* with a dinner-jacket.

He had died of shock; but the natives never understood. They put it down to the fact that the efficacy of the black-and-white devil suit had suddenly departed out of it, and they burnt it with many strange and fearful ceremonies. We cannot blame them. How should they understand?

In fact, I doubt if anyone could understand, except another real Empire-builder, and now that Prenderghast Ponsonby has gone there aren't any more. He was the last. L. DU G.

Another Ingenuous Trader.

"The delightful sleeveless Overblouse . . . gives an exquisite finish to the skirt and adds a distinctly *outré* note to this charming ensemble."—*From Sale Catalogue.*

"CAST STONE PAVING SLABS."

Advt. in Cambridge Paper.

We most certainly won't. Somebody might throw them back.

"The police attacked the Communists, using their clues freely. . . ."—*Provincial Paper.*
It is sometimes considered that they use them a little too freely.

DREAMS OF OFFICE.

WHILE crowns and sceptres tumble
And monarchs quail and quake,
Thrones liable to crumble

In me no envy wake;
But, void of all vexations
Involved in ruling nations,
There are some situations
That I should love to take.

A modest wage is vital,
With money left for pins;
But, oh! 'tis with the title
That my concern begins;
For that must have the rarity
Of sumptuous singularity,
For euphony, like charity,
Covers a host of sins.

With bards like POPE or PETRARCH
I never could compete;
But as a modern Tetrarch
Or as a Logothete,
A Hetman or a Negus,
A Begum or a Begus
(These genders *do* intrigue us!)
I soon would feel my feet.

By running contraband rum
I set no special store;
To be a small Panjandrum
Would gratify me more,
Or Laird of Tullochgorum,
Or some High-Cockalorum
Such as the Jam or Jorum
Of Jhansi or Johore.

And oh! if great BENITO
Would only make me Doge,
How gladly I'd cry "Zeto!"
And write him an *éloge*
Whene'er I went lagooning,
Venetian boat-songs crooning,
Beneath a sunset swooning
In crimson and gamboge.

* * * * *
Alas! my fond ambition,
I very greatly fear,
Will never reach fruition
In this sublunar sphere;
For, rooted to West Ealing,
I swat flies on the ceiling
And windows of the sheiling
I've christened "Bendemeer."

"WINDOW GRAB RAID.

. . . Although pursued by the jewellery, the car turned a corner and disappeared."
North-Country Paper.

The memory of his flight from an enraged blood-stone has turned many a hardened criminal to straighter paths.

"There are, of course, persons so constituted that uncertainty is the very breath of their nostrils. 'Better,' they say, 'one crowded hour of glorious life than a cycle in Cathay.'"
Trade Paper.

Yet we have always understood that cycling in Cathay has its uncertainties.



OFFICIAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

" . . . AND THEN TAKE THE CASE OF THE POST-OFFICE. I NOTICE THAT THE WALLS OF EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEIR TELEPHONE-BOXES ARE ACTUALLY DECORATED BY HAND, WHEN IT STANDS TO REASON THAT IT WOULD BE VERY MUCH CHEAPER TO HAVE THE DESIGN PRINTED."



HINTS TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS: HOW TO BE DIFFERENT.

DON'T WEAR PYJAMAS AT THE LIDO.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a certain type of American novelist—a follower, I suppose, of HENRY JAMES, but *quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*—whose work reminds me of a particularly unkind cartoon of LOUIS QUATORZE. The cartoon represents (1) a semi-naked LOUIS, very small and insignificant; (2) the same LOUIS in padded garments, high heels and periwig. The gist of *King Log and Lady Lea* (CONSTABLE), as exposed on that novel's jacket, bears about the same relation to what follows as LOUIS (1) does to LOUIS (2). A situation whose analysis might with dexterity fill out a short story is teased into three hundred pages. The situation in itself is interesting. A childless American couple, devoted respectively to tennis and short-story-writing, find themselves gradually sundered by the husband's casual infidelities. Other crumpled rose-leaves there are. *Mary* does not take *Richard's* tennis seriously; *Richard* does not give his mind—what there is of it—to *Mary's* fiction. But physical attraction, as long as it lasts, will blunt these poignancies; and when that is over—well, marriage should not be “too binding.” All, in fine, would have gone well had it not been for *Celia*, a youthful remnant of *Richard's* past whom he insists on incorporating into his present. *Celia*, however, is an artist. Between her and *Mary* exist immaterial bonds. *Celia* and *Mary* come together; *Richard*, poor devil, drops out. And that is all there is to it. It is characteristic of Miss ALYSE GREGORY's method that two or three minor characters, described to the turn of a hair, do nothing to further the action. A refined style and

obvious sympathy with her cast I willingly grant her; but these gifts strike me as exercised rather for their own sake than for the entertainment of the reader.

To anyone who wants to know what life is like to the farmer in Saskatchewan (or what it was like up to the outbreak of the War) I can heartily recommend *Our Daily Bread*, written by FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE and published by JONATHAN CAPE. It has the great merit of making the reader see and feel, almost of making him smell, the surroundings of the *Elliot* homestead. Having said so much, it may sound absurd to complain of the unrelieved tragedy of the book. *John Elliot*, whose acquaintance we make in the year 1906, is the son of old pioneer stock who came with his young wife some thirty years before from the original homestead of the *Elliot*s in Southern Manitoba to settle in the undeveloped country that was then known as Assiniboia Territory. His were the ideals of the old school; chiefly he wished to raise a large family honourably and see them settled about him in patriarchal fashion. But the new spirit of the times spreads even to the prairies, and once again the children are shown breaking away from the parents' hopes. “You can't fool the land” might almost have been taken as *John Elliot's* guiding rule in life; but the rising generation were trying to “fool the land” all the time; to treat farming, in short, as a financial speculation rather than as a productive business. Mr. *Fred Sately*, first of his sons-in-law, had shown the way with this “Farmers Limited” concern of his—a failure the shadow of which is projected across the opening chapter. And one after another the rest of the children break away; the wife dies, the old man finds a

tenant for the farm and is reduced to visiting his married daughters in turn, until at last a sort of nostalgia overcomes him and he struggles back to die in his deserted home. A painful, honest book, by one whose sympathies are clearly rather with the Canada of our fathers than of to-day.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Hoojibahs produces;

ESTHER BOUMPHREY is authoress,

Lucy is heroine; *Lucy's*

A little girl who away's been won

From out of her poor papa's

Residence near by Rippleton

To be Queen of the Hoojibahs.

Forth from his or from her abode

Were all of Rippleton's people,

When it lost itself, the Rippleton Road;

So village and church and steeple

Were left alone; folk couldn't come back,

And the Road was all to blame;

It was then, it was then that the Hoojibah pack

To Rippleton village came.

And what's a Hoojibah now? say you.

I give my opinion humbly

(But Miss WATSON's pictures support the view)

That a Hoojibah's kin to a Jumbly;

But when it tries to be *human*—ah!

It fails, as our ESTHER tells,

For a Hoojibah's always a Hoojibah—

It can't be anything else.

So the Road rolls back to Rippleton

And residents there anew see

Their homes; the Hoojibahs (all but one,

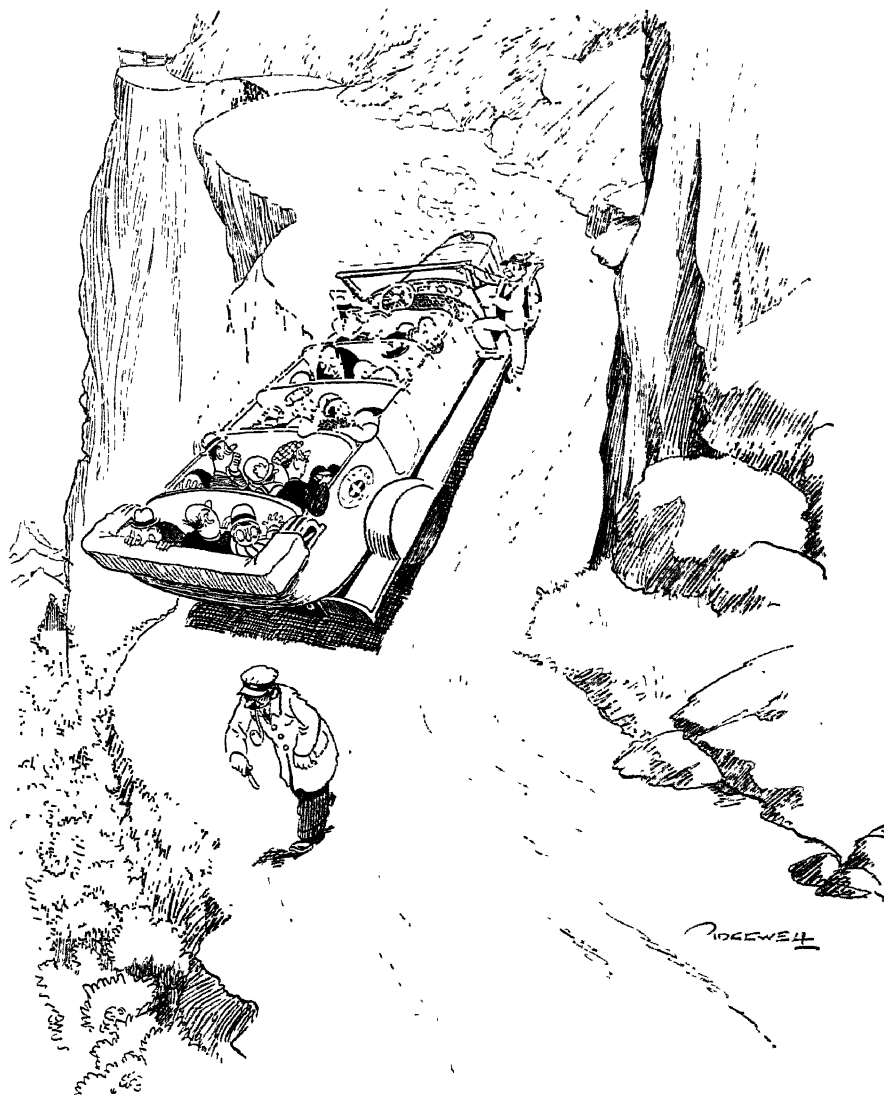
Who wants to go home with *Lucy*)

Fly off in the way that they came, and we

At once with a sigh achieve

The end of a nursery phantasy

That none but a child could weave.



Most obliging Guide (brightly). "PLEASE KEEP YOUR SEATS. THE DRIVER AND I ARE JUST GOING TO PICK YOU A FEW ALPINE ROSES."

KING JAMES II. caused Alderman CORNISH of the City of London, convicted of no offence but sturdy independence, to be executed at the point from which both the Guildhall and the Royal Exchange are in sight, where to-day a policeman stands to direct the traffic of Cheapside. This was the crowning act of folly, pointing most certainly to speedy retribution, in the campaign of terrorism that followed the MONMOUTH rebellion. Sir EDWARD PARRY's study of the period, *The Bloody Assize* (BENN), is not only particularly effective as a legal expert's analysis of unparalleled illegalities, but is planned dramatically, staging three principals. Of these three the Duke of MONMOUTH himself, though a mighty poor general and a man more inclined to the delights than the toils of kingship, yet had a gallant way with him and a horse that could win the Wallasey Cup. There is evidence to go before the jury, the writer considers, in support of his claim to have been lawful King of England. Sir EDWARD fortunately does not feel called upon, in a spirit of Trade Unionism, to defend his second actor, Judge JEFFREYS, but follows orthodox precedent in portraying him as a monster of illimitable iniquity. This is the more pleasant relief because he springs rather a surprise in regard to TITUS OATES, revealing him not indeed as an unstained patriot, yet as

one who had convictions and courage to maintain them. Altogether this is, I suppose, about as cheerful a book as could be well written about a thoroughly heathenish period.

The collection of sayings chosen from the speeches of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, which Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA has edited in *Slings and Arrows* (CASSELL), ranges from 1891 to last year, and in the survey the earlier period of "back-woodsmen" and "rare and refreshing fruit" is linked with the more recent one of "organised blasphemy," "rattled nerves" and "a fit country for heroes to live in." Interspersed with crisper pronouncements we can re-read at length, if not at full length, the Budget speech of 1909 and the Limehouse defence of it. We have glimpses of the American tour in 1923: "Those who make war cannot escape responsibility for the peace," and of Labour troubles and shell shortage in 1915: "It is intolerable that the life of Britain should be imperilled for a farthing an hour," and "Plant the flag on your workshops." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE says modestly in his preface that he claims no merit for these speeches beyond the abiding interest of their subjects. It is true that the fire of oratory, which is frequently a concern rather of manner than of matter, is inevitably

dimmed when it comes to a record in cold print, but undoubtedly some of the warmth of these fulminations can be recaptured in reading, though curiously it is less the rhetorical passages than the skilful marshalling of arguments that arouse admiration. I do not know whether it is of set purpose that the date is given at the end instead of at the beginning of each extract, but it is a touch that certainly adds to the entertainment. We read, for instance, that "it is wasteful whenever you create work for the sake of creating it," and we find after another half-dozen pages that it comes from a Budget speech of twenty years ago. Again, there is a post-war sort of ring about: "No Party has ever existed with one leader. That sounds, perhaps, a little strange; but the fact is that the best leader for a man is the man he chooses to follow." It was said in 1903.

The publishers say of *The Old Expedient* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) that "it is an original and haunting book, beautifully written and irradiated with intellectual personality," and, although I shouldn't have expressed it quite in that way myself, I am inclined to think it a very just estimate of a novel which I have found it difficult to sum up. Lady PANSY PAKENHAM has written the history of two days in the life of a young man, *Oliver Gaunt*, brother-in-law of the Prime Minister of England, to whom is offered the chance of going on a diplomatic errand to one *Mark Finnigan*, self-styled "King Mark," of the Island of Inismark, off the Irish coast. A chemical of vast possibilities in the making of poison-gas has been found in a cave on the island, and it is the intention of the British Government by fair means or foul to get possession of it. *Oliver's* mission is to lull the suspicions of the "King" and his family so that the island can be successfully raided—as it is. But

the story is unimportant by comparison with *Oliver* himself, an eager, questing, disappointed, eternally boyish figure, left lonely by his brilliant marriage and his mother's selfishness. We see most of the happenings of the book through his eyes, and at times he moves us to tears and at times to laughter. He finds in *King Mark's* strange, half-savage, lame daughter *Lydia* an object of knightly adoration, and achieves nothing by utter self-sacrifice but a considerable increase in her self-esteem. In spite of the fact that it is extremely pessimistic this is a first novel which goes far beyond the "promise" its publishers modestly claim for it.

Harlequinade (LANE) is CONSTANCE COLLIER'S story of her life, written in a pleasantly naïve direct fashion, with enough egotism and candid commentary on contemporaries to make it interesting and enough real modesty and charity

to keep it sweet. Though, clearly, the young CONSTANCE owed her first successes to her beauty—a fortunate chance interview with GEORGE EDWARDES led that shrewd judge to make her a "Gaiety Girl," and her later long engagement at His Majesty's in its great days was due in the first instance to STEPHEN PHILLIPS' approval of her profile—hard work and a serious purpose supplemented her natural gifts. Her narrow escape from the knife of a super, a homicidal religious maniac, at His Majesty's and the casual chance which brought her, at the last stage of a dangerous illness, to the one man in Europe with the knowledge and courage to cure her, suggests that she has a guardian spirit active in her behalf. Miss COLLIER talks interestingly and in not too

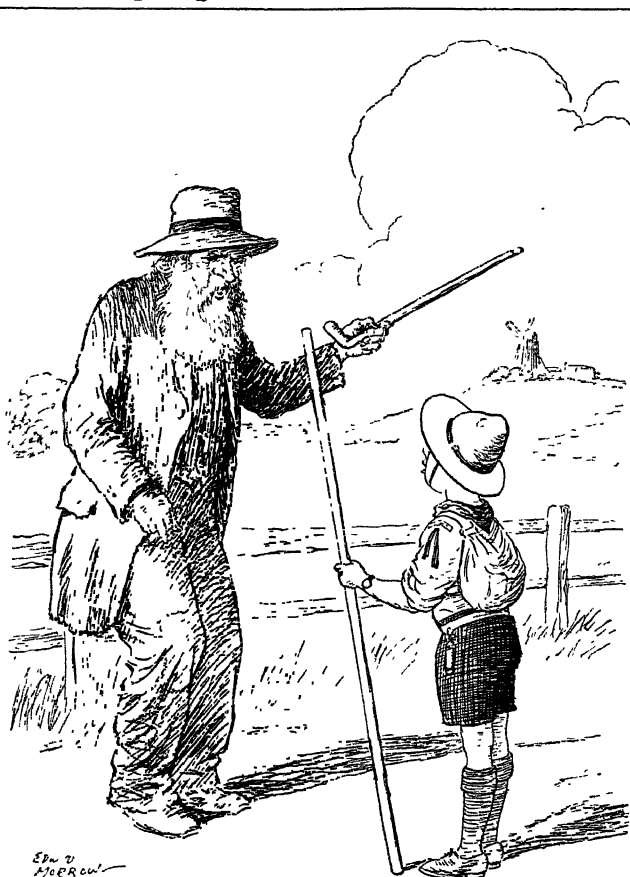
overwhelmingly ecstatic a vein about her colleagues, and you gather that she thinks the eminently respectable, socially conforming modern actor has lost something valuable that his vagabond predecessor possessed, and has too many temptations to work less hard at his job.

By *Fool Errant* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I was not as thrilled as I have been by some of Miss PATRICIA WENTWORTH'S previous stories. And the main reason was that almost from the outset I could not help knowing to what use the villains of the piece intended to put their victim. This victim, however, with his flute and stutter, was by no means as foolish as he pretended to be, and in the plans evolved for his protection from the dangers surrounding him Miss WENTWORTH gives a display of exceptional ingenuity. Altogether an excellent book for holiday reading, because its readers, without being unduly excited, will be kept constantly agog.

Hugh Drummond is industrious enough in *Temple Tower* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), but I rejoice to say that his

adventures are far more credible than they have been in one or two of SAPPER'S later stories. In fact this is a thoroughly sound yarn, whose plots and counter-plots are contrived by a hand that has regained its cunning. It only remains to say that a man known to the underworld as the *Toad* out-maneuvred his fellows and thereby incurred the violent hatred of a master-villain called *Le Bossu*. The *Toad* fortified his tower as best he might, but all the same he lived in deadly terror of *Le Bossu's* revenge. And with good reason. A complete and legitimate surprise provides a satisfactory conclusion to a remarkably vigorous tale.

"I have seen mothers with children so drunk that they have used their perambulators as supports. (Cries of 'Shame.')"—*Daily Paper*. But it would be unfair to presume intoxication in all babies who lean against their prams.



Rustic. "SO YOU WANTS TO GET TO MUDFORD. WELL, YOU TAKES THE FOOTPATH AS FAR AS THE MILL, TURN LEFT TO THE CROSS-ROADS, GO OVER THE BRIDGE AND——"
Boy Scout. "OH, DON'T BOTHER ABOUT ALL THAT. JUST GIVE ME A COMPASS BEARING."

CHARIVARIA.

PLANS for the rebuilding of Whitehall are said to be under consideration. It is hoped that a careful note of the position of officials will be made so that they can be put back in their right places afterwards. * *

It is now practically certain that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD will visit the United States in October to discuss disarmament, and it is anticipated that every avenue will be explored, including Fifth Avenue. * *

Another attempt to fly the Atlantic is to be made by two Americans. Intending stowaways should apply early as applications will be considered in strict rotation. * *

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN has a weakness for jam-tarts, it seems; but he has given no overt indication of this at the Hague Conference. * *

We are asked to deny the report that Mr. SNOWDEN dropped six lumps of sugar into M. BRIAND's tea to illustrate his views on deliveries in kind. * *

The couple who were married at Antibes in their wet bathing-costumes are believed to have been actuated by a desire to show their disregard of the old-fashioned prejudice against being married in wet bathing-costumes. * *

Convention is so strong, however, that they will probably have to dress for the divorce, if any. * *

The report that elastic fish have been caught off Bermuda by a scientific expedition will be welcomed in angling circles, where fish that can be stretched to any length have been a long-felt want. * *

Margate air, a newspaper correspondent recalls, has been likened to sparkling champagne. Yet champagne is seldom described as bottled Margate air. * *

The possible effect of the introduction of the talking-film into Japan on the position of the *Katsuben*, who explains the story to the audience, has

been discussed in *The Times*. Our experience is that nothing stops members of audiences in this country explaining the story to one another. * *

The fact that, after the Hungarian Boy Scouts had lunched at the Tower of London, as recorded in *The Daily Mail*, not a scrap of waste-paper was left lying about is regarded as a further argument in favour of tearing up the Treaty of Trianon. * *

The conversion of insanitary basement-dwellings into workshops in Naples is expected to have the effect of checking the tendency to see Naples and die. * *



Husband. "BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY OUR NEW MAID HAS LEFT ALREADY?"

Wife. "Y-YES, D-DARLING. I TOLD HER S-SHE COULD C-CLEAR AWAY AFTER TEA AND SHE M-MUST HAVE M-MISUNDERSTOOD ME."

"I am not a very expert motorist," writes a woman-driver, "but I don't rush in where angels fear to tread." Few motorists discriminate between the angelic and other types of pedestrian. * *

The Royal and Ancient game is being introduced into Soviet Russia, where it is anticipated that it will be played under Proletarian and Modern rules. * *

The discovery of a boomerang in the canyons of the Colorado is regarded as evidence that America was formerly inhabited by Australians. * *

"Although I have tried my best I cannot stop my boy from poking his nose into other people's business," declares a mother writing to the Press. Why worry? He may become a successful gossip-writer when he grows up.

According to Professor CALLADINE, oysters move about in their shells at the sound of the human voice. They tremble all over if the speaker rolls his R's!

A writer thinks it is time somebody found out what the Chinese and the Russians are fighting about. As soon as this is discovered the Chinese and the Russians ought to be told.

In view of Mr. LEES-SMITH's reported decision to spend a large sum of money in brightening up every post-office in this country, we hesitate to bother him about restoring the penny postage.

"What is a cocktail?" was a recent General Knowledge question in a daily paper. This assumption of innocence deceives nobody. * *

In many quarters it is regarded as rather unfortunate that the Hague Conference should have been permitted to clash with the production of Mr. G. B. SHAW's new play, *The Apple Cart*. * *

The news that impregnable strong-rooms are being built in the banks near the Royal Exchange is causing burglars to spend many a sleepless day. * *

"I shall charge what I like for my goods," a North London coster is alleged to have said to a police-

man. What does he think he is? In the milk trade? * *

"Youth vanishes," says a headline. Beauty specialists meet this difficulty with a vanishing cream. * *

The Daily Express is trying to find out who put in the first telephone-call in London about fifty years ago. We presume our contemporary is anxious to know if he has got through to the number yet.

Attention is drawn to the fact that weather-forecasts can be obtained from the post-office. But not from the young lady at the stamps counter. * *

The Lido is now decried as unfashionable. But then some people raise this objection to Blackpool.

"MUSSOLINI IS ALWAYS RIGHT."*(Extract from the Fascist Rules.)*

THE Powers that prattled at the Hague
In language very loose and vague
All said our claims were silly rot,
Italy loudest of the lot,
Keeping the Fascist rule in sight—
"MUSSOLINI is always right."

When England once was soft as silk
They squeezed her like a cow in milk,
Till all their pails were running over
With what she gave, though short of
clover;
And on the stool he still sits tight,
This DUCE who is always right.

Our Mr. SNOWDEN said, "I need
Two million odd by Spa decreed."
Italy, eager for the fat,
Said, "No! I scoop two-thirds of that."
A god spoke from Olympus' height,
"Those are my views, and therefore
right!"

You'd think he surely can't forget
What England did about his debt,
How she, on Europe's peace intent,
Excused him eighty-six per cent,
And so dispersed his parlous plight?
Then you are wrong. He's always right.

He said, in one of his repliques,
"Italy, not Fascismo, speaks."
But since, by his almighty whim,
Both are identical with him,
I find the difference rather slight;
Still, MUSSOLINI must be right.

Finally, in our evening Press
He traced the diplomatic mess
To our material tone out there,
But with the large and tolerant air
Of one whose touch could well be light,
Because he's always in the right.

O. S.

THE HAIG STATUE AGAIN.*To the Editor of "The Times."*

SIR,—Permit me to add my voice
to the chorus of protest against this
HINDENBURG statue which the Office of
Works desires to inflict upon us. In
the first place I submit that it is both
irregular and unnecessary to raise a
memorial to a man who is still living.
In the second the statue is not only
defective as a likeness of President
HINDENBURG, but some of my friends
have even discerned in it—or so I am
assured—a remote but unmistakable
resemblance to Earl HAIG. It cannot
be the desire of our people that these
historic antagonists should both be com-
memorated in the same statue.

Yours, etc., EX-CAVALRYMAN.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,—The task of the innovator is
proverbially thankless, and Mr. Hardi-

hood's magnificent conception in bronze
has brought the Philistines down in
force upon him. And yet, Sir, in what
does his offence consist? Merely that
he is marching a little in advance of the
unthinking crowd. The more liberal-
minded among them are already pre-
pared to concede the right of the artist
to concern himself with the spirit rather
than the letter of his subject. I would
go a stage further. I submit that a
sculptor should be left equally free, if
so he wishes, to commemorate a person
or a cause in terms of the forces with
which he or it has had to grapple. Mr.
Hardihood's offence is therefore no more
heinous than if he had given us a
sculptured dragon as a monument to
Sr. GEORGE. You will observe that I
reject *in toto* the popular view that the
statue is a monument to President
HINDENBURG. It is obviously intended
to commemorate Earl HAIG. The like-
ness is approximately HINDENBURG's for
the sufficient reason that in HINDEN-
BURG were personified those forces which
Earl HAIG encountered and overthrew.
Yours, etc., PERCY SCHMIDT.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,—Has our Office of Works not
yet been informed of the invention of
colour photography? There must be
numerous photographs of President
HINDENBURG in existence. What could
be simpler than to enlarge one of them
to life-size and mount it upon cardboard
or, if need be, wood? If it is objected
that the figure might still leave some-
thing to be desired when viewed edge-
ways the difficulty could be easily and
inexpensively solved by the erection of
a flanking wall across each end. Only
a front (or back) view would then be
possible. Yours, etc.,

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL," ETC.

(From Our Berlin Correspondent.)

I learn that the statue of President
HINDENBURG which has aroused such
spirited controversy in England is to be
presented by the Office of Works to
Germany, and that a site will be found
for it in the Siegesallee here.

The German Government has acknow-
ledged the gift in graceful terms and
has decided to offer to Great Britain in
return a memorial to Lord HAIG. It is
to be designed by Herr Bildhauer, the
most brilliant of the youngest school of
sculptors. A cursory acquaintance with
Herr Bildhauer's previous works is guar-
antee enough that his design will not
bear too faithful a resemblance to its
subject and so fall automatically to rank
as a work of art. The principle under-
lying everything he has hitherto done is
that of the interchangeability of incom-
patibles, an approximate translation

only of the rather cumbrous German
word which expresses the idea. He
hopes to start on the HAIG memorial as
soon as sittings have been arranged
with President HINDENBURG, who has
consented to be his model for the work.

ANOTHER SONG OF THE SHIRT.

[At a recent show in Surrey the competitions
included one for the best-mended shirt.]

DEAR JACK, the show you're running

Will not, I'm much afraid,

Owe aught, despite your dunning,

To my financial aid;

You'll have my approbation

To nerve you for your task,

But not the small donation

For which you write to ask.

Nor will I, as a boon, race

Towards your festive scene

To judge the egg-and-spoon race

For "under seventeen";

In vain you bid me break off

My work for this affair;

Even a promised rake-off

Won't tempt me to be there.

But, though I keep my distance,

It may be after all

That I can send assistance

In answer to your call;

If needles (shade of HOOD!) work

That day without a fee,

To carry on the good work

I'll lend my lingerie.

Exhausting Sport in the Highlands.

"I learn that twenty beaters were engaged
to ensure a plentiful supply of birds and that
he [General Dawes] was one of the most
enthusiastic shots of the party.

Eight birds fell to General Dawes' gun.
He rested in the afternoon."

From *The Daily Express* Special Corre-
spondent, to whom we are indebted for
this information, though the italics are
by Mr. Punch, we further learn that the
scene of this heavy morning's work was
"the picturesque estate of Lude." It
may not be generally known that Lude
was originally a cuckoo moor. Hence
the phrase, "Lude sing cuccu."

"While the demand for sheep in Poverty Bay
has eased off, there is still a keen inquiry for
cattle. The sheep men are too busy with their
flocks at this time of the year to concern them-
selves much with the sales. . . ."

New Zealand Paper.

Even in Poverty Bay they seem to be
dressy.

"The time wasted in this mumbo-jumbo is
incredible and I suppose it will go on until we
produce another Cromwell to take away the
baubles and trim the sails of the slow-moving
machinery of State with a good pair of Socialist
shears."

Mr. OLIVER BALDWIN in "The Clarion."

It would take a stiff Correspondence
Course to trim the metaphors of Mr.
OLIVER BALDWIN.

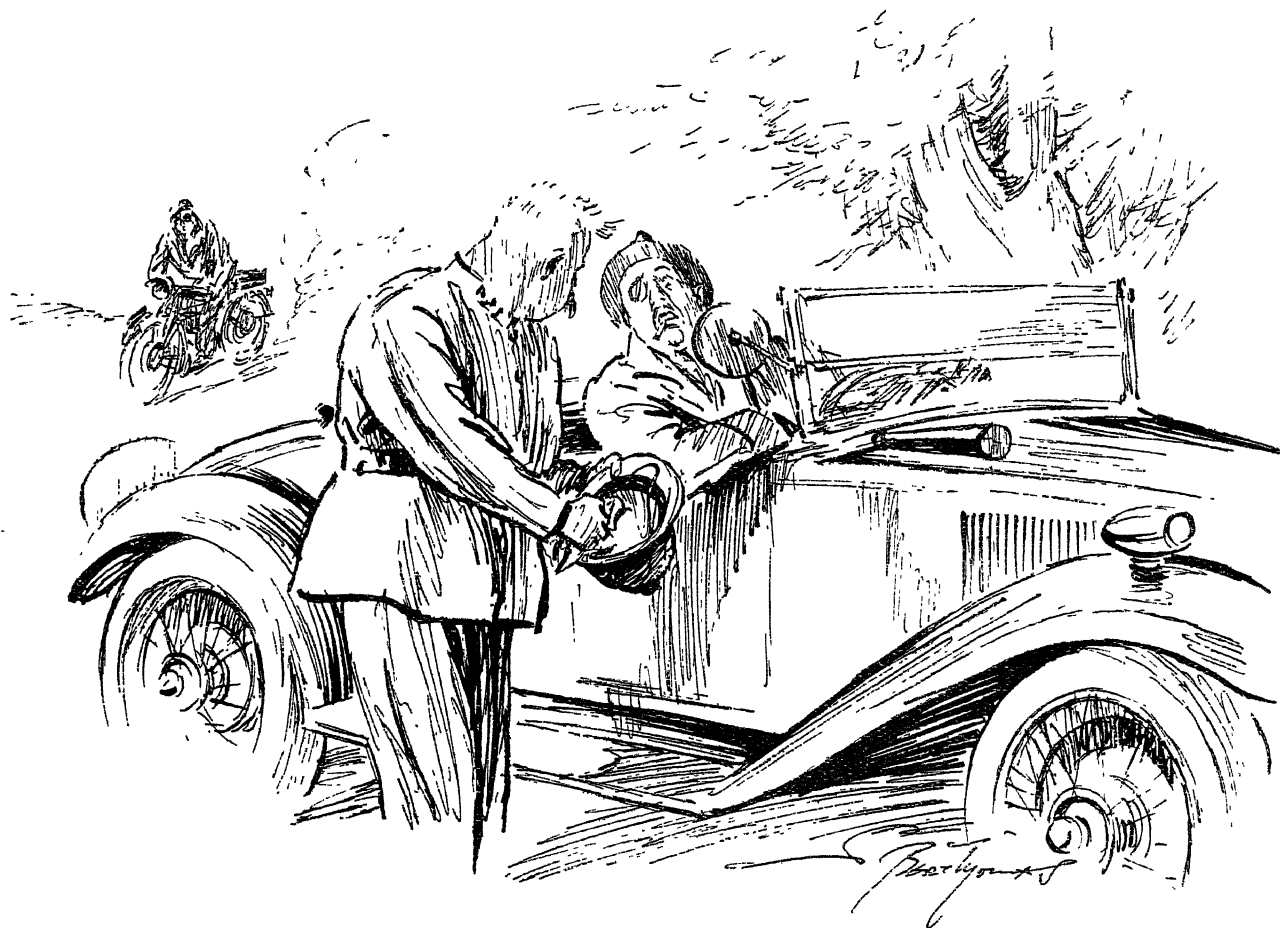


STARS AND PIPES.

MR. MACDONALD. "IF YOU PLAY MY PIPES AND I SMOKE ONE OF YOURS IT OUGHT TO DISARM EVERYBODY."

MR. DAWES. "YOU SPOKE A LOSSIEMOUTHFUL."

[The AMERICAN AMBASSADOR is reported to have presented a "Dawes" pipe to the PRIME MINISTER.]



"I SHOULD SAY, IF YOU WAS DOIN' FIVE, YOU WAS DOIN' FIFTY."
"YOU WOULD."

THE UNENCUMBERED FEE SIMPLE.

IV.—VEGETABLE-MARROWS AND VIEWS.

We are settling down a little now in our new cottage. We are learning something about the village and we are being called upon. Only the other day an old lady looked over our back-garden hedge and asked if we would be so good as to accept a vegetable-marrow and did we want any washing done? We said we would let her know about the washing, and I carried the vegetable-marrow into the kitchen and laid it carefully on the table. The vegetable-marrow rolled off.

A few minutes later a man passing in the road outside looked over the front-garden hedge and said that our garden "seemed like it could do with a little digging," and did we care for "marrers?" With the air of a conjurer he then produced an enormous one from under his coat. I said I would let him know about the digging and Frances took the vegetable-marrow into the kitchen and laid it gently on the table. The vegetable-marrow rolled off.

At this point a local resident looked in by way of being pleasant and adopting us if we seemed human. She brought a basket with her and said she had felt it in her bones that we would just love a vegetable-marrow. I was about to say that we would let her know if we wanted the washing dug, but Frances nudged me in time. So while Frances was thanking her very prettily and asking her to see over the fee simple, I took the vegetable-marrow into the kitchen and laid it firmly on the floor.

I was beginning to see what it was. All small English villages have their traditions and it was quite clear to me what was the pleasant old-world custom still enshrined in Harstead. Like those primitive tribes which used to have a currency of beads, shells or cattle, this corner of England preserved a monetary system founded on vegetable-marrows. I suppose Frances and I will get used to it in time, but it will tend to make one's pockets bulge on shopping expeditions. And I can see that by the time a few more people have looked in

on us I shall have to set apart a room solely as a strong-room. It will be an impressive sight, something like an ammunition dump just before the Somme attack.

I cannot help feeling, however, that there must be some other token in use besides marrows, if only by way of small change. If there isn't I shall attempt to introduce a system of bi-vegetablism with runner-beans or, better still, bars of rhubarb. I have often wanted to find a use for rhubarb, if only to prevent Frances mistaking it for an article of food.

I asked one of our visitors about this, and when I had finished explaining that I wasn't to be taken seriously, I discovered that there was something which interested Harstead even more than marrows.

That was *Views*. For Harstead is just under the Downs, and in every house of every village under the Downs apparently the View (of the Downs) is the most important thing in life. Roofs may leak, window-frames rot, holly-hocks appear in the rock-garden and

cucumbers grow in spirals, but if one can only obtain a good View from the drawing-room or the bottom of the garden it makes up for everything. As a natural offset to this there is always something just spoiling the perfect View and that something is invariably in the next man's property. It therefore cannot be removed for any one of several reasons:—

(a) The owner cannot be made to realise that it blocks anyone else's View, being too intent on his own.

(b) It is his garage, tool-shed, bullion room for vegetable-marrows or other indispensable building.

(c) It has been growing there for a hundred years and he refuses to cut it down.

(d) Something else in someone else's property is blocking *his* View, and he is determined to let the other fellow make a move first.

(e) He lives in it.

All this is good for conversation at tea-time. One of these days, though, some large-hearted View-owner will start the ball rolling by removing from his own property the obstruction that annoys his neighbour, whereupon there will be such a felling of walls, sheds, trees, tin huts, pig-styes and what-not that conversation in Harstead will be at a standstill for weeks.

You might think from this that all in the village are at daggers drawn over the question of View-abduction and live in barely concealed hostility. You would be wrong. As a matter of fact, it is now the most amicable and united village in Sussex. For a person unknown (on whose head be execrations!) has just built close by, on the very slope of the Downs, a week-end bungalow (£173 10s. complete, carriage and crate extra). It has foul imitation stucco walls and a blatant roof of the same vulgar pale-pink shade as cheap feminine underwear and almost as obvious. The occupier is too close to the Downs to have a view of them himself, but his Blot stands obscenely in the View that every house in Harstead has striven after for so long. It is even worse than the tin shed belonging to the local Band of Hope, and as long as it stands our village of Harstead will be amicably united in abuse of this revolting Eyesore. A. A.

"BRAY FOR BETTER HOLIDAYS."

Railway Poster.

We may soon expect pictures showing us "Barking for Health"?

"Lenthall was riding in a car along the front when he saw a child's hands above the water. . . . He rescued the boy who was revived by the harbour."—*Bristol Paper*.

He probably mistook it for the smelling-salts.



The Genius. "OF COURSE, IF THEY WERE ALL LIKE ME, THERE WOULDN'T BE MUCH IN BEING ME!"

BINGO.

BINGO MAY DIE SOME DAY.
WHEN my darling Bingo dies
(But he's only seven),
He'll unclothe his faithful eyes
In the doggies' heaven.
Such a happy friendly place,
Not so very far
From the Land of Lovely Grace
Where the angels are.
With the other creatures there
Won't he have some fun;
Sleeping on his special chair
After day is done?
When the angels come to call
(As they're sure to do)
They will bring a rubber ball
And a bone or two;

Talk to him in doggy talk,
Make a bit of fuss,
Take him for a jolly walk,
Give him news of us.
When at last they have to leave
As it's getting late,
Quietly he'll stand and grieve
By the marble gate.
He will watch them as they go
Down the starry track;
They will talk of him, I know,
All the way back. R. F.

"By climbing the famous Napes Needle on Great Gable for the 200th time during the week-end Mr. J. E. B. Wright, chief of the Lakeland Mountain Guides, has set up a new record."—*North-Country Paper*.

For our part we shall not attempt to challenge it. Our week-ends are too short.

PLEASANT SUNDAY MORNINGS.

III.—WITH MR. J. L. GARVIN.

SLACK WATER.

EBB OR FLOW.

FORWARD OR BACK.

THE CONUNDRUM AND THE KEY.

PLAIN WORDS TO THE WORLD.

THE tide of human affairs sweeps on with a momentum not to be arrested even by the *The Observer*. Yet here, as in Nature, there is vouchsafed from time to time a salutary pause while the waters hang betwixt ebb and flow. Here is the opportunity natural for the shifting of moorings, the readjustment of uncertain anchorages, the tautening, loosening and renewal of ropes. We write this week at political slack-water. If Ministers waste this Heaven-sent interval in the old bickerings and narrow animosities, the country will suffer for a generation. When we speak of the tide we forget too often that the ebb has its virtues as well as the flood. The Ship of State must journey down the river as often as up. SHAKESPEARE himself made this mistake. Events may prove that for this old island it is the tide taken at the ebb which leads out to fortune.

(1) "REVISE—REVISE!"

During the next few months we shall return again and again to this inspiring parallel. It may be that we shall have to envisage a drastic reshaping of all those preconceived notions on which the national life is built. If this be so we shall fearlessly face the issue, though it exposes us to the stings and arrows of outrageous calumny and runs us into four columns instead of our ritual three. It has never been the habit of this journal to cling to obsolete fetishes to gain the applause of Mandarinism. Where there is no revision the people perish.

* * *

First things first. With no more delay than is imposed by the practical necessities of the case the fourth stump must at last be added to the wickets of England. That we have escaped ultimate disaster for some centuries with no more than three is the argument of indolence and blindness. The fourth

stump is as needful and natural to cricket as the fourth wheel to a carriage. In an age more and more tending towards symmetrical form in every branch of life, what other nation would have tolerated so long the illogical and angular arrangement of the threefold wicket? As well fetter the modern impulse to speed by insisting on the tricycle as the ideal design for a vehicle. As well have three batsmen.

* * *

Odd numbers are an offence to the

takes to itself new life and meaning. From the giving of guard to the drawing of stumps a new technique and practice is born. With four targets for the attack instead of three the bowler is thirty-three per cent more dangerous, and the striker thirty-three per cent more vulnerable; the difference in power representing sixty-six per cent on a division. At once there is an end of the drawn match, the prolonged negation of our present experience. Every contest is pushed to a quick and certain

conclusion; and meanwhile bowler and batsmen alike must think out a fresh tactic and philosophy of the game.

* * *

The people would rally to the New Cricket. Where one man snores in the free seats to-day a thousand would flock with their savings to the stands. More. So deep-set in the soul of us is the cricket-affair that a fresh start here must have repercussions incalculable throughout the national fabric. Industry, Science, Art—Religion itself—would catch the new breeze and sail off gallantly on the tack of endeavour. Not even statesmanship could avoid the wholesome breath of the fourth stump.

* * *

Then the implications international. These are manifest and globe-wide in importance. Let Europe see that Britain has thrust the galvanic needle to the very heart of her national game, and the Continent will know that we intend business in all things. Let virile America have no more excuse to mock at the three-day dawdles of Lord's and Oval and at once we take our rightful place in the family-councils of the world.

(2) END THE WEEK-END.

This done, we must reward expectation with performance. It will not be enough to exhibit the promise of vigour. At present we rest upon our laurels before we have gained them; we spend four days of the week in recuperation from the exertions of three. (We speak particularly, *sans* fear or favour, of the heads of industry, the brains of Britain.) The English week-end must go.

* * *

Nothing like it is provided for in the

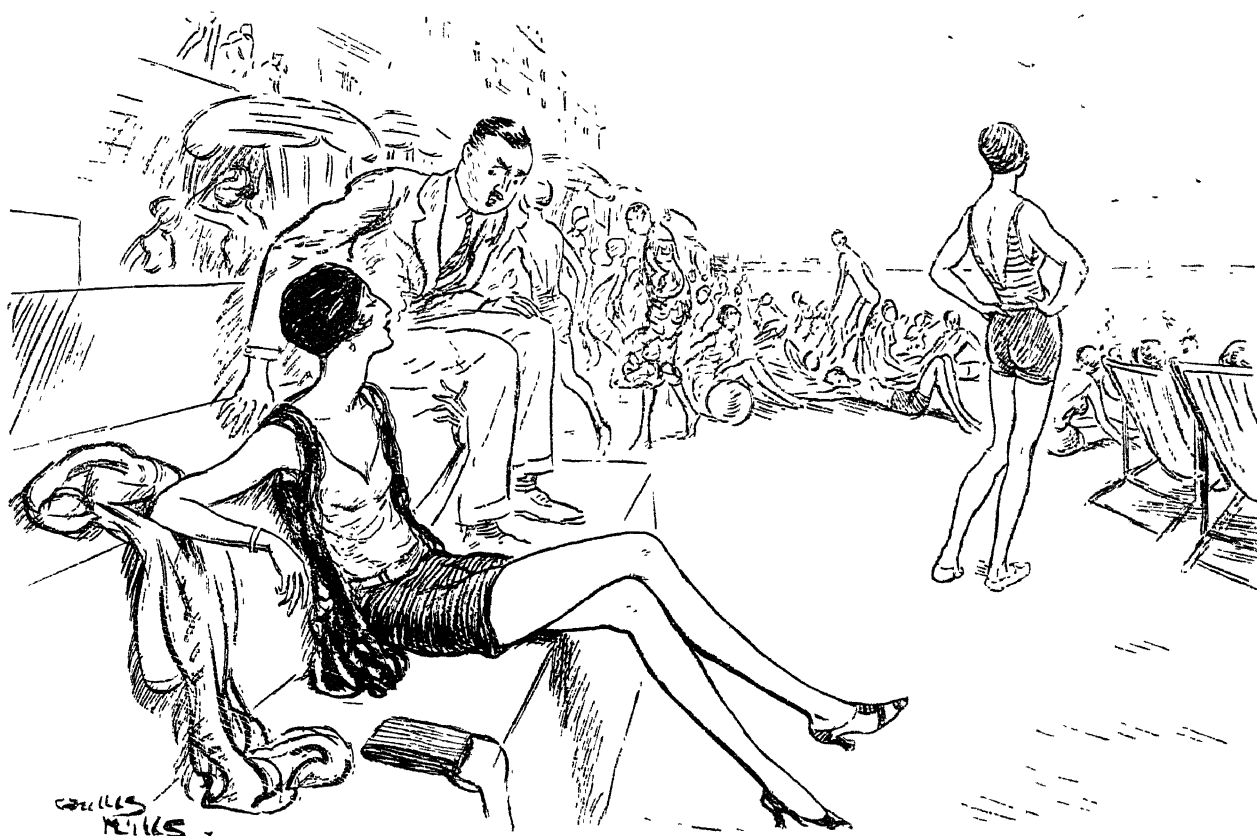


Explorer (having omitted to glance at the screen). "HERE YOU SEE ME STUDYING THE CHIMPANZEE, WHICH MISGUIDED SCIENTISTS ERRONEOUSLY DECLARE TO BE THE FOREFATHER OF MAN."

new era of social cohesion, scientific standardisation and international equality. Partnership, not particularity, is the note of the time, politically. Odd man out is a game for children and savages. In art and science as well we move always to what is level and even. A three-shilling-piece is at this date an impossible conception. The fourth stump must come. So much is moon-bright.

The Sequel—and a Moral.

Consider next the inevitable sequence of events. At once the national game



Chance Hotel Acquaintance (a student of the visitors' book, to lady whose name he doesn't know). "SEE THAT GIRL OVER THERE? SHE'S LADY SYBIL BLONDE—GREAT FRIEND OF MINE."
Lady. "VERY INTERESTING. BUT HOW I HAVE CHANGED!"

Ten Commandments. "Six days shalt thou labour" is still, we believe, the authorised text. In current practice we have interpreted it "Four days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do, and on the sixth, seventh and most of the first day thou shalt rest from thy labours, thou and thy children, but not thy man-servant and thy maid-servant." *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*—the manager who abandons ship at noon on Friday, the director who directs his factory in Manchester from his place in Sussex? The Empire cannot live so long as the heart of the Empire refuses duty on Saturdays and Mondays. These days must come back to the business calendar. On this subject our last word is not yet said.

(3) THE RIGHT—AND RUSSIA.

One, two—and still there is a third fact to our practical dream of an England regained. While the civilised nations of the earth drive unanimously on the right side of the road we alone cling obstinately to the left. In no other matter are the voices of the peoples so perfectly in harmony. Britain manifestly cannot much longer provide the one discordant note.

In Politics, in Art, in Literature, a war-tossed world drifts steadily back to the right, and Britain, of all nations, does herself less than justice in paddling a solitary canoe to leftwards, if only on the high-road. The symbolism of a change here is by no means trivial, but pregnant with destiny and not to be neglected if Ministers know their business. Such a gesture by Britain would seal, confirm and fructify the rightward leanings of the planet. Let the nations see this island stern-set on the right side of the road and even Russia may own that the game is up. Nor from the practical stand-point of trade is it to be forgotten that such a change would require the transformation of every motor we possess, whether in being or on the benches. The right-hand drive will find work for a million.

(4) A CLEAR COURSE.

Can we put faith in Ministers? The course is clear; but has the pilot the vision to perceive it? Let us briefly recapitulate the three prongs of that dream-trident with which Britannia, if she be but true to herself, shall once more dominate the sphere. Our language, we hope, has been as sharp in

meaning as it has been blunt in frankness. But we can never be sure that the whole of our readers will read the whole of our articles. Those who skip the reasoned premises of our beginning may swallow a hasty conclusion. And *vice versa*. Hence without shame, for the general good, we repeat ourselves.

Three things, then: The Fourth Stump—The Six-Day Week—The Right of the Road. Only the small mind will think such matters small. The points of a diamond are infinitesimal, yet without them the jewel is nothing. Our three points are to be the glitter-spots of an England without flaw. Buds only, to vary the metaphor, but they spring from the root of the business and in a small compass conceal the flower of the future. In this affair this journal will permit no paking by the Government. At the first sign of shifting counsels or feeble grasp we shall not hesitate to write another powerful article. A. P. H.

—A Simeon-like wind is baking the streets of the metropolis, spreading prostration.

Calcutta Paper.

We presume that Mr. Simeon has already been prosecuted for scorching.

THE TRAGIC COMÉDIENNE.

CHIN-TILTED from the club-house she descends,
With eye serene and tweeds of formal cut;
And in her heart calm faith with purpose blends
To drive like MITCHELL and like TOLLEY putt.

Her irons glitter like an armoury;
Her wooden clubs are numerous and rare;
Her swift ferocious swing upon the tee
Only disturbs a puff of startled air.

Turf flies before her to the distant green—
Not counting "fan-strokes" she is there in ten;
The wounded earth bleeds where her cleek has been—
"Replace the divots, please," was writ for men.

Who, while she meditates, shall dare encroach,
Though by the pin she figures out her score,
Ignoring him who waits on his approach,
Deaf to the mock-apologetic "Fore!"

Unruffled on her zigzag way she fares,
While every hazard yields its threes and twos;
There's not a bunker on the course but bears
The imprints of her niblick and her shoes.

Tea and a cigarette round off the day,
A cigarette and tea, what time she prates
Of how a new-found grip improved her play,
So that habitual nines became but eights;

Of how she laid all her approaches dead,
Using a mashie with a rounded sole;
Of how a putter with a face of lead
Charmed the most wayward ball into the hole.

Her name? Enough. Is there 'twixt Thames and Tweed,
Or any limits that occur to you,
A golfer who, when he has read my screed,
Will dare assert the portrait is not true?

DARING TO BE A DANIEL.

It was in a quiet backwater somewhere between the Bayswater Road and Westbourne Grove that I came across him. A Punch and Judy show, one of the last survivals, was performing in the road before a scanty audience of children, while two or three grown-ups stood at some distance on the pavement, with the usual grown-up assumption of being there for any other purpose but that of witnessing the entertainment.

Having no dignity to sustain, I secured an excellent place in the middle of the front row, behind a small boy in whom at first I noticed nothing to distinguish him from his fellows. But I soon became aware of a difference.

I had arrived just in time for a lively encounter between Punch and a crocodile with formidable wooden jaws, which closed on Punch's most prominent feature. It was then, while Punch was rootitooting in agony, that I heard the boy remark with a fierce animosity, "Serves yer right! I 'ope 'e'll bite yer *again*." Which the crocodile promptly did, to the undisguised satisfaction of the boy.

We are often told by authorities who seem to have made an exhaustive study of the subject that the present generation of youth sadly lacks both illusions and moral standards. It may be so, but here at least was a youth who not only accepted Punch as a fellow-creature, but regarded his character with stern disapprobation.

The crocodile, having failed to make any impression on Punch's nose, had retired discomfited, and was succeeded by a nondescript puppet, which puzzled and annoyed Punch by bobbing up from under the valance or popping out from the side of the proscenium and hitting him on the head when

his back was turned. In this he was warmly encouraged by the boy. "That's it!" he exhorted the puppet. "Giv 'im another!"

And, as the puppet acted on this suggestion, the boy cried proudly to Punch, "I told 'im to do that!"

I doubt if Punch had ever had such a shock before in the whole of his riotous career. Hitherto his exploits had inspired nothing but admiration and applause; now they seemed to be viewed not merely without sympathy but with actual hostility.

He sat on the ledge and regarded the boy with a petrified stare. "Ere! *What's* that?" he asked. "'Oo told 'im to 'it me?"

"I did," replied the boy, quite unappalled.

"What! *You* did?" exclaimed Punch incredulously.

"Yus," repeated the boy, "I did."

"Then," Punch squeaked magisterially, "you're a very norty bye."

"No, I ain't," retorted the boy.

"But you *are*," insisted Punch, only to be contradicted again.

Evidently to Punch's relief, the dispute was interrupted at this stage by the entrance of Judy, who came to inquire the whereabouts of the baby.

"'Ow should I know where the biby's got to?" Punch demanded. "I 'aven't *touch*ed yer biby."

This was too much for his accusing angel in the front row. "You *did*!" he shouted; "you *know* yer did! 'E took and frowed it out o' winder," he added for the enlightenment of the bereaved Judy.

All Punch could say to that was, "Oh, you wicked story!"

"I don't tell no lies," said his denouncer. "It's *you* as tells lies. Why, I see yer frow the baby out meself!"

Which silenced Punch, whose talent, I had already observed, did not lie in repartee, and who preferred to create a diversion by knocking Judy on the head and tossing her to the Unknown, a proceeding which I expected would rouse the boy to vigorous protest. However, he probably felt it would have been futile. Indeed he did not break out again until Jack Ketch had erected his portable gibbet.

"Now you'll git it!" the boy exulted. "You're goin' to be 'ung, *you are*!"

He was pitilessly impatient with Punch's inability to follow his executioner's instructions. "Not *that* way, stoopid," he reproved him. "Stick yer 'ed *frco* the loop, carn't yer?"

And when Punch gave up trying and asked Ketch for a practical demonstration, the boy instantly suspected guile. "Don't you show 'im, Mister," he warned the hangman earnestly; "'e on'y wants to do you in."

"I wouldn't *think* o' sech a thing," Punch protested, deeply hurt. "I *carn't* be 'ung till I'm shown 'ow."

Whereupon Ketch showed him—and the boy's suspicion proved to be only too well founded.

By this time he had seen enough. He turned away in disgust, leaving Punch dancing about on his ledge and chortling, "What a pity—what a pity—what a pity!" in tones that suggested neither penitence nor regret.

I should like to think that the artist inside the show found the collection a worthy recognition of his impromptu efforts. But I fear he did not.

F. A.

"For over twenty-four hours the moors in the Inverness district were drenched with rain on Friday and Saturday, and few sportsmen to their regret were able to go out on the moors. This was all the more regrettable, as on some moors excellent port had been got earlier in the week."—*Scots Paper*.

The birds themselves are said to take a very favourable view of the practice of the trigger-cup.



District Nurse (reading letter from boy's mother). "DEAR MISS, I AM SENDING MY LITTLE JOHNNIE TO YOU WITH HIS FACE. HE HAS HAD IT A LONG TIME AND IT'S SPREADING."

THE HAPPY SCEPTIC.

"I SHALL not tell you where there is a road,
Biddy, where dogs perpetually run
Ejaculating, "Safety First" be blown!"
Oblivious of cars, for there is none;
Where, little dog, the fleeing rabbit's scut
Flicks o'er the grassy bank in open view.
I know, I know the way there, Biddy, but
"Tis not for you."

"He's daft," said Biddy the Terrier;
"Town is a darned sight merrier."

"There is a road, I shall not tell you where,
And on it dogs need never come to heel,
But expedite the squirrel up his stair
And, while he clambers, tear about and squeal;

A road beside a dozen magic dells,
Home of dog-fairies, if dog-fairies be.
'Tis not for you, that source of many smells,
And not for me."

"Fairies!" said Biddy the Terrier.
"Could anyone's brain be jerrier?"

"What is that road to us? We live in town
And on the traffic keep a constant eye;
Muse but on rats and something runs you down:
I walk the pavement, you must keep close by.
For rustic dogs that road, a favoured race;
You are a townswoman. Then sleep and so
Dream of it, far surpassing parks, a place
Where good dogs go."

"*Rus in urbe*," said Biddy the Terrier,
"Will suit little Bid till you bury her."

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

GEORGE'S ELEPHANT.

"I THINK," said George, "that I shall go out and shoot an elephant." As a subaltern George has his faults, but lack of initiative is not one of them. Neither is modesty. I pointed out to him at length and with a wealth of gruesome detail the hazardous nature of elephant-hunting as a pastime for the young, and when I had finished he shook his head.

"Think what jolly umbrella-stands an elephant's feet make," he said. "And of course the tusks will be valuable. Can I start to-day?"

Of course he had his way. He always has had, ever since a misguided authority sent him to Central Africa to assist in maintaining British prestige as an officer of the King's Askari.

Two hours later he marched out of Nukuku, accompanied by his batman, Private Ali, four unwilling members of Number Two Platoon and several odd natives who were unfortunate enough to have visited the camp that morning and could not think of an effective excuse on the spur of the moment. The rest of the half-company that composes the garrison gave them a voluble send-off.

They spent a trying day in the bush without catching sight of so much as a wild pig, and towards sundown George, well ahead of his perspiring followers, was engaged in selecting a likely camping spot, when without warning he stepped into a small clearing and found himself in the middle of a large party of elephants.

It was, he says, most embarrassing, and his first impulse was to mutter an apology and withdraw, till he realised that the pachyderms were taking no notice of him at all. They were busily occupied in pulling down the upper branches of the young saplings and had no eyes whatever for insignificant details so close to the ground as George.

He felt as though he had burst unannounced into a conclave of Bishops, and decided to retire whilst the going remained good, closing the door unobtrusively behind him as it were. At the same time he admits that the soundness of the military maxim regarding the advisability of falling back on supports in the face of a superior enemy struck him with new force, and he had

time to regret having detailed Private Ali to remain behind in charge of the main body.

Heretreated softly, noticing unhappily that the neighbouring trees were all of a stripling growth which rendered them useless as protection against charging elephants. The wind, however, was in his favour and, emboldened by this thought, George gave up his tip-toe progress and paused to think things over.

And at that identical moment a solitary elephant, with its trunk waving aloft and its ears flapping suspiciously, ambled clumsily down the path, cutting off George's line of retreat. He nearly ran into George's arms so unexpected was the meeting, and, breaking into a

the only respectable tree in the immediate vicinity and reached it with about six inches to spare.

It was a friendly baobab of enormous girth, and George shot round it just as the elephant went roaring by. The brute braked furiously, came to a stop and charged again. George dodged like lightning round his baobab and missed destruction by a hair's-breadth. The elephant reversed and came back at him, and George went round and round that tree-trunk like a top, till both he and his pursuer were positively giddy.

At all events the beast stopped and, regarding George with small and malevolent eyes, began to trumpet noisily whilst it proceeded to give him a demonstration of what to expect by uprooting and trampling several odd trees within its reach.

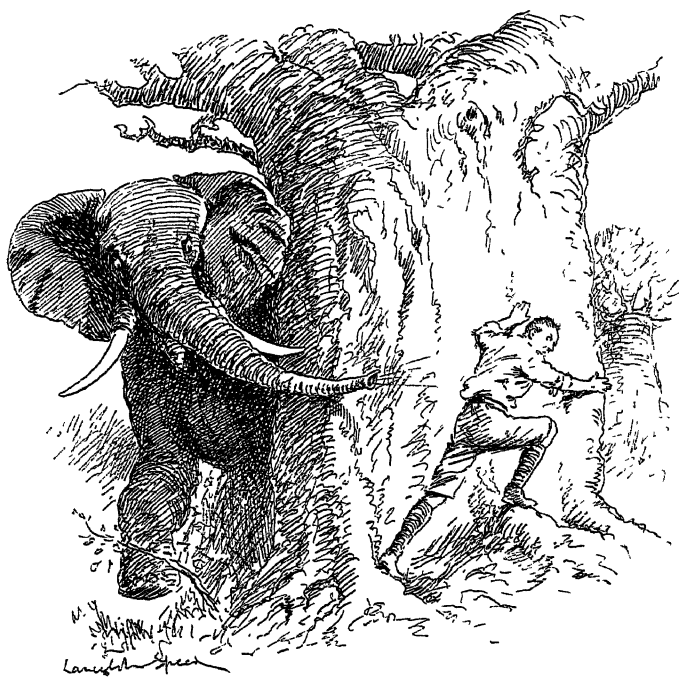
The position was serious. At any moment the rest of the troop might come up to take a hand in the game, and all that would be left of George after that would be a dent in the ground conforming to the approximate measurements of a flattened-out subaltern. George says he never did so much rapid thinking in his life. He had mislaid his rifle, his helmet had gone and the greater portion of his shirt was adorning various thorn-bushes on his route. He even found time for the melancholy reflection that the bits would serve to guide a search-party to his remains, if any.

The baobab was unscalable. That salient fact had immediately become appar-

ent to his anxious eyes and gradually it was borne in on him that he might have to spend the rest of the day and the greater part of the night playing "Here we go round the mulberry bush," even supposing the remainder of the herd kept away. He says he really regretted having so far forgotten his infant upbringing as to go to see an elephant without bringing a supply of buns.

Then he recalled having read somewhere that the elephant is short-sighted and the idea occurred to him that he might creep away down wind, keeping the tree-trunk between himself and the disgruntled pachyderm, still thrashing the foliage on the other side.

Cautiously surveying this line of retreat, George spotted another baobab of promising dimensions several miles away. At least he says it looked miles



"GEORGE DODGED LIKE LIGHTNING ROUND HIS BAOBAB."

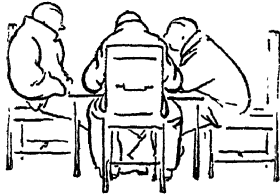
lumbering run, the brute gave a squeal of indignation and charged.

George fired immediately, and he says he would never have believed it possible to miss about twelve feet of elephant at point-blank range. But, having proved it not only possible but quite easy, he took the only course left and plunged wildly into the bush.

A branch knocked off his helmet, and the elephant stayed its progress long enough to pound that inoffensive topee into pulp, whilst George, having successfully, if inadvertently, sold the dummy, made several yards of ground. His hair bristled as he felt the pursuit at his heels and he twisted and doubled desperately, but the elephant merely moved down the intervening trees and came straight on. George began to think elephant-hunting a somewhat one-sided pastime, but he made a final burst for

CRICKET CAN NEVER BE DULL.

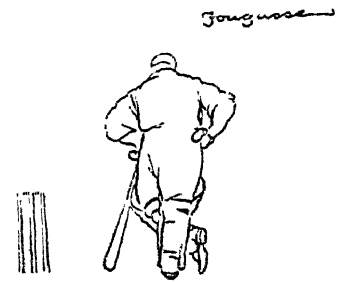
WELL, ANYWAY, I DON'T SEE HOW CRICKET CAN EVER BE DULL TO THE PLAYER. I GRANT YOU THAT OUT OF EVERY TEN HOURS OF PLAY YOU SPEND ON AN AVERAGE (CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG)—



TWO HOURS AND FIFTY MINUTES ON LUNCHEON AND TEA INTERVALS AND SUCH—



THREE HOURS WAITING IN THE PAVILION, DOING NOTHING—



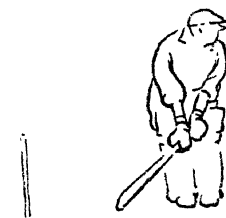
AND TWENTY MINUTES WAITING AT THE BOWLER'S END AND BETWEEN OVERS, DOING VERY LITTLE—



ALSO TWO-AND-A-QUARTER HOURS WAITING IN THE FIELD, JUST WAITING—



AND, IF IT COMES TO THAT, FIFTY MINUTES CROSSING OVER BETWEEN THE OVERS—



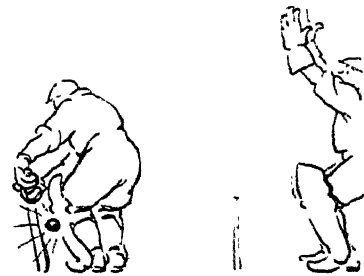
BUT, ALL THE SAME, YOU ARE ACTUALLY BATTING ON AN AVERAGE FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND PERHAPS ACTUALLY MAKING SCORING STROKES FOR A WHOLE MINUTE-AND-A-HALF—



YOU ARE ACTUALLY IN PROCESS OF FIELDING A BALL FOR NO FEWER THAN FOURTEEN MINUTES—



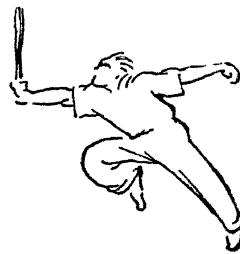
YOU ARE ACTUALLY ON TO BOWL FOR NO FEWER THAN SIXTEEN MINUTES—



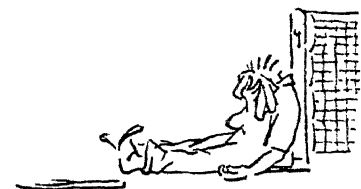
AND, POSSIBLY, FOR A GLORIOUS SEVEN SECONDS YOU'RE ACTUALLY TAKING A WICKET!



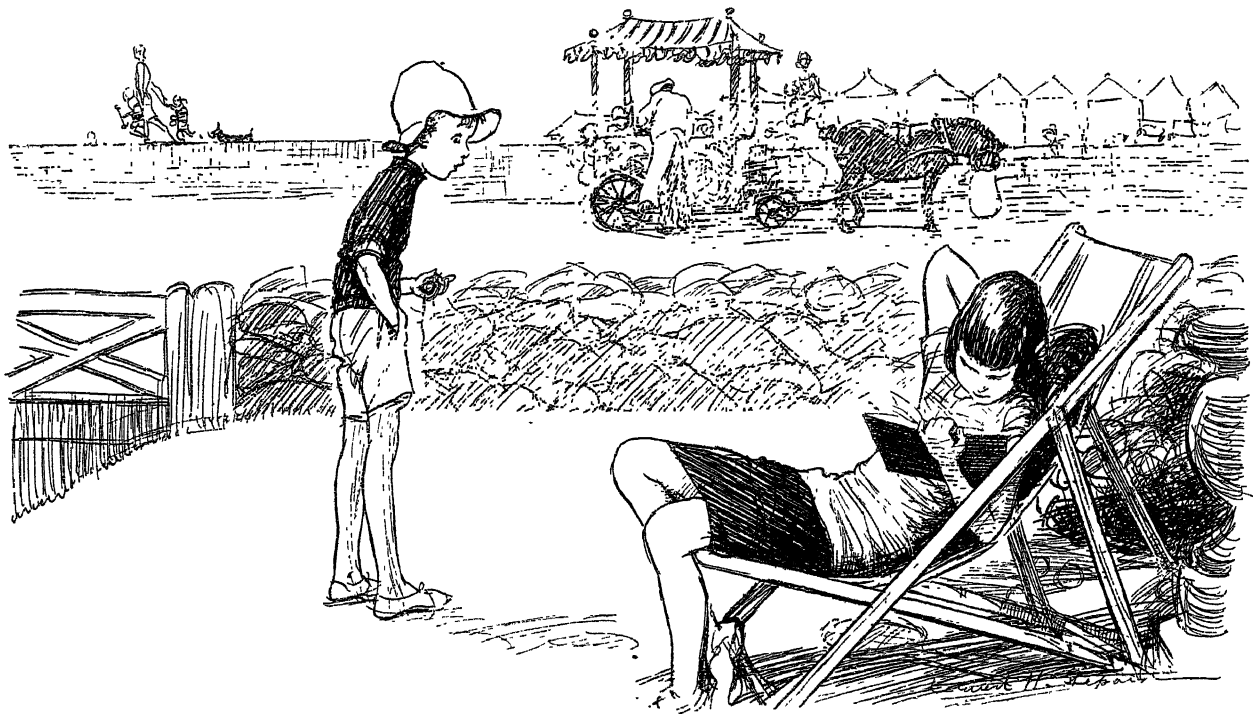
NOW SUPPOSE YOU PLAY SOME SILLY SOFT-BALL GAME LIKE TENNIS FOR TEN HOURS INSTEAD.



WELL, THE THING'S RIDICULOUS, BECAUSE—



YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY GO ON PLAYING TENNIS FOR TEN SOLID HOURS!



Antony. "I SAY, JOAN, WOULD YOU LEND ME SIXPENCE?"

Joan. "NO, I WOULDN'T. YOU'D NEVER PAY ME BACK."

Antony. "TELL YOU WHAT. LEND ME SIXPENCE, AND THE NEXT TWO TIMES I ASK YOU FOR A THREEPENNY-BIT DON'T GIVE IT ME"

away at the time, and, having definitely determined that time was valuable, he began a cautious withdrawal. The noises which emanated from the blind side of the tree were far from encouraging and probably accounted for the fact that George's retirement, begun in good order and according to the highest standards of scouting for boys, developed rapidly into a rout.

Either his course was set a few points too much to windward or else elephantine eyesight is better than is generally supposed; at all events the brute picked up the line with incredible accuracy and went straight ahead. So did George.

He reached that tree in amazing time, did one rapid skid round the bole, spotted a foothold and scrambled up somehow, to miss his footing at the fork of the first branch and go sliding incontinently down into the hollow depths of the main trunk.

A wild flapping of wings marked the indignant exit of several astonished birds, and as his feet touched bottom George recalled having heard that certain of the larger species of snake were uncommonly fond of hollow trees. The thought helped him to wriggle back to the upper air in good time, and, peeping

cautiously out, he was able to obtain an excellent bird's-eye view of a very puzzled elephant thinking things out. George swears the brute was scratching his head over it with his trunk, but, after venting his natural annoyance on several inoffensive saplings, he gave it up, trumpeted "Cease fire" and lumbered away to talk it over with his friends.

A good hour later George, having disengaged what remained of his clothes from the extremely sticky sap exuded by baobab-trees, descended cautiously from his eyrie and made rapid progress in the opposite direction.

Truth on the Screen.

"A DANGEROUS WOMAN
100% ALL TALKIE."

Cinema advertisement in Australian Paper.

"TRIGO'S SISTER FOUND.

RACING IN PANAMA BUT NO LUCK."

Daily Paper.

She might do better in a beret.

"FRESH FISH: SALMON, BLOTTERS."

Advt. in Indian Paper.

The latter are very appetising served up with *sauce buvard*.

THE BAMBINO WITH THE STRANGE DEVICE.

ACCORDING to a Press report, an Italian woman who was deeply stirred by the "political and patriotic ecstasy of a Fascist festa" subsequently gave birth to a son with a reddish birthmark in slight relief in the form of the "Fascist symbol of an axe and fasces."

A photograph of the helpless innocent and his ruddy indelible oriflamme has been sent to MUSSOLINI to reassure him, perhaps, that Nature is with him.

Far be it from me to say anything to damp the general rejoicing in Italy over this event; but to me it comes as a proof of my own view that women ought to be kept out of politics. It is grossly unfair for an infant willy-nilly to be stamped irremediably at birth with a political emblem, especially as the partisan birthmark that is a blushing honour to-day may be a brand to-morrow. If, for instance, he became a Socialist Attorney-General, would it not cramp his style to have in any way a marked Liberal hide?

Of course I shall be told that, on the authority of W. S. GILBERT, in this country every child used to be born

"either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative." But he was not born with an ineradicable label. A baby always had the inalienable right to develop his political conscience with a clear skin; and if in after-life he felt that he must express himself politically on his epidermis he could always resort to tattooing. Thus it is open to any adult Conservative to do private homage to Mr. BALDWIN by a pipe tattooed on his torso. And if Lord ROTHERMERE puts him off Mr. BALDWIN after the event, or if he understands Mr. J. L. GARVIN to say in so many words that he really ought to dislike Mr. BALDWIN and to like the United States of America, he could put himself right with these oracles by having General DAWES' face tattooed on the top of Mr. BALDWIN's pipe, like a palimpsest.

The danger to us from the Italian woman's achievement is that it may be emulated in this country by women of fierce political ardour. With competition, the birthmarks may progress from symbols to epigraphs, Party catchwords, election cries and so on. One day perhaps the anxious father's first inquiry of the nurse will be, not "Is it a boy?" but "What is its slogan?" I can almost see Lord BEAVERBROOK offering a tempting prize for the first little brat to be born with the legible caption on its tummy, "*Daily Express Empire Crusader*."

Perhaps, when enthusiasm has been running very high, the entire skin of the newly-born may take on the exact shade of its mother's political creed—blue, orange, red, buff, puce, etc.; so that after the hysteria of an Election we shall observe in the prams a promising crop of little dye-hards.

MOTHCRAFT.

BY AN EXPERT IN INFANT WELFARE.

IN the height of summer, when the thermometer soars to eighty and over, you may find that the little ones show a tendency to get warm, not to say unpleasantly hot and sticky. Do not be unduly alarmed. A good plan, and one which I have no hesitation in recommending, is the adoption of lighter clothing than is usual during the winter months, with fewer blankets on the child's cot at night. A current of air may be beneficial; but draughts should be avoided. An intensive course of nursery hygiene may enable you to distinguish between the two, but if you are still doubtful you will find the difference fully explained (with plates and diagrams) in chapter five of my book, *Five Hundred Don'ts for Mother and Nurse*.

Again, in hot weather children are



Punter's Wife (soothingly). "NO HORSE COULD HAVE TRIED HARDER TO WIN, ARTHUR. HE EVEN GOT RID OF HIS JOCKEY"

very apt to complain of thirst. Doctor Pzsmzyl, of Prague, has decided views on this subject, and there is a conflict of expert opinion, but personally, at the risk of appearing old-fashioned, I must say that in most instances I consider that the condition may be alleviated in the simplest manner by permitting the absorption through the mouth of a moderate quantity of liquid. In even plainer language, if your child is thirsty I should give it something to drink.

Modern mothers agree that it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish between what was formerly known as naughtiness and the natural reactions of a highly-strung nervous organisation. I

need hardly say that the utmost care is required when dealing with manifestations of the latter. A mother came to me recently in great distress; her little girl, a charming child, had kicked her on the ankle and had called her a horrid beast for refusing to take her to see a film to which children were not admitted. The mother's impulse, a natural one, was to smack her; but she had been trained in mothercraft. What did she do?

My readers are invited to give their views on a postcard, marked in the left-hand top corner "BEAST," and the best entries received will be published in due course in this column. [Not by me.—ED.]



Fastidious Castaway (sighting steamer). "ONLY A TRAMP. I'LL WAIT FOR THE NEXT BOAT."

THE BOTTLE.

THE tide, sluicing in, most blue and white, ran to full among the rocks, bringing a hundred flotsams for the curious. Among them the bottle.

Bottles coming out of the sea always rather intrigued Bobby because his employer, Mr. Goldfinch, of Fenchurch Street, beguiled frequent voyages to the East and elsewhere by committing bottles to the deep, with data of the commitment and a promise to pay to bearer the sum of five pounds on presentation to Messrs. Goldfinch and Boodle, London.

Though Bobby knew that Mr. Goldfinch had launched many bottles and had had but once to redeem his bond, he, briefly explaining to Biddy (from "Seaview"), made a hopeful brown arm and fished up the jetsam.

"And I wish that there may be a fiver for us in it," he said as he unstoppered the wayfarer and peeped into opaqueness. At this point Mr. Goldfinch disappears from the tale. And Biddy, who was both beautiful and rich, began and said:—

"It was the lovely Queen Balkis who had newly come to learn the wisdom of Suleiman the Great. She had come

with camels and dromedaries—oh! about a thousand, I expect—and each one carried, besides simply *stacks* of gold, a treasure, milk-white and softly gleaming, of great pearls and, oh yes, lots of big blue peacocky sapphires, also opals because her birthday was in October, and blazing rubies and amazing emeralds, green and dark as dragons, and diamonds that crackled at you like rifle-fire, and in her pocket she'd got what was most exciting, a dear dull little bottle with an Imp in it that you could order out to do magics.

"But like Hotspur, wasn't it?" said Biddy, "Balkis didn't somehow feel quite *sure*. She had acquired the bottle at a sale of the effects of a bankrupt magician. That in itself didn't look hopeful. And then the Imp was an *invisible* one. Certainly she had asked, so far, for three things, namely, to be pretty enough, to have pennies enough and to be loved lots. And her mirror told her satisfactorily about the first, and her Finance Minister assured her about the second, and as for the *third*—well, was she not only just eighteen last October?

"And Suleiman entertained Queen Balkis in a golden pavilion that his magic had builded beside the swiftly-

rolling Euphrates. Musicians played, the river whispered and poured, and in the rose-garden were all the little Winged Loves and many a strange beast and beautiful bird.

"And Queen Balkis said politely how much she feared that no magic she could command of her bottle would be marrow to the King's magic.

"Ah, your bottle, Most Lovely," said the King, who was an expert in magic bottles as in all else; 'I do believe that you have been imposed—'

"But Balkis would not be having her bottle and her acumen doubted anywhere but in her own heart, and 'Pray test it yourself, Most Splendid,' she says.

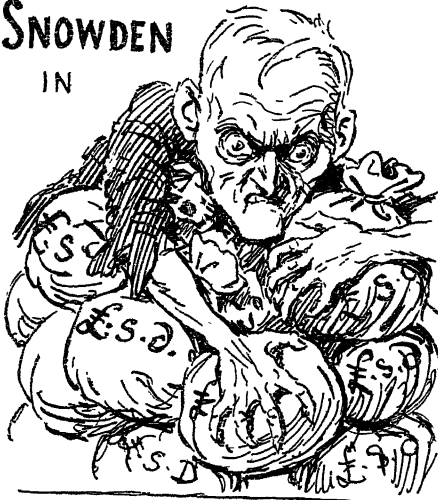
"And you too, Most Adorable," said the King, and he took the bottle and expressed a wish.

"Now the King knew, had the bottle been authentic, that a turbaned Djinnee would have answered his command, but never a Djinnee; and or ever Suleiman could draw an inference therefrom Balkis clapped her little hands and cried, with a nimbleness not lost upon her host, 'It is as I said, Most Splendid, but the Imp has become so proud that he should be commanded by the King, so enlarged of head, that he must needs stay within his bottle. Yet'"

COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE

THE HAGUE.

SNOWDEN
IN



MANNON!

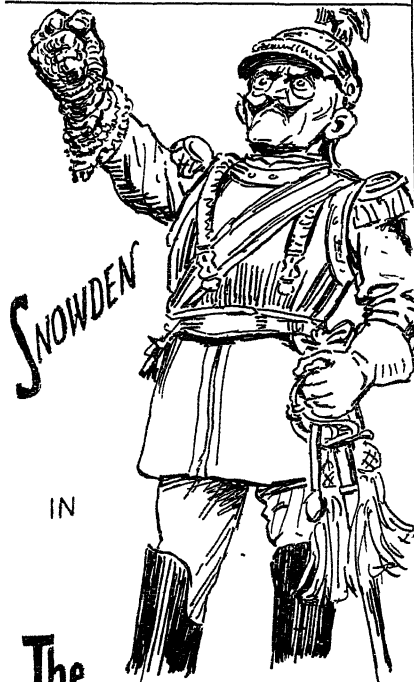
SNOWDEN
AS



The
IRON CHANCELLOR.



The **OGRE**
of THE HAGUE.



SNOWDEN

IN

The
Mailed Fist.



SNOWDEN
AS

THE EPHRAIMITE



SNOWDEN
IN

THE MAN WHO CREATED A FURORE.

MR. SNOWDEN. "THEY NEVER GUESSED AT HOME HOW VERSATILE I AM."

—and her lashes fell shyly over her starry eyes—"as to His Majesty's wish—" and here Balkis let the King take both her royal little hands and knew that her third wish (just like fairy tales) was being duly fulfilled.

"Now when lovers hold hands they cannot, so I am told," said Biddy, "hold aught else, and so the bottle, magic one or no, fell plop into the swiftly-rolling Euphrates and went bobbing famously out of the picture."

"But, if you infer," said Bobby, "that *this* is the very bottle come ashore again, the evidence is that Balkis was badly stuck with it or else that even æons of cold water have not reduced the Imp's head. Failing our fiver, I venture these alternatives."

"I think perhaps," said Biddy a little breathlessly, a little irrelevantly, "that Suleiman was a wiser wisher than some people. . . ."

And so the bottle went plop into the turn of the tide again just for the same old reason as it, or one like it, had once on a time gone plop into the swiftly-rolling Euphrates, and away it went bobbing famously out of the picture.

P. R. C.

PSYCHOLOGY AND FASHION.

[At the Drapers' Summer School at Balliol College, Oxford, it was stated, according to *The Times*' report, that "Paris was the shrine of women's fashion because the Latin race looked upon women in an entirely different light from that in which the Anglo-Saxon looked upon them. The Latin race would always dress women in a way that would please women and appeal to their desire to emphasize themselves, which the Anglo-Saxon would never be able to do."]

THE walls of Balliol, dons affirm,
Contain the loftiest brows in term,
The athletes stoutest in pursuit
Of the evasive Absolute,
With fingers trained to grip and throttle
The monsters raised by ARISTOTLE;
But problems worthier of attack
Await her tenants in the Vac.,
When drapers, scorning just repose,
Evolve philosophies of clothes,
And metaphysics lend their aid
To Bradford's threatened textile trade.

Untutored man can scarcely guess
What guides his wife in choice of dress;
To him she simply seems to drop
On what is dearest in the shop;
But to the Balliol mind the case
Rests on psychology of race.
The Latin peoples may dissent
From feminine enfranchisement,
Yet in important things like frocks
Their women's vote is *Dei vox*;
While here the girl, who rules the
State,

In laws of dress lets men dictate,
Then on their work she looks askance
And buys her finery from France;



LOGIC.

Wife (to husband). "TWO POUNDS A WEEK FOR HOUSEKEEPING-MONEY—YOU CALL THAT A LOT? WHY, IT'S ONLY WORTH ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS IN PRE-WAR VALUES. AND HOW FAR WILL TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS GO WITH TO-DAY'S PRICES?"

Politically free, she strives
To copy ladies still in gyves,
Admitting by her own confession
She envies them their self-expression.

If Englishwomen turn their backs on
The products of the Anglo-Saxon,
It is not that they wish to bring
Contempt on Empire Marketing,
But that our island-soul phlegmatic
Thwarts their desire to be emphatic.

The cause is traced; it's premature
To state that we have found the cure.
The English miss might with the Latin
Exchange her vote for silk and satin;
But would that help to sell in Paris
The tweeds of Donegal or Harris?

Must Balliol start, when drapers rule,
A psycho-analytic school
To teach our flappers to dismiss
Their taste for over-emphasis,
Or hint to Bradford how to knit
French liveliness with Yorkshire grit
And show in every seam and hem
Both Latin *fleur* and British phlegm?

Things Better Hushed Up.

"The soul of a Bishop, cover bit worn."

Bookseller's Catalogue.

It is whispered that Mr. BERNARD SHAW's opinions are seriously divided as to the precise meaning, if any, of *The Apple Cart*.

THE TUNISIAN HOUSE-AGENT.

THE Argentines, the Portuguese and the Greeks once formed the subject for a comic song; but that was because the writer had never seen an Arab-Maltese-Italian-French-Turk with a dab of the tarbrush. It is a race by itself. It inhabits Tunis in large numbers, and when it decides to be a house-agent this mixture (which looks rather like a human toad) could give points to a real-estate agent but for that streak of childlike ignorance which runs through its guile and for the fact that its clients have no flies on them either. Do they not form part of a community of which a member was once decorated by the Bex for *escroquerie*?

You wander into one of their dens, let us imagine, in search of an apartment. At the very entry you are likely to get a shock. The Tunisian house-agent devotes all his brief pauses between clients to frictioning his hair or manœuvring his nails or even giving himself a little face-massage with cold cream; the toadier he is to look at the more carefully *soigné* is his small squat person, and apparently this is the only time he gets to do it in.

The one I went to see this morning was frictioning his locks with violet oil when I found him.

"I want a four-roomed apartment with gas, electricity, bathroom and kitchen," I chanted monotonously, as devotees chant verses from the *Koran*.

"What a chance!" He ceased frictioning and, skipping into a corner, washed his frog-like paws behind a screen, burbling the while, "It is your lucky day to-day; I have the very thing you want at Belvedere."

He rushed me off to a dingy little flat in a side-street, papered in drab yellow. I looked round with every sign of disgust, while Bismuth gave a fine imitation of MOSES viewing the Promised Land. Then I put the simple question, "Which way does it face?"

He thought it out and discussed it with the Moroccan guardian in garrulous Arabic. They drew maps on the wall and abused each other and summoned four other people to their aid. No one apparently had ever been asked such a question before, but when they heard that it was put with the view of knowing when the sun came in, those who thought I was afraid of the heat

replied that the sun never came in at all, and those who thought that I was afraid of the cold replied that no matter where it rose or set it shone full into that flat all day.

"It does not matter," said Mr. Bismuth airily. "Here you have an extraordinary bargain and every comfort. Gas—water—electricity!" (He said it as one might say, "The marble staircase—the ADAMS' ceilings—the Old Masters!")

He then conveyed me into the hall, opened a door and showed me what appeared to be a windowless boot-cup-board with a hole in the floor.

"What is that?"

"That is the bathroom, Madame," said the agent calmly.

It appeared you put a bath over the hole, and when you went you packed it up and took it away, together with

ably would one day be windows. The agent looked around him with an admiring expression, rather like the King in HANS ANDERSEN'S story who wore no clothes but persuaded people, by dint of describing his imaginary ones in detail, that it was their eyesight that was at fault.

"Over here," said he briskly. "Can you jump over the tub of whitewash? Now, this is the salon."

The salon was a large puddle with walls waist-high, but a most surprisingly completed balcony, from which one might stand and stare out on unbroken leagues of bricks and sardine-tins and dead cats. Bismuth stood and gazed upon it all—silent upon a peak in Darien, as it were. Then he waved a prophetic hand.

"Here," said he sentimentally, "Madame can sit with her sewing every afternoon, while her little boy plays beside her, and admire the view."

* * *
Such are merely a few of the difficulties of house-hunting in this country. But the most exciting of all is to order an Arab house, because you don't know in the least what it will turn out like, nor does the builder. It all depends on his mood and the weather and the site. Naturally, if you have chosen a sloping site, you will have a slightly sloping house.

Friends of mine who gave an Arab builder

carte blanche for a villa went to inquire about progress the other day and innocently demanded to see the plans.

"The plans, Ia Sidi?" said the puzzled Mussulman. "What does it mean—the plans?"

"The picture of the house—where the rooms will be, and how big, and how they're laid out," said my friend painstakingly, and drew a rough sketch to show him.

"Ah, *oui, oui, oui*," said the delighted Mustapha. "Now I understand. But we do that *after*, Ia Sidi! Yes, after it is built I shall give you a paper such as that. But not now. *Seigneur Mon Dieu! but how can you have plans before the house is finished?*"

"At 12.20 a.m. we were creeping through the Dolphins, which mark the only passage through the submerged barrier running from Horse Fort to the southern shore. The sun had vanquished the fog, bringing one of those perfect days. . . .—*Yachting Paper*.

"And this was odd because it was
The middle of the night."



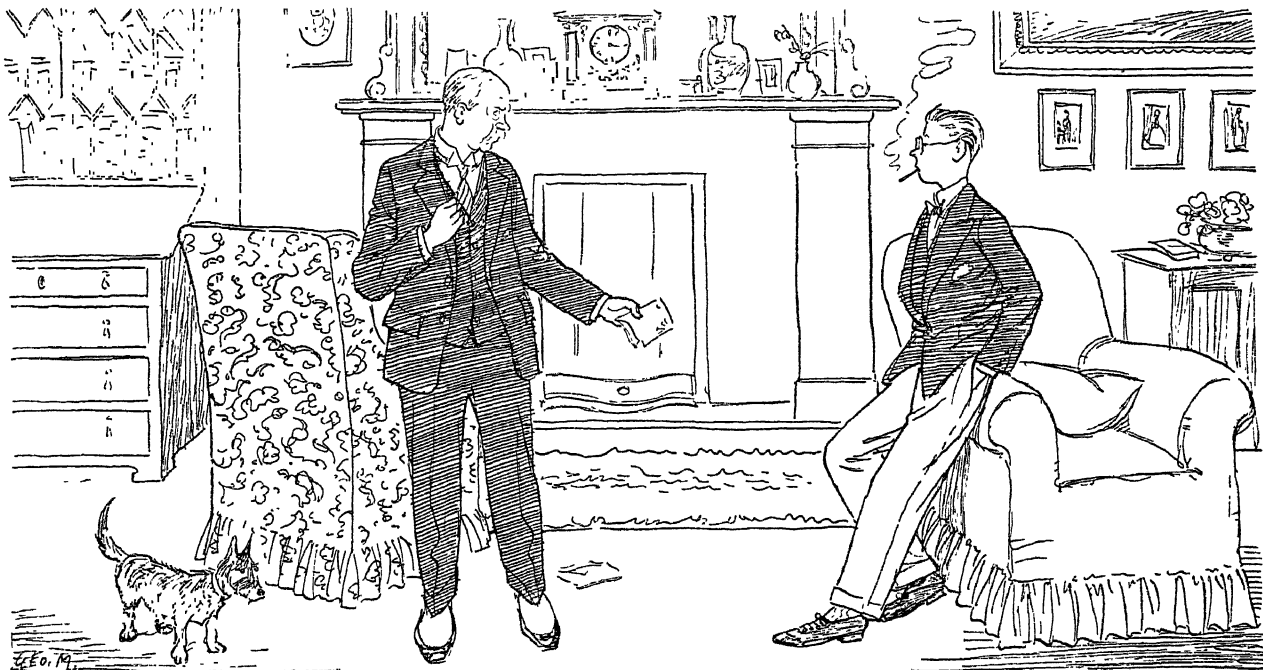
A CHANNEL CROSSING.

the electric-light globes and the gas-stove. I told him what I thought about it, and he told me that in that case I must not ask for a *salle de bain*, but a *salle de bain installée*. If you say it quietly, so to speak, they cannot really believe you want a bath-room, it is a thing that has to be repeated before it sinks in.

Having listened to my somewhat harsh comments, the little Bismuth picked up his hat and led me to a suburb that consisted of acres of ground covered with scaffoldings and trenches and rubbish-heaps. We stopped in front of a huge erection of which as yet only the lower walls were completed.

"All let," said the house-agent calmly, "except one on the ground-floor. Here Madame could choose her own paper, as it is not yet finished. Will you step over these bricks? There, this is the dining-room."

We stood in the middle of a morass of wet cement surrounded by rough brick walls with holes in them which presum-



Father of difficult Son. "HERE IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE WHO OFFERS YOU A GOOD POST ON HIS RUBBER-PLANTATION IN BORNEO. THERE, MY BOY, YOUR FUTURE IS ASSURED."

Difficult Son. "BUT, DAD, I'VE OFTEN TOLD YOU I WANT TO BE AN ARTIST."

Father. "WELL, WHY NOT ACCEPT THIS POST AND GO ON WITH ART IN YOUR LEISURE MOMENTS? WHY, YOUR INDIA-RUBBER WILL COST YOU PRACTICALLY NOTHING."

THE VOICE IN THE DARK.

It was going to be a bigish week-end party at Tarcross. Some of us had managed to get down on Friday evening. Our host, however, was still absent. He had been in France and was flying across that afternoon, so one of my neighbours at dinner told me.

"You've stayed here before?" she asked.

"Never," I said. "I was up at Cambridge with John"—John was the son of the house—"and he's asked me to play for his side against the village to-morrow."

The kindly-looking dowager who sat on my right touched my sleeve.

"If this is your first night at Tarcross," she said, "you mustn't be surprised at anything you hear. But perhaps you don't worry about psychic phenomena?"

I assured her that, although I should be certain to gibber with the rest, above all I should like to meet a ghost.

"Am I likely to see anything here, do you think?" I asked her.

"You're almost certain to hear noises," she replied, and before I could tackle her further she was buttonholed on rackrents by John's choleric uncle on her right. I turned back to my other lady.

"Do you know if Tarcross is haunted?" I implored her.

"I've no idea," she said; "I've never

been here before. But it looks old enough to harbour a few spooks, doesn't it?"

From the glimpse I had had, as I drove in, of its storm-eaten woodwork, I agreed, and the conversation took another course. We talked a bit afterwards, but everyone was tired after a stifling week in London, and after some desultory billiards by common consent we all went off to bed. While I was undressing I heard a car scrunch on the gravel outside and guessed that my host had arrived.

I was in the act of climbing in when a hoarse cough from the opposite corner of the room made me spring round in alarm. Only the standard lamp beside my bed was on, and except for its small circle of light the rest of the room was in shadow. The cough was repeated. If this was one of the original Elizabethan owners, his lungs had lasted well. I sat back on the pillow limply and waited, wondering for what.

"Good evening," came a smooth voice from the corner. "I'm so sorry to have missed you all this evening. We had a most awful tussle with a gale over the Channel, and got to Croydon so late that I dined there. I'm very pleased that you managed to get down. Dots—we were terribly afraid you wouldn't be able to get away. And, George, I can't tell you how happy I was when Ellen told me just now that

you'd left that frightful animal of yours behind; I can now look forward to the week-end. As for to-morrow, breakfast's on tap from nine onwards, but I'm sure most of you are too tired to be seen much before ten. We can discuss our plans then. I'm all for a game of golf in the morning, if we can; and we might go over and watch the match in the afternoon. Very glad you've managed to come, Mr. Grace"—that was me—"I'm looking forward to making your acquaintance in the morning. Well, I expect you're sleepy. I know I am. So a jolly good night to you all, and let's pray for a clear sky in the morning."

I switched on the big dressing-light, but my host had nothing further to say from the little loud-speaker in the corner.

An Inevitable Apology.

"The Dean of Westminster, Dr. Foxley Norris, yesterday issued a statement respecting the building of the proposed sacristy at Westminster Abbey. . . . The figures of people using this church daily are astonishing."

Glasgow Paper.

"The recent article in *The Daily Mail*, calling attention to the active sunspot noted by the Mount Wilson astronomers and suggesting that this solar activity might initiate a magnetic storm in a few days' time, may possibly be the origin of this aurora, for both these phenomena are closely allied."

Daily Mail.

Has Lord ROTHERMERE bought Apollo out?

AT THE PICTURES.

"MADAME X" (EMPIRE).

Madame X (*Jacqueline*) was one of those unfortunate people doomed to disaster from the word "Go." Married to a rising young lawyer and deeply in love with him she is wounded by his preoccupation with work and his air of general reserve, and, seeking consolation elsewhere, is promptly divorced.

Whereupon her lover dies. Her thoughts turn to her little son. She hears that he is ill. She prevails upon the faithful *Rose*, his nurse, to admit her to *Maitre Floriot's* house. This gentleman is of an unforgiving nature and refuses to allow her to see their boy. Hearing from *Jacqueline* that her lover is dead he misinterprets her visit as a desire to be comfortably reinstated in a nice house. You have only got to look into *Jacqueline's* eyes in a close-up to know that this isn't so. But the



OUR TEARFUL FAN FELT THAT SYMPATHETIC EMOTION SHOULD HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED BY (a) THE JUDGE—

distinguished advocate is without pity or understanding. *Jacqueline* sadly sets out for the only place that beautiful ladies of this type of romance ever think of going to—the streets; by easy stages.

Several years pass. Her husband has been trying to find her but has failed. Some French Consul or other is upon her track, but is put off by a very simple lie.

We see her in China being sold or somehow conveyed by a sinister heathen Chinese to an immense unpleasant chocolate-coloured gentleman who takes her to Honolulu and beats her. She has taken to drinking heavily and is very exasperating, so the fellow had some excuse. Next we follow her to a disreputable flea-haunted hotel in Buenos Aires. A travelling crook, *La Roque*, thinks she will be useful in card games of a not strictly honourable character played with the young of local millionaires. I think this was an optimistic calculation. However we hear no more of that, but find ourselves back in Paris with *La Roque* on the track of a nice little bit

of blackmail, for *Jacqueline* in her cups has let out the hitherto carefully-guarded secret of her husband's name



(b) THE JURY—

—guarded because her boy must never know of her shameful life.

She kills *La Roque*, is arrested, and for advocate is allotted no other than her own son—a fact which she only discovers when in court, for her ex-husband is there to see his boy conduct his first case. The now penitent *Floriot* is for disclosing to the son the identity



(c) THE PROSECUTING COUNSEL—

of the poor unfortunate woman he is defending. It is his friend *Raymond*, once his honourable rival for her love, who prevents him from doing so, and

poor *Madame X* dies—before the jury can bring in their verdict of Not Guilty which I should assume to be inevitable—having given her uncomprehending son a mother's kiss as the only payment she can make for his impassioned defence.

The not very likely story is clearly told. The photography is competent and the production by Mr. LIONEL BARRYMORE beyond reproach. The necessity which this new game imposes of speaking with exaggerated deliberation holds up the action in rather an irritating way. We have understood, as we do when listening to leisurely bores, what is to be said long before the film can be got to say it.

So far, it is clear, there are very few voices suitable for the talking-film as it now is. The best seems a softish guttural male voice, such as that of



AND (d) THE POLICE.

Mr. RICHARD CARLE as *Perissard*, the disreputable old porter in the Buenos Aires hotel. The nurse, *Rose*, gave tongue like a bull-moose, and the sighs of *Jacqueline* were as the sighs of a strong wind among the trees heard at close range.

Subject to the disability of her spoilt voice Miss RUTH CHATTERTON was an affecting heroine of romance, and there was nothing to complain of in the seriousness of her husband, *Floriot* (Mr. LEWIS STONE)—except the funereal tone. The little song sung by the Hawaiian native gave a forecast of better things to come. And also the pleasant little character-study of the doctor by Mr. JOHN P. EDINGTON. Americanised French accents are intrinsically no funnier than Anglicised, but they can't help seeming so. And this diversion was a constant sauce for the whole bill-of-fare.

T.



First Politician. "I S'POSE THIS 'ERE RAMSAY KNOWS A LOT."

Second Ditto. "NOT 'IM. 'E DON'T KNOW 'ARF OF WHAT OLD SAM 'ERE 'AS TO SAY ABOUT 'IM."

THE GARDENER OF GODALMING.

(See the article, "An Elephant at Large," in "The Times" of August 20th.)

OH, Godalming's a charming town, as everybody knows,
Through which the winding river Wey benevolently flows;
Its industries are manifold; it boasts a thriving trade
In corn and malt and bark and hoops, and paper there is made.

But 'tis not of the paper-mills of happy Godalming
Or of the School of Charterhouse that I desire to sing—
'Tis rather of the gallantry of its inhabitants
In curbing the caprices of erratic elephants.

J. SMITH was feeding chickens on his master's poultry-run
When the crash of falling branches made him leave his task
undone,

And, hurrying to the orchard, there an elephant he saw
Conveying fruit by his trunk route into his monstrous maw.

Astounded by the wreckage of this devastating raid
SMITH summoned Mr. WEBBER, from the garden, to his aid,
And WEBBER, Flora's votary, swift to the rescue came
And did a deed that long shall fill the echoing tramp of fame.

He recognised the elephant whom on the previous day
He'd seen at a menagerie not many miles away;

Called him by name and, copying the keeper's method, led
The trespasser into a field by walking on ahead.

Oh, WEBB's a name to conjure with in all aquatic sports
Or in the composition of Minority Reports,
But WEBBER by comparison stands on a higher peak
For coping with stray elephants who play at hide-and-seek.

For, when it is remembered that the menagerial staff
Had vainly scoured the country for two hours and a half,
It would be gross injustice not to "make a song about"
The prowess of this gardener and amateur mahout.

So, when in future children tell their parents they have seen
An elephant in the orchard or a tiger on the green,
We must not be distrustful of the narratives of youth
Or harshly castigate them for economy of truth.

No, rather let us teach them, when elephants break bounds
Or uninvited tigers intrude on private grounds,
To address them by their Christian names and, walking on
before,
Escort them back, like WEBBER, to their proprietor.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE APPLE CART" (MALVERN).

I SUSPECT the Shavians, an idolatrous breed, of a sporting attempt to set up at Malvern a shrine which shall rival that at Stratford, on the ground that a living is better than a dead lion, or at any rate may prove to be better business. Well, and why not? If any one of our playwrights deserves a shrine, a festival and a museum (for that was thrown in) it is our G.O.M. of the theatre. I thought the members of the Town Council last Sunday wore a comfortable smile as of those who put money on a right horse—a smile discreetly modulated so as not to appear too grossly unsabbatarian. Sunday was the day of our pilgrimage. An excursion train-load of scribbling men and women (with camp-followers) disembarked an hour later than the scheduled time under Malvern's lovely hills and was conveyed hurriedly to the Winter Gardens for abbreviated junketings and speechmakings before deploying into the pleasant little reconstructed theatre for the first performance in England of *The Apple Cart*.

We are in an England which has suffered some fifty more years of democratic government and democratic progress generally. The first Act is set in an office of the Royal Palace, and after amiable and discursive exchanges between two of the *King's* secretaries, of which the main theme is the incurable stupidity of most members of the human race, there is a meeting of the Cabinet. A Labour Cabinet, of course—there are now no others, because (so our author seems to say) all the men of brains and ambition have gone into big business and the drudgery of government is left in the main to under-educated coarse-grained second-raters, who try to job their relatives into office, have learnt nothing from the experience of fifty years and can be flattered, hoodwinked and out-manceuvred by any very quiet cultured gentleman like *King Magnus*.

The members of the Cabinet arrive

pranked in gold-laced and epauletted green uniforms. There is *Proteus* the Premier, known to his colleagues and in council freely addressed as "*Joe*," a man of marked ability in wrangling, wangling and wriggling; there is the bully and hard drinker, *Balbus* (Home

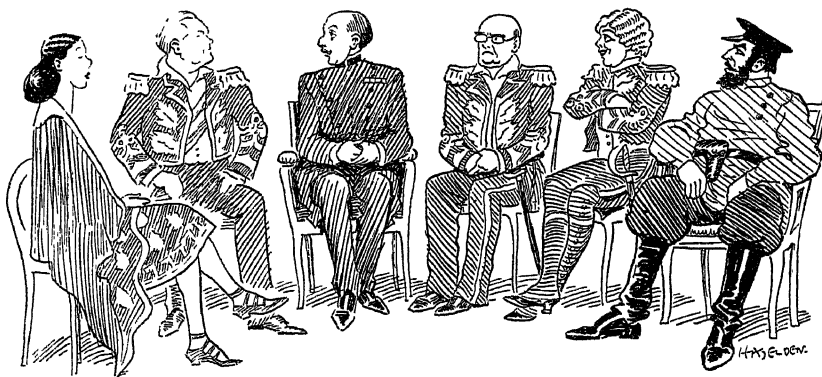
always oblige with snatches of a popular song or a little imitation; and there is the wooden-headed, brazen-tongued *Boanerges*, the new Minister (Board of Trade), ardent republican and kid-gloved Sovietizer, who arrives in a highly Russified get-up, at his belt a formidable-seeming holster in which he keeps his pipe.

A musical-comedy setting and outfit, as you will perceive. And I cannot help thinking this a pity, because, though clearly delighting in his own boisterous fun, our author is obviously not content with merely playing the fool agreeably for three hours or so but must perforce present his serious arguments, put mainly into the mouth of his *King Magnus*; and they are discounted by the absurdities and exaggerations of his setting.

Premier Joe has come to the Cabinet with an ultimatum in his pocket. The *King*,

who has been referring to the Royal Veto in a recent speech, is given to understand that not only must he never make such references, but must never speak in public at all. What, not even when "*Joe*" writes his speeches for him? No, because "*Your Majesty*" has a way of unrolling a MS. and winking." Whereupon the *King*, keeping his temper admirably in the face of the stupidities, coarsenesses, trivialities and wanglings of his alleged masters, argues the convenience of a constitutional monarch as the only barrier against the tyranny of big business and a useful vehicle for serious remonstrances and ukases which popularly elected Ministers dare not issue. By first dividing his Cabinet and then playing the trump card, "*abdication*," and threatening to stand as a Parliamentary Candidate for the Royal Borough of Windsor, he forces the surrender of his Prime Minister. The famous ultimatum is torn up—the members of the Cabinet, who are at heart, for different reasons, *King's* men and women, being well satisfied with the result.

Two interpolations of delightful irrelevance add to the gaiety of this comically bizarre affair. The first (which



"The time has come," said Mr. SHAW,
"To talk of many things,
Of vetoes and democracies,
Of apple-carts and Kings."

Powermistress-General . . .	MISS EILEEN BELDON.
Prime Minister	MR. CHARLES CARSON.
Magnus, King of England . .	MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.
Foreign Secretary	MR. CLIFFORD MARQUAND.
Postmistress-General	MISS DOROTHY HOLMES-GORE.
President of the Board of Trade	MR. MATTHEW BOULTON.

Secretary); there are *Pliny* (Chancellor of the Exchequer), *Nicobar* (Foreign Secretary), who seems to have some sense, and *Crassus* (Colonial Secretary), who may possibly be intended to have none; there are the two women members, *Lysistrata*, the Powermistress, keen on her job to the point of hysteria,



LE ROI S'AMUSE (PLATONICALLY).

Orinthia	MISS EDITH EVANS.
King Magnus	MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

naturally known as *Lizzie*, and continually thwarted by the rapacious big-business corporation, Breakages Limited; and *Amanda* (*Mandy*), the Postmistress, who, when things in council or at political meetings begin to get dull will

occupies the whole of the second Act) is the interview of *King Magnus* with the voluble egotist, *Orinthia*, reputed his mistress and therefore not unpopular with the crowd. The *King* however is quite happily married to his faithful, gracious and stupid *Jemima*, and comes to *Orinthia* merely to be amused—an arrangement which does not suit that lady, who has her eye upon the throne, and is besides apparently, to judge from her highly reprehensible conduct at their interview, by no means as platonically minded as the *King*.



EMBARRASSED WITH KINDNESS.

The American Ambassador (Mr. JAMES CAREW) ANNOUNCES TO THE KING OF ENGLAND THAT HIS COUNTRY HAS DECIDED TO REJOIN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The second is the arrival of *Ambassador Vanhattan* in the authentic raiment of the "Uncle Sam" of caricature, with the staggering news that America, the prodigal son, not poor, not penitent, but, on the contrary, bursting with wealth and full of buck, is coming back into the fold, into the British Empire, on terms of course, which include the transfer of the seat of government to Washington, and is quite genuinely puzzled that *King Magnus* does not leap at the offer. Here was a piece of genuinely diverting comedy.

Clearly *The Apple Cart* follows no known pattern, being none the worse, though possibly none the better, for that. The long conversations of the First Act held the attention, and there were many jests of excellent flavour—some too of an inferior vintage, which however were given by the esoteric Shavians the tribute of equal applause and laughter.

The chief point of interest is the character of the quiet astute *King*, which is admirably worked out under the

handicap of his having no really serious antagonist. Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE played the part with a sustained control which was very effective and contrived to escape monotony. His *King Magnus* was a singularly likeable and plausible figure, and both author and actor should have full marks for him. While the *King's* part certainly was cleverly fashioned and helped the actor, that of *Orinthia* made one think how unconvincing it might have been if Miss EVANS' glorious flamboyance and assumed conviction of merit had not been at the author's service. She was given nothing particularly amusing or brilliant to say, but almost—I think not quite—convinced us that *Orinthia* was indeed a brilliant and amusing creature, fit platonic companion for an intelligent man of affairs.

Space forbids detailed mention of many excellent performances, of which Mr. CHARLES CARSON'S *Premier*, Mr. JAMES CAREW'S *Ambassador* and Miss BARBARA EVEREST'S *Queen* remain clearest in my memory.

The Apple Cart is an irresponsible and not altogether good-natured joke, but it is a joke to laugh at and be duly grateful for.

"THE SHOW'S THE THING" (LYCEUM).

This excellent revue, after a successful trial run at the Victoria Palace, has moved east to the Lyceum, where it is eminently at home. There is an unusual quality about this show. It is in some ways cruder than the normal West-end variety and in some ways ruder—though there's nothing beyond fair comment on a matter of general interest. Whatever it may lack in conventional polish and sophistication it more than makes up for in life and vigour, in sound broad comedy and in a very pleasant effect of unselfish team-work.

The individual work is also first-rate. Miss GRACIE FIELDS is in the true succession of broad comédiennes, not as audacious as MARIE LLOYD of happy memory but competently and pleasantly vulgar when the occasion calls for it; and very versatile. The show is good, but it is Miss GRACIE FIELDS that is the thing—though I think she puts too great a strain upon her strength and is obviously over-tired at the end. Mr. ARCHIE PITT, the arch-contriver and assembler of the revue, is also a clever comedian who gets his amusing effects without effort. Mr. TOMMY FIELDS is an idiot of distinct resource and very definite originality. Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN, who has made a solid reputation in quiet parts in rather drab plays, here blossoms into a grotesque comedian as to the manner born.

Mr. HARRY MILTON is a competent

dancing and walking gentleman in the revue mood. Miss MONTI RYAN is a dancer of fine accomplishment and amazing vitality; her colleague, Miss LUDLOW, performs a feat of virtuosity which has to be seen to be believed—a forward high-kick which ends with the foot raised above and behind the head.

Add to these principals a chorus of comely young ladies with tuneful voices and plentiful energy and you have all the ingredients of a sound Lyceum night's entertainment. The ensemble singing was indeed much above the West-end average and was particularly satisfactory in "Copper Blues," in which the whole company appeared as policemen, manœuvred with a sense of discipline which might well attract the attention of Lord BYNG, and sang with admirable effect a really tuneful ditty invented by Mr. GORDON COURTNEY, maker of the lyrics and the music.

In "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" Miss GRACIE FIELDS gave us that hint of tears that is in the true clown's temperament; was irresistible as a half-witted and wholly insolent substitute for the absent maid at a suburban dinner-party, and as a harmonium-playing, ballad-singing cleaner in a parish-room; and played with great sincerity the part of a disappointed young girl in a serious playlet much approved by a warm-hearted audience.



MISS GRACIE FIELDS.

I find it a little difficult to determine the precise secret—apart from the genius of Miss FIELDS—of as jolly an entertainment as I have seen for some time. Perhaps a certain rather charming lack of sophistication combined with genuine talent. At any rate I can commend it both to the normal and the jaded palate.

T.

THE CAMEL.

As one who is interested both in the science of words and in the habits of publishers I have been reading with some perplexity an article which the rather naughty French novelist and Academician, M. ABEL HERMANT, has contributed to the *Figaro*. M. HERMANT, it seems, received from a London publisher an offer for an English edition of one of his books. Although the terms were as contemptible as those traditionally associated with this class of tradesman, the idea seemed to be sound enough for the author to make the great adventure and cross the Channel for a personal interview.

He was met at Victoria by some French friends, who, on hearing that he could not lunch with them on the morrow because he was lunching with the publisher, turned pale and red.

M. HERMANT, laughing at them in the nose, demanded the reason for their disturbance.

"Then you don't know anything about Yorkshiremen?" they replied.

"No," said M. HERMANT. "But what has that to do with it?"

"Your publisher," they said, "is a native of York, and there isn't in the whole United Kingdom—not since Ireland became a Free State—a man who uses such uncontrollable language."

"That won't worry me," said M. HERMANT. "No one can beat me at that, as any Paris cab-driver can tell you. No Yorkshire publisher can frighten me. Let them all come"—or words to this effect. I translate very freely.

It was none the less decided that it wouldn't do for M. HERMANT, who knows little English, to lunch alone with this terrible Barabbas, who knows little French, and so one of the friends went along as an interpreter and, if needful, peacemaker.

But in spite of all precautions the meal began badly, the publisher waving away the *hors d'œuvre* with the word "Nonsense!"

In the same tone M. HERMANT, who, I suppose, liked the look of the *hors d'œuvre*, told him that such behaviour made him to shrug the shoulders; and doubtless shrugged them.

The publisher replied that M. HERMANT was an idiot, stupid, ridiculous and grotesque, but stopped when he saw his guest lift the carafe and prepare to bring it down on his Yorkshire skull. "That's very rude of you," he said.

"After such language," M. HERMANT comments, "the word 'rude' seemed almost a compliment"; but the interpreter was eager to inform him that he must not put too serious a construction

on the other epithets, for there is "a wide gulf between an idiot in France and an idiot in England."

"None the less," says M. HERMANT, "I had the insolence to reply that if the publisher did not withdraw them I should deliver him a blow of the foot."

M. HERMANT did not, however, on this occasion say "the publisher," but "that camel there"—and here we come to the *clou* of the story, for at the word "*chameau*," which in the streets of Paris is so provocative an insult, the publisher melted into smiles and affability.

"In England," he said with tenderness, "'camel' is a word of affection, of intimate friendship."

"And," concludes the novelist, "he went on to concede me such terms as I should not, without this stroke of luck, have dared to ask. In fact I made an excellent bargain."

Such is the story, which M. HERMANT entitles "York Pudding"; and it is not unnatural that a reader interested as I am both in the science of words and in the habits of publishers should find it puzzling. Two questions demand an answer:—

(1) Who is the London publisher from York whose approach to distinguished foreign authors with whom he wishes to do business is so gauche and forbidding?

(2) Since when has "camel" been an English term of endearment?

E. V. L.

THE COMIC STRIP.

THERE seems to be a widespread belief that when I am told anything which mildly surprises me I fall suddenly backwards and lie supine as though stunned. I wish to state that this belief is totally without foundation.

The English, we are told, are an undemonstrative people. Visible signs of mental conflict are in this country rigorously suppressed, whereas on the Continent they are proudly displayed and even emphasised by violent gestures. Unless he is acting for the films, the Englishman receives sudden news with a more or less unmoved expression of countenance. When he is told a joke he keeps his laughter under control. However execrable the joke may be it hardly ever causes him to throw himself furiously to the ground, bite the carpet in a frenzy and ultimately lapse into unconsciousness. This being so, how do we explain the English comic strip?

The typical English comic strip consists of a series of simple line drawings depicting a short scene in the lives of two or more ordinary men or women. It may be that one ordinary man is telling another ordinary man a funny story. He will be bending forward with the zeal of the narrator and his

hearer will be gazing at him with an expression of humorous expectancy until the last picture, when the point of the story is reached; but here the second man will be shown prostrate on the ground with his eyes closed, while thin wavy lines have been drawn proceeding from his head to suggest the liberation of large quantities of steam. It is to be assumed that the ending of his friend's story surprised him somewhat. The very least that can occur to him will be a sudden upward movement of his bowler-hat, its place being taken by a large exclamation-mark.

I look upon myself as an ordinary man, but even at the termination of the most surprising story my bowler-hat has never manifested any inclination to do this.

Let us turn now to the contemplation of the same joke as it would appear should it be printed—which it shortly will be—in one of the Continental humorous papers, say, *Le Ha-Ha* (Paris). It will be reproduced, denuded of every superfluous word, beneath a small pen-drawing, denuded of every superfluous line, of two men with circular heads gazing away from each other with expressions of concentrated gloom. Neither would seem to be in the least affected by the story which gave such a painful shock to the emotional Englishman in the comic strip. There is not a stray exclamation-mark to be discerned anywhere in the picture. It might be used above any other joke, and indeed has been more than once.

There seems no reason for supposing that our artists set out deliberately to misrepresent their countrymen; we are therefore forced to the conclusion that the Englishman is so highly-strung as to be rendered unconscious by the sudden revelation of the point of a joke he has very possibly heard before, while every Frenchman is supplied with nerves of steel and a face of granite, and never moves his hands above the elbow-level, except possibly to scratch his ear.

Nevertheless the statement I made in my opening paragraph as to my gift of self-restraint is literally true. I think I must have a good deal of French blood in me.

Things As They Should Be.

"95 of an inch of rain fell at Blubberhouses, where the principal Leeds reservoirs are situated."

"WILL CHINA GIVE WAY?"

Daily Paper.

Our Mary Jane says "Yes."

"FINAL TEST AT THE OVAL.

Hobbs gave short leg a cat."

Liverpool Paper.

A less considerate man would have sold him a pup.



MR. ALFRED NOYES.

Go round to Hanover Terrace at any time, at any time,
But preferably at lilac-time when Spring is running wild—
You'll find him making measures flow in singing rhyme, in singing rhyme,
Like crystal waters from "the well of English undefiled."

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—CII.



HINTS TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS: HOW TO BE DIFFERENT.

TAKE YOUR FROTHIEST CONFECTIONS TO NORTH BERWICK.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ENCOUNTERING the sequel to *Egg Pandervil* without any preliminary introduction, I am bound to admit that my first (but not my last) impression was one of HUGH WALPOLE and water. The humour and pathos of lower-middle-class small-boyhood in a provincial town are shoals on which many a good outgoing barque has been stranded, and I am not sure that the touches of realistic squalor with which Mr. GERALD BULLETT tries to substantiate the somewhat sentimental opening of *Nicky, Son of Egg* (HEINEMANN), are particularly helpful. Certain intrusions of realism are apt to give a more "literary" air to fiction than any excess of romance. The romantic attitude, with its glamorous reticences, is, after all, the usual attitude of simple people, and Mr. BULLETT has, I think, been wise to attune his outlook very largely to that of his *Pandervils*—father, son and daughter-in-law. Such departures as the confidences of the maid *Sleena* (more or less taken in adultery by the youthful *Nicky*) strike me as a concession to literary convention; and so do the belated and sophisticated maternal cravings of *Jane* (*Mrs. Nicky*) when *Nicky* proposes to join up. For *Nicky's* idyll—which is *Egg's* and *Jane's* too—is shattered by the War, and Mr. BULLETT's real strength is displayed when he allows the gross horrors of the catastrophe to overwhelm the innocent little edifice of happiness the three have created. The acquisition of *Nicky's* farm, engineered by the open-handed and eccentric *Uncle Algy*; his courtship of *Jane*, with the dreads and hopes it inspires in his father; the essential righteousness of his failure to adapt his mind to the horrible futility to which he devotes

his body—these are the triumphs, both of discernment and expression, of an unequal but well-meditated novel.

Times and costumes have changed since MARY STUART and her ladies horrified the preachers of Edinburgh by riding to the Tolbooth with tassels on their skirts; and changed too since the same preachers, in sermons which might extend to three hours, or might in the weakness of the flesh be sustained for no more than two, could deflect the course of Scottish history by the strength of their pulpit thunders. In *John Knox* (CAPE), Mr. EDWIN MUIR, advancing his hostile opinion under a veil of cool sarcasm, laughs at the thunders, makes light of the preachers, and indeed shows but little respect for Scotland, at any rate for the Scotland of Calvinism. Being much too wary to be trapped into a definite defence of the QUEEN who introduced foreign soldiers to subdue her own subjects, or any other of the shiftily treacherous crowd of KNOX's opponents, Mr. MUIR is content to deal mainly with psychological values, appreciating KNOX as one who found his escape from the contradictions involved in the workings of an "inferiority complex" and the necessity to deny its existence by charging to the Almighty failures which he easily persuaded himself could not be laid to his own account. This modernist conception may make the great denouncer appear a little touched with weaknesses common to humanity, but he is clearly shown—even, it seems at times, against the author's inclination—as a man who was something more than a man, as an instrument driven without remorse or relenting to an inevitable purpose. He was remorseless first of all to himself, and the purpose was unceasingly transcendental. On the whole, I think Scotland stands where it did.

OLIVER MARTIN, I seem to detect,
Has a liking for retrospect;
And I agree that it's fun to grope
With a sort of historical microscope
In times that are not remote enough
To carry the label of costume stuff.

A very good year for the game to start in
Is eighteen-ninety, says OLIVER MARTIN;
So in *Middle Distance* (which BENN
brings out)

He takes us back to the day (about)
When BURNS was bursting with
Labour's wrongs
And nice young ladies sang drawing-
room songs.

He shows us a family poor as mice,
More or less "county," prim, precise,
And tumbles the daughter in love with
one

Who's rich but simply a tradesman's
son.

But there, you must read the book to see
How very misguided such folk could be.

It is odd to discover that Sussex, subjected for the last score or so of years to the literary exploitation of the refined, was noted in the eighteenth century for its coarseness. A Sussex enthusiast, Mr. ARTHUR J. REES, has proclaimed his county second to none in "an age of the flesh and of plain-speaking," and supported his assertion by evidence hitherto unpublished or difficult of access—chiefly selections from memoirs of the period, with sidelights from its news-sheets. Gross very often as a GILLRAY cartoon, *Old Sussex and Her Diarists* (LANE) were at least devoid of subterfuge. If too much perry rendered a parson unable to cope with family prayers he did not hedge behind a complex but apologised like a gentleman. The original Georgian endured with a fortitude greater than our own the scurvy, gout, scrofula or leprosy that followed on his gorging and potations,

and was no more, if equally, credulous of the quacks who pretended to relieve him. He put up with taxes for the French wars, and not only died in defiance of tolls on death but got born in despite of birth-duties. His sports were hardly cruder, though I admit he hunted a bitch badger for fifteen miles and brought it home in a sack to be baited. Whether squire, parson or lawyer—and Mr. REES has diarists of all sorts—he was a vigorous if primitive spirit. His jottings are full of amusing *trouvaille*—among it a recipe for the Man in the Moon's cold plum-porridge, a horrible compound of beef-broth, "pruants" and sack. My own luckiest dip (into the delightfully-illustrated diary of Counsellor BURRELL) brought up a characteristically Georgian system for grading carp: "small fish, sizable, middling, large, very large, noble and vast."

White Narcissus (CAPE) is a first novel by Mr. RAYMOND KNISTER, a young Canadian. In mere words this book is barely half the length of an English novel but it took me just as long to read. I intend this as a compliment. Mr.



"LOOK, BERT! COMES FROM INDIA, DON'T HE? ISN'T HE INTERESTED IN THE SEA? I DESSAY IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S EVER SEEN IT."

KNISTER chooses his phrases with such loving care that no reader can afford to miss a line of him. There seems little doubt that he has modelled himself upon Miss SUSAN GLASPELL, who is a dangerous writer to follow; Miss GLASPELL has her own methods of keeping the reader's interest, and even those fail at times. Mr. KNISTER cannot hope to be so successful, and I found many passages in this book where weariness overcame me. The story is little enough to tell. *Richard Milne* left his Canadian home farm as a youth to carve out his future with his pen. This was very easily done, and in a few years he made himself entirely independent. He then returned to the old home for the purpose of seeing *Ada Lethen*, whom he had once loved in a boy-and-girl friendship. He finds *Ada* still at home and, as she tells him, utterly unable to move. Her father and her mother have had a deadly quarrel and will not speak. She has therefore to stay at home and act as a go-between. *Richard Milne*, recognising that she still loves him, pleads with her earnestly to leave her father and mother and come away with him and be his wife. She firmly refuses. The argument continues

throughout the book until pursuer and pursued are both almost prostrate. *Ada Lethen* in fact is so exhausted that she is led to make what must surely be the most unhumorous remark in fiction. *Richard*, having surprised a confession of love from her, pleads the more passionately that she shall leave her parents and go with him; she replies, "Oh, Richard, and when I tell you I do love you you are not satisfied." And now what in Canada, Mr. KNISTER, is a sigmoid smile? I have practised smiling in turn like all the forms of the Greek sigma, and the result was invariably ghastly.

Mrs. ALLEN HARKER has made so many romances of happy nurseries and comfortable homes that it is difficult to regard her as a novelist with any purpose but that of entertainment. Hitherto she has given us the impression of having been led by her characters down paths of their own choosing; but the people in her new book, *Black Jack House* (MURRAY), are too obviously subservient to the theme; they hurry on their forced ways like the quick-steppers of the screen. *John Stanley*, an architect, rushes into love with a girl whom he watches from his window and who is always accompanied by two small children. Helped by a most obliging coincidence, he becomes a lodger in a house kept by her aunt. *Mimi*, the girl, avoids him, but the first time he is alone with her he proposes. She tells him that one of the little girls is her illegitimate child by a man who was killed in the War. This does not daunt *John*, though he insists that his parents shall not be told about the child, whom he detests because she inherits enough of her father's breeding to make him feel inferior whenever he is with her. After the wedding *John* and *Mimi* go abroad for some months, and the rest of the book is devoted to *Faith*, the child, who is foisted on to her great-aunt. The author tries to point a moral by showing the misery caused by people who refuse to shoulder their burdens; but this is smothered by the leniency she shows to her characters, who are neatly and comfortably pigeon-holed in the last chapters. Mrs. HARKER is not at her best in this rather provoking book; may she soon introduce us again to the kind of people we like to meet and she knows so well!

Mr. HENRY H. BOOTES'S *Deep-Sea Bubbles; or, The Cruise of the "Anna Lombard"* (BENN), describes a whaling voyage taken by the author as third mate of a vessel chartered by a party of German scientists for the purpose of collecting pure spermaceti for medicinal uses. So far, so good. It must be admitted that the sperm whale has already enjoyed rather more than his due share of literary publicity. But such an expedition ought still to provide enough interesting material for more than one good deep-sea yarn. Unfortunately, however, in the words of the publishers' ingenuous admission, "we do not know whether to call this extra-

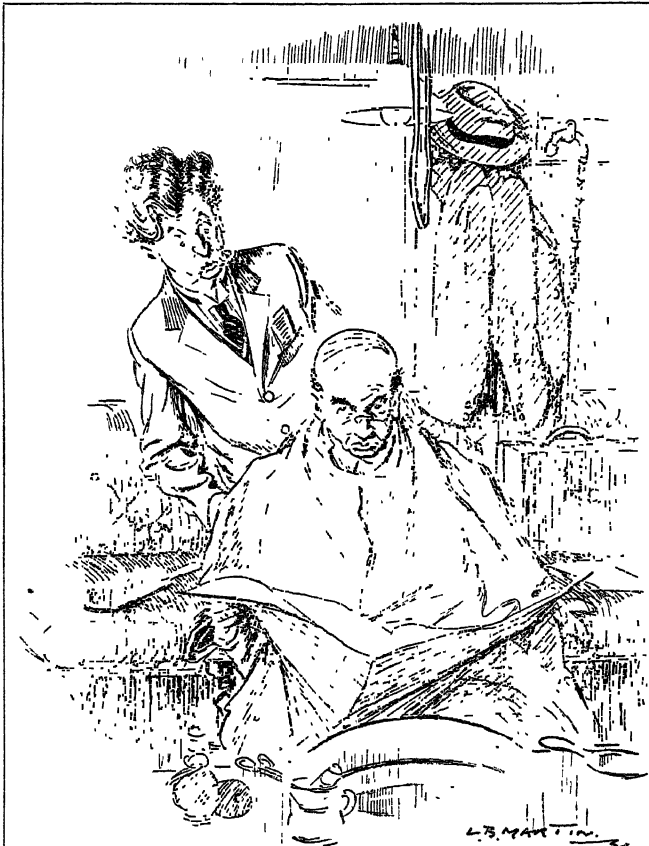
ordinary book fiction or autobiography"; and it might be added that this ambiguous quality, which is present in a good many narratives of the salty sort, in no case adds to their value whether as fact or fancy. There is no denying that it is an extraordinary book, and that the *Anna Lombard* must have been an extraordinary ship. I might have been prepared to accept as possible, if not probable, the presence of a potential crowned head as mate of this remarkable vessel; but I am bound to say that I was constrained to jib violently when confronted with a second exiled Royalty as her chief steward. Least of all can I accept the stilted verbiage in which this preposterous ship's company are in the habit of addressing each other. This tendency to overdo things is present all through the book, and makes it curiously irritating reading; the more so because one feels that, if Mr. BOOTES would only tell a straight tale without trimmings, he has probably something worth while to say.

Of the four stories in *The Maracot Deep* (MURRAY) the shortest is by far the best. "The Disintegrating Machine," both in conception and treatment is delicious, and "When the World Screamed" justifies the sonorous title that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has given to it. But "The Story of Spedegue's Dropper" is really more ridiculous than amusing, and had I not a dim recollection that Sir ARTHUR once lost his wicket while hitting at a ball deliberately aimed to drop on the top of the stumps, I should have been even more surprised by such a fantastic yarn from a sound player of the greatest of games. The story that gives the book its name and occupies nearly two-thirds of it is imaginative and wonderful, but for brilliance not to be compared with "The Disintegrating Machine."

Taking Eulalia, a little republic in Latin America, for the scene of *To-morrow Never Comes* (HARRAP), Mr. R. L. DUFFUS makes pretty play with the natives and with various foreigners who for official or commercial reasons (and sometimes for both) were living in that most happy-go-lucky country. Blood might and did flow freely in Eulalia; Presidents might be murdered and revolutions occur; but such events did not stop Eulalians from keeping sacred their hour of siesta or from making love. Mr. DUFFUS has a real gift for farcical comedy and this tale is genuinely amusing. It is right to add, however, that the inhabitants of Eulalia paid so little attention to morals that their methods of love-making may shock the dwindling numbers of those who retain any vestige of Puritanism.

"Calshot (Hampshire), Thursday. Heavy lorries lumberini into Calshot Air Station to-day brought the first two Italian seaplanes..."
Evening Standard.

This is what comes of having MUSSOLINI as a contributor.



Barber. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR HAIR, SIR?"
Customer. "LIKE YOURS."

CHARIVARIA.

A PARAGRAPHIST was surprised to see a Breton onion-seller outside a Pall Mall club the other day. We should have been more surprised if he had been seen inside.

We are reminded that the earliest canals in England, one of which is still navigable, were made by the Romans. Latin, however, has had comparatively little influence on Barges.

Judge KALISCH, of New York, likes grocers as jurymen, because of their well-balanced minds. They weigh the evidence without the wrapper.

A gossip-writer mentions an Irish doctor who has opened a motor-garage. It is said that he has a good roadside manner.

A glut of melons in Hungary threatens a slump, but confidence is felt that, when this is realised, there won't be a dry ear in Thanet.

A leading comedian declares that he once earned three pounds a week in a pierrot company. We don't doubt that he was worth it.

In view of the agitation by Nationalist extremists for the return of Cleopatra's Needle and other relics of Egyptian antiquity, satisfaction is felt that ardent Egyptologists were dissuaded from removing the Pyramids to this country.

A magistrate protests that motor-cars on the Brighton road travel as fast as the trains on the Southern Railway. Yet the Southern Railway has never been suspected of speed-mania.

The qualification for membership of the newly-formed Centenarian Club, it is announced, is not the attainment of the age of a hundred years, but the aspiration to attain it. We ourselves are thinking of putting up for the Junior Centenarian.

Sun-bathers are warned by a medical writer that the appearance of freckles is a danger-signal. Another danger-signal is the appearance of a policeman.

The publication of a photograph of

General DAWES listening attentively to the bagpipes gives rise to the belief that the question of restricting their use in warfare is under consideration.

We gather from the illustrated papers that wrestling as practised at Lakeland sports has some resemblance to that interesting feature of the Highland Games, "tossing the clansman."

We see it suggested that EALINE, daughter of Horsa, gave her name to Ealing. Historians agree that one of the first interests of the invading Jutes was the development of the suburbs.

The male gorilla, according to a *Times* article, is harmless and peaceable unless he is disturbed during an afternoon nap, when he will savagely attack the

Newspaper-writers are complaining of the high prices paid by professional football teams for players. Referees, on the other hand, fetch very little even when they are almost new.

A five-year-old boy of Paris has been in a trance for ten days and the only movement noticed is that of his eyelids. As he isn't a chess-player we think a doctor should be called in.

A man recently lost his wallet containing eight pounds whilst on the swings at a fair. We understand that he failed to get it back on the roundabouts.

The Sheffield police are to be taught grammar. It is said that burglars feel their position very acutely when being arrested by a policeman who splits his infinitives.

A gardener named HALL, of Addlestone, who has just celebrated his golden wedding, attributes his health and old age to constant hard work. There is always a catch somewhere.

"One has to visit Palestine to know what it is really like," declares a leader-writer. Isn't this rather a slur on the picture-postcard industry?

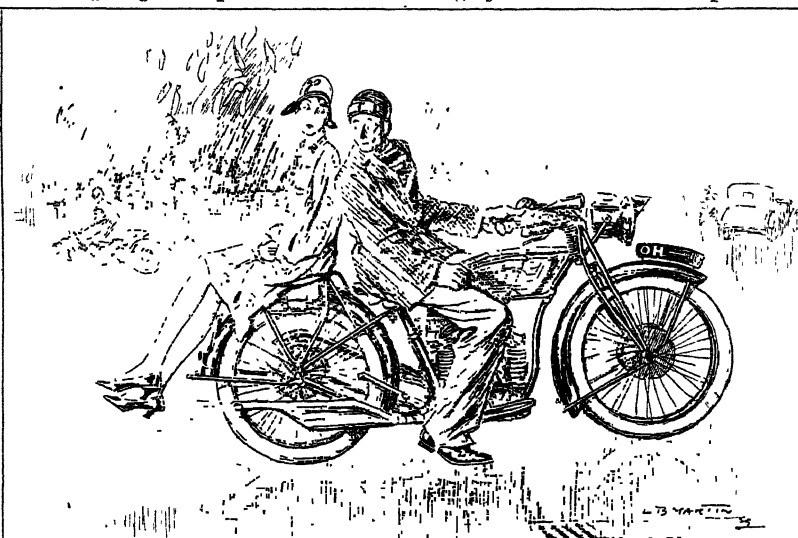
It is suggested that the temporary appropriation of other people's motor-cars for the purpose of joy-rides should be made a penal offence. Stealing a ride certainly sounds worse than just stealing a march.

A giant new dahlia has been named "Daily Mail" owing to its great growth. It is now up to Lord ROTHERMERE to re-name his paper *The Dahlia Mail*.

"British drama is in a very bad way," says an American critic. We welcome the cheery optimism of this statement. So many people say it's dead.

Worms have had to go so deep down for moisture, owing to the drought, that the early birds have had to get up earlier than ever.

Wasps, we are told, are most troublesome at the latter end of the summer. And at the latter end of the wasps too.



Speed Friend. "I SAY, SURELY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SIT LIKE THAT?"
The Lady. "I ALWAYS TRAVEL WITH MY BACK TO THE ENGINE."

intruder. Nothing enrages him more than being roused from a siesta by callers interested in the Darwin theory.

A policeman's truncheon which broke over a man's head was found to be affected by dry-rot. Similarly it is sometimes alleged that policemen's heads are liable to be affected by the ravages of the death-watch beetle.

Attention is drawn to the fact that Kingsway has not required taking up for twenty-five years. And what is even more remarkable is that it has not been taken up.

A news item states that HABIBULLAH Khan has decreed that anybody who mentions the name of his rival, NADIR Khan, shall be publicly nailed to a wall by his ears and then blown from a gun. We are left wondering what HABIBULLAH would do for an encore.

SUPPORTABLE WIRELESS.

Not long ago someone pulled the communication cord in a railway-carriage because a fellow-passenger insisted on using a portable wireless set. He has my sympathy. The man who pulled the cord, I mean. I very nearly pulled one in a train between Berwick and Edinburgh the other day, before the infernal music-box had started, too. But it was perhaps better that I didn't.

After a hot and worrying day in Berwick, where I had to attend a meeting, I caught with an effort an afternoon train to Edinburgh. I had no time to wash my hands and face or wet my throat. The train was packed. I stumbled into a compartment full of Americans. Pop was there, and Sadie, and Auntie, and the Pumpnickel girls from Oshkosh and two racksful. Pop lifted a portable wireless set to make room for me. My seat caught the full glare of the afternoon sun.

Pop's fingers drummed on the top of his p.w.s., which was on his knees (there was no room elsewhere), and he looked inquiringly at me. I glared at him and resolved to spring for the cord if there was any nonsense. Just then Sadie asked me if we went past Dryburgh Abbey. I grumped out a negative. Her sweet eyes continued to rest on me, however, and, as Auntie seemed to be topographically interested, I thawed a little and volunteered some guide-book information.

"This is the coast route," I said. "You should have taken the old Midland route from St. Pancras to see the Scott country. We are just crossing the Border now. Yes, England actually extends north of the Tweed here. We are now in Berwickshire, so called because it contains neither Berwick nor North Berwick—" And a whole lot of interesting stuff like that. Auntie was tickled to death about it all. The Pumpnickel girls were pudding-faced and unintelligent. Sadie was charming, and her questions were wise and her comments witty. I felt I had to go on. After all it was better to hear my own voice than the Children's Hour from Dundee or a horticultural talk from Hamburg.

Two good paragraphs of guide-book I gave them about every village we passed. Some of it was quite true. I used to live in Berwickshire. I told them the story of the Bride of Lammermoor. That took us nearly to Dunbar. Pop's fingers were still fiddling with the catch so I enlarged on the battle of Dunbar. The disposition of the Scottish forces. The disposition of the English forces. Then my throat gave.

"An' who was this OLIVER CRAM-

WELL, anyhow?" asked Pop. Just then Sadie caught a glimpse of the Bass Rock and wanted to know all about the cute little island. I gurgled, spluttered and began again. I gave them geology, geography, literary references, history, and et-ceteras. History found us approaching Drem. "And would you believe, Sadies and gentlemen," I continued huskily, "the Bass Rock was the last bit of British territory to hold out for the STUARTS after the revolution of 1886, I mean 1688? It held out for three years. It was on that occasion that the exiled JAMES II. made his famous remark to LOUIS XIV.: '*Grande étoffe, ce Bass.*' And the witty French monarch immediately replied, '*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*'"

Looking round wearily for a little appreciation, I found Sadie yawning and Auntie and the poor relations fast asleep. Pop was regarding me with a horn-rimmed twinkle.

"Say, Bo," he said, "your line of talk sure gets me dry. Same as it does you. Why can't you stop an' let's have a toon on the old distillery."

He undid the catch. I was too exhausted to reach the cord. He pulled down the front of the box and disclosed a miniature bar!

"Here's a bottle of the real stuff," he said, "a siphon of soda, a bottle of cocktail mixture for the young ladies an' some soft stuff for Auntie. All compact an' comfortin'. Sadie calls it my potable set. I wanted to celebrate our entry into bonny Scathtland," he continued, handing out glasses, "but I kind of didn't like to interrupt your discourse. But we've still time to drink all our vurry good healths. How would you like your song and dance, Sir—solo or duet?"

"Duet," I gasped from an aching throat. "Half whisky and half soda. With plenty of soda. God bless you. *Vive l'Amérique!*"

Maintaining the Good Old Traditions.

"Blueland's Intelligence Staff, equally alert, was fully aware of the proposed attack on Salisbury, and had made elaborate preparations to rest."—*Daily Paper.*

"What is claimed to be the longest non-stop railway journey ever made has, states 'Modern Transport,' been accomplished in South Africa, where a Beardmore Diesel-electric engine hauled a special train from Buenos Ayres to Cipolletti. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

It must have been a great temptation to stop at Johannesburg.

"The vessel is 527 feet in length by 67ft. beam and is designed to carry a deadweight of about 7,000 tons on a moderate draught of water."—*Newcastle Paper.*

Mr. Punch wishes that his car would practise this teetotal frugality.

CULTURE AND SALESMANSHIP.

[In the view of most of the speakers at the Drapers' Chamber of Trade Summer School, held at Balliol, public schoolboys, soaked in the Classics, refinement and culture, lacking in "punch," and having on the whole too good an opinion of themselves, are totally unsuited for the requirements of the retail trade.]

THOUGH famous for their collars,
So very large and fine,
As hosiers Eton scholars
So far have failed to shine;
But, soaked in Classic dramas,
How could their brains compare
With those who call pyjamas
"Distinctive slumber-wear"?

The elegant Etonian
May feel within him surge
The impulse Apollonian,
The Dionysian urge;
Edit a daily paper
Or as proconsul prance,
But as a West-End draper
He hasn't got a chance.

The legends of the Tiber,
The lore of ancient Greece,
Don't lend him mental fibre
Or make his wealth increase;
For, though from grammars gleanings
The proper use of *ds*,
He does not grasp the meaning
That every flapper knows.

Some laud the simple dalesman
Far from the city's roar,
But oh! the perfect salesman
Impresses me far more,
Who, with a will undying
To perish or succeed,
Deludes us into buying
The things we do not need.

Oh! wonderful is Balliol
In her new-fangled guise,
Where Gallio and Gamaliel
And Croesus fraternise,
And where the enlightened hosier,
Whom LINDSAY entertains,
Suggests a richer, rosier
Career for boys of brains.

For, while this new vocation
The dreaming don dismisses,
Oxford finds consolation
From lights of other days;
Christ Church was WOLSEY's college;
In Balliol LINDSAY rules;
And Linsey-Woolsey knowledge
May save the Oxford schools.

"There will be orchestral selections each afternoon and evening; a contingent of girls will be at work flower-making, and dainty teas and refreshments will be served at moderate prices, all cmwfy cmfwypshrdl cmfwyp shrldhu hhhm cmfwyp shrdlu shrdlu shrdl ushrdlu mbmm the profits of which go to the benefit of the girls."—*Somerset Paper.*

With Etaoin away on his holiday,
Shrdlu appears to be working overtime.



L. RAVEN HILL

A YORKSHIRE STONEWALLER.

JOHN BULL (*to the White Hope of our L. S. D. Team*). "WELL PLAYED!"

MR. SNOWDEN. "I WANTED THE HUNDRED."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, EIGHTY-THREE'S PRETTY USEFUL. ANYHOW, IT'S A LOT MORE THAN THEY MEANT YOU TO GET."



Visitor (keeping her end up). "MY ANCESTORS WERE ALL KILLED IN THE WARS OF THE ROSES. INDEED FOR SOME GENERATIONS THE FAMILY WAS EXTINCT."

THE UNENCUMBERED FEE SIMPLE.

V.—THE TELEPHONE.

OUR village of Harstead has no church, pub or post-office, for all of which one must walk a mile to the neighbouring village of South Downing. For all other material necessities of life—the spiritual and spirituous being provided for as above—we either apply to Mr. Lowpark, who has never yet been known to express inability to fill an order, even if he has to buy it retail from a rival; or else vans deliver from the South Downing emporium or even from the nearby town of Midfield.

One such of these called on us the other day and Frances ordered some country butter. As you know, country butter is difficult to get in a country village anywhere within sixty miles of London, just as it is impossible to obtain fish at a fishing village unless there is a sudden glut, which may go, and often has gone, bad. Frances wanted the butter for tea, and it should have been delivered by motor-van at two o'clock, but by three o'clock it had not come. So, as during the van-driver's cheery conversation he had let slip that his firm—"Vane's"—was on the

'phone, I was despatched down the village to use this convenience.

"Are you certain there is a 'phone in Harstead?" I asked. We had not yet got a line on all the village facilities; and besides I had just stabilised myself comfortably in a deck-chair.

"You're simply being lazy!" accused Frances. "There must be a 'phone in the village. Look at all the telegraph-wires!"

I looked at them and then closed my eyes the better to visualise telephones and things. . . .

"Well, hurry up!" ordered Frances.

I got up reluctantly. "Where do I begin to look?" I asked.

"Don't be helpless. Where you begin to look or to ask for anything in this village—at Lowpark's, of course. Go on! . . ."

When I arrived at Mr. Lowpark's he sold me a packet of chocolate and booked an order for coal, a garden-rake and a new type of paraffin-lamp. After this he confessed that he had no 'phone. So I cancelled my (or rather his) order for the lamp, as being the least I could do to signify my opinion of his deficiency; and, eating my chocolate at him in a defiant manner, I asked where I

could 'phone. He said that sometimes in cases of urgency old Colonel Blood-Bayonet up at Cawnpore Cottage let people use his instrument.

Country butter for Frances being obviously a case of urgency, I moved off to Cawnpore Cottage. As I neared the place, however, I began to have doubts. It seemed rather an enormity to sail up to a stranger's front-door with the purpose of haranguing the local tradespeople on his telephone. Especially as I observed, now I was in the drive, that preparations for a sort of garden-party were in hand. Especially as retired military colonels were notoriously hot-tempered. Especially as a man who could inflict on a small country house a name like "Cawnpore Cottage" was capable of even more drastic action if aroused. Especially as, now I was at the front-door, I could see kukris and things hanging conveniently in the hall. In short, the butter seemed far less urgent.

I decided I wouldn't trouble him, and discovered by the time I had reached this decision that I was back at the drive gates. In the doorway behind me a leather-faced man-servant had appeared and, standing properly at ease,

was regarding me with a malignant stare that he had no doubt found very effective on the North-West Frontier.

When safely out of range I made inquiries of an ancient yokel who definitely *had* heard of "they noo-fangled tellyfoons," and then of a younger one who thought that a house just outside the village occasionally let people "use their machine." I ascertained that he was not thinking of a gramophone by mistake, and set off.

The house just outside the village (incidentally about half-a-mile out) had recently, I learned, had its 'phone removed because it didn't pay. Personally I didn't wonder. They told me that a little way on, towards the next village, I should find one, and gave directions. I thanked them and started on a brisk walk.

A quarter-of-an-hour later, and with another failure behind me, I was entering the next village, still in pursuit of my telephone. Imaginary bells were ringing in my ears; shadowy receivers dangled invitingly before my eyes.

Oh yes, said a youth, there was a 'phone in the post-office, but that was out on the other side of the village.

I could see now that this telephone was a myth—a sheer Will-o'-the-wisp. It would no doubt vanish into smoke as soon as I touched it. I said I didn't believe in post-offices any longer, and the youth, really helpful, pointed out that there was a "You-may-telephone-from-here" sign much nearer; in fact, in the shop at the corner, the one just by the "Galleon" Inn.

I thanked him and sped on. I charged into the shop and asked hastily for the use of their 'phone before it should be removed. Then I looked up Vane's number, got my pennies ready and spoke.

"South Downing Ten," I said, firmly gripping the receiver for fear of eleventh-hour magic.

"Yes. What number?"

"South Downing Ten."

"But what number are you wanting?"

"SOUTH DOWNING TEN."

"You *are* South Downing Ten. What number do you *require*, please?"

I put the receiver down and went out thoughtfully. On the door was written "S. Vane, General Provision Merchant." I had indeed gone far in my search for a telephone.

There seemed only one thing to do. I went back inside and obtained the butter—which it appeared they had forgotten to deliver.

Twenty minutes later I displayed it triumphantly to Frances, just in time for tea.

"How did you get it?" she said in



Lady. "I WANT A POSTAL-ORDER FOR TWO-AND-SIXPENCE AND ONE FOR ONE-AND-NINEPENCE, AND TEN SHILLINGS' WORTH OF THREE-HALFPENNY STAMPS, AND TWO DOZEN HALFPENNY ONES AND A PACKET OF POSTCARDS. NOW WHAT WOULD THAT BE?"

Postal Clerk. "SIXTEEN-AND-FIVEPENCE, PLEASE."

Old Lady. "OH, DEAR, THAT'S RATHER MORE THAN I WANTED TO GIVE."

surprise. "Did you meet the man? And what a time you've been! I thought you were only going to 'phone?"

"Oh," I said modestly, "I knew you wanted it badly, so I just walked on to Vane's and bought it. Two-and-a-half miles there and back." I then assumed the air of the man who expects great kudos.

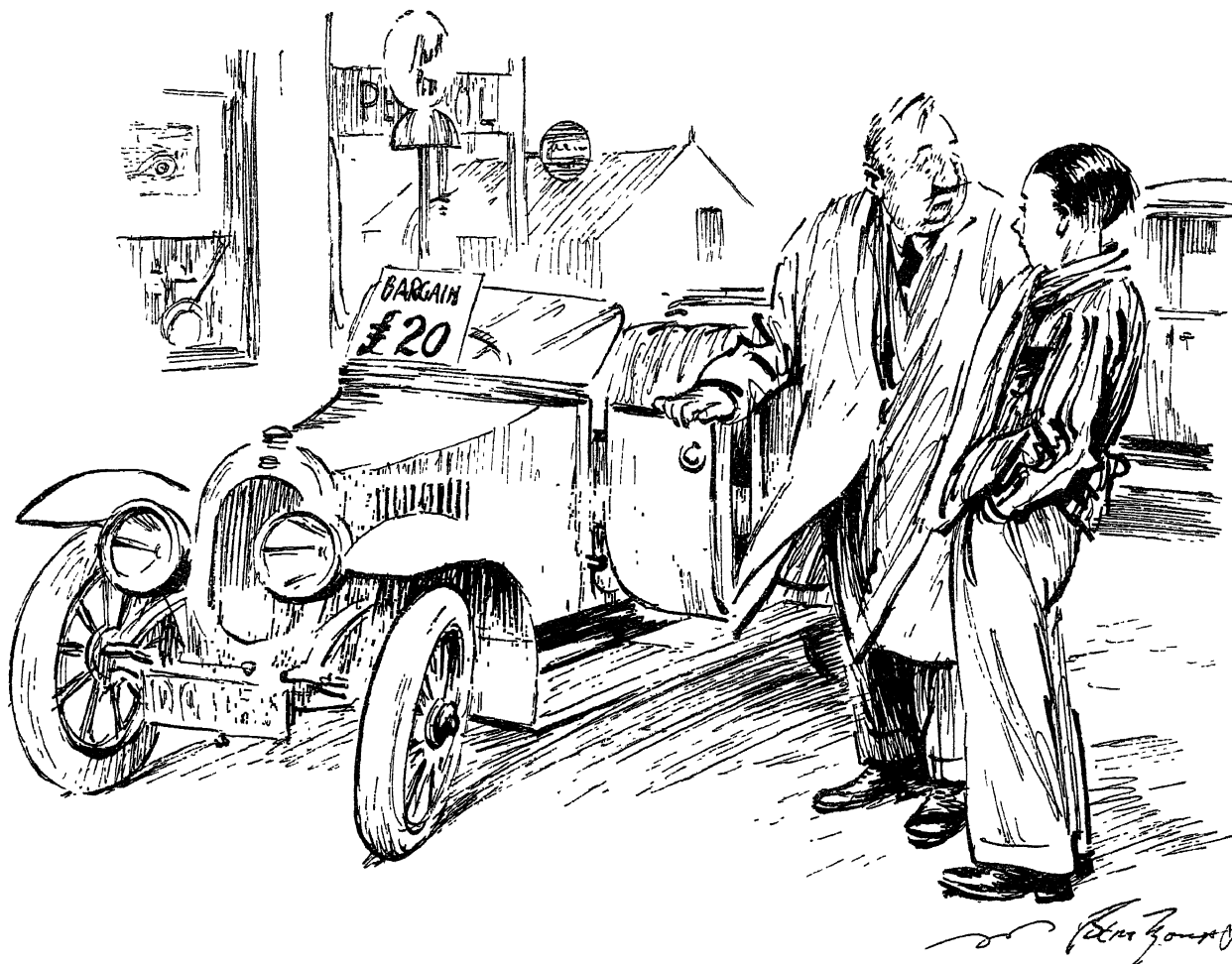
I didn't get it. One doesn't with Frances. She merely said bitterly:—

"Don't tell me you walked all that way just to get me butter. Do you

think I don't know where the 'Galleon' Inn is? Really I can't even send you to 'phone for butter without your chargin' all over the country after beer."

Very unjust, as you will agree with me. But the unfortunate part is that I couldn't say very much in answer, because, as it happened, the day being hot and so on, I *had* just dropped in at the "Galleon" to ask how the landlord, who is a sort of friend of mine, was standing the heat, and, if necessary, to help him stand it.

A. A.



Prospective Buyer. "WHAT ABOUT LETTING ME RUN IT DOWN TO BOURNEMOUTH?"

Owner. "BOURNEMOUTH! HOW LONG D'YE THINK A TWENTY-POUND CAR'S GOING TO LAST?"

POST-CARDS PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT.

It will probably fall to few of us to have our writings valued even after our death. But Mr. BERNARD SHAW is in the happy position of being able to watch collectors competing in the open market for scraps of his handwriting. Not for scraps of plays or prefaces; not Chapter XII. from *Getting Married*; not the manuscript of Mrs. Warren's illuminating remarks about her sister's rise in the social scale, not even the scrap of paper—surely more discussed at the time than even the YOUNG PLAN?—on which is inscribed "Not b——y likely!" No. Just for post-cards.

They are fetching up to fifteen pounds each. A man I know, embarrassed at his richness, is selling all his by auction. It was that or the dustbin; but the dustman (as he will) no doubt missed a week, and meanwhile the Shavian ramp had begun. I've actually read the catalogue list, which contains not only reserve prices against each item, but

gives in addition the gist of the matter contained on each post-card. The latest batch, I learn in the papers, is not only very G.-B.-S.-ish, but is embellished with a photograph as well. This may be designed to save Mr. SHAW the trouble of actually writing the words "As you can see by my face, I am not the sort of man——," when refusing requests. And I hope that woodcuts of his boots are now in the Press for lending force to the stamping out of fox-hunting. Meanwhile Mr. SHAW in the rôle of post-card beauty is a touching thought.

I can't help noticing that the post-cards marked with the highest prices are the rudest ones. Manners maketh man, but they don't seem to make money, and the saying that politeness always pays is one of the fifty-odd biggest lies I know. But I will say this: that, if you have attained a point at which your impolitest word is worth hard cash, then you have absolutely arrived, and will certainly endure, and probably be buried in the Abbey.

I am a little worried about the almost

certain probability of a host of faked Shavian post-cards flooding the market and detracting from the value and interest of the unquestionable originals. I have the matter at heart, having been since my 'teens at the feet of BERNARD SHAW. And when I found that real post-cards in his real writing to real people were for sale I admit that I advertised for one, or some, up to a modest maximum price. The offers which I received in reply have given me some thoughtful moments, and I leave it to his disciples, his business associates and to those in the dear position of his personal friends to determine whether these lots are genuine:—

You ask me to speak at the next O.P. Club dinner. But even a good meal could not bribe me into eulogy of an actress I deplore.

No. 159.

(£12 10s.)

To the Mayor of Saltwash.

SIR,—I will not help you to rebuild your Town Hall, happily

destroyed by fire last week. Even classed with the saloon-and-petrol-pump school of architecture, it did not hold its own.

No. 33. (£5 5s.)

It is impossible that I should write a preface to Mr. ARLEN's next novel. This vicarious method of snatching its applause from a public bemused by the greater man, a public which is quite capable of confounding the literary godfather with the muling literary infant, embodies a system which fills me with a holy nausea.

No. 97. (£7 15s.)

To the Reverend Arnold Murgatroyd,
St. Bavin's, E.C.1.

DEAR MURGATROYD.—What have I done that you should approach me on the question of writing an obituary of Lady X.? I knew her well; I am even prepared to admit that her demise will come as a considerable financial calamity to sundry ill-advised charities; but you have fallen into the common error of confusing friendship with esteem, of asserting intimacy and postulating affection. Do not picture me as clad in an even mental mourning. Her death is a circumstance which calls rather for congratulation. Away with the traditional bogey of unreasoned post-mortem admirations! She was an intolerable person. Her parasitic mentality I could forgive, but her bromidic conversation, her oversexed titterings, *never!*

Yours affectionately, G. B. S.
No. 4. (£4 10s.)

DEAR EUSTACE MILES,—Engagements permitting, I will speak with pleasure on "Acid or Alkali?" at your restaurant next Friday.

No. 60. (£1.)

MADAM,—In answer to your somewhat impertinent inquiry as to my Royalist leanings, I certainly should not dream of taking off my hat if I met the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN. For one thing, I seldom wear one; for another, I consider that, if achievement in the realm of thought is to be publicly recognised by such futile foolery, he should take off his hat to me.

No. 54. (£15.)

MADAM,—I am sending you five pounds for your Shelter for Lost Dogs. Your efforts strike me as wholly admirable. Expect no gratitude from the world, for you have committed the sin of modest and semi-anonymous labour. Expect merely the unprofitable homage of the humane.

No. 17. (5s.)



Fatuous Fellow. "I ALWAYS THINK LIFE IS SO UNLIKE ANYTHING ELSE."

To the Editor, "Daily Mail."

You ask me for a "message" to your readers in celebration of your paper's attainment of a net sale of over one million—or is it two million?—copies. But why? These figures seem to me to be the logical outcome of the present state of education in our country. The remedy will not be to hand in our lifetime, and a saner posterity must seek it.

No. 100. (£14 14s.)

I would not give Major SEGRAVE a knighthood, though I can think of

a dozen men to whom this gesture of personal indignity should be proffered. To Major SEGRAVE I would merely give ten years for driving to the danger of his immortal soul.

No. 3. (£9 11s. 6d.)

Does any reader feel qualified to pronounce upon these cards?

RACHEL.

"Young Gentleman, one year experience, Requires Position as Reformer on Poultry Farm."—*Poultry Paper*.

What nobler mission than to bring the Buff Orpingtons to a straighter mode of living!

THE TALKING FILM.

[In the two countries most preoccupied with the talking film it will soon have to be treated as a "property," like cocktails or the telephone, in both fiction and drama.]

I.—ENGLISH FICTION: P. G. WODEHOUSE.

NEVER in any circumstances could Lord Rufflebim be said to manifest a fatherly interest in the cinema. There was a strong prejudice against it in his very blood. Thus it was hardly surprising that, when his nephew Adrian informed him that the cinema had begun to talk, the news affected him much as if his left knee had suddenly developed rheumatism as well as his right.

"What?" he barked.

"It's begun to talk."

"Talk?"

"Talk."

"Talk?"

"Yes; talk, you know."

"Talk? Confound it, what do you mean—talk?"

"What I say—talk."

Lord Rufflebim reflected. "My dear boy, do you mean actually talk?"

"Yes. It's begun to talk."

"Talk!"

"Rather! Really talk, you know."

"Talk!"

The monosyllable shot out of the anguished peer like the cork out of a bottle of 1919 Veuve—shall we say?—Clicquot. He began to realise that what his nephew was endeavouring to convey to him was the appalling intelligence that the cinema had begun to talk. . . .

II.—AMERICAN DRAMA: EUGENE O'NEILL.

The curtain rises on the study of John's home in a small New England town. George is in an armchair to the LEFT, John in another, facing him, RIGHT.

John (with strained heartiness, bending forward, eyebrows raised, smiling). Well, old man, it's good to see you again. I don't know whether you'd like to see a talking film while you're here. (Thinking resentfully) I bet he would, confound him! Always wanted to do everything he could. . . . Had no chance to, though, these last few years. . . . Africa. . . . God! what a hole. . . . But why should he come home like this and drag me to a talking film I don't want to see? (Speaking in his former tone) I hear there's a very good one at the local movie-house. Everywhere has them now, you know. You've been out of touch; they've made great strides. (Thinking again) Great strides. . . . I should think they have! Don't get any peace. In the old days it was good to go to a film, but now. . . . bellowing away. . . .

George (with laboured gaiety, sitting

up). Why, yes, old fellow; I guess I'd love to! (Thinking angrily) What does he take me for, a doggone kid? Talking films! Who wants to see talking films here? . . . One might suppose. . . . He makes me hate him. . . . but I've come here, after all, to make love to his wife, so. . . . damn it, I suppose I owe him something. . . . (Speaking again, gaily) Didn't get that sort of thing in Africa, you know. The last film I saw was in 1919. That's a long time ago. (Thinking hopefully) Perhaps I can get him off the subject. . . . forget it. . . . but he always was a persistent devil. . . . If he wants to go I'll have to. . . . (Speaking again) You weren't married then.

John (speaking hopefully, smiling). Perhaps you'd rather not go, George? I don't want to drag you anywhere you don't want to go. (Thinking angrily) That gives him a chance. . . . Why shouldn't he take it? But, oh, well, he's sure to want to go. . . . like a child, after anything new. . . . (Speaking again) Say if you don't want to go.

George (thinking disgustedly). How can I say? . . . he won't be put off. . . . I don't want to go, but he does, curse it! I suppose I'm in for a wasted evening anyway, but. . . . oh, well. . . . (He forces a grin) Why, yes, but I do want to. I guess I'll enjoy it. (Frowns, thinking) Enjoy it! Good lord! Why must he suggest this as soon as I come to see him?

John (resigned, with laboured cheerfulness). Well, that's fine! I'll go book the seats now. (Thinks savagely) Another evening spoilt for me! . . . I'll never ask him here again. . . . I dislike him. . . . The fool! (Exit angrily.)

FEATS OF ENDURANCE.

Extract from "The Daily Fan" of August 3rd, 1929.

IN considering the matter of endurance, perhaps nothing is more striking than the narrowness of outlook displayed by our predecessors of fifty years ago. True, some magnificent records were put up, and the right spirit was shown. Women swam up and down the Thames from dawn till sunset and across the Channel for days on end, stopping only to have their photographs taken or to grant interviews to reporters or to let their lovers know that they had definitely renounced all thought of marriage. Then there was a boy (but that was in America) who sat for days on a flag-staff, and there were men and women who remained aloft in aeroplanes for weeks—or was it months?—on end, flatly refusing to come down when called upon. But outside the realms of swimming, flying, motoring, club-swinging, dancing and fasting there was little to

indicate the advance, by leaps no less than by bounds, that would be registered within the next half-century.

Contrast this with our endurance records of to-day. Taking the first that occurs to us—that of Mrs. Dabchick of Vauxhall in the recent Inter-Washhouse Mangle-turning Challenge Shield event—we find that Mrs. Dabchick carried off the palm with thirty-four-thousand-six-hundred-and-sixty-nine turns to her credit. Twelve hours thirteen minutes and five seconds was the time taken. Mrs. Dabchick, modestly enough, professed to have been surprised at her own achievement. "I intend now," she told our representative, "to devote my life to mangle-turning endurance work."

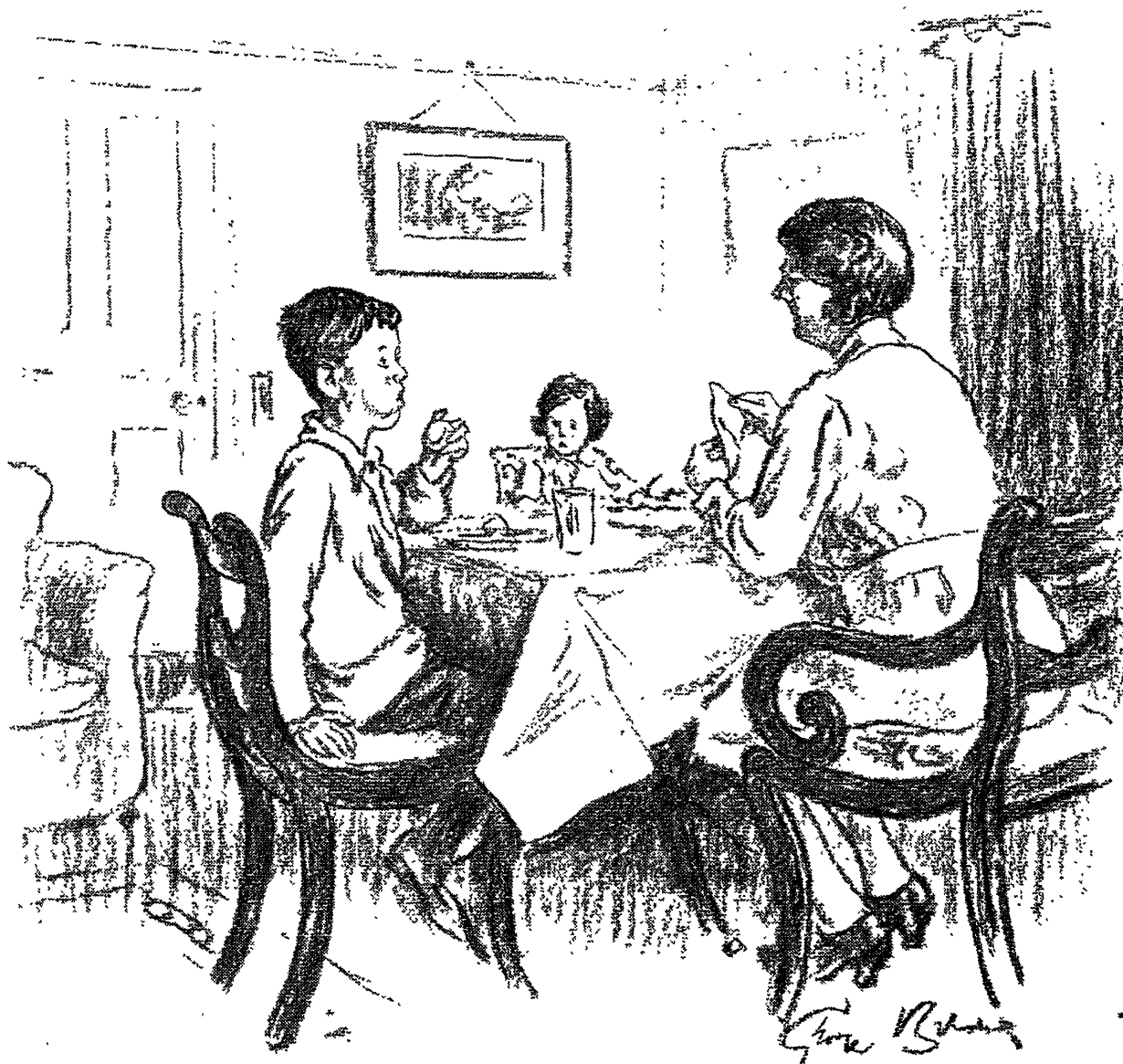
"But what about your husband and children?" she was asked.

"I am afraid I shall have to divorce my husband," was the heart-broken reply, "and send my children to a public crèche."

Our readers will not be surprised to hear that a syndicate has presented Mrs. Dabchick with a silver model of the machine upon which she scored her record, and has also offered her a six-months' touring engagement at a very tempting figure.

In the world of music we know of no finer achievement than that of Master Willie Shrubel of Hackney. Three weeks ago, we are informed, Willie knew practically nothing about music. Indeed, so little did he know about anything that his mental condition was despaired of. Yet last Friday, competing for the Junior Piano-Players' One-finger Endurance Cup, Willie succeeded in playing "The Bluebells of Scotland" no fewer than seven-hundred-and-fifty-six times without a break. This too in the teeth of organised discouragement from the neighbours. Interviewed by our Sports Editor, Mrs. Shrubel, Willie's mother, attributed her son's achievement to a certain dogged perseverance inherited from his father. "When Shrubel was a younger man," she added proudly, "at Lord ROTHERMERE's instigation he took his hat off to France five-thousand-seven-hundred-and-sixty-three times in less than two hours! Nor would he have stopped then if the rim hadn't come off in his hand."

Again, what of the magnificent record recently set up by Nathan Noggs of Norwood? Accustomed as he is to travelling between Norwood and the City—Mr. Noggs is at present only a clerk in the City—it was no mean feat on his part to perform the return journey one-hundred-and-eighty-five times in twenty-one days! Interviewed by our representative, Mr. Noggs modestly admitted that he would never have reached his amazing score had he



Mother (to Alec, who has helped himself to the only peach). "ALEC, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE OFFERED THAT PEACH TO YOUR LITTLE COUSIN KATE. THE TRUEST PLEASURE COMES FROM GIVING THE BEST TO OTHERS. HAVEN'T YOU EVER FELT THAT?"

Alec. "YES, OFTEN—BUT NEVER WITH PEACHES."

not devoted his summer holiday to the undertaking. "I shall never be content," he added quietly, "until I have broken the records from Hampstead, Richmond, Leytonstone and Harrow."

He said too that it was all very wonderful, and that the public had been remarkably kind and encouraging.

In the Standing-on-One-Leg Interstate Competition we have pleasure in recording that Heck B. Womple of Snooksville, Pa., has again broken all previous records with a five-hour-twenty-minute achievement on the right leg.

One dismal failure we have to record:

Eddie Doughead has broken down! Ever in demand at social gatherings and Bright Parties, young Doughead, it will be remembered, conceived the reckless idea of setting up a record. "From to-night," he shrieked at his charming hostess during a partial lull in the festivities on a recent occasion, "I intend to average at least one visit to a Bright Party every night for the next two months!" Barely five weeks have elapsed since that boastful utterance was made. At the outside Eddie only attended fifteen Bright Parties during the period. And to-day—save for an

occasional outing with his attendants—he spends most of his time in the company of patients almost as hopeless as himself.

We are all sorry for Doughead, and derive what consolation we can from knowing that he remains moderately happy under the impression that he is still at the Bright Party from which he was removed under restraint.

"Aren't there enough bare legs on the stage—and do we condemn them?" asked the Rev. Basil Bouchier."—*Canadian Paper*.
Not half!

A STATE OF BLISS.

SOME administrators judge their own effectiveness by the number of new regulations which they introduce. The Political Resident of Arampur knows very well that the sandal is on the other foot. The less one interferes the more people govern themselves.

But this knowledge is not shared by all the officials who come to Arampur. We had a young policeman lately who arrived full of zeal and silver braid. The poor fellow had one shock after another. First of all he discovered, from the registers maintained in the police-stations, that there was no crime at all. This would never do, for a policeman without a crime is like an inspecting officer without a discrepancy: he has no reason for existence. So he got busy at once searching for crime.

He had not to search long. After listening to a few complainants he discovered that burglaries were of frequent and murders of occasional occurrence in Arampur. In fact a crime wave was actually flowing and nobody was found to dam it. He forthwith instructed his subordinates to register these and all other complaints and investigate them. The subordinates with due solemnity complied, and the new policeman spent laborious days in reading their voluminous reports.

From these he learned that several moneylenders' houses had been looted. The victims were in the habit of extorting high rates of interest and had lately brought some of their clients to destitution. These clients, everybody knew, had burgled the houses as a rational method of righting admitted wrongs. Public sympathy was with them and the accused could produce any number of alibis, mutually inconsistent but separately convincing. There was no possibility of conviction and so the crimes would be classed as undetected. The cold and practical logic of the situation persuaded the reformer that such cases could not be brought to a retributive finish.

There were other cases in which the complainant, having been robbed, accused certain persons. Now, as the police-station officer explained, the ac-

cused were men of no substance, so that there was no prospect of the complainant's ever getting his money back from them. His motive in complaining must therefore be one of sheer revenge or malice. He would be better advised to lock up his valuables safely in future than to come bothering the police to do the impossible and restore what was lost for ever.

In the case of the murders, investigation always showed that the deceased thoroughly deserved extinction and, had not the job been done in the way in which it had in fact been done, the man would certainly sooner or later have been murdered by someone else. There was always a consensus of opinion in the



"I'M SORRY YOU'VE WAKENED UP. I'VE BEEN SKETCHING YOU FOR TWO HOURS."

"WELL, I USUALLY GETS 'ALF-A-CROWN AN HOUR FOR SITTINGS, SIR."

village, accompanied by a concerted profession of innocence and ignorance, that the fellow was better dead, so why worry about the past?

In the end our young policeman concluded that justice had been more efficiently served than was possible in the State courts. So he came to the Political Resident and eloquently confessed his error.

"I'm afraid, Sir, I made a bloomer of that registration stunt. I simply poked a stick into my own eye. My name is absolutely mud."

"That's all right," answered the P.R. consolingly; "the quickest way to learn is by making a few bad mistakes."

"But I've jiggered the whole box o' works. Crime has gone up on the register from seven to round boiling-point, and all undetected. My promising career is jolly well down the sink."

"Oh, come—is it as bad as that? After all, there are such things as epidemics of crime."

"Well, Sir, I'll jolly well see this one dies out in two ticks. I'll go straight back and put a match to those mouldy registers."

"We must beware of hasty action. You want to stay in Arampur, don't you?"

"With due respect to you, Sir, and all that rot, this is little Johnny's heaven."

"Very well, then, you must show some results for inspection. If there is no change whatever in the crime figures you might just as well have stayed away from Arampur."

"This needs brain-power, I see," murmured the young policeman; "perhaps I'd better leave the registers with all their spots on 'em and give word to the police-stations to stop registering on the nail."

"But in that case the complete and sudden cessation of crime would rouse the suspicions of the blandest inspection officer."

"Stymied again. But anyhow that would be better than a regular crime-storm going on indef."

"There is a better way and a simpler. Leave things alone. You will then find the statistics drop to somewhere about the normal and respectable seven. And in my annual report

will occur the following words: 'A sudden and serious increase in crime caused the State officials some anxiety, but fortunately this coincided with the arrival in Arampur of the specially deputed police officer, Mr. Griffin, whose able and sustained efforts succeeded in reducing . . .'

So Griffin is permanently one of us. The P.R. can rely upon his wholehearted support in any emergency.

Statements Which We Hesitate to Believe.

"A FARCET AND YELLING WEDDING."

" . . . The ceremony, which was fully choral, was performed by the Vicar. . . ."

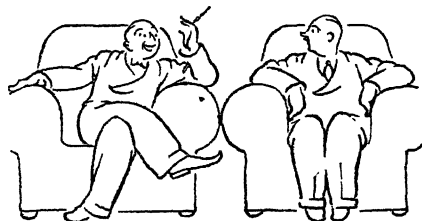
Lincolnshire Paper.

"Temperatures in London again rose, 76 degrees being reached at 4 p.m. by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra."—*Daily Paper.*

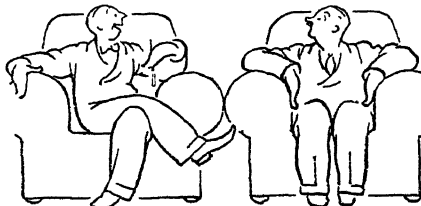
They ought to have hot lemonade and lots of sleep.

SAVE ME FROM YOUR FRIENDS.

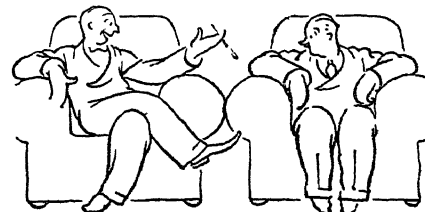
Fryderson



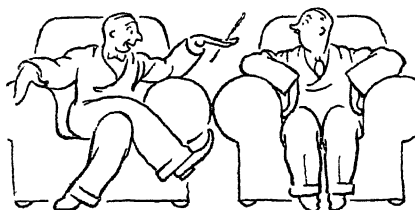
"I NEARLY DIED OF LAUGHING YESTERDAY. I WAS LUNCHING WITH BUNNY SMITHERTON. . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW HIM?"



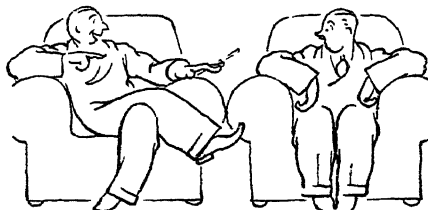
WELL, HE'D JUST BEEN STAYING WITH THE TOMMY BROWNLEES. . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW THEM?"



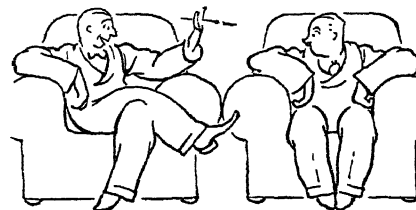
WELL, WHILE HE WAS THERE, WHO SHOULD TURN UP BUT JACK ROBINSTONE? . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW HIM?"



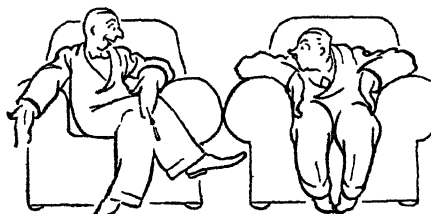
WELL, OLD FRED JONESHAM WAS STAYING THERE AT THE TIME, YOU SEE. . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW HIM?"



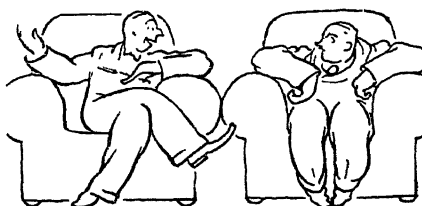
WELL, OF COURSE JACK AND FRED ARE AT DAGGERS DRAWN OVER THAT AFFAIR OF JOE HIGGINSBOROUGH'S. . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW HIM?"



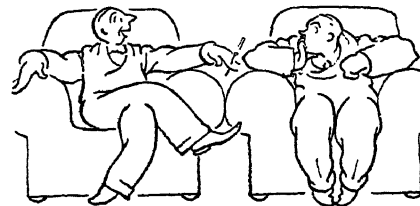
WELL, THAT'S WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS ABOUT, SO WHEN AGATHA THOMPSONBY SAW HIM ARRIVE. . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW HER?"



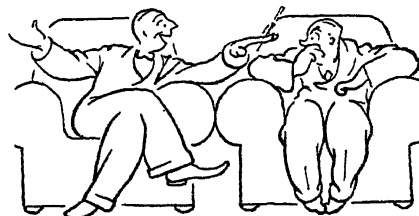
WELL, WHEN SHE SAW HIM ARRIVE SHE GOT HOLD OF OLD PERKINS. . . . NO, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW HIM; HE'S THE BUTLER.—



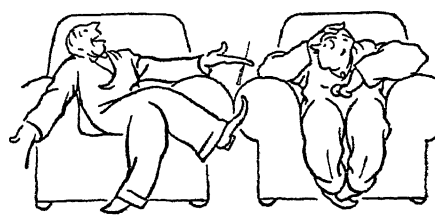
WELL, SHE GOT HOLD OF HIM AND GOT HIM TO SEND A TELEGRAM TO FRED, SUPPOSED TO HAVE COME FROM MILLY SMALLTHWAITE. . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW HER?"



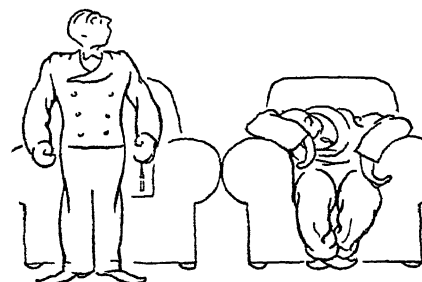
WELL, FRED GOT THE TELEGRAM AT LUNCHEON, AND SYLVIA WILKINSWORTH, WHO WAS THERE. . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW HER?"



WELL, SYLVIA SAID IT COULDN'T BE FROM MILLY, BECAUSE SHE'S AWAY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN WITH THE JOHNSTONHOLMES. . . . OH, DON'T YOU KNOW THEM?"



WELL, ANYWAY, WHAT WITH BUNNY'S IMITATIONS OF SYLVIA ASKING AWKWARD QUESTIONS AND OF AGATHA LYING LIKE A TROOPER AND OF JACK BEING GENERALLY UNPLEASANT AND TOMMY TRYING TO KEEP THE PEACE AND FRED GETTING MORE AND MORE HOT AND BOTHERED, I ASSURE YOU I NEARLY DIED!—



AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU WISH I HAD?"

THE LOG OF THE "LIZARD."

I.—SATURDAY NIGHT.

CROSSED by night-boat and joined Yacht *Lizard* at St. Malo. Due 9.0 A.M. Arrived 10.0 A.M. Landed 11.15. Staggered out of Douane 12.0.

Notes.—Whole population of Great Britain and Northern Ireland crossed by same boat as well. And rather better. For most of them had excursion tickets and travelled first-class for thirty shillings less. But what is money to me? We slept all over ship, on deck, in smoking-room, on-bar. One or two old ladies talked rather pathetically of nesting in rigging.

A fine ship. A fine new ship. Best thing there has been on this service. Can do several knots. Takes an hour or more off journey. Everything possible done for comfort of passengers, except to provide pillows for those without berths. Good old Southern Railway! Nothing shall cast me down on this holiday.

Nevertheless am moved to philosophical reflection by method of landing passengers. Characteristic effort of civilisation. No expense spared to produce ship will reduce passengers' sea-journey by one hour; then take one hour-and-a-quarter to put them ashore. Net progress: minus quarter-of-an-hour.

10.0 A.M.—Ship ties up to wharf. Twelve hundred passengers grasp bags, wraps, passports, tickets, spades, buckets, hold-alls and infants, and scramble vaguely in all directions. Great secrecy maintained about position of gangway; ship's company have formed an affection for passengers and are anxious not to lose them. Some of stewards say it is right aft, some right forward, some direct us to deck above, and others to deck below. There are charming scurries and collisions, and any passengers who feel cold after night-journey are soon quite warm.

At length, in spite of everything, secret leaks out. Gangway is right aft in Second Class. Second-class passengers have got wind of it and are huddled in congealed mass at approaches. First-class passengers form up meekly in another congealed mass behind them.

10.20 A.M.—Nothing much more pleasant after night at sea on wooden seat on deck than to stand in drizzle, hot mackintosh and congealed mass of humanity, clutching in one hand bag and in the other passport, book of tickets, landing-card and printed form in which you have just set down all those particulars of past history and future plans which are already clearly stated in passport. Must be special fun if you have baby in arms, or two young children tug-

ging at skirts and another doing his best to fall into hold on to luggage.

Queue moves foot or two every ten minutes. We suffer cramp, pains in back, sticky heat and nervous exhaustion. If cargo of cows were handled this fashion inspectors would rush to scene. Rightly; for cows would moo, low and otherwise express dissatisfaction. But we are dumb animals and say nothing. Moreover we are Britons off for holiday, displaying celebrated British patience and good-humour. Believe if stewards walked up and down and lashed us with whips we should take it all in good part. As it is they walk up and down with collecting-boxes and ask us to contribute to their orphans, and we pay up like men.

10.45.—Three separate streams—or rather bogs—of passengers converging. We fight. Quietly, with pleasant smiles and good-humoured jests—but we fight. We converge viciously on to small bridge.

10.50.—Have one foot on bridge and one leg across stanchion. Next move may be able to squeeze on to bridge before objectionable Briton in bowler-hat. If not leg will be broken. France is four feet away, but it is remote as Burma. Did first part of this voyage at about twenty miles an hour; now doing about twenty feet. Strange thing is that all this delay and trouble brought



Visitor. "I SUPPOSE YOU GET QUITE A LOT OF MOTOR-CARS EVEN OUT HERE?"
Yokel. "I SHOULD JUST THINK SO. BILL, 'ERE, GOT THREE ONLY YESTERDAY."

about by our possessing document requesting that we may be allowed to pass freely without let or hindrance and signed by "WE, Sir JOSEPH AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Knight of Most Noble Order of Garter, a Member of His Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, a Member of Parliament, etc., etc."

Some twelve hundred passengers are being released from pleasure-vessel by one gangway only. Purser passing, I question him about wisdom of this in most un-British and objectionable manner. He replies that fault is with our gallant allies, French, who will only provide one *commissaire* to examine passports of twelve hundred passengers.

11.0.—Bowler-hat won, but am on bridge. As I stand here rubbing left shin with right foot (for cannot get hand to it) go over in my mind past fifteen years since first held a passport and try to remember occasion on which it has diminished lets and hindrances or made passage easier and quicker. Fail. So warm and confident is language of document that it should be as talisman to bearer, assuring him of smiles of strangers, an "Open, Sesame" to world. But in cold fact, looking backwards, associate passport with harsh treatment and suspicious looks, with vexation, delay and prolonged physical discomfort. What is it for?

11.5.—It is a Licence to move from Place to Place, almost a Licence to Exist, and had much better be recognised as such. All this soft soap about passing freely and Noble Knights of Garter adds insult to injury. If ever tread land again shall request Foreign Office to make out my Shall-not-passport again, as follows:—

"A. P. HADDOCK,
Licence to Exist.

WE, ARTHUR HENDERSON, do warn all persons that bearer has permission of HIS MAJESTY to exist but not to move freely from place to place, and we request that his movements be by every means obstructed and delayed."

Shall then know where we are.

11.10.—Some philosophical passenger remarks that purpose of all this bobbery is to keep Russians out of England. But this does not adequately explain why twelve hundred respectable Britons should be kept out of France. Meanwhile, any Russian who wants to come to England joins weekend excursions at Boulogne, for which passports not required. Or he simply calls at one of British passport shops in Moscow.



"THOSE YOUNG TREES HAVE GROWN WELL THIS YEAR, COLLINS."
"IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, SIR, IF YOU FOLLOW ME, THEY AIN'T GOT NOWT ELSE TO DO LIKE."

11.14.—Know, of course, that at passport offices and at every port there are numbers of worthy gentlemen with wives and families who but for passport ramp would be out of employment. This of course justifies everything. Anyhow, am on holiday, and nothing shall cast me down.

11.15.—Am released. Tread inspiring soil of France. Wait no more than twenty minutes on quay. Approach at last fierce but grubby little man who has power to send me back to London. He throws me wicked look. If get past this fellow it will be testimonial of respectability indeed. He turns passport inside out, he stamps it powerfully, he gives me another vicious look and returns passport. Am free; have

passed test. Am fit to enter France. For all he knows may have foot-and-mouth disease, but still . . .

Plunging into free fight at Douane happen to glance at precious document has secured me entrance to this particular country. Observe with interest that it is wife's passport. A. P. H.

"WEST OF ENGLAND BANDSMEN'S FESTIVAL
AT BUGLE."

Railway Company's Advt.

One of Cornwall's more windswept resorts, we imagine.

"To-morrow: Odette Tchernine on Faiths We Do Not Talk About."—*Daily Paper.*
The next best thing seems to be to write in the newspapers about them.



Small Child (hearing adverse criticism on Mr. EPSTEIN's work). "BUT, MUMMIE, YOU MUST REMEMBER THE POOR MAN ONLY HAD A CHISEL TO DO IT WITH."

SULLIVAN'S OAK.

[Outside the Madras Government Offices on Stonehouse Hill at Ootacamund there stands an oak which was planted there by SULLIVAN, the first British resident on the Nilgiri Hills, in 1823.]

SULLIVAN planted the oak-tree
A hundred years ago
"Because," he said, "if oak-trees
In the English woods will grow,
On these half-English hill-tops
The oak should surely do;
An English oak for India!"
And a very good notion too.

Through many a monsoon's fury,
Through many a March's drought,
Through blazing tropic summers,
SULLIVAN's oak held out;
Mid tropic blights that wither,
Mid tropic pests that kill,
Broke to the tropic seasons,
It lived on Stonehouse Hill.

SULLIVAN's sons and grandsons
Have passed their ways and gone,
SULLIVAN's Ooty's vanished,
But SULLIVAN's oak stays on;
But it can't stay on for ever,
For it's old and bent and brown,
And one day there must blow a
blast
Will bring the old oak down.

* * * * *
The Sahibs came to India
Ere SULLIVAN was born,
And, like his English oak-tree,
Transplanted and forlorn,
They settled there and flourished
And made their gallant bid
For the Sahibs' rule in India—
And a good thing that they did.

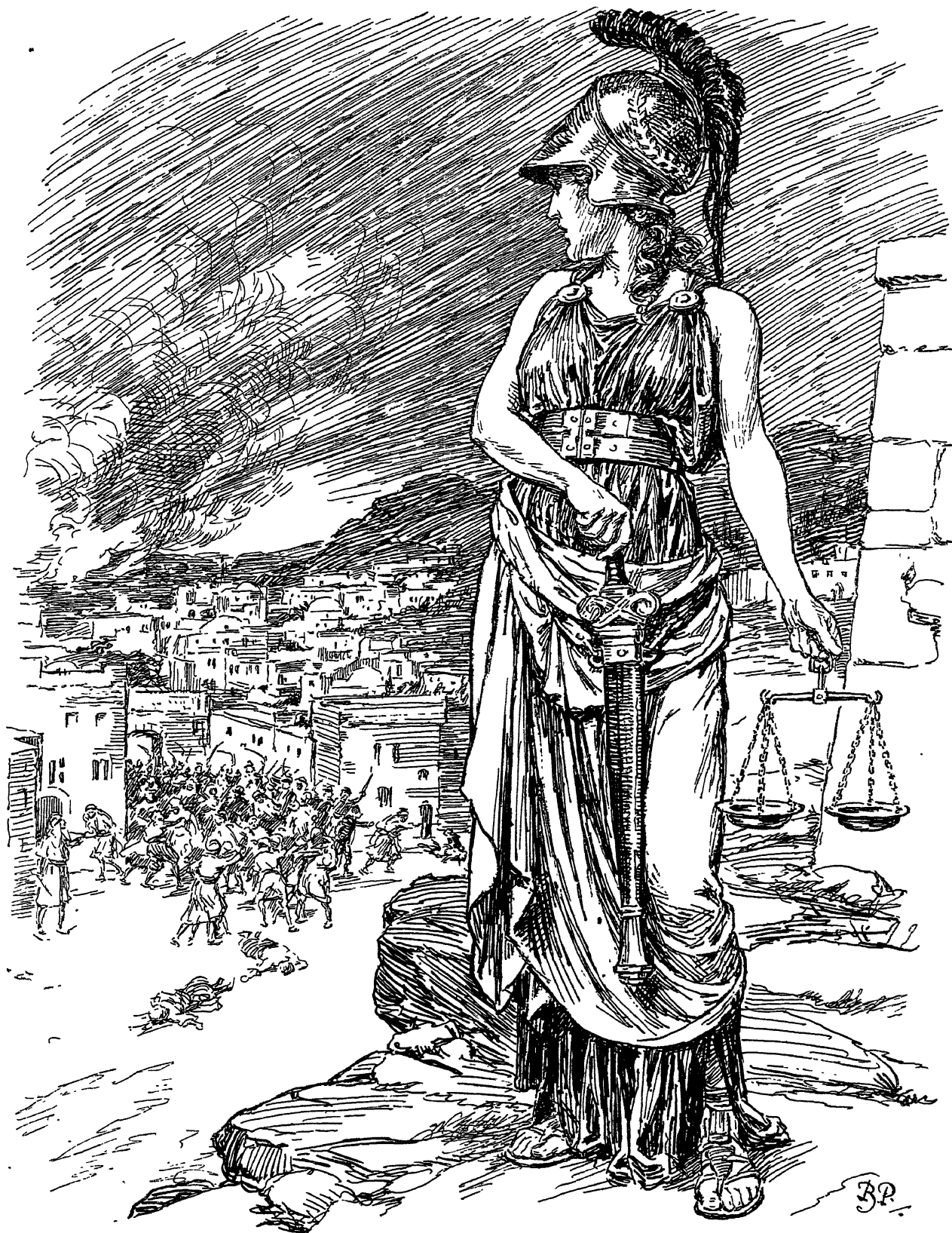
Through evil years and angry,
Through stricken years and bare,
Through dearth and disappointment
Their courage kept them there;

They met mistrust with patience
And hate with hardihood,
Till slowly but in splendour
The Sahibs' rule made good.

* * * * *
SULLIVAN's oak is passing
And SULLIVAN's day is past,
And now, some say, the Sahibs
Must pack and leave at last;
But Stonehouse would be empty
With SULLIVAN's oak laid low,
And Hind would be an eerie place
Did all the Sahibs go! H. B.

"The Prime Minister who recently flew from Lossiemouth to London will again use aeroplane on Saturday. . . . He will fly from London to Catterick, Yorkshire, and motor to Durban from the aeroplane. He will return in the evening by the same route."—*Lagos Paper*.

This sounds like a first step in the "Come to Downing Street and See the World" movement.



THE PALESTINE MANDATE.

BRITANNIA. "THEY GAVE ME THE SCALES OF JUSTICE AND HER SWORD. I HAVE USED THE SCALES; I HAD HOPED NOT TO HAVE TO USE THE SWORD."

THE STRANGERS IN OUR MIDST.

THERE is a subtle change in the atmosphere of our club. I remarked it as soon as I entered the doors on my return from an all too brief holiday.

At first I was merely aware that some sort of change had come to pass during my absence without being able to define it. I was vaguely puzzled and disturbed. Outwardly, everything was the same as usual. The hall-porter glowered at me over his glasses just as he has done for the last ten years. The dressing-room steward greeted me with his customary "Well, Sir, back again; and how is Winchester?" (As a matter of fact I had spent my holiday in Wales. I have only once been to Winchester and that was some years ago, but I happened to mention the fact to the dressing-room steward, and he is convinced that I never go anywhere else.)

The furniture in the reading-room had not been altered; but it was here that I got my first clue. There was one fixture that was missing. The occupant of the easy-chair in the corner furthest removed from all draughts should have been, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a venerable patriarch with eyes closed, mouth open and limbs relaxed in careless abandon. To my amazement this familiar figure was nowhere to be seen. His stronghold was occupied by a total stranger, who was not only not asleep, but was actually engrossed in the herculean task of grappling with a Torquemada cross-word.

Hot on the scent I went to the card-room. As I entered I heard old Spencer say in his tired old voice—

"Five spades."

"I double five spades," came the immediate and decisive response.

Now, no one who knows old Spencer ever doubles him when he makes a high declaration. To do so is to court disaster. He never declares high unless he has a cast-iron certainty.

I looked at the player on old Spencer's left. He was a complete stranger. So was his partner. I watched old Spencer play the hand in five spades re-doubled and make the small slam. Then I left the room.

The mystery was solved. We were extending the hospitality of our club to the members of another club which was undergoing its annual repairs.

They are a very decent lot of fellows, these strangers, and we are glad to harbour them a while, but we do not encourage familiarity. They are presentable in appearance and their demeanour is decorous. But to the discerning eye they are easily recognisable from our own members. They are not



"DADDY, OLD THING, YOU'LL HAVE TO DINE AT YOUR CLUB TO-NIGHT. I'M HAVING A FEW FRIENDS TO DINNER."

"AND WHAT DOES YOUR MOTHER SAY?"

"OH, I'VE FIXED THAT UP. SHE'S TO HAVE SOMETHING SENT UP TO HER ROOM."

quite so distinguished-looking, not quite so well-set-up and well-groomed. They wear rather a furtive look. Some of the older ones might almost be described as old fogeys, and some of the younger ones seem comparatively stodgy.

In fact we can recognise them by just that inferiority in appearance and comportment—slight but unmistakable—by which in a short time, when our club is invaded by the painter, the plumber and the paper-hanger, and it will be their privilege to return our hospitality, they will recognise us.

A Modern Knight.

"The new visor veil is very attractive."

Fashion Note.

Lady, you need not this protective guise;
'Tis I, a poor defenceless male,
Against the battery of your bright eyes
Require a visor veil!

"The farm is open to the public every day of the week except Monday. On this day the animals fast, as it has been proved best for their health."—Article in Church Paper on a Lion Farm.

The health of the public, we notice, is not considered.

THE COLLECTION.

"You remember, I suppose," said Leonie, "that it's Rodie's birthday on Friday?"

Rodie is our son, aged six, and his birthday falls just two days short of Leonie's; and, to show what an unselfish nature Leonie's is, she has always warned me of Rodie's birthday, but never so much as breathed a reminder about her own. But that two days' interval sticks in the memory, and I am glad to be able to say I have never yet forgotten it.

"I've been thinking," she continued, "that he ought to start a collection."

"But, Leonie," I said, after considering this suggestion for some moments, "I gave him sixpence myself only the week before last. Surely he is not insolvent again?"

"I should hardly think so after your recent munificence," she replied. "But I was intending to suggest that he should start to collect something to give him an interest and exercise his intelligence; and this would be a good opportunity."

"Stamps," interrupted a voice behind me.

It was Charles, my brother. I had not noticed him.

"Great educational value," he said. "Teach you a lot of geography. At least they did me. Take that place Djibouti, for instance, with

the nice large stamps. Do you suppose I'd ever have heard of Djibouti if I hadn't collected stamps?"

"Leonie," I said, "Rodie must start collecting stamps at once. It is essential that he should hear of Djibouti without any further delay."

"Where is it?" asked Leonie, going with motherly solicitude into all the details of the case in Rodie's interests.

"Africa," said Charles in a tone that admitted no doubt on the subject—"or Asia. I forget for the moment which, but I know it's one of the two."

Sparkling visions of Rodie's future rose to my mind. I saw him within a year or so from now in this very room telling our friends not only that there was a place called Djibouti, but that he knew beyond all reasonable doubt that it was in Africa—or Asia.

"And where's your collection, Charles?" asked Leonie.

Unfortunately Charles could not place

an accurate finger on his collection as he could on Djibouti. Indeed he had no idea at all where it was. He'd given it away when he left his preparatory school. (Far too many uncles give their collections away when they leave their preparatory schools. Let this be a lesson to them.)

"I'm not sure after all," said Leonie, taking a book from the table, "that something in the Natural History line wouldn't be more suitable. I'm giving him this volume in the *Hedgeside and Sedgeland* series for his birthday, and it's got a chapter on 'Hints to Collectors.' She opened the book at a page indicated by a marker. "There are all sorts of things you can collect, you know. You'd simply never think of them. 'Large Hymenopterons—'"



Burglar (to gagged householder who is trying to swear). "AN' DON'T TALK WIV YER MOUTH FULL!"

"I'd never have thought of them simply," admitted Charles.

"'Large Hymenopterons,' such as wasps, sawflies and ants, should be killed with benzine."

"They should indeed," I said.

"And then it goes on to tell you how to mount and preserve them."

"Charles," I said, "what have you done with your collection of preserved wasps?"

Charles was about to say that he'd given it away when he left his preparatory school, but Leonie cut him short.

"That's just an example," she said. "I don't think on the whole they're suitable for Rodie. But there's a suggestion down here that caught my attention. 'Spiders,' it says, 'may be hunted for or taken by beating. A lively spider may be guided into a collecting-tube.' There!"—she looked up at us triumphantly—"the very thing for

Rodie! He's always been fascinated by spiders and loves chasing them. Why shouldn't he collect them?"

I was going to protest in no uncertain tone against the beating part of this particular hint to collectors—can it be known that our insects are subjected to this scandalous ill-treatment?—but was prevented from doing so by an unceremonious entry on the part of Rodie himself. He came up to me and held out a small packet of cards about the size of visiting-cards, but with a picture on one side and some printed matter on the other, and uttered the one word "Look!"

I examined the cards carefully, handed them back to him and cleared my throat.

"I am happy to say that I have good news to impart to the conference," I said. "The solution of the problem has been unexpectedly provided by the Minor Power whom it more closely concerns. It is cigarette-cards."

The Minor Power at this point took up a precarious sitting position on my knee.

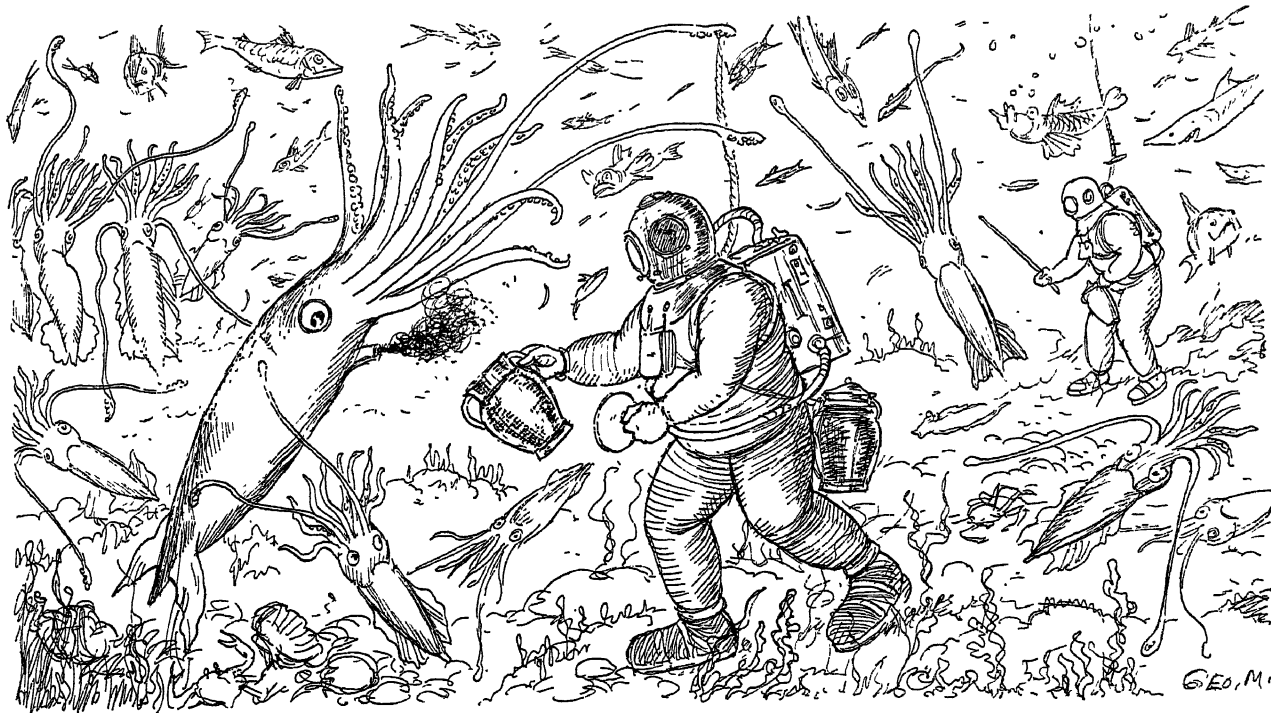
"Don't be silly," said Leonie. "He can't possibly collect them. It's a most vulgar pursuit. Why, all the boys in the street do it."

"That is a sentiment I am unable to endorse," I replied. "I come from a Socialist country with a Socialist Government and a Socialist Chancellor who in the

unpleasant matter of debt-collecting has proved his sterling worth. Ay, and—and anyway," I concluded, fearing to take the conversation out of their depths, "what about spiders?"

"Spider-collecting," replied the Great Power on my right, choosing her words carefully, "may not be all it might be, but one thing it is uncommon. Spider-collectors are probably a most exclusive set. And, as I said before, it would teach him Natural History. You don't suppose cigarette-cards are going to do that, do you?"

I was about to request her not to ask ridiculous questions—I shouldn't have used the word "ridiculous," of course, nor "grotesque" for that matter, as they're hardly parliamentary—when the Small Power on my knee attracted my attention by handing back one of the cards to me and saying for the second time during the conversation, "Look!"



THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

A DIVER COLLECTING SEPIA ON A CUTTLE-FISH FARM.

I did. On one side of it was a coloured print of a large and delicately-coloured moth. On the other I read aloud: 'Wayer's Cigarettes. Natural History Series, No. 5. The Convolvulus Hawk Moth (*Sphinx Convolvuli*). This handsome insect . . .'

I read no further, but with a quiet dignity placed the card on the table and turned to the Power on my left.

"Would you care to offer any further argument in favour of stamps," I said, "before cigarette-cards are passed unanimously?"

"Still on the same subject?" was the reply. "No—nothing more. I merely repeat what I said at first. If a sound knowledge of geography of the sort that no other hobby provides doesn't appeal—"

"And look at this one," interrupted Rodie, handing me another card.

I looked at it and sat back amazed.

"The arguments," I said to the assembly in general, "with which the Minor Power whom the problem particularly touches meets your contentions are indeed crushing. Crushing," I repeated. "There is no other word. 'Gills' Cigarettes—Geographical Series, No. 14. Mount Vesuvius. This famous volcano—"

A bell rang out at this point and the Minor Power was led off by his mother with commendable promptitude to bed.

It was later in the evening, when Leonie and I were alone, that she came

and sat on the arm of my chair and told me in the sweetest tone that she thought I was right.

"You see, dear," she said, "for one thing it will save a lot of expense. He would always have been wanting you to buy him stamps; and spiders, I expect, would have required a lot of expensive apparatus. Whereas now, if you just give him a cheap album for his cards on his birthday, which you will remember is on Friday, darling, he'll be as happy as a lark."

I pressed her hand.

"I'm going up to the shops to-morrow," she continued, "to look at a new dress I've heard about, but I expect it's much too expensive. Would you like me to get the album for you?"

Isn't she wonderful? No mention of her own birthday two days later (which I am glad to be able to say I have never yet forgotten) but making sure I shan't forget Rodie's. But I've had a wonderful idea. I'm going to buy that dress regardless of cost and give it her on her birthday. Just as a surprise.

* * * * *
Stop Press News.—Rodie has just announced his decision to devote his life to the collection of shells. C. B.

Things Which Might Have Been More Delicately Expressed.

"To many the most profitable pages of the 'Minutes of Conference' will be the obituary notices of ministers who have died during the year."—*Methodist Paper*.

EXPRESS EXPRESSIONISM;

OR, THE ART OF EXPRESSING ALL HUMAN TRAGEDY IN SIX LINES.

My aunt is bald and suffers from hay-fever;
 My brother's lost his second-best retriever;
 My cousin's gone and wed a pavement-screever;
 My works are in the hands of the Receiver;
 My wife has bolted with some gay deceiver—
 So I'll sleep well, after life's fitful fever.

Lady-Killing at London University.

" . . . he went to London University and afterwards took his Master of Hearts degree at King's College."—*Birmingham Paper*.

Mr. Punch's Purple Patches.

"She had watched the moodiness drain out of his face as an ugly tide ebbs away from some splendid black jut of rock."

Daily Paper.

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"There was a good congregation, but not so large as we expected . . . It is quite true that some were away, but others were not."

Parish Magazine.

Sky Advertisements.

Where the "Moth" hums there buzz I,
 In a fuselage I lie
 Shouting ever "Buy, buy, buy,"
 Blatantly, patently, screaming aloud
 Out of a microphone hitched to a cloud.

AT THE PICTURES.

ADOLPHE MENJOU.

If you would visit a talkie that is a talkie—that is to say, a film which is aided and abetted by dialogue, and a play which could not do its work so thoroughly without the assistance of the camera—you must see *Fashions in Love*, in which Mr. ADOLPHE MENJOU, Miss FAY COMPTON and Miss MIRIAM SEEGAR are the stars. The enormous popularity of this film is a proof both of the hold which the naughty ADOLPHE has on the British public and the interest felt in his experiment as a speaker. For as he had never spoken before we were all curiosity as to his fate. Would his terrible charm be diminished? we asked each other in whispers of dubiety and dread. Would the world's



A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY.

MUSICAL IDOL ESCAPES FROM ADORING ADMIRERS (AND WIFE) TO HIS MOUNTAIN CABIN.

Delphine . . . Miss MIRIAM SEEGAR.

Paul de Remy . . . Mr. ADOLPHE MENJOU.

favourite *Don Juan* be more or less seductive if the weapons of speech were added to his facial battery of allurements? Could words increase the fascination of those long plastic Gallic features, at once melancholy and mischievous, the significant eyebrows, the beckoning, reproaching, mocking, pleading, adoring eyes, the mobile moustache over the exceedingly beguiling mouth?—Those were our problems, which the Plaza has now so happily solved.

Let it be said at once that in a talkie ADOLPHE is even stronger. His voice has a sufficient range; he manages it with the skill of a very remarkable actor and the broken English has an extra fascination of its own. Moreover the dialogue of this play is peculiarly skilful; but to whom to give credit for this concession I cannot say, for the programme does not help.

In the present story Mr. MENJOU is a pianist whom every woman idolises and who himself is incorrigibly weak.



Paul (to wife, at reconciliation). "I AM SLOWLY FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU."

Marie (Miss FAY COMPTON). "WELL, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT AS WE'RE AT THE END OF THE FILM."

Well, not perhaps incorrigibly, for in *Fashions in Love* we are shown the lesson that is to correct him. It would not surprise me if his talkie fate is always to be somebody like this; certainly his English will always be fractured. But how delightful! The other day he was complaining to interviewers



A SUPER ALL-TALKIE.

G. B. S. CHATS ABOUT HIS RIVAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MALVERN FESTIVAL.

that Hollywood was lost to him. On the contrary, he is a greater power there than ever. In this play his excel-

lent comedy is most ably supported and underlined by Miss MIRIAM SEEGAR as his American gushing dupe and by Miss FAY COMPTON as his English wife who knows that he will always miss her domesticity and solicitude and therefore will always return.

When I said that *Fashions in Love* could not be so good as a play as it is as a talkie, I was thinking of various nice touches impossible to stage production which would be lost, particularly the very amusing walk up the hill. The quick changes of scene also help. On the other hand speech is here immeasurably more valuable than captions would be. In other words this is a talkie that justifies the new medium.



HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

MR. LUPINO LANE TAKES A LESSON IN THIS ART.

The Plaza gives a great deal for your money. In addition to the gay ADOLPHE we had, last week, Mr. BERNARD SHAW in another sort of effrontery, commending the merits of his plays and the Malvern Festival. But he was not quite at his best. Then there were the usual vivid scenes of activity brought from all parts of this busy and exciting globe; there were a dozen girls who waved their limbs as one to some very pretty music; and there were two farces, one culminating in the obliteration of a gentleman beneath a plate of soup, and the other in the effacement of half-a-dozen cooks on a man-of-war by bowls of paste: things that so seldom happen in real life and are so deplorably amusing that they are proper to the films.

The second of these farcical films, a talkie called *Shipmates*, answered a question that has troubled me from time to time during the last year or



Earnest Angler. "S-S-S-SH!"

Wife. "WHY? CAN YOU HEAR A FISH COMING DOWN THE RIVER, DARLING?"

two, and that is "What has become of LUPINO LANE?" For LUPINO LANE, with the true irresponsible spirit, had an ingratiating way of getting nonsense into revue or musical comedy. Well, he has gone over to the enemy, and he is an addition to their forces. His voice is not quite strong enough, but his drolleries and his acrobatics are of the best. How much better, though, was the incident of the invisible banjo when it was done by GEORGE ROBEY in flesh and blood! Mr. ROBEY, by the way, should have a good screen voice. Are we to hear it? E. V. L.

Le Roi s'amuse.

"Lord Lloyd, who until recently was High Commissioner for Egypt, was received in audience by the King at Buckingham Palace upon relinquishing his appointment.

"Resuming, he was bowled three times in succession by King's deliveries, the first two occasions the bowler having been 'no balled.' It would be interesting to know if any readers can recall a similar incident."—*Evening Paper.*

"COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

It contains dining room, drawing room, four bedrooms, large bathroom. . . . Cellars underground."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

The only advantage that we can see of having them on the roof is that you can then put your drinks down as Overhead Expenses.

THIS CHIN FALLACY.

No screen hero, it may safely be said, is complete without a square jaw and a SNOWDEN chin. His eyes may be as gimlets or gig-lamps, his nasal curve concave or convex, but unless his chin has a jutting he cuts absolutely no ice with the flappers in the one-and-threepenny seats. Nor does the flapper stand, or sit, alone in her worship of the aggressive chin. Her attitude towards it is but a reflection of that of the world at large, which gauges virility and force of character by the projection of the lower jaw. Here, I maintain, they err.

Leaving the cinema-god, let us consider for a moment the so-called lower creation. Look at the lion, king of beasts, either in the deserts of Africa or, if you are of a nervous temperament, in Trafalgar Square. Does his countenance suggest instability of character? Observe the elephant as he munches his majestic and persistent way through a crate of bananas. Is there any hint here of weakness of purpose? Watch the whale, if you get the opportunity to do so, in his relentless pursuit of the elusive herring from shore to shore of the North Atlantic. Is the whale a wobbler? Yet none of these has a really prominent chin.

Then there is my old friend Jones. Jones has a jaw like the bow of a battleship. His wife's profile, on the contrary, resembles that of a hen. Which of these two (if I may put it so) wears the trousers? Mrs. Jones every time.

Now take my own case. I am, like yourself, a man of iron will. But I have no chin to speak of. Have I found this a drawback? Not at all. Time and again I have outdistanced my business competitors purely on the strength (if you will permit me the paradox) of my little chin, assisted perhaps by my bright and pleasing smile. In effecting a deal, with heads of firms particularly, I have found it invaluable. "Well, at any rate," they say to themselves, "we can't go far wrong with a harmless-looking fish like this. Give the poor devil the order." And my square-jawed rival, calling half-an-hour later, is thrown out into the street.

There are other advantages too. My shaving area is reduced to a minimum, and this gives me three minutes extra in bed every morning, three minutes in which to lie and chuckle behind my receding chin at the thought of the heavy-jowled men cursing in a million bathrooms.

And in cold weather all I have to do is to tuck it cosily inside my collar.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

(COLISEUM.)

THE weather continues to be the enemy of the sorely tried variety entertainment business, though one could do



WILLIAMS (to TAYLOR). "NAY, AN THOU'LT MOUTH, I'LL RANT AS WELL AS THOU." HAMLET.

worse things for one's peace of body these dog days than to visit the Coliseum, with its famous sliding roof and its new device of a suspended miniature blimp circling under its own power—a jet of some ozonising fluid fizzing from its tail. It is discouraging to the comedians to make their jokes to gaps in the audience, and Mr. HARRY CLAFF, who had several passable jests up his sleeve, suffered enough to abandon them and fall back upon some sentimental ballads (*molto agitato*), clad in the garments sacred to choleric eighteenth-century fathers pursuing their eloping daughter to Gretna Green.

WILLIAMS and TAYLOR, two coon comedians, of whom WILLIAMS (or TAYLOR) is the seeming possessor of features, and in particular of a mouth, made of infinitely extensible rubber, while his partner has an individual line of sardonic banter and a pretty trick of lightning step-dancing, made a better stand against the incidental discouragements of the occasion.

Teams of dancing girls—each more sprightly, untiring and comely than the last—seem a consecrated and distinctly happy feature of this house of entertainment. The Grafton Girls' technical accomplishment is perhaps rather better than the dances designed for them, though there could be nothing but praise for their first team dance in ostrich-feathered headdresses and skirts—a very pretty turn indeed.

"Those Four Chaps"—CLAUDE HULBERT, DICK FRANCIS, PAUL ENGLAND and EDDIE CHILDS—offer us sound entertainment of a co-optimistic flavour—comedy light, broad and grotesque in turns, tuneful singing in the casual mode now affected by the best young people, and easy pattering dance. As these young men wear no labels it is not possible to specify their individual gifts, but the team is worth hearing and seeing.

Miss OLIVE GILBERT sang at us three ancient favourites from *Faust*, *Carmen* and *Samson and Delilah* with dramatic fervour and sound variety of method, contriving moreover to look most agreeable in the process—a difficult feat.

FREDERICK SYLVESTER threw about, caught and balanced and apparently ill-treated in a most startling manner three diminutive (alleged) nephews, and the capable CORAM, whose jokes are always well invented and who is an intelligent actor as well as a skilful ventriloquist, put that insubordinate private, "Jerry," through his paces with his customary aplomb.



A LONG-CHIN CHINAMAN.

Mr. Colley. "Now, LOOK HERE, CHANG——"
Mr. Chang. "I KEEP ON LOOKING."

Edna	MISS HELENA PICKARD.
Mr. Chang	MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.
Mr. Colley	MR. PERCY WALSH.

MAYRIS CHANEY and EDWARD FOX, described as "Delightful Dance Delineators," do indeed dance delightfully and acrobatically in a "Bridal Waltz," are divertingly grotesque in a "Dance Comique" and a little mystifying in a



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.
CORAM AND JERRY.

"Bullfight," in which EDWARD FOX is the matador and MAYRIS CHANEY an unusually graceful and unlikely bull. There is invention in these dances which are designed by the dancers. A good show.

Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL takes a holiday from serious work in a short magazine story done into stage terms and described as a tabloid thriller—*Chin-Chin Chinaman*. The ending is sufficiently unexpected to give the trifle just the right shock value for the occasion, but there is nothing in the character or behaviour of the Chinese gentleman impersonated by Mr. DYALL to make any serious demands upon that gifted actor in sinister romance.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, speaking at Malvern, was reproduced by the inevitable movietone. He has a good and recognisable film voice and proves that new terrors can be added to advertising. We also saw on the screen the Papal army, some three dozen strong, in uniforms distinctly reminiscent of NAPOLEON's Old Guard at Waterloo, deploying in



Bright Young Thing (running through stodgy law-books in solicitor's office). "I SAY, WHAT A ROTTEN LOT OF BOOKS YOU KEEP! DON'T YOU READ EDGAR WALLACE?"

Papal territory, and heard the tramp of feet and the fierce words of command.

"Syd Roy's Lyricals" are a versatile band of syncopators, comedians, ballad-singers, dancers and what not, but perhaps their taste in comedy is a little too crude and broad in parts, and the highly moral musical allocution addressed to the "little painted lady," with a view to her reform, would have been improved by a more rigid adherence to accepted pronunciation as agreed by the B.B.C. and other authorities. T.

Bad News for the G. P.

"Gainsborough, which made such pictures as 'Woman to Woman,' 'The Rat,' and 'The Constant Lymph' . . ."—*Liverpool Paper*.

"GAS LEAK SEARCH: TEST MATCH ENDS IN A DRAW."—*Headline in Daily Paper*.

It ought, of course, to have ended in rather a jolly bang.

"We hope to hear your particular wishes in the next future and assure you a very prompt execution."—*Dutch Catalogue*.

Isn't this rather putting the harp before the hearse?

PARTRIDGE.

I LIKE the little partridge
(Not less, the truth to tell,
Because he rhymes to "cartridge"
And does a poet well),
And, when the boys in force shoo
Him up and on to folk,
He wears a lucky horse-shoe
And tops a hedge like smoke.

He'll beat, or I'm the gaby,
Sir Pheasant and Sir Grouse,
And oh! when he's a baby
He scuttles like a mouse,
Then, he just crossing over,
You stop the car and say,
"Come times of corn and clover,
He'll make a Saturday!"

And doesn't he look dapper
When March is burning bright—
A perfect little scrapper,
A perfect little knight?
When all the world is living
To love and fight once more
I like to see him giving
The other chap "what for."

I love the little partridge
The best of all the crowd
(And since he's rhymed with "cart-
ridge"
He's done his poet proud);
And, when they in due course shoo
Him up and over me,
He wears his lucky horse-shoe
And on like smoke goes he!
P. R. C.

Le Mot Juste.

"The strike of 700 men at the Naglan Colliery, Heolycyw, near Brigend, Glamorgan, was settled on Monday night. The men's demands have been fully met."—*Scots Paper*.

"SPORT.

The results of the passing-out examination of Naval Cadets from the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, in July are announced."

Daily Paper.

"What's sport to you is death to us."

"OCEAN TALKS FOR I.O.M."

Heading in Daily Paper.

It must have been just nervousness that made it refuse to perform for KING CANUTE.

PERRAULT UNDER THE TREES.

Mr. Punch's dramatic critics so seldom write about pantomimes played by children in the open air, in a wood on the west coast of France, that, being myself full of the subject, I thought I might, in a modest supplementary way, dash in. I may? Very well, then.

To begin at the beginning, I must explain that the performance was given in aid of the funds of a certain Orphelinat managed by the Sœurs de Saint-Vincent de Paul, and, having seen so often the little inmates of this Home fling down to the sands for a mixture of sun-bath and sea-bath, or clustered about their foster-mothers, I felt it a duty to lay out a few francs on a ticket and thus compound later for a sin or two. Whatever the future consequences may be, it was money well invested, for I have rarely spent a more amusing afternoon, and this in spite of the start being so unpromising, for on arriving punctually at two I found that that was merely the time of the opening of the grounds, and an hour-and-a-half were still to go; the heat of the sun was of an intensity; the paths were steep and gravelly; there was only one chair to every thousand guests and these were already occupied; and the ladies of the neighbourhood who had come to help offered their wares with a persistence beside which the blandishments of London's flag-day Amazons fade into dissuasion. But there were various forms of gambling to trifle with; and the crowd itself was an entertainment, ranging from the *élite* to the *bourgeoisie*, both rather self-conscious; from fishermen in their Sunday best, charmed and excited by everything, to boy-scouts personifying Red Indians.

But the play's the thing; and at last it was time to find my place. The theatre, I observed, was an opening among the trees, in which rows on rows of seats were packed too closely on ground that ran, if you please, downhill from that section of the same glade which was to serve as a stage. This meant that each row of spectators, counting from the stage, would have a worse view than the one in front of it, and, as this is the very antithesis of what an audience desires and the particular disability which an audience most resents, I knew, as I took my numbered chair in the second row, that we were in for some fun. For the Frenchman's peculiar satisfaction in getting what he has paid for is only equalled by the vehemence with which he expresses his feelings if he doesn't. And then there was the sun, against whose rays a number of ladies had already opened their parasols; and no one who has been, for instance, to the Eton and

Harrow match need be reminded of what an interruption to the view a parasol can be. A storm then was bound to burst. . . .

Meanwhile agile male orphans were climbing into the branches, the voice of the producer giving last instructions was heard behind the curtain, M. FRAPPART was fixing his amplificateur, and Madame BEELI-GONI, who was to narrate the story that interpreted the dumb-show, was preparing her manuscript. Meanwhile also the audience was pouring in, until all the seats were filled, all but four in the front row, close to me, which the attendant informed everyone who tried to take them—and they were desired by all—were reserved for the priests. The sisters of St.-Vincent de Paul, devoted souls, sat where they could; it was only for priests that the front row was reserved.

I am ashamed to have to record that the priests, since they did not arrive until the first play—*La Belle au Bois Dormant*—was finished, missed some rather important things. They missed, for example, the gallant entry on his pony of the *Prince Charmant* (Mlle. YVELINE DECAZES) with a yellow hunting-horn and the shiniest black top-boots. They missed the brass bedstead on which the diminutive *Princess* (Mlle. MONIQUE WALTON) was sleeping when the *Prince* awoke her (but this didn't matter so much, as they were to see it in the next play, when *Little Red Riding-Hood's* wolf occupied it); they missed *le petit* HENRI MAINTENANT as an incredibly venerable and rickety peasant; and they missed the stately dance with which the scene ended. On the other hand they were fortunate in missing also the little acrimonies that I had foreseen, which for a minute or so, before everyone became good-tempered, had to have their swing. But, the parasols having capitulated, and everyone, except those in the last row of all, having consented to sit down, there was nothing but harmony and enjoyment.

Le Chaperon Rouge, which followed *The Sleeping Beauty*, provided a surprise in Mlle. MILIE ONANG, the actress who took the leading part, for she turned out to be of the East, whether of Chinese, Japanese or Siamese extraction I cannot say, but the tiniest little creature, with slow shy movements and the prettiest little red bonnet. We were surprised again by the wolf (who beneath its disguise was Mlle. ANNE-MARIE VIGNIAT), for it resembled nothing lupine ever yet seen, but appeared to be a blend of a mouse, a lizard and an aviator. The huntsman who put an end to it—Mlle. MONIQUE CAUDRON—immediately after this triumph brought down the house by a Russian dance. When

I say "brought down the house" it is a mere figure of speech, for the little orphans in the branches never budged, while the rest of us were too tightly compressed, many with passengers on the knee, to make any movement at all.

Lastly, the best story in the world, *Cendrillon*, in which the Russian dancer reappeared as the *Fairy Godmother*, and *Cinderella* was played by another shy slow-moving infant, but this time an Occidental blonde—Mlle. GUILLAINE ODINET—in sabots; and the *Prince*—a somewhat reluctant or, at any rate far from ardent, lover—by Mlle. IRÈNE SEWARD.

If the conditions of the representation ruled out magic, we were almost as pleased when the little pony and cart, festooned with red flowers, "*gracieusement prêtés par Madame la Duchesse DECAZES*," made their appearance as if they really had been materialised from invisible mice and an invisible pumpkin, and every heart beat faster when *Cinderella*, so minute and still so impassive in spite of her lovely new frock and her sparkling head-dress and her glittering slippers, mounted beside the equally apathetic princeling, and was led off; every heart, that is, but the two protagonists'.

I think I liked *Cendrillon* best of the three plays. It was such a relief to see two Ugly Sisters who were ugly only in dress and who made no jokes about closing-time and Hyde Park; while another note of novelty occurred when the tiny *Cinderella*, having proffered her foot for the lost slipper to be tried on it, quietly but firmly pulled the other from her pocket and thus settled the matter for ever. I cannot remember having seen this done on the stage proper; it was a very nice touch under the Gallic trees. E. V. L.

A MATHEMATICAL PARADOX.

DEAR Thomas, I knew how your frolic would end;

Its course I could clearly lay down
When first you informed me that you
and a friend

Were minded to brighten the town.

'Tis clear that this morning you're not
feeling great;

In fact, there are obvious signs
That even although you went over the
eight,

You're not feeling up to the nines.

"We know all the characters—the schoolboy Company-commander who has done so well in his high-spirited way for two years, but now he tries to keep his nerves steady by too much whisky, the product of a country vicarage."

Methodist Paper.

We await with interest the reply of
The Church Times.

THE CORALS.

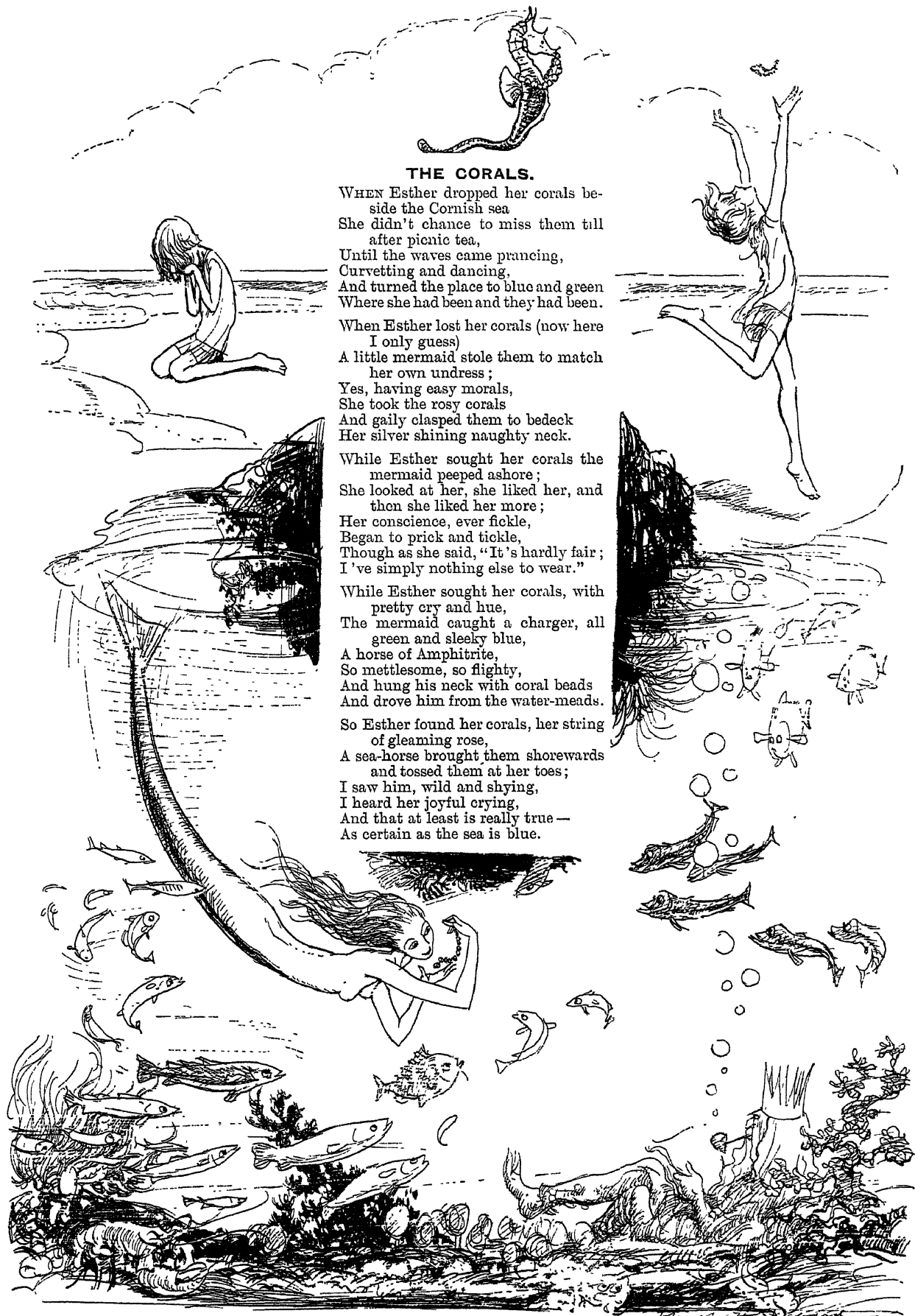
WHEN Esther dropped her corals be-
side the Cornish sea
She didn't chance to miss them till
after picnic tea,
Until the waves came prancing,
Curvetting and dancing,
And turned the place to blue and green
Where she had been and they had been.

When Esther lost her corals (now here
I only guess)
A little mermaid stole them to match
her own undress;
Yes, having easy morals,
She took the rosy corals
And gaily clasped them to bedeck
Her silver shining naughty neck.

While Esther sought her corals the
mermaid peeped ashore;
She looked at her, she liked her, and
then she liked her more;
Her conscience, ever fickle,
Began to prick and tickle,
Though as she said, "It's hardly fair;
I've simply nothing else to wear."

While Esther sought her corals, with
pretty cry and hue,
The mermaid caught a charger, all
green and sleeky blue,
A horse of Amphitrite,
So mettlesome, so flighty,
And hung his neck with coral beads
And drove him from the water-meads.

So Esther found her corals, her string
of gleaming rose,
A sea-horse brought them shorewards
and tossed them at her toes;
I saw him, wild and shying,
I heard her joyful crying,
And that at least is really true —
As certain as the sea is blue.





HINTS TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS: HOW TO BE DIFFERENT.
WEAR YOUR CARAVANNING KIT AT AIX.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE is apt to be sceptical of a moral improvement effected by fantastic means, and the Gilbertian milieu in which such metamorphoses occur is difficult to establish. All the more credit then to Mr. ALFRED NOYES, who has almost (but not quite) succeeded in producing something excellent as well as new in a rare and exacting vein. Out of *Vice Versa* by A. Midsummer Night's Dream, *The Return of the Scare-Crow* (CASSELL) strikes me less as a winner than as a promising sire of winners. It lacks the divine coherence of perfect fantasy. But each of its moods is in itself enjoyable; and if I prefer Mr. NOYES's broadest and most delicate effects to his intermediate range I am only, after all, voicing a personal sympathy. There is scope for every shade of outlook in the legend of the *Rev. Basil Strode*, who had every stitch of his clothes purloined while sun-bathing in a ruined cottage and did not find them—or his normal attitude to life—again for days. His attitude indeed he never recovered completely, and, as this was rather a carping, selfish, complacent attitude, it was just as well. His clothes—but I will not anticipate Mr. NOYES. The cottage, you see, was an inland cottage, but sufficiently near the sea to give the *Rev. Basil* a chance of reaching the coast and claiming the traditional immunity of the sea- (but not the sun-) bather from prudish criticism. His parish was full of critics. We encounter several, with the journalistic obstetricians who assisted so handsomely at the birth of their libellous conjectures. We encounter also the young lady whom the *Rev. Basil* was least anxious to encounter during his quandary and we share her subsequent delight in his godly and thorough reformation.

Though Dr. F. V. ENGELBURG, in his biographical study, *General Louis Botha* (HARRAP), by doing a good deal less than justice to the British Army's part in the Boer War, would seem to show that the work of the great conciliator of whom he writes is even yet not complete, his story of that amazing career will be read with lively appreciation, apart from one or two earlier chapters and from the irritating and unnecessary paragraph-headings scattered at random throughout its pages, by all who must needs share his almost unlimited admiration. When he tells how, out of a considerable flock of sheep on a French farm, his General picked out two which were thereupon stated to be present by accident and not intended for sale, securing them finally only at an increased price, one wonders whether in very truth it was the hero or the Frenchman who was the slim guerilla chief; but with this possible exception the writer conveys an impression of instinctive reliability in judgment associated with unflinching consistency in a pre-determined course that is almost without parallel in our generation. The uniting of South Africa in one nation is BOTHA's visible achievement; his support of the Empire in time of stress and in the face of obstinate opposition from an irreconcilable minority constitutes his irresistible claim on our gratitude; but one must read the account of his all-night wrestling with his old comrade-in-arms, General DE LA REY, in the cause of faith and honour to realise how great too in things not material was this man, whose whole outlook seemed to be sheer sublimated commonsense. The crisis that came to him with the Treaty of Vereeniging, cutting his life clean in two halves, made him a figure that dramatists and historians will love, portraying him, if there is any justice in history, as a supreme example among men who, their word once passed, would not turn back.

When Genius blows the embers
And lights a spark or two,
A book like EVELYN PEMBER'S
Coucou occurs; *Coucou*
Is CONSTABLE'S (non-portly)
Production; 'tis what fell
In Spring, in France, in (shortly)
A Provençal hotel.

Coucou's a pretty shadow—
Scarce heroine, say I,
A maid first glad, then sad (oh!
She shoots herself—but *why?*);
She's just an April aura
About a tale of cheer
Which mostly tells of *Laura*,
A very perfect dear.

Our plot is *Laura*'s wooing
By *Edward Houseman*, who
Is never long a-doing—

In adding "won" to "woo,"
Assisted by some minors,
Gem-polished folk, gem-lit,
All set within the fine ores
Of workmanship and wit.

And now (let fall the curtain!)
Of epilogue one word:

A new touch but a certain
Has with *Coucou* occurred;
And here's a book worth knowing,
So know it, all of you;
And, Zummer gone (or going),
I zing, "*Coucou, Coucou!*"

I hardly like to suggest that a new writer is making the worst of two worlds, but a novelist employing the morbid rhythm of Scandinavian drama and abandoning it at intervals for bright little passages of psycho-analytical diagnosis certainly strikes me as looking for trouble. Personally I could have put up with the IBSEN motif and (as far as it went) manner of *A Charmed Circle* (CAPE) if Miss HELEN FERGUSON had not insisted on breaking her own spell. It clearly needs an heroic suspension of disbelief to envisage the family of a modern professional man tied to a particular house and sucked back by a *tentaculaire* destiny whenever they tried to escape. But Miss FERGUSON successfully establishes her extremely tiresome *Deanes* in their decrepit ex-vicarage, and suggests, if she does not prove, that something more malign than bad temper, selfishness and inadaptability to the workaday demands of the world was at the back of their detention. *Deane père*, who plays a sort of *Wild Duck* rôle in a back study, is obscurely credited with his family's frustrations. You gather that he does not like them to go away, but is quite sure that they will always come back if they do. And so it turns out. *Ronald* tries the stage and *Beryl* a hat-shop in Town; *Olive* engineers a local love-affair. But all three fail to persevere in their channels of emancipation and a sombre "curtain" rustles down on their reunion. Cancel their creator's allusions to extroverts and inhibitions and there is an eerie originality about her book's aloofness from normal and fashionably abnormal life. I feel she has found neither herself nor her *milieu*, though the pains she has taken here persuade me she may yet make good use of both.



Assistant (temporarily lent from quite another department). "JUST SIXTEEN POUNDS, MADAM. SHALL I WRAP IT UP FOR YOU OR SHALL I SEND IT?"

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON has the crowning merit of being easy to read. In *The World Does Move* (HEINEMANN) he leaves romance for the moment and looks back over the last thirty years or so, taking note of the changes through which his native land has passed. He begins with a picture of a thin young man who has come East to seek his fortune, crossing the Hudson on the Cortlandt Street Ferry from the great terminal station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey City. In the young man's trunk "were the manuscripts of two plays, of an unfinished novel and of a now-forgotten number of short stories." And before him lay the castellated sky-line of New York—the New York of the end of last century. But we are not given much of Mr. TARKINGTON's early literary struggles; he is more concerned in this volume with the manifold changes that have taken place in the social outlook (especially in the Midland provincial town from which he came), in the clothes, the vehicles, the dancing and the girls—more particularly the girls. And to illustrate these changes he embarks now and again upon a story that is a sort of parable, as for example that of the

simple-minded *Mr. Blake*, whose sister incautiously took him to the Folies Bergère in Paris, with the result that he had to be locked up for a matter of sixteen years, suffering from the obsession that he was naked. Cured at last, he suffered an immediate relapse on being taken home on a night when his niece was giving an informal dance. And then there is *Judge Olds*, that sturdy representative of the pre-War parent, who holds forth about the iniquities of his daughter, *Julie*, and has to be soothed with tact and common-sense. The world moves, it would seem, much the same in the United States as in our own benighted land. A thoroughly entertaining autobiographical sketch.

The publishers of *The Dark Mile* (HEINEMANN) insist that, though it completes Miss D. K. BROSTER's trilogy of Jacobite novels, one does not need to have read the two earlier books in order to enjoy it. As a confirmed admirer of Miss BROSTER's touch in fashioning history into fiction I have not missed one word of either, and am not for that reason in a very good position to decide as to the justice of their claim; but I am inclined to think that they are too optimistic. Dr. ARCHIE CAMERON, the description of whose execution in *The Gleam in the North* is one of the most noble and moving passages in contemporary fiction, is a living personality to me only because of the account of him given there. Had I never read that book, his kinsman *Ardroy's* grief, as Miss BROSTER depicts it in her latest novel, would have seemed almost inexplicable. *Lady Ardroy* too, had I not met her already in *The Flight of the Heron*, must have seemed a very pale, if gracious, shadow. The latest volume tells

of the identity, remorse and expiation of that informer who sent Dr. CAMERON to his death, and of the love of young *Ian Stewart* for a fair *Campbell*. There are exciting moments, stirring adventures and love-scenes whose charm will not easily be forgotten; but in spite of that the story of *The Dark Mile* as a whole is somewhat slight. To me and many others the pleasure of meeting again characters whom we have liked so much will make this book very welcome; in fact, if Miss BROSTER cares to continue the history of *Ardroy* and his friends indefinitely, I shall go with her gladly every word of the way. But I shall continue to advise readers who are first making their acquaintance to begin with *The Flight of the Heron* and not *The Dark Mile*.

"Meet *Mr. Bundy*," says the dust-cover of Mr. CLARENCE BUDDINGTON KELLAND's latest (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and having met him I can heartily commend others to his better acquaintance. Mr. KELLAND is one of the *Saturday Evening Post's* hand-picked story-tellers, which means that his characters are lifelike enough for you to want to meet them again and their doings sufficiently improbable to make them exciting. To meet the *Bundys*—the jolly sort of American family we should like all American families to be—is to discover that its members mostly act as a committee

of the whole family, a trait that *Miss Candice* tries to dodge but, after some speedy adventures in wicked Gotham, is more than a little glad to get back to. The villains of the piece and the needful lover are all supplied by the rival *Blade* family, whose downfall, due to a lack of family cohesion, is almost too complete. But the *Bundys* are regular "folks" and Mr. KELLAND can trot them out again whenever he has a mind.

In these days of general education eccentricities of spelling, like country dialects and the Cockney accent, are tending to become extinct; and that is probably the reason why that rather elementary kind of humour which depends for its effects principally upon such manifestations of illiteracy is likewise all but obsolete. Mr. HAMISH MACLAREN's *Private Opinions of a British Bluejacket* (PETER DAVIES)—I imagine that the author's title of editor is, so to speak, purely a courtesy one—displays the faults and virtues of the type very fairly. It is by no means without its amusing moments, though the reader who is particular about such matters should be warned that the fun is often distinctly "broad"; and, while as a representation either of the mentality or

the educational standards of the lower deck it is merely grotesque, the author handles his special brand of crude comedy with a good deal of skill.

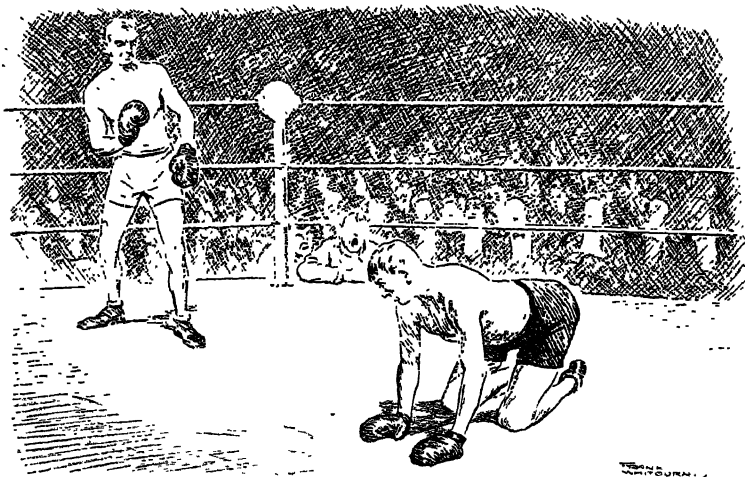
Devil's Paradise (MURRAY) has convinced me that to inherit a property with a curse attached to it is a very troublesome experience. *Elisabeth Winton* inherited *Winton Court*, curse and all, while she was still a child, and had it not been for a scientist, a lady with a gift for clairvoyance, and a young man of sound common-sense and determination

the burden of it would have been intolerable. This trio, however, with assistance from a terrific flood, succeeded in removing the curse. Miss AMY MACLAREN with her habitual ease contrives to make an attractive story out of the events that led to *Elisabeth's* happiness, and incidentally that of the common-sensible young man.

Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN, in *The Fiddler* (CONSTABLE), takes a woman honestly but placidly happy in her married life and allows her to fall overwhelmingly in love with the leader of the band in the hotel at Lourenço Marques, where she and her husband were staying. The husband, who was interested and rather immersed in the origin of native customs and beliefs, certainly gave her rope enough with which to find destruction, and this may provoke in you a certain sympathy for her obsession; but in any case you must admit that the story, which is told with praiseworthy restraint, carries a lesson with it. Mrs. MILLIN is an artist, and whether her aim is to point a moral or to adorn a tale her work invariably deserves attention.

"This announcement was made to-day by Lord Headley, the Muslim peer, in an interview."—*Evening Paper*.

That's better than being a bombazine baronet.



Sarcastic Second (to pugilist who has been floored several times without getting in a single blow). "YOU'RE ON 'IS TRACK, MATEY—THEM'S 'IS FOOTPRINTS ALL RIGHT."

CHARIVARIA.

ATTENTION is drawn to the attractions of the Spanish seaside. There is of course a special fascination in building sand-castles in Spain.

Ex-KING AMANULLAH is settling at Naples, but there is no confirmation of the rumour that he contemplates investing his savings in the ice-cream industry.

In recognition of the President of the Trades Union Congress for his advocacy of an Imperial policy, there is some talk of naming a peak in the Canadian Rockies "Ben Tillet."

The fact that Mr. L. S. AMERY was nearly blown away when descending the mountain named after him is regarded in Government circles as further proof that he lacks the specific gravity of Lord PASSFIELD.

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that, to commemorate the talk between Lord PASSFIELD and Mr. BRUCE, which opened the new telephone service to Sydney, it is proposed to spell the name of the Australian city with an "i."

Liberals stoutly refute the suggestion that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S reported purchase of a French cap with a large peak to shade the eyes is an indication that he is feeling the effects of the long strain of watching the rising sun.

A correspondent of a morning paper declares that one might just as well live in the suburbs of London as in Eastern Equatorial Africa. Another view is that one might just as well live in Equatorial Africa as in the suburbs of London.

Preparations are being hurried forward by the Maoris of New Zealand to welcome the British Rugby team next year. We understand that New Zealand Frothblowers will sing, "The Maori are Together."

The scarcity of wasps, to which attention is drawn, is attributed in some quarters to the apathy of successive Governments with regard to measures for their protection.

Wasps, by the way, have built a nest in a trombone at St. Albans. And yet there are people who say that wasps have no consideration for human beings.

A consignment of sixty tons of silver was recently shipped from London to Russia. It is rumoured that the latest Soviet scheme to cheer up the public is to line the clouds.

It is stated that it is not necessary actually to have attained the hundredth year to become a member of the newly-formed Centenarians Club. But do they really want any noisy young nonagenarians about the place?

Some octogenarian twins declare that they have shared everything all their

A musical composition descriptive of a day in the life of an American motor-car has been performed in London. *L'Après-Midi d'un Ford?*

With reference to the forthcoming production of a play about CHARLES PEACE, it is recalled that he played the violin. We have always understood that there was something against him.

On reading of a keen rider to hounds who keeps herself fit during the summer by playing lawn-tennis we are reminded that, among fox-hunting lawn-tennis players, failure to get a horse over a fence at the second attempt counts as a "double-fault."

Sausage-makers complain that they cannot get skins because they are snapped up by tennis-racquet manufacturers. It is hoped that this does not mean that in the future sausages are to be sold in the nude.

According to Professor BLACKWELL, the early Egyptians published a small newspaper made of stone. We wonder if Lord ROTHERMERE will insist on its net sales being published.

A Sports writer says it was much too hot for football last Saturday. This accounts for the rumour that several referees begged the

spectators to duck them.

A new type of parachute is described as a framework of steel covered with a hard flexible skin. A returned holiday-maker says this reminds him of the roast chicken provided by his seaside landlady.

Two recent London weddings are mentioned as having taken place simultaneously within a stone's throw of one another. They were out of confetti-range.

Relief was felt that the school strikes at East Ham and elsewhere occurred at a time when it was impossible for Eton and Harrow to come out in sympathy.

It is pointed out by a contemporary that Mexico had automatic telephones years ago. That explains everything.



"H'LO, BROWN, BACK FROM YOUR HOLIDAYS? YOU DON'T LOOK VERY SUNBURNT."

"NO. YOU SEE, WE TOOK A FURNISHED HOUSE. NO MAID WAS LEFT AND I ONLY HAD EVERY OTHER SUNDAY OUT."

lives. We believe they even split their infinitives.

It is predicted that developments of the science of meteorology will make it possible to give accurate forecasts of the agricultural prospects for several years ahead. Farmers will appreciate the boon of being enabled to do their grumbling in advance.

The racing motorist whose steering gear was damaged when he killed a cat at a hundred-and-twenty miles an hour is considered to have demonstrated one of the weaknesses of the high-velocity car as a lethal weapon.

The West London Coroner thinks that pedestrians injured in street accidents should be fined. We agree that the only way to reduce the number of accidents is to make the cost of being run over prohibitive.

TERRA INFIRMA.

William Bird, of course, is the test pilot. He is responsible for almost everything that flies, except birds. Some people say he could make a char-à-banc fly. They are not far wrong.

Listen. William gave the R.A.F. the Thetford Thunderer, which dropped ten five-hundred-pound bombs and one ham-sandwich on the Air Ministry during the last manœuvres. He gave the Canadian Forestry Corps the Biggleswade Bug-Duster, which sprayed and annihilated thirty-eight-million-and-seven Saskatoon Sandfleas with gas in 16.5 minutes.

And he invented the Side-Rollick-and-a-half through blowing his nose in a Norwich Gnat without first stopping the engine.

Without William there could have been none of these things. Small wonder then that anyone inventing a machine and getting the Air Ministry to say they won't order any of it should send for William.

William's job is to show the Air Ministry what a fine thing they are missing. He does so without fail, receiving a large fee and a small bonus for his pains.

It was because of this hard-earned pelf that William was able to pay a five-guinea fine at Bow Street last week for events arising out of the performance of his celebrated vocal imitation of a Spithead Seababy coming out of a vertical dive.

The episode does not concern this story, but it deserves to be placed before the public, some of whom were not present.

William had become thirty that day for the first time in his life; and at 11.15 p.m. the same night he fell under the impression that his voice had broken, which would prevent his vocal performance of the Seababy act for all time.

As Tubby Entwistle told him—Tubby is the only man who has ever flown a seaplane underneath a battleship—if his (William's) voice had never broken the Seababy act would never have been possible at any time.

The event happened in Piccadilly Circus. There were twenty omnibuses about at the time of the Seababy performance, and only one failed to imagine that his camshaft had come adrift and was operating inside the radiator. The minority bus was convinced that his fly-wheel had picked up a pneumatic road-drill at the peak of its activity, and accordingly fainted.

For a test pilot, William is a largish man, being a shade over fourteen stone and two yards. But he finds this a great professional advantage. It inspires confidence among inventors.

Yes, people talk about the anguish suffered by a play-author on his first night. It is nothing compared with the anguish suffered by an aeroplane-author during a *première* at Sopleigh-on-Solent, where William plies his trade.

Blipper, the man who put the Watford Weazel together, which ran for four years and is still touring in Irak, spends his time during test-flights gloved in boxing-mitts trying to pick three-leaved clover. Meriavi, the Serb, the man who invented an airship that could fly without a stowaway on board, passes the time weeping; and Dirk K. Pepple, the Yank, who thought out the first aeroplane to fly backwards and tried to sell the patent to Germany in the last war, gets hiccups.

But they all trust their babes to William. He revs them up to topnotch performance. He finds out what must be done, what must be undone. He takes no notes. He carries all the data in his head. His memory, like his opinion, is infallible.

And no doubt he would have gone on from triumph to triumph had he not, on the fateful day when he was down to baptise the Dalston Dolphin flying-boat and the Letchworth Lemur, met Lydia Propley, the intrepid bird-woman.

People have often said to William that he would one day meet a woman and she would put him off his professional stroke. That's the funny thing about flying. Love makes you careful.

William pooh-poohed the idea. All men, he said, were born bachelors. (He has a profound suspicion of anything which interferes with Nature's handiwork).

He met Lydia face to face for the first time as he was mounting the Dolphin. He saw her vivid bird-like face (of course it had no feathers on it), her shining nose and her clear-cut azure eyes. He turned red at it; and then white. Later he took off.

But no sooner had he left the water than it was obvious he was not himself. He flew shakily and the boat wobbled like a jelly. His turns were horrible and his stunting ghastly.

At the end of a half-hour he landed beautifully right in the centre of Sopleigh aerodrome. It took him three minutes to realise why the dinghy did not row out to take him off. He then discovered that he was surrounded entirely by grass instead of sea.

Few people who saw William get out of that flying-boat will forget the look in his eyes. They were wide-open and like stars.

"Bah! It's nothing but a pash," William muttered between clenched teeth. "Warm up the Lemur, lads!"

William was never an easy man to convince about anything. The Lemur was warmed up. It was a perfectly obvious land-machine. He took it over, let out the engine and sailed away into the blue.

Ten minutes later he made a perfect landing in it on the sea.

Of course any man flying land and sea machines is apt to get their respective parking-places a little mixed sometimes. But to get the landing elements wrong twice running!

William quite rightly told himself there was but one reason for his two lapses. He was really and truly in love. Nothing else could have rattled him and put him off his professional stroke.

He therefore decided to marry Lydia and stop the rot.

At the time of writing Lydia won't allow him even to ride a push-bike, although he has one with four-wheel brakes. And as for William, he cries like a stricken child if he sees Lydia mount a chair to hang curtains or let a mouse go past.

Still, there is another week of the honeymoon to go yet.

PRECIOUS STEINS.

WHAT with GERTRUDE, EP and EIN,
When I hear the name of STEIN
I go creepy down the spine.

EIN has caught the ether bending,
GERT has sentences unending,
EP is really most art-rending.

EIN's made straight lines parabolic,
EPPIE's "Night" is alcoholic,
GERTIE's grammar has the colic.

EIN and Space are down to tin-tacks,
EP hews boulders with a flint-axe,
GERT has no respect for syntax.

What with GERTRUDE, EIN and EP,
Life and Art are out of step.
Are we then down-hearted? Yep!

Making Both Ends Meet.

"A Very Good Opening for Boot Repairer, in Huntingdonshire. One with some knowledge of hairdressing preferred."

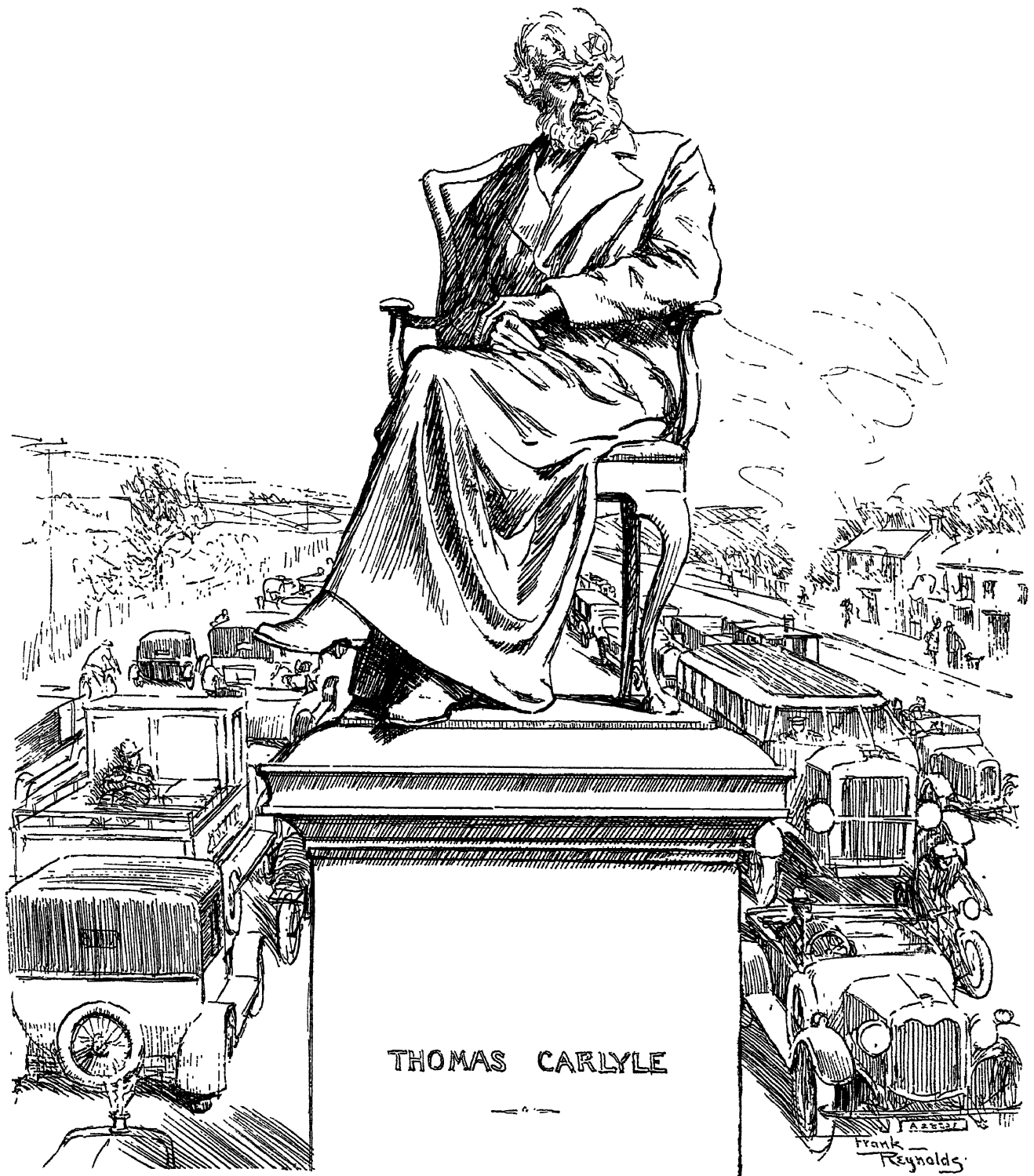
Adv. in Weekly Paper.

"Wanted, very good country homes, within easy journey London, for several nice male kittens. References required."

Adv. in Women's Paper.

These young bachelors are never really happy away from the Metropolis.

It is often pointed out that one of the greatest of the Victorian poets used to wander along the seashore muttering, "Break, Break, Break," but it must also be remembered that many of our Georgian poets wander along the Embankment muttering "Broke, Broke, Broke."



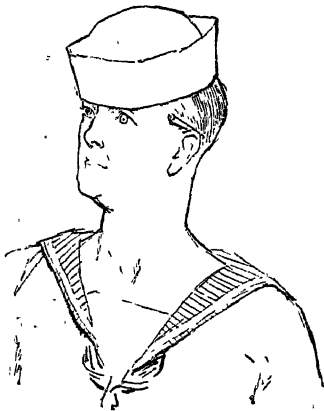
IF STATUES SPOKE.

THE SAGE OF CHELSEA. "FORTY MILLIONS, MOSTLY MAKERS OF NOISE."

[A statue to CARLYLE was unveiled on September 3rd, at Ecclefechan, which is on the Great North Road.]

MANNERS AND MODES.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR-HAT—THE LATEST SEASIDE EPIDEMIC.

WHILE THE ORIGINAL
MODEL—IS ADHERED TO BY
SOME—

OTHERS—



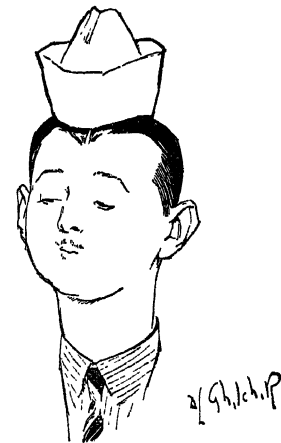
GIVE—



THEIR FANCY—



FREE—



REIN.

PLEASANT SUNDAY MORNINGS.

IV.—WITH VISCOUNT THIS AND
LADY THAT.

AN UBIQUITIST.

"You are a very ubiquitous person," said the PRINCE OF WALES to me yesterday. We were sitting in Harry's Bar, under the blue skies of Le Touquet. "Toots" Lorimer was at the next table and Lady Space was not far away, chatting with her two beautiful daughters.

BUTT AND BEN.

And here I am at Stornoway, where all the talk is of butts and beaters. Lord Benjamin Trickle has shot several birds. He is of course the second son of Earl Carraway, of pig-iron fame. Lady Pamela, the only daughter, is left-handed. She is not here.

HEART-COLLECTOR.

This morning on the terrace at Shephard's I encountered an old friend. "Andy" Molyneux is the best poker-player in Cairo. We had coffee for two and strawberry ices for one. I have never liked ices. Andy collects stamps—and hearts.

GOLF REMARKABLE.

Talking of stamps, I was at Biarritz this afternoon. "Twiggy" Foote is telling a good story of a moonlight golf-match played with polo-sticks and stale rolls. Harry's Bar is still the *terminus ad quem* of the persons that matter. The new Cocktail Harry is made of cloves.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

Now let us talk about hair.

Lovely Lady Lettuce, whose picture you see here, is growing her hair again.

I said I preferred it short. She promised, with a twinkle, to ask my opinion "next time." Her mother etches deliciously.

THE LATEST.

I do not think that many smart women will return to the long locks of yesterday. Some will and some not. It is a question of taste. As a man, I like to see the shape of the head. Myrtle Lady Mulberry is wearing her hair in a conical lump on the top of her head. It is attractive.

PRECIOUS.

Mention of hair makes me think of Pansy Truffle, who is on Lord Bolo's yacht at Cannes. We were neighbours at dinner yesterday and she told me her ebony tresses were insured for five thousand pounds. They are worth it. After a rubber or two we bathed.

NO MORE SUNBURN.

Here on the Côte d'Or sunburn is going out of fashion. Natural colour will soon be the rage everywhere. Lady Festoon, whom I met at Monaco, is quite white. She told me she never leaves her hotel till sunset. Another woman whose cream colour is much admired is the Honourable Fairy Foljeon. When bathing she wears long black gloves and a costume covering the shoulders. Her father is the admiral.

WHO IS THE BEST-LOOKING LORD?

Here is a picture of "Pop" Bootle, reputed to be the handsomest peer. As to that I cannot say, but he is a good bicyclist. At sunny La Baule he is taking all the prizes. His sister, you will remember, married Captain Briarfoot last June. Lady Marion Grebe is here, also "Kit" Merridew. Both are fond of golf.

A GOOD ONE.

Harry's Bar is generally crowded. I heard a good story there to-day from Major "Moke" Tipton, who has laughing eyes. His uncle the General dreamed that the Oxfordshire Handicap was won by a very tall bishop. He therefore backed High Priest, which of course was successful at forty to one.

"CONSPICUOUS BY HIS —."

I did not go to the Schneider Cup, for I was in Paris. It was hot. "Mariani" still makes the best Sole à la Cherubim. At the famous restaurant I met the American Ambassador. He was eating chopped lettuce. He is a wit. Any connection? Later I saw many Americans at Harry's Bar. But the Ambassador was not there.

WHEN TEN IS TOO MUCH.

What is the correct *pour-bevre* to give to a croupier? Many regular flutterers give ten per cent of their winnings. But is this *de rigueur*? I asked the question last night when I saw popular "Chick" Granville break the bank at Dieppe. He is a teetotaler.

MRS. "CHICK."

"Lucky at cards—unlucky at love," you say. Well, here is a picture of "Chick's" charming wife, Lord Sealyham's fourth daughter. Something wrong with the proverb, surely? She is artistic. Lady Granville teased me about my liking for Goya. "*Chacun à son Goutya*," I replied.

A BIRTHDAY.

I have a lot more to tell you, but no more space, so I will give you two more pictures—Lady Helena Tumble, because she is beautiful, and Mrs.



Mariner. "WOT D'YER EXPECT TO CATCH 'ERE?"

Boy. "DUNNO. BUT IF IT 'AS WHISKERS ON I'LL CHUCK IT BACK."

Charles Smith, because it is her birthday. I will not say which. She is at Brighton. So am I. A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"The Hotel is being thoroughly renovated, and nothing left undone to mar the comfort of a home."—*Advt. of Queensland Hotel.*

We understand that the Order of the Golden Fleece is about to be revived. It will be conferred on successful stallholders at charity bazaars.

"Clan MacQuarrie, proposed reunion. Scottish Branch, Septs.—Maquarie, MacWharrie, Wharry, Wharrie, MacQuaire, MacQuire, MacGuire, MacWhirr, MacCorrie, &c.—Please write Box —."—*Agency Column of Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch ventures to hope that its unity will be marred by no MacQuarrels.

"The May Queen was exquisitely gowned in white crepe black satin in mid-Victorian design, with bodice effect waist, shirred panels in the skirt, accentuated with modest whoops."

Canadian Paper.

Some of these Colonial fashions are really a scream.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PLAGE HOTEL.

A CANTANKEROUS DIALOGUE.

They. Are you going to sun-bathe?*I.* No. I am going to play golf.*They (with a silly inflection).* Golf!*I.* I may be going to play on the worst golf-course in France, but at any rate I am going to do a man's job. I am going to bathe in my own—I am going to bathe as nature intended a hard-working man to bathe. After that I shall bathe in the sea. Wet water is the stuff to bathe in, not roasted air.*They.* It is very pleasant indeed to bathe in the sun.*I.* It is a sign of decadence. Conjointly with a growing love of negro melodies and negroid drinks it is now the ambition of the white man to become brown, or at any rate brindled. Instead of thanking Heaven for the beauty of her skin the white woman longs to be a mulatto and looks it, especially on the face, arms and legs, and half-way down her chine. Some of them, no doubt, do more. Some of them lie about the beach in a condition which, if they happened to be oil-paintings, would cause them to be removed by the police. The man who guards the bathers ought to look after them and blow his horn when they go too far. There is no point in it all. The white races were intended to be white. If they want to be brown they ought

to go and live where the brown men live. It would be just as sensible for the Portuguese to go and spend their holidays lying on the top of the Alps in order to bleach themselves and then go home and boast about it. What is the sun anyway? Just a lot of hot heat which has an injurious effect on the unprotected skin. Besides, I am going to play golf.

They. Who with?*I.* I shall find, if possible, an elderly Frenchman wearing a beret, white plus-fours and black-and-white shoes. I think he shall have a beard. He shall be excessively stout; I see him as a chef or a celebrated pastry-cook from Boulogne. His beard shall rest diagonally upon his waistcoat. Peering through this he shall address the ball on a very high tee and strike it smartly off the tee on to the ground. "*Ma foi!*" he will say. I in my turn shall make an air-shot.*"Parbleu!"* I shall cry. *En route* for the first bunker we shall employ the utmost courtesy to each other. Later we shall slice into the road. After that we shall wander in the pine-woods together, while the caddies, the young lady caddies, go a-hunting for our balls. If the heat becomes unbearable we shall rest under the grateful shade. Not a word of Mr. SNOWDEN or Reparations. And when the long half-round is over we shall sip a *cassis* together at the degustation of golf. After that I shall bathe in the wet sea.*They.* It is two kilometres to the golf-links and the hotel bus has gone.*I.* I shall go by the tram. There is no pleasanter journey imaginable. It is forbidden to speak to the tram-driver, but it is permitted to speak to the con-

tee up together on it. Mixed fivesomes are the rule. They play by it, dig on it, mother and child—

They. Then it is hardly different from the beach. You had much better come and sun-bathe on the sands. All the doctors recommend sun-bathing.*Myself (in despair).* The doctors!*They.* All the best people, all the most beautiful people are bathing in the sun.*I.* Yes. I wonder they do not have a concourse of sun-bathing, the prettiest piebald in every class to win. They seem to have a concourse of everything else. They have had a concourse of tennis and a concourse of fireworks, and a concourse sportive of infants, and a concourse hippic of *enfants*, and a concourse of heads at the fancy-dress ball.

The other day, while you were sun-bathing, there was a concourse of golf. I entered for the short-driving competition and won by a yard.

They (interested). How did you manage to do that?*I.* I hit a pine-tree and rebounded a little way behind the tee. Several of the French competitors claimed a foul because of the violence of my coup, but I stood my guns like Mr. SNOWDEN and won through. I shall suggest to-morrow to the mayor or the gendarme, or whoever arranges these things, that there shall be a grand concourse of sun-bathing—a concourse international of tan. Beauty of tint will count for one thing and *ensemble* for another, and the prizes will be cocktail-shakers or medicine-balls. The fact is, the whole of this bakery business is absurd. When I see you all stretched out like a lot of human haddocks on the beach I amuse myself of it. "*Mon Dieu!*" I say to myself. There is a smell of burning human flesh all over the *plage*. And to what end? Only that when you get into your morning bath you see what a fool you look. Only that when you get into a slightly lower evening-frock you have a neat white border all round the edge. As for a man, he goes home and covers up his semi-mahogany carcass until summer comes round again. What will be the advantage to Mr. Smith during the fogs of November of having been for a few brief moments a quasi-octoroon? How will Mr. Wilkins' treacle-coloured

Dentist. "YOU'RE NEXT, MR. SMITH."

Mr. Smith (his courage departed). "WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT I ONLY CAME ALONG TO KNOW IF YOU'D MIND DRILLING A HOLE IN A LUCKY SIXPENCE."

torso avail him against the influenza of the spring? Anyhow, it all comes off. Believe me, a pure white soul within a pure white body is the ideal condition for the Nordic breed. The whole notion of sun-bathing came in, as I said before, with the manners and morals of Honolulu or somewhere like that. That is why I am going to play golf.

They. Hélas! you cannot. The tram has just gone.

I. Mille tonnerres! Then I suppose I shall have to go and sun-bathe on the beach. EVOE.

THE WASP.

OF those uncertain creatures
Who take a simple joy
In swelling up one's features
On purpose to annoy,
Things void of natural sweetness,
Aggressive and inhosp.
(Pardon the incompleteness),
You are the first, O wasp.

There is no place we visit
In England's pleasant land
(It isn't your place, is it?)
But you must take a hand;
You set the nerves a-jangle,
You turn the tan to chalk,
Of anglers when they angle,
Of walkers when they walk.

In no uncertain manner
You bid the bather flee;
You foil the caravanner
Who merely wants his tea;
You raid the earnest hopper,
You break upon our sports,
And are, I'm told, improper
To river girls in shorts.

We slap at you and swat you;
We fell you as we may
(The rapture when we've got you
Is more than words can say);
One may see great deeds daily
When men unused to strife
Brave you, albeit palely,
For screaming child or wife.

And we have learnt to fashion
A lure that cannot fail,
Born of a lasting passion
That you confess for ale;
An artful jar that cozens
You in and, when you're tight,
Drowns you in drink by dozens,
A most immoral sight.

But when the day is sinking
And you retire to rest
That, to my private thinking,
Is where man comes out best;
Armed with his apparatus
He tracks you to the comb
Whence you come forth to bait us;
Then, when the last wasp's home,
Bring forth, O man, your funnel;
With oil and poison come;



Wife (showing husband paper-pattern of frock). "LOOK, DEAR, THIS IS THE VERY LATEST THING FROM PARIS."

Husband. "HEAVENS! MY DEAR, YOU CAN'T WEAR THAT."

Take heed lest haply one'll
Pass down a warning hum;
Insert with care the former;
Pour down the latter thick;
That should have made things
warmer;
That will have done the trick.

Thus with discreet defiance
We tackle you, and yet,
For all the arts of science,
You don't seem much upset;

Alert and undiminished
You still appear to prosp.;
I leave the word unfinished
To rhyme with you, O wasp.
DUM-DUM.

"MACHINERY FOR SALE."

For Sale 1 or 2 pairs of Crested African
Cranes, quite acclimatized and thoroughly
established now.—*Indian Paper.*

The crane which is nesting in Fleet
Street just now is a splendid bird.

NET SALES.

(Respectfully dedicated to two amazing Peers.)

"THE profession of journalism," said Mr. Pickwick with fervour, "demands from its votaries at once a sense of responsibility to the public, great ability and high character."

"High character, Mr. Pickwick!" exclaimed Mr. Pott; "then you can never have met the loathsome reptile who under a cloak of Stygian darkness hides the net sales of *The Eatanswill Independent*."

"You amaze me," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I challenge him daily. I assert that the net sales of *The Gazette* are twice those of *The Independent*, that putrescent organ which, though on the verge of extinction, still lingers to discredit the journalism of our native land."

"And what did he reply to your challenge? Did he evade it?"

"He wriggled like the viper he is. He alleges that because I offer subscribers free tickets to the Eatanswill Pig Show and free refreshment at the 'White Hart' I cannot count such subscribers as regular readers."

Mr. Pickwick wrung Mr. Pott's hand. "Your conduct, my good Sir, reminds me of that of the Good Samaritan."

"I wish I could read you some of the articles in *The Gazette* in which my critic dealt with the subject of 'Net Sales.' He crammed for it at my desire in *The Oxford Dictionary*."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick; "I was not aware that that valuable work contained any information on net sales."

"He read for 'Net,' Sir, under the letter 'N,' and 'Sales' under the letter 'S,' and combined his information. But what do you think the latest action of that reptile Slurk is? Unable to rival *The Gazette* as a journal he is giving free cinema-tickets to all purchasers of *The Independent* every week."

"A gross attempt to corrupt the British public," said Mr. Pickwick indignantly.

"You are very right, Mr. Pickwick, very right. And in addition the itinerant vendors of ice-cream who ride round inviting the public to 'Stop Me and Try One' have instructions to give free ice-cream to all who demean themselves by displaying in their hands a copy of *The Independent*."

"I am appalled——" began Mr. Pickwick, but was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Weller. "You've been a very long time, Sam, taking that note to Mrs. Leo Hunter."

"Things is difficult in Eatanswill, Sir," explained Mr. Weller, "owing to vat I can only call the push of the gents that sells newspapers. One kind gent

insisted on 'standing Sam' at the 'White Hart'; another fills me up with ice-cream. Vot vith free tickets to the pictures and the Pig Show all I can say is I never see a liberaller place than Eatanswill, not even at Election times."

"And which paper, may I ask, did you select to support, Mr. Weller?" asked Mr. Pott confidently.

"Both of 'em," replied Mr. Weller. "The gents was kind enough to say that if I put my name down as a subscriber I needn't read the papers at all. Wery liberal of them, I thought it. And I says to them: 'Go on vith the good vork. Give us free tickets for Voolfridges, pay our first instalment vith Mr. Gage, pay our board and lodging and beer and baccy, and vot I says is, "Long life to the newspapers and the kind gents as owns 'em!"'"

A RIOT OF COLOUR.

I WAS not cut out for a gardener. Set me down before a bed of brightly-coloured flowers and I will admire, I will appraise, I will even raptly contemplate, but I will not trim, I refuse to bed out, I decline either to mulch or to marl. Mine is the gentle dreamy eye of the artist, ready to extract beauty from the most unpromising material, and not the grim and purposeful eye of the gardener, continually on the look-out for the *aphis*, the *phylloxera*, the *nectarophora*, ay, and the *phorodon* also. Who am I that I should squirt disinfectant at poor dumb insects? (I hope the local mosquitoes see this.) Besides, though I fire a very pretty water-pistol, I am not at all sure of my aim with disinfectant. No, I leave all such technical matters to more practical folk; I was not cut out for a gardener.

Nevertheless I will admit that I was undeniably interested when I was told some months ago that our garden would shortly become "a riot of colour." I had never, so far as I knew, seen a riot of colour in my life. I left the sonnet upon which I was engaged and hurried to the side of my wife, who was planting the seeds which were (I think I may say) so fraught with impending unrest.

"Really a riot?" I cried, bending down eagerly. "When?"

"In the summer," she replied coldly. "Don't breathe down my neck."

"So soon?" I said. "Marvellous!"

But the woman doubted my genuine enthusiasm.

"I don't believe you're really interested at all," she said. "You never take any interest in the garden."

"You wrong me," I said, hurt.

She then made some remark about the length of the grass on the lawn; but of course, as I told her, I was at

the moment engaged on a sonnet, which required all my attention. In the summer, perhaps—if the garden proved to be all she had led me to expect. . . .

In the summer, in fact, the garden proved to be everything she had led me to expect. It was indeed a riot of colour. People would stop on their way past and gaze at it over the fence, shading their eyes. "There," they would say to each other, pointing to the tall blue flowers thrusting up between the stones of our crazy pavement (where nothing had been planted), "now *that's* larkspur." And on inquiry I found that they were right. The flowers at the back of the house too were every bit as riotous.

"A veritable riot of colour," visitors would say admiringly to my wife. "How clever you are!"

After a few days of this, the incessant praise my wife received began to pall on me. Had I done nothing? Yes, I had done nothing. But I *would* do something. I went out one sunny afternoon and spent the whole time gardening.

"Something attempted, something done," I remarked as I went in to tea. "I've just been performing one or two necessary duties in the garden."

My wife gave me an incredulous look.

"You know very well," she said accusingly, "you've been sitting all the time in a deck-chair, reading."

"True," I replied, "I have. But reading what? I repeat, I've been performing a necessary duty. I've been sitting in front of that riot of colour the whole afternoon reading the Riot Act."

"Only the Mayor," said my wife, "can read the Riot Act."

Little but Good.

"The — Company's Hobart branch held a jolly small At Home in the Mayor's reception-room of the Town Hall on Saturday evening." *Tasmanian Paper.*

Mr. Punch's Cautionary Tales.

"The place where whites are slaves is Molo-polole, where a generation ago a party of Bores with their wives and cattle were attacked by the natives. The survivors stayed in a kraal, where they were forced to become slaves."

African Paper.

Any suggestions for another party?

"VICTORIAN POETRY : John Drinkwhat," *Ceylonese Bookseller's List.*

Adapted, we suppose, for American holiday-makers.

"FAIR AND PAGEANT.

Praiseworthy Effort at Fernhill.

It was opened by Hon. Mrs. —, who was carried on a golden paladin."

West-Country Paper.

We hoped he survived the ordeal.



Gentleman (who likes to know in what company he is dining, to head-waiter). "'ERE, 'OY, YOU! 'OO'S 'OO 'ERE, EH?"

THE ROAD TO CHINGLEPUT.

[Chingleput is a small town about thirty-five miles south of Madras.]

Down the road to Chingleput there's open country good
and green,
Fields of paddy flat as paper, little jungly hills between,
Here and there a smoky village—mud and stucco, tile and
thatch,
Here and there a tank, a temple—all a pattern made to
match.

Nothing wonderful about it, not exciting; yet, you know,
Down the road to Chingleput's a rather jolly place to go.

Down the road to Chingleput the singing breeze from off
the Bay
Runs to meet you o'er the rice-fields, keen and agile, strong
and gay;
Peepal, tamarind and banyan shade the roadway's dust and
glare,
Casuarinas make their music, sampak-blossoms scent the
air.

Oh, it's hot no doubt at noonday, hot and sticky, I confess,
Hot as Hades; but, my masters, there are roads I've liked
much less.

Down the road to Chingleput the Indian traffic hustles by—
Thumping Juggernauts of buses, pony *jatkas*, swift and spry,
Buffalo and goat and donkey blundering in each other's way
Strings of carts with sleepy bullocks manned by drivers
drowsed as they;
And on foot all sorts of people—Brahmin, beggar, *chetti*,
priest,
Bound for court, bazaar or market, marriage fun or temple
feast.

Down the road to Chingleput pictures wait at every
mile,

Coloured by the Indian sunshine, done in Oriental style—
Flower-gardens gold-and-scarlet, white-and-purple temple
wall,

Brass and copper, terra-cotta piled about the potter's
stall,

Tinted cloths on slim brown bodies, stone of age-enduring
grey,

Light and shadow, shape and colour—pictures, pictures all
the way.

Down the road to Chingleput there are not any smart
hotels—

Just the rest-house where a fellow lies and hears the
bullock-bells,

Lies and sees the constellations wheeling slowly o'er his
head,

Camped upon the coolest corner with the night breeze
round his bed,

With the kit that he could carry, with the grub that he
could bring,

With a single lamp to read by—comfortable as a king. . .

Nothing wonderful about it, not exciting; yet—and yet
I go driving down that roadway every day that I can
get,

Driving through the crystal morning, through the drowsy
afternoon,

Through the fairy hour of sunset, through the magic of the
moon.

Just an ordinary District? Only India? That may be:
Down the road to Chingleput's a kind, a happy place
to me.

H. B.

PÊCHE AUX ÉCREVISSES.

We knew there were crayfish in St. Anonyme, because last time we took the local train to Mont St. Michel a sporting neighbour had allowed his catch to walk up and down the opposite seat. The crayfish is, it seems, sufficiently amphibious to prefer stretching his legs in a third-class carriage to lying *perdu* in a knapsack; and to Amabel, Augustus and Ann, sitting opposite, the spectacle had been full of interest. Returning to the Cheval Blanc the trio took counsel with Madame—always so sympathetic with the holiday projects of her *jeunes gens*. Yes, there were plenty of crayfish in the river and the fishing was free. But you had to fish with nets of regulation mesh, and of course you had to bait with a little piece of bad meat or *charcuterie*.

"Thrilled to the marrow," as Augustus put it, the family set about the necessary purchases. At this stage of the proceedings I was approached, *my rôle*, when it comes to shopping, being to supplement the funds and vocabulary of the shoppers. Obviously the first things to secure were the nets, a ball of string (to tie the bait on) and a bag or basket for the catch. Ardently comparing our notions of the French for these articles we set off up St. Anonyme's long main street together.

It was Amabel who discovered the right shop: an ironmonger's with one window devoted to a stuffed ferret, six fishing-rods and a collection of gigantic flies. We entered and tried one of our co-operative sentences on the ironmonger. He produced a net with alacrity, one of those dangling devices of wire and string in which Victorian England used to keep a bath-sponge.

"One franc twenty-five each, Madame; fourteen francs the dozen."

Flushed with enthusiasm we commanded a dozen, a ball of string and a shopping-bag of black American cloth, paid our bill and, pursued by the benedictory "*Sieurs, Dames*" into which modern Normandy has telescoped its hails and farewells, left the shop.

Bait was the next objective.

"I suppose we've got to go to one of those disgusting butchers' shops," groaned Amabel. "I shall wait outside."

"I don't mind coming in with you," volunteered Augustus. "What are you going to say for 'high'?" he inquired with what I felt to be rather morbid interest.

"I shall see when I get in the shop," I replied with dignity.

From the point of view of a crayfisher the butcher's shop was unpromising: a group of natty little joints, a draped background of anonymous entrails, all very fresh and tidy; behind the drapery an immaculate butcher and butcher's wife affecting graceful indifference to the approach of customers. We went in—three of us—rather sheepishly. Amabel remained outside.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur, Madame*," I said ingratiatingly—not for me the short cuts of native assurance. "Have you

Unhappily we were not the only customers, for two voluble and discerning dames were buying small quantities of crayfish bait for home consumption. No sooner were they happily sped by the equally voluble proprietress than I got in my request, carefully attuning it to a politely simulated diffidence.

"*Bonjour, Madame*—er—have you by any chance a little piece of meat—meat not perfectly good—for the *pêche aux écrevisses*?"

If looks could have frozen I should have been in my Norman Medusa's shop to this day.

"No, Madame. We have nothing of the sort here, Madame—but nothing. *Bonjour, S'ieur, Dame*."

We crawled out.

It was Ann who ended our troubles—Ann often does.

"If you ask that nice ironmonger who sold us the nets I am sure he would tell us where to get some bait."

We asked.

But of course the proper bait for the crayfish is *morue*, the Friday stock-fish you see soaking outside every grocer's on Thursday afternoons. It is the quality of *morue* to be strong. A small *morue* at one franc-fifty—that should suffice.

It did. We perceived in a moment that one *morue* at one franc-fifty was worth, from the point of view of the *pêche aux écrevisses*, all

the *charcuterie* of the *basse-ville*. Moreover the grocer perceived it too. He had no illusions about *morue* as a pleasant article of human consumption—quite the contrary. For days of mortification and the crayfish, *vous voyez, ça va*.

* * * * *
Amabel, Augustus and Ann are now confirmed crayfishers according to the fashion of crayfishing practised in St. Anonyme. Every other day or so they buy a franc-and-a-half's worth of *morue* and proceed with the nets, the string, the bait and the black shopping-bag to the river. Here they cut the *morue* into twelve pieces with Augustus's pen-knife, let their baited nets down and await results. There are plenty of crayfish—they have had as many as ten at a time in the black shopping-bag—but they never bring any back to the Cheval Blanc. Just as they are thinking of packing up and getting back, a *gendarme* in Naples yellow trousers ap-



"WHAT MADE YOU GO TO THAT DEAD-AND-ALIVE PLACE FOR YOUR HOLIDAY?"

"WELL, I ONLY HAD A WEEK AND I WANTED IT TO SEEM LIKE A MONTH."

by any chance a little piece of meat—meat not perfectly good—for the *pêche aux écrevisses*?"

It was not as bad as I had expected. The couple looked discouraging but not enraged.

"But no, Madame," said the butcher (his tone implied that I had made a fool of myself but nothing worse). "This is Tuesday. All meat is good on Tuesday. By the end of the week perhaps. . ."

We thanked him and trooped out. There was nothing for it but *charcuterie*.

Here Augustus proved helpful. He had noticed, he said, a perfectly filthy little sausage-shop in the *basse-ville*—the sort of shop you couldn't help noticing a mile away. We proceeded hopefully in the direction Augustus indicated.

Augustus's sausage-shop was all he had claimed for it and more. Leaving our women-folk outside he and I took our courage in both hands and entered.

pears in a brisk and businesslike manner on the river-bank, having left his bicycle in the hedge by the bridge. He approaches Amabel, Augustus and Ann, talking very fast and (to them) unintelligibly, but they are not in the least put out for he is evidently quite amicable. He finally asks them where they are staying, how old they are and if they are fishing for crayfish. This they understand, and Augustus replies as accurately as possible for self and sisters. Then the gendarme pulls a small portable foot-rule out of his wallet, unfolds it and very seriously measures the crayfish one by one. This is so thrilling—as most of the catch dislike being handled and show it—that the heart of the family warms to the gallant official. Even when he replaces their day's takings in the stream—as he always does—the *entente cordiale* is by no means shattered by this little drama of reparations. The gendarme is satisfied, Amabel, Augustus and Ann are satisfied, the crayfish are satisfied and so is the grocer who supplies the *morue*. Only Madame of the Cheval Blanc is a little resigned, and no longer keeps a special saucepan of boiling water in readiness for the *pêche aux écrevisses*.

HARTY BLAME.

[Sir HAMILTON HARTY, the conductor of the famous Hallé Concerts at Manchester, in his Presidential Address to the Congress of the Incorporated Association of Organists at Hull on September 2nd, vigorously denounced the incompetence, arrogance and disregard for beauty, delicacy and reticence which marked the critics and composers of the present generation.]

Sir HAMILTON HARTY, who sits in the seat

Of RICHTER and HALLÉ (Sir CHARLES),
Has lately indulged with excusable heat
In some misoneistical snarls.

He hails the composer who seriously
seeks

A wider horizon to win,
But severely chastises the charlatan
freaks

Who promote the dominion of din.

They never have anything fruitful to say
And, lacking the grace of the Snark,
They loudly and blatantly bellow away
Without one coherent remark.

Still, we must not forget, though
authority chides

And the misoneistic complains,
That genius no more in the *taking* resides
But the *giving* of infinite pains.

The Importance of Pinxton.

"We wonder how many visitors to Alton Towers, Staffordshire, who go from Pinxton, have noticed the coloured windows situated in the tea rooms. If so, how many have seen inscribed at the foot of one of these the words: 'Chas. Mufs, Pinxt., 1822.' One is of the opinion that this was perhaps a painter of credit belonging to the village of Pinxton.

Derbyshire Paper.

Visitors to Pinxton should look out for two historic little places nearby, Dediton and Feciton.

"The modern twin-screw Steamer — is open for charter for Day or Evening Crises."

Advt. in Glasgow Paper.

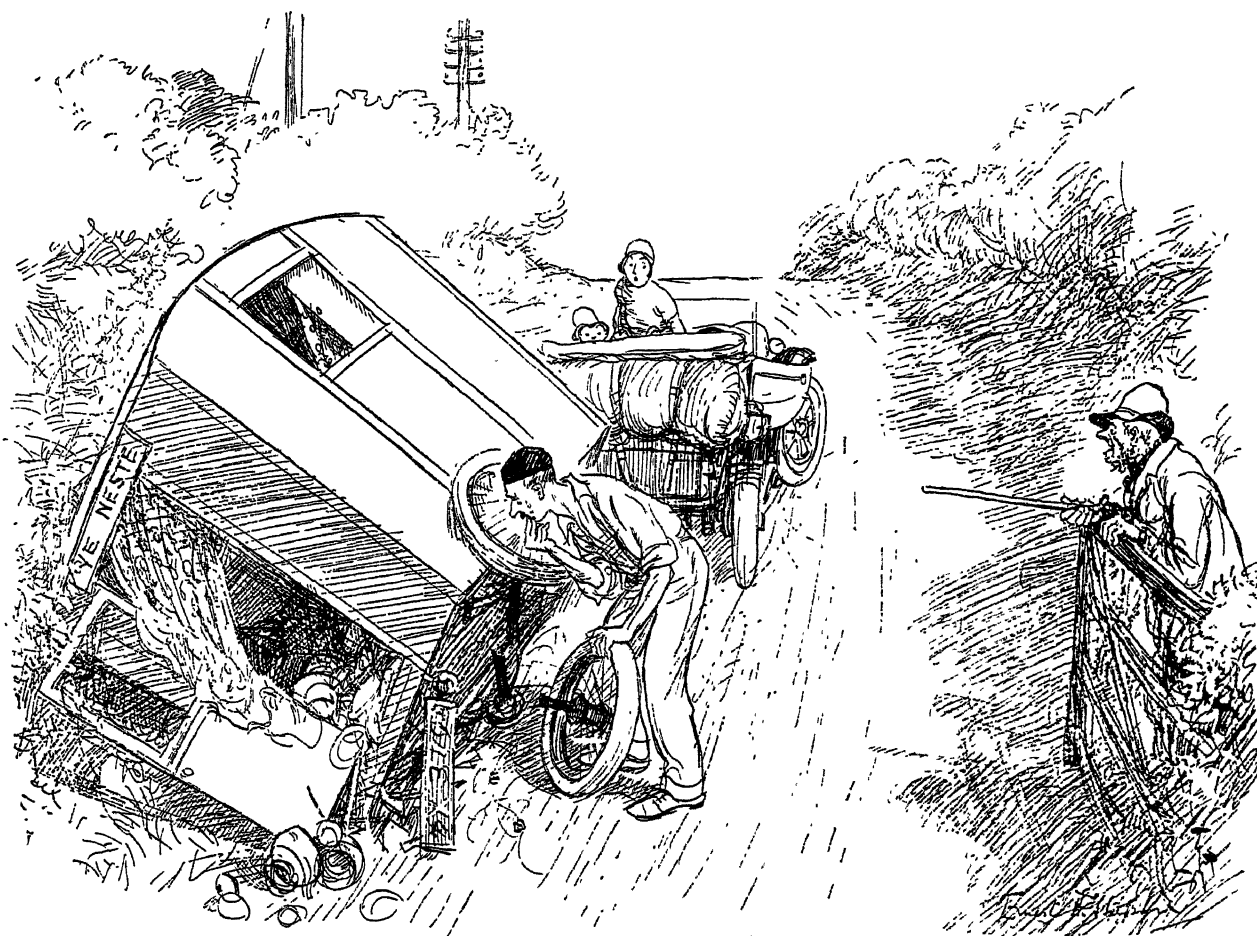
Mr. Punch considers that upper-deck indiscretions are certainly better reserved for the evening.

"BRICK AND TILED HOUSE. . . . On first floor, four good-sized bedrooms, small secluded walled garden with lawn, flower beds, fruit and other trees."

Advt. in Cambridge Paper.

A garden is a slugsome thing, God wot,
So this request we've added to our
prayers—

"Since we must sleep so near the cabbage-plot
Grant that no slugs mistake our bed
for theirs."



Helpful Rustic. "YER CAN'T GO A-CAMPIN' THERE, SIR; NOT WITHIN TWENTY FOOT O' THE MAIN ROAD."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE RAILWAY PORTER.

ONCE there was a railway porter whose name was Jim Munny, and if he told passengers what his name was they sometimes made jokes about it sounding like money, if they were fond of making jokes like that, and he reckoned his name was worth about two shillings a week to him in extra tips.

Well one morning a very grand-looking lady came to the station with a great deal of luggage and a maid to look after it, and it was Jim Munny's turn to attend to her, and he said to himself well I ought to get a good tip out of her, she looks rich enough, and he made himself very obliging to her. And when he took the luggage on a truck to be labelled to Scotland he saw that the name on the labels was Lady Bitterbat, and the man who was sticking on the labels said to him I suppose you know who that is, she is the wife of Lord Bitterbat who is a director of this railway company, I wish I had half of his money.

So Jim Munny got her a carriage all to herself and asked her if she would like him to lock the door so that nobody else could get into it, and she thanked him and said she would, and then she offered him a tip of half-a-crown.

But Jim Munny said oh no lady, I couldn't take anything for doing my duty, I get paid good wages and I don't smoke or drink so I can live on them quite comfortably, and I am very grateful to the railway company for them.

Well Lady Bitterbat looked surprised at that and then she laughed and said well I never met a porter who wouldn't take a tip before and I should like to know your name.

And he said it is Jim Munny, and she laughed again and said oh well if you are made of money I suppose you don't want any more of it. And he laughed louder than she did and said well that's good that is lady, I must tell that to my wife and children when I get home, I always tell them any good jokes I hear from passengers if they are fit for them to hear.

And she said how many children have you got? and he said five, though he really only had three, and she said well then you can take them home the half-crown for a present, it will be sixpence for each of them.

So when the train had gone Jim Munny treated the man who stuck on the labels to a glass of beer in the Refreshment Room, and he had one himself and bought an extra packet of cigarettes, and two days afterwards he was sent for to see Lord Bitterbat in the office of the railway company.

And Lord Bitterbat said I have been making inquiries about you and I hear you are a very honest man, so I shall make you a ticket collector and you will get more wages and have better clothes to wear.

So Jim Munny became a ticket collector

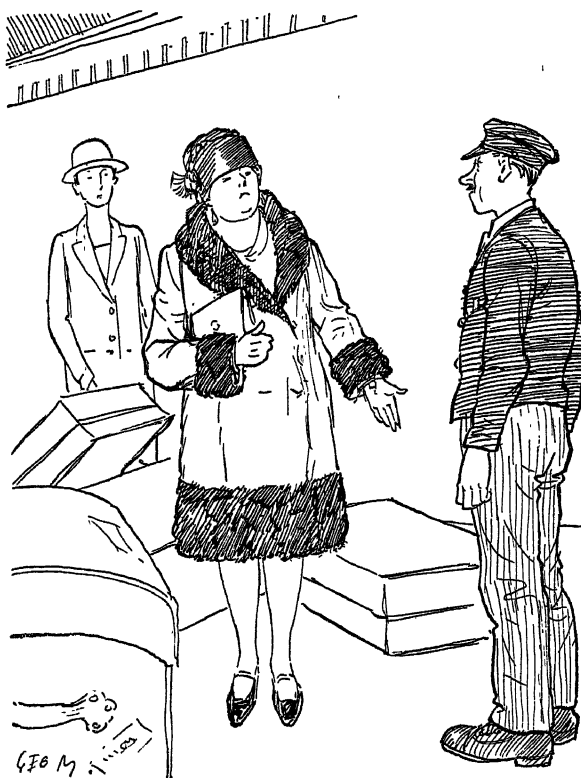
wrote to Lord Bitterbat about it first. So they did that, and Lord Bitterbat was quite agreeable and he sent for Jim Munny and said he was pleased with the way he had gone on and he would make him a station master.

So Jim Munny became a station master and he had some gold braid on his coat and quite a nice house over the booking office though it was rather noisy and smoky from the engines, and when he had been there a year he found out that Lord Bitterbat had been a director of the railway company for twenty-five years, so he wrote to all the other station masters and said he thought it would be a good thing if they clubbed together and bought him a nice present. So they did that, because none of them wanted to be left out of it, and they bought a barometer for Lord Bitterbat to hang up in his hall, and they had an address with all their names illuminated and had it framed so that he could hang it up beside the barometer. And they said that as Jim Munny had thought of it first it was only fair that he should present the barometer to Lord Bitterbat and make a speech.

Well Jim Munny didn't mind doing that and he made quite a good speech and said that all the station masters were proud of Lord Bitterbat and what they thought of every morning when they got up was how to behave so that he would be proud of them. And Lord Bitterbat made a good speech too, and he said that he had always wanted a barometer but had never thought of having such a good one, and he should think of the station masters every time he tapped

it. And he thanked them from the bottom of his heart and especially his friend Jim Munny for all the kind things he had said about him, and he said he should spend the rest of his life in trying to show that he was worthy of them.

Well soon after that the station masters thought they ought to have higher wages, but Lord Bitterbat said that he was thinking of giving them lower wages, so they sent Jim Munny to talk to him about it as he had made such a good speech about the barometer. And Lord Bitterbat said to him well Jim Munny it is no use your wasting my time over this because I am not going to pay higher wages, but I will tell you what you can do. You



"ONE MORNING A VERY GRAND-LOOKING LADY CAME TO THE STATION."

tor and he got to know a lot of gentlemen who came to London every day to attend to their business and went home again every evening, and he always touched his hat to them and called them sir even if they weren't much better than he was and went third class, and if the train was full and they went first class with a third class ticket he didn't say anything about it, but anybody he didn't know who went first class with a third class ticket he was down on and collected quite a lot of money for the railway company. And at Christmas time all the gentlemen he had been polite to collected some money to give him for a Christmas box, and he said he didn't think there was any harm in taking it but he would rather they

can come to the General Meeting of the railway company next week and when I say in my speech that I am going to reduce the wages so as to please the shareholders you can get up and make a speech yourself, and if you make a good one the shareholders will say it is only fair to keep the wages of the station masters at their present figure, and I shan't really mind doing that so we shall all be satisfied. Only you mustn't tell anybody about it, because if you do I shan't help you to get on any more.

Well Jim Munny went to the meeting and the shareholders were all very pleased with his speech in which he made several jokes he had been collecting, and Lord Bitterbat got up and said he would give way about the station masters, and he thought it would be a good thing if they made Jim Munny a director of the railway company so that he could represent the station masters and the porters and signalmen and all those people on the Board, because they didn't want to quarrel or have strikes if they could help it and it would make it fair all round.

So they did that, and everybody was pleased with Jim Munny, and they had a dinner party to celebrate his being made a director of the railway company. And Jim Munny made such a good speech at it that afterwards he was often invited to go to dinners and make speeches, and everybody said how wonderful it was that somebody who had begun as a railway porter should be so clever, and anyone would think he had been at Oxford or Cambridge except for his grammar.

And Jim Munny's sons did go to Oxford, because he was quite rich enough to afford that now, and his daughter married a Count and went to live in Italy. But Jim Munny never pretended that he hadn't been a railway porter, and when he and his wife went out in their motor-car he used to hand her her bag or her umbrella and say will you have this in the carriage with you lady? A. M.

"For a similar offence, William M. —, the driver of a 'bus between London and Newcastle, was fined £7 10s. He was stated to have travelled at an average speed of 376 miles an hour."—*North-country Paper*.

Now what about the Schneider Trophy?

Cynicism in the Studio.

As a Belgian who is assistant to the French camera-man said to the American who is assistant to the German director, "If only our Austrian leading lady can react to the passion of the Italian male star, this Russian story ought to make another good English film."



"CAN YOU HEAR WHAT I SAY?"

"No."

"THEN HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS SAYING IT?"

"I DIDN'T. I THOUGHT YOU WERE SAYING SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT."

Environment.

The lad who hails from Shropshire.

He generally "swings";

The man who lives in Sussex

Is full of ale and sings.

It makes a lot of difference

The place of your abode;

I'm glad we live a normal life

Along the Clapham Road.

"The wife of Signor Mussolini this morning gave birth to a baby girl, who has received the name of Anna Maria. Both Signor Mussolini and the child are doing well."

Midland Paper.

The Signora will be relieved to hear this.

"'ROWDY' ABERDONIANS."

Headline in Scots Paper.

Probably a free fight.

"SPORT ITEMS.

HEAVY CATCH OF TROUT.

Women's Sculling Title."

Headlines in Daily Paper.

They're much easier to cook than crabs anyway.

Britannia, since you were not vague About the statutes of the Hague, Why let impressionists get at you In dealing with your own HAIG statue? G. B.



Wife (reading). "SLIM FIGURES ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY FOR NEW SHEATH DRESSES." NO, THANK YOU, DEAR, NO BACON!"

FLANDERS REVISITED.

THE way goes not to Menin
Where all those harvests shine,
This is a foreign landscape
And not the Salient line.
The neat and new-born houses
Have told an idle tale,
Saying that here was Ypres
And there was Passchendaele.
I have not found the hill-crest,
I have not seen the plain
That once was ploughed in darkness
And sowed for different grain;
But the wire about the pastures
Looks back beyond this ease,
The old wire of the battles
That mocks the stripling trees.
And the names on the great archway
Are still the names of men
Who farmed the barren acres
And tied the fences then.
And sunk in this rich corn-land
And deeply screened from view
Is the country of the pilgrims
That long ago we knew. EVOE.

"KILLING WALES BY ELECTRIC HARPOON."
Headline in South African Paper.
It doesn't really matter how it's done.

A PLEA FOR THE ARRAS.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to deprecate the ideas of our Elizabethan ancestors in matters of sanitation, floor-coverings and other household appointments, we must admit that they held a great advantage over us in this matter of the arras, without which, as far as we can judge from the writings of the time, no home was complete. The *Hamlets*, we know, had one at their place at Elsinore. *Mistress Ford* had one capable of concealing the bulk of *Sir John*. There was one in the laundering department of the Tower of London—"Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand Within the arras . . ."

Whether the arras was found on when the house was bought—

Pleas. Plantag. Res. 50 bed. 19 rec. Butt.
Arr. all rms. Tlt-yd. Moat. Dr-Brdg. Prtcull.
D-Keep, & all mod. conv.

or whether it was delivered afterwards in plain wains, we do not know. It was, however, distinctly useful in many ways, though not without certain disadvantages, as *Polonius* found to his cost.

The advantages of the revival of the arras habit nowadays would be incalculable. Our own mod. res. offers us

the privacy of the proverbial goldfish when anybody is arriving at the front-door. It is impossible to escape from the front-room without being observed. Now, if only we had an arras, I could whip me behind it in a second whenever the garden-gate clicked, and, by installing a convenient peep-hole, I could see whether the visitor was a man selling brushes, the rate-collector, Mrs. Haigh-Baker or someone comparatively human.

Here I am interrupted by our Cap. Gen. Ex. 20-25. Husb. kept, who comes to lay the table. That means that I shall have to find resting-places round the room for all these tomes—the dictionary in which I vainly sought the plural of "Arras," a plural which I have neatly avoided so far; the Shakespeare in which I ascertained that it was *Mistress Ford* who possessed an arras and not *Mistress Page*, and all this clobber of paper and clips.

If we only had a nice handy arras, or even several—I mean more than one arras, the whole lot could go behind it until after lunch.

Leaning to Conquer.

"Girl (age 14) seek situation; keen and willing to lean."—Advt. in South-Country Paper.



PLEASURE ISLAND:

BEING A PLAN IN THE OLD MANNER OF THE LAKE ISLAND IN CANADA WHICH MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IS SAID TO COVET.



THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

OBTAINING THE PRECIOUS TAIL-FEATHER OF THE PINK-CHESTED MUD-WARBLER, WHICH WAS A POPULAR DECORATION FOR LADIES' HATS IN EARLY-VICTORIAN TIMES.

THE LOG OF THE "LIZARD."

II.—USHANT.

THURSDAY.—Passed Ushant and anchored at Brest.

Notes.

Ushant!

What Englishman not heard of Ushant, fabled spot, lying west of western extremity of France? Who has not sung sailor's farewell to ladies of Spain, of which somewhat irrelevant refrain is that from Ushant to Scilly is thirty- (or is it forty-) five leagues? In all British sea-stories good ship so-and-so "makes" Ushant or sights Ushant or gives Ushant wide berth. Have never self been quite sure what Ushant was, whether island, promontory, light-ship, fashionable watering-place or what. But have always regarded it as practically a British possession.

Shocked therefore to find French insist perversely on calling this part of their territory island of Ouessant. For it is an island. And for small vessel to travel from St. Malo to Brest and southern part of Brittany necessary to pass between Ouessant and mainland. And hear what frightful book, *The Channel Pilot*, has to say about that:—

"Mariners approaching Ushant should be on their guard against the danger of being set eastward of their reckoning. That island is surrounded

by dangers in all directions: rocks are numerous, and some lie far from the land: fogs and thick weather are not uncommon: the tidal streams are strong and their influence undetermined. No dependence can be placed on seeing the lights, although they are very powerful, nor upon hearing the fog-signals in thick weather, and when such prevails the island should be given a wide berth."

Here is heartening message for pleasure-vessel desiring only to creep along coast into sun! Observe how quietly, in style of Psalms of DAVID, agony is piled upon agony. Human calculations, we are told at once, powerless against perils of this island—tidal streams, five, six and seven knots in power and uncertain in direction—rocks and reefs—fogs and thick weather (and when there is no natural fog, book tells us, fog is often caused by burning of sea-weed on islands and shore); as for your powerful lights and fog-signals—"Pish!" says *Channel Pilot*.

But then *Channel Pilot* can never be described as reckless optimist. Has a wholesome respect for ocean. If this book written few thousand years earlier navigation of ocean would never have been attempted. DRAKE himself would scarcely have put to sea if had read *Channel Pilot*. Wading through pages of miscellaneous and misleading infor-

mation with which it surrounds each harbour, port and inlet, bearings of churches, colour of farm-houses and population of towns, brought up suddenly by quiet passages of sheer horror, as:—

"Small vessels cannot live in these waters.

It would be imprudent to spend a night here.

In 1904, a gale blowing from the south-west, the steamer 'Icarus' was driven on to Hell Rocks and foundered with all hands.

The coast is foul and fronted by dangers.

Torpedo practice is frequently carried out in the bay, preferably on Mondays.

Care should be taken during the exercises of French submarines submerged, when a red-and-yellow flag" etc., etc.

Have bathed often in Cornish coves, where, just as buttoning bathing-suit, looked up and saw in cliff neat tablet commemorating drowning of two bathers in same spot about year ago. Navigation on coast of Brittany with *Channel Pilot* full of such moments. Paragraphs headed "DANGERS" always far more lengthy and far more luminous than paragraph headed "DIRECTIONS." What a coast! Sea littered with rocks, buoys and lighthouses. On



Super-genius (to Hostess). "WELL, I'VE COME ALONG THIS TIME, BUT YOU MUSTN'T ALWAYS RELY ON ME, YOU KNOW."

land lighthouses more numerous than are lamp-posts—and out to sea more lighthouses than ships—some tall as factory-chimneys, some square and elegant as mosques, some lonely and severe, some sociable with gardens and cottages attached. No wonder no unemployed in France; all kept busy in lighthouses of Brittany.

Tuesday at sunset, crept into small but charming river of Morlaix. Seen from sea, mouth of this river almost continuous barrage of small islands and rocks, while water under surface (to judge from *Channel Pilot*) consists entirely of rocks, reefs, wrecks, and shoals. Impossible to enter place without assistance of three or four lighthouses, two towers, church steeple, chapel (with spire), white gable of farm-house, red bell-buoy, beacon or two and innumerable black posts. Book gives one or two attractive little sketches of coast, and these gave some pleasure to Owner (who had paid for book), but not to Captain, for appeared to bear no resemblance whatever to anything he could see. But got general impression when three lighthouses in line,

farm-house bears 287°, church steeple shows red light, it is high-water at Dover, and bell-buoy plays "Sailor, Beware!" then one is in Grand Chenal and safe for a rowing-boat to proceed stern-first, though anything larger will have only itself to blame. At about this point, while threading way between reefs and wrecks, looked impertinently over Owner's shoulder and read aloud following:—

"On the highest rock of Plateau des Duons is a white tower, thirty-two feet high, having a small room in which shipwrecked people might find shelter."

At this comforting intelligence Captain, mild old man, normally quite undisturbed by dangers of sea, lost control at last, picked up *Channel Pilot* and with nautical aside flung it angrily into Channel. It was picked up by fishing-boat and politely restored to us later at anchorage, costing Owner forty-five francs, since compelled to buy several fishes of extraordinary nature (decided normally used by Breton peasants as manure or burglar-alarm).

Lizard steamed into wide and charming haven of Morlaix at last, proud of herself but smelling slightly paraffin. Cast anchor in pink water and watched picture-postcard-sun go down; river changed from pink satin into purple velvet, lighthouses lit lamps, fishing-boats with blue sails and green sails glided silently to bed, fierce rocks turned into cardboard toys swam upwards in mirage and were lost at last in starry sky. Then great Coliseum moon came up. Too much. No sound from shore, no lights in fishermen's cottages or in château on hill. (Believe people of Brittany retire at sun-down and read in bed by lighthouse lights.) Had world to ourselves; no idea what up to at Hague nor who was murdering whom in old country. In haunt of sheltered peace, Owner thought might lie day or two and forget cares of world. But had forgotten Ushant—and *Channel Pilot*.

Before dinner hid blasted book under cushion. But during dinner, somehow got out again, and spent peaceful evening discussing perils of Ushant passage. Owner's Wife had heard few scraps and wanted to know worst. Chose

what looked like mild passage and read out:—

"Nearly all the space between Ushant and the French coast is studded with islets, rocks and shoals. . . . There are three deep channels between the islets and rocks. . . . The first only may in case of necessity be taken by a stranger. The others are very difficult and sunken rocks lie nearly in their fairways. . . ."

That settled it. Ushant now became, as it were, bad tooth, and Owner's Wife determined to have it out at once and get it over while weather fine. Gone Peace and Quiet—early to bed—anchor weighed before breakfast. Gosh!

Alas! this not adventure story. All day rolled horribly along long road to Ushant murmuring to ourselves, "*That island is surrounded by dangers in all directions, etc.,*" talking of little but Ushant and bracing ourselves for shipwreck and swim. At tea-time perceived about eight miles away to starboard long low island. At same time ship ceased to roll, island protecting us from Atlantic swell. Steamed peacefully past this island in sun for two hours or more, first and only peaceful period of day. While passing this island saw fewer rocks to square mile than had seen for days. Name of this island was Ushant. . . .

Last night, at restaurant in town of Brest, interested to read following advertisement:—

"TOURISTES

NE QUITTEZ PAS FINISTÈRE SANS VISITER

OUessant

LA PERLE DES ILES!

LES ROCHERS!

LES VAGUES!

LES PHARES!

UNIQUES AU MONDE."

After all trouble had taken to avoid said *rochers*, *vagues* and *phares* this seemed almost anti-climax. Still, nasty knock for *Channel Pilot*! A. P. H.

**HORATIAN ODE UPON THE POLICE FORCE
AS A PROFESSION FOR UNIVERSITY
WOMEN.**

(With apologies to ANDREW MARVELL.)

[It has been suggested that, in view of the present conditions of unemployment, women graduates should consider entering the Police Force.]

THE forward maid that would appear
Must dry the disappointed tear
And let her thoughts take wing
From sloth dispiriting.

'Tis time to leave her books in dust
And in the Force to place her trust,
Nor waste her weary brain
On applications vain.



Skip (at very dud end). "BEST TRY AN OVER-ARM, FRED."

The Force has need of her to-day;
It offers honest work and pay—
Three quid a week, *i.e.*,
To novices like me.

We needs must look our last upon
The gown superfluous and don
To the admiring view
The awe-inspiring blue.

Hence, vain deluding female frills!
And, at the same time, draper's bills;
With heart-felt joy I see
The uniform is free.

At first, methinks, life may seem odd—
E.g., the vulgar sense of "*quod*"
Would strangely suit the lips
Of recent Classic Trips.

And yet the novice, hardships passed,
Sergeant full-blown, may hear at last
How good she is, how just
And fit for highest trust.

She may—imagination roams—
A welcome find in wealthy homes,
And Lady Vere de Vere,
Or Alf Buggs, profiteer,

Hearing the sounds of jocund glee,
May, horrified, not this time see
Behind the kitchen-door
(As always heretofore)

Cook entertaining P.C. Green,
But James the butler, smug of mien,
Pressing the best Chablis
On Miss Brown, B.Sc.

Statements which will be Hotly Denied.

"'Brothers' will be produced at the Adelphi Theatre next Tuesday. It is a drama, by Mr. Herbert Ashton, jun., of the New York underworld."—*Daily Paper*.

"Plumber, good all-round, with mate; society man."—*Provincial Paper*.
He should make a good tap-crasher.

AT THE PICTURES.

"BROADWAY" (REGAL).

IN the old days, when films were films and when, whatever their producers' estimate of their merits, they may be said, in comparison with the new stridencies of self-appreciation, almost to have crept into the world, I always avoided those that reproduced stage successes, because I felt that the whole system was wrong. Plays written to be acted, with dramatic dialogue, lost almost all but the bare bones of the plot if they were translated into photography. The result was that in course of time, should I find myself present at one of these insipid reproductions, I treated it as it deserved. Perhaps the deepest slumber of my life, I remember, was at the screen version of *Lord and Lady Algy*.

If the statement that, to get the best



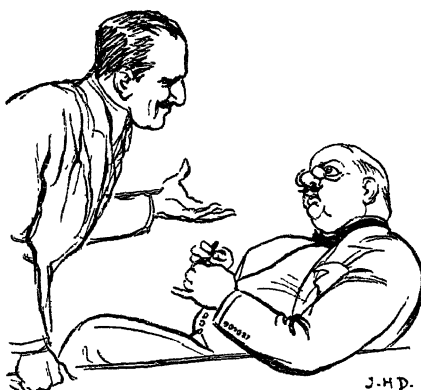
Nick Verdis (Mr. PAUL PORCASI). "WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

Steve Crandall (Mr. ROBERT ELLIS). "ADEN- OIDS—WE'VE ALL GOT 'EM IN THIS JOINT."

out of all the marvellous resources of the cinema, it was necessary to invent for it, was true of the silent films, it is, I believe, no less true of the films that are fitted with mechanism for the transmission of speech. They too should leave the stage proper alone, or at any rate only borrow here and there rather than attempt to convey *en bloc*. Both should, in short, do their own work from the word "Go."

That this is sound doctrine I am the more convinced after seeing *Broadway* at the Regal. As a variety entertainment this screen adaptation may be beguiling, although I found it difficult to hear and often very confusing to the eye; but it would be infinitely more so if the necessity for following a fixed plot were not there. *Broadway* itself, the admirable American bootlegging play that excited us so at the Adelphi three or four years ago,

carried its mixture of tense drama and cabaret nonsense with a perfect balance; while the audience never tired of the half-a-dozen moments when,



Cabaret Proprietor. "MURDERS ARE BAD FOR BUSINESS."

Steve. "THE CINEMAS DON'T THINK SO."

at the sound of the bell, the dancing-girls and their leader, "*Personality*" Lane, were instantaneously transformed from emotional and often quarrelsome human beings into night-club automata. With the memory of these moments in *Broadway-the-play* vividly in mind, I went to *Broadway-the-talkie* with great expectations. But they were unfulfilled. Will you believe it, this particular feature of the play was never



Surfeited Fan, to Roy Lane (Mr. GLENN TRYON), about to enter cabaret for his sixth turn. "WHAT, AGAIN?"

Artiste. "YES, AND AGAIN—AND AGAIN! THEY'VE SPENT ALL THEIR MONEY ON THIS SET AND YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE IT."

once employed? There were, of course, transitions from real life to routine, but they were made without suddenness and therefore had no comic effect.

This is a minor point, although illustrative. The worst fault of *Broadway-the-talkie* is that it makes the cabaret the important thing, allowing it always to interfere with the bootleggers' feud and the detectives' mission; whereas in *Broadway-the-play* the dramatic element very properly comes first. In the talkie the most exciting episodes are broken in two in order that we may see photographs of the dancing-floor of the Paradise, with "*Personality*," who has now become an intolerable bore, singing his second-rate songs and dancing his second-rate dances to the bitter end. By the time we get back to the murder of "*Scar*" Edwards and the possibility of the escape of Steve Crandall the gunman from Dan McCorn the



Pearl (Miss EVELYN BRENT), on the way to murder a gentleman. "IF ANYONE SEES ME I DON'T KNOW WHERE I CAN HIDE THE REVOLVER IN THIS RIG."

bull we are so tired that we don't care who was killed or who will be arrested.

The management are enormously proud of the camera invented by the young Hungarian doctor, PAUL FEJOS, which, perched high on a derrick, took the night-club floor scenes; but the fact that they are taken from a height throws them out of perspective, and they therefore no longer counterfeit life. Similar scenes in Mr. BENNETT's film *Piccadilly* suffered, I remember, from no such disadvantage. The close-ups are better, and the voices that carry seem to be well synchronized, but one can never forget that the producer has been trying to do two things at once—making a drama and making a song-and-dance show—and has met with the fate reserved for such experimentalists. He has also shown no skill in elimination.



Caddie (to his inefficient employer). "D' YE KNOW THERE 'S TIMES WHEN I PLAYS INDIFF'RENT MESELF?"

The drunken amours of *Porky* and *Lil*, whatever propriety they may have had on the stage, are a silly excrescence on the film.

The acting is good. Mr. THOMAS E. JACKSON, as a detective, is as terrifying in his persistence as the stoat that singles out a rabbit and never leaves the line. He is also unfailingly audible. Mr. ROBERT ELLIS plays *Steve Crandall* to the life, and I can believe that the New York high spots are peopled by girls exactly like *Billie Moore* (Miss Merna Kennedy). Miss EVELYN BRENT'S *Pearl* is a little less typical, but she makes the part almost convincing. The principal rôle, I suppose, is that of "*Personality*" Lane, which is handled manfully by Mr. GLENN TRYON, but fails to be as sympathetic as was intended. E. V. L.

"TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. R. (no address).—Though you gave no name or address, we forwarded your enquiry re nettle tea to the writer of the note in our issue of July 20, but have received a notification from his executors' solicitors to say that he is now deceased."—*Gardening Paper*.
That information ought to suffice.

PETERSHAM.

O PRAISE the Lord for Petersham!
It's ten miles from the Strand
And tenpence from Trafalgar Square,
By bus, you understand.
It's just a hop, skip and a jump
From Richmond's towny hill,
Which men have made a tea-shop
dump,
And stays a village still.

It twists, it turns, it dips, it dives
To dodge the vulgar stare,
Yet tolerates the "Sixty-fives"
Which bring the people there.
The pennies in my purse are few,
I've never kept a car,
But when the soul grows tired of
Kew—
Well, Petersham's not far.

It keeps a ghost or two for us
Behind the mellowed walls
(O praise the Lord for Petersham!)
Of stately Georgian halls.
When Leatherhead's beyond control
And Dorking out of hand,
It still would dare possess its soul
Scarce ten miles from the Strand.

Spotlights on Prohibition.

"Customs agents state that the tightness of their patrol along the Detroit River has made liquor smuggling by aeroplane profitable."
Daily Paper.

Sors Horatiana

(For Dramatic Critics).

Nec tamen ignorat quid distent aera lupinis: "He knows the difference between COYNES and LUPINOS."

Another Headache for the Historian.

"How much survives to-day of the England of 1750? Yet the air is recovering for us the outline of the Britain which Rome laid out fifteen years before the industrial revolution."
Sunday Paper.

Many experts, however, believe that Rome was herself laid out at a much earlier date.

"NICE BOMB OUTRAGE."

Headline in Jersey Paper.

We'll soon be hearing of a jolly train disaster.

"The sub-committee recommended that . . . the two assistant nurses were to rotate."

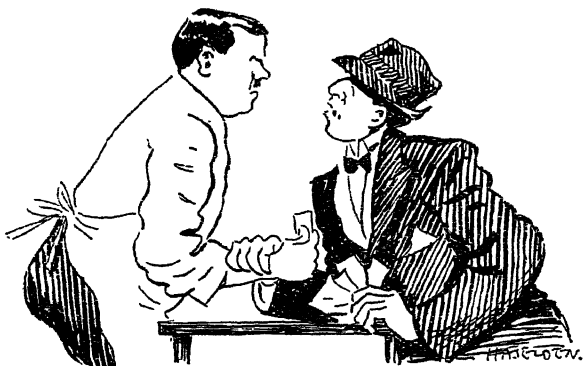
North-country Paper.

This puts them of course in the top category of their profession.

AT THE PLAY.

"BROTHERS" (ADELPHI).

THE versatile Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, now turned theatrical *entrepreneur* and having evidently had no time between the signing of his lease for his theatre and the opening of it to throw off one



OILY JOE AND THE COCAINE: A LITTLE MORE OIL WANTED ON THE PALM.

Oily Joe MR. BEN WELDEN.
Robert Naughton MR. HARTLEY POWER.

of his diverting masterpieces of criminal adventure, has sponsored and produced a drama by HERBERT ASHTON, JUN., in the same *genre* as his own, but much more ingenuous and less plausibly constructed. Perhaps indeed a sense of scholarship finally determined his choice of *Brothers* for this particular theatre.

This naïve essay in bio-sociology is chiefly remarkable for the chance it gives to Mr. HARTLEY POWER in the duplication of the parts of the twin-brothers, *Robert* and *Eddie*—*Robert*, adopted in infancy by the wealthy Judge Naughton; *Eddie* by a poor Irish sailor in a modest riverside dwelling.

The Prologue (*temp.*: Boer War and appearance of first motor-car in Broadway) introduces us to three dull medical men, of whom two are, in the intervals of their moves at chess, perpetually wrangling about the relative influence of the factors of heredity and environment in the formation of human character. The third proposes to make a practical test of their theories on twin brothers, left for disposal at his hospital, his two friends laying bets on their respective fancies.

Thirty years or so pass. *Robert Naughton*, the brilliant young advocate, has just saved his first client from the electric-chair, apparently—though this, owing to defect of elocution, which was, I am afraid, rather a feature of

this production, was not quite clear—by confusing the jury (moved towards an adverse verdict by direct testimony of an eye-witness) by pointing out how easy it is in the dark to mistake your man; how like the prisoner is, for instance, to himself who addresses them. The prisoner was, of course, his own twin

brother, and we begin to guess that *Robert* had the best of reasons for knowing *Eddie* to be innocent. For there is something wrong with the brilliant *Robert* on this night of his triumph. Having impartially bitten his father, mother, *fiancée*, and the two betting medicos of the Prologue, and excused himself on the ground of nerves shattered by the tense emotions of the trial, we find him furtively diving into his overcoat-pocket for a dose of "snow"; and

when his crass parents and friends insist on carrying him off to *Oily Joe's* speak-easy, where the acquitted *Eddie* plays the piano for his living and where, no doubt, he will be found receiving the congratulations of his employer and friends, the agitated *Robert* has to warn *Joe* by telephone that he is by no means to show any signs of recognition.

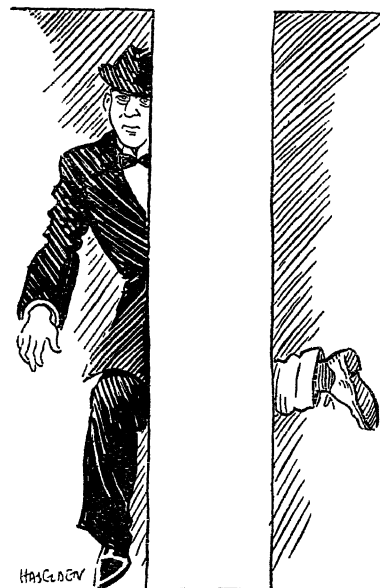
Clearly favourable environment—if you accept indulgent parents, Harvard, Fifth Avenue and the Law as a working definition of it—isn't going to win the



THE ONLY FATHER HE HAD EVER KNOWN—AND HE CAN'T HAVE KNOWN HIM VERY WELL.

Dr. Leslie Stevens (*disguised*) . . MR. CECIL HUMPHREYS.
Eddie Connelly MR. HARTLEY POWER.

day. And as for heredity, seeing that *Robert* and *Eddie* presumably have the same, it wouldn't seem to be very relevant to the discussion.



THE DOUBLE LIFE.

Exit MR. HARTLEY POWER AS *EDDIE CONNELLY*. Enter MR. HARTLEY POWER AS *ROBERT NAUGHTON*.

We are now prepared to find *Eddie* of the water-front a paragon of all the virtues and *Oily Joe's* speak-easy the least reputable of down-town haunts of vice. And we are not disappointed. Ugly customers and pretty ladies, corrupt policemen, dope- and drink-traffic-fickers, blackmailers, rush in and rush out, or more usually are flung out with immense violence by *Joe*, on whom the sobriquet "*Oily*" has evidently been conferred in gentle irony. *Eddie* alone has virtue and character and a charming disposition. No, not alone. There was, of course, *Eddie's* friend, the poor blind man, "*Feeler*," who had "educated" him and was, as we guessed from his dark spectacles, other than he seemed.

And as for poor *Robert*, he goes from bad to worse. Four several packets of dope does he inhale in about as many minutes, ending up a lively scene by shooting *Joe* with more accuracy than seemed likely from his deplorable condition.

Clearly he is in no condition to be taken home by his friends to break the hearts of his adoring foster-parents and *fiancée*. What easier than to push him into a dope-addicts' home and take the virtuous *Eddie* to Fifth Avenue to impersonate him; where, as is obvious, *Eddie* will fall in

love with *Robert's Roma*, have noble scruples about the treachery involved, and live happily ever after.

Our excitement at the end of the scenes of violence of the Second Act and our admiration at the speed with which Mr. HARTLEY POWER flung himself into and out of his clothes in order that *Robert* might not run into *Eddie*—they did all but actually talk to each other—positively knew no bounds. Which all seems rather odd.

Mr. POWER's performance is indeed an admirable one; but it takes more than a clever performance of one well-enough-invented part to make a tolerable play, unless you can bring to the theatre a beautiful and child-like faith.

T.

WICKETS AND SIXES.

"FAREWELL to the Season, 'tis over," as PRAED said about something of far less importance than cricket; or at any rate, if it is not absolutely over, the Season is sufficiently near its end for the Championship to have been decided and the county of the GUNNS to have won it: with no little assistance from GEORGE of that illustrious line, for all his fifty years. It is a cheering thought that the presence of Notts at the Oval, against the Rest of England, on Saturday of this week, will give the connoisseurs of the game still one more chance to see this great and subtle artist at work.

But when I close my eyes and think of the outstanding figures of the cricket-field in this glorious summer of 1929 it is not GEORGE GUNN that I see first; it is not the masterly HOBBS; nor HAMMOND, the resourceful; nor DHULEEP, Flower of the East; nor FREEMAN, that wily mite; nor WOOLLEY, the Tower of Strength. It is something more gothic than these; not classic, but of an intense humanity, a strange blend of determination and *insouciance*: the concentrated spirit of destructive energy with the ball, and with the bat the very symbol of jovial adventurousness. In short, I think of TATE.

Closing my eyes I see, in all his familiar idiosyncrasies, that laughing genial giant, and not least I see him, after discharging his thunderbolt, throwing up his hands in protestation to the unjust heavens when the ball that was to be unplayable (as all of his are) missed the stump by a hair's-breadth; or pausing between the overs on his way to his place to exchange a few

words with a neighbour. For no one makes the cricket-field such a home from home as this Sussex Colossus, with whom even the gloomiest umpires must be prepared to be back-chat comedians. To TATE the game is no penance, no dreary ritual. It is fun. I see him too at the wicket with one arm on his hip, like a prodigious mannequin, and the other dangling a bat which by his relative bulk has been diminished to a toy. And of course I see him too as England's first line of attack as a bowler and the crowd's darling as one



"TO TATE THE GAME IS FUN."

whose mind is set on sixes. "Wickets and sixes": that is TATE's cricketing creed.

This year, for the eighth in succession, he has taken his hundred wickets and made his thousand runs. Someone once said that he bowls as if he would not only hit the stumps but bore through bat and pads and the human frame *en route*. Similarly one may say that when he bats his intention is always to clear not only the ropes but the confines of the ground itself. His only limit is the sky. Although he has but two strokes—the mighty swipe and the pat for a short one—he has made a thousand out of them this year, and

in the process has caused how many a heart to glow.

TATE, I learn from *Wisden*, was thirty-five in April last. Compared with GEORGE GUNN he is an infant. Long may he flourish! E. V. L.

THE UNENCUMBERED FEE SIMPLE.

VI.—WINE.

WE call it the garden, but actually it is the finest field crop of dandelions in all Harstead. The fame of it, I'm sure, is getting about. Charabancs full of trippers from South-coast towns stop outside to admire; indeed I'm not certain they don't come over for the express purpose. And every other day old women look over the hedge and ask if they can come and pick our dandelions to make dandelion wine, because they can't get such beauties anywhere else.

Informative books of a statistical nature will tell you that the greatest wine-making district in the world is the Médoc. They are wrong. It is, I should say, this part of Sussex. For in the Médoc I take it the peasants more or less confine themselves to the grape as a ground-work for the Heart-Gladdener; here in Harstead and round about nothing comes amiss.

In addition to the dandelion, and of course the other usual bases of home-made wine, such as sloe, elderberry, primrose and cowslip, Harstead local talent also employs parsnip, elderflower, turnip, rhubarb, potato, nettle, strawberry, field-mallow, marsh-mallow and groundsel. Special friends are often treated to wurzel wine and radish claret. Yewberry-brew is reserved for special enemies.

Whole families, elders and children, will go out on Sundays gathering wild-flowers, weeds and things, not to decorate the parlour but to help fill the out-house cellar. You are continually being approached to know if you want "they few fir-cones" on your garden path, as apparently they will come in nicely for fir-cone burgundy. Only the other day the postman, when delivering letters, suggested to me as a business proposition that for every gallon of sloes I picked for him he would give me half-a-gallon of wine, and even pointed out a place on the edge of the Downs where good sloes could be found. The true subtlety of his proposition was only apparent later when I realised that those sloe-bushes were just inside a big private property whose owner was very

fond of them. I suppose a man in a postman's position has to be careful.

The method of making the various wines is, as far as I have been able to discover, very simple. I mean, there is no "fining" or "racking" or silly fancywork of that sort. Nor is the method anything like that laid down in cookery-books, where the recipe for old-fashioned blackberry wine (as innocently drunk by teetotal maiden ladies) begins "*Take a pound of blackberries, a pound of sugar and a quart of old brandy. . .*"

No, the dandelions or the radishes or whatever the groundwork may be, are put into the copper on Tuesday morning and boiled up with sugar and yeast and what-not for three days, and the result is poured into bottles on Friday. It has to be Tuesday to Friday by the way; the copper is needed on Monday to wash the family clothes and on Saturday to wash the family.

The brew is then bottled off and set aside to "wark." The bottles are not corked, however, for a week, otherwise you are likely to have a series of terrific explosions in about three days' time.

The longer you keep home-made wine the stronger it gets, till I suppose it eats through the bottle and is considered to have "gone off." But at any time ten days or so after corking you can begin to drink it—though if you take my advice you won't; for it is not wine as we know it. The inherent qualities demanded by the local villager are quite different from those that connoisseurs such as you and I expect to find. *Bouquet* means nothing to Harstead; *sève* even less.

Moreover, the qualities demanded vary with the wine. What they require of sloe wine, for instance, is that it shall be "a gud colour." One man complained bitterly to me that he couldn't "get next his last year's sloe wine nohow; that tasted something turr'ble and quite tarned him up." He was very puzzled about it, poor fellow, for it couldn't be that the stuff had gone *bad* because "that wine wor still a beautiful colour."

Potato wine, on the other hand, has to be "fierce," the fiercer the better. In fact, if you can start up an I. C. engine on it, it is pretty good. The test of good dandelion wine is that it shall be "s'arching"—a quality you will hardly find Professor SAINTSBURY insisting on in his "Cellar Book."

I have forgotten the inherent quality of radish claret and marigold champagne; but I am credibly informed by an old inhabitant that his famed groundsel liqueur was once confused by a gentleman from Lunnnon with a bottle of Chattroose; and moreover, when he did manage to distinguish them, it was to the advantage of the former.

Dogwood gin is good for warts, but I forgot to ask whether by internal or external application. This year, I am told, is a vintage year for horse-chestnut hock.

There is only one thing in Harstead that the villagers have not used for making wine. They shake their heads dubiously when it is suggested and say with conservative muttering that they've never heard tell of the like being done hereabouts. I refer to the vine just by Mrs. Godfrey's front porch, which in reasonably hot summers bears excellent grapes. A. A.

THE TURNSPIT.

A DOG STORY.

THE turnspit dog he won no wage
That well a wage did earn;
They put him in the red-hot cage
The roasting-jack to turn;
His coat was singed and sandy
And he never got a pat;
And his name was Sugar Candy,
But he didn't look like that.

Oh, Mr. Cutt, the master-cook,
He didn't care a pin,
He hung the joint upon the hook
And cuffed poor Candy in;
And Candy, lone and little,
Thought, "Alack, alack, alack,
That all to roast a victual
I've to turn this cruel jack!"

Now Cutt his service high did hold
With the Baron Crustygruff,
Who loved the obsolete and old
And loathed new-fangled stuff,
And wouldn't hear that Science
Had invented with a wit
A mechanical appliance
For the turning of a spit.

The Baron's big baronial hall
Was in the land of Hearts,
Whose little Queen loved most of all
The culinary arts;
When, in tones all honeycomby,
"Mam's pleasure?" hosts would pray,

"I'd love it if you'd show me
The kitchen, Sir," she'd say.

One summer day, oh, sure enough,
The Queen, who took the air,
Drove past the gates of Crustygruff
All in her coach-and-pair;
"John," spoke her pretty Majesty,
"Tell Raynes to please pull up;
I'm not a queen that *cadges* tea,
But *how* I want a cup!"

Old Crusty was a Royalist;
On one stiff knee he fell;
Five little fingers next he kissed
Then rang the drawing-room bell;

And soon, to put things shortly,
Is the golden pot sipped dry,
And to a question courtly
He has got the famed reply.

"Your kitchen seems extremely nice,"
Her Majesty says she,
"But *who*, O Sugar! is, O Spice!
This little misery?"
And Candy, all to hear her—
Oh, so *kind* she seemed, so *pained*—
Came humbly creeping nearer
While the master-cook explained.

The Queen of Hearts grew almost
tall;

"How *very* wrong," she said;
"I'll give you a mechanical
Device to do instead;
You'll find it far more handy,
Oh, it's perfect to a cog,
But *you* must give me Candy
For my darling little dog."

Old Crusty bows while Mr. Cutt
Approves the Queen's desires;
Now Candy sits on sofas (but
He hates them close to fires);
And his coat is sleek and nappy
That was once all burnt with coal,
And there's not a dog so happy
In all Hearts' happy whole.

* * * * *
Fetch CALDECOTT's fair picture-book;
Now turn to *Queen of Hearts*;
Whom have we here where heralds
look
For him who stole the Tarts?
A little dog and dandy,
All felicity and fat,
And I'm sure it's Sugar Candy
Because he looks like that.

P. R. C.

The Decline in Behaviour.

"Mr. Hubert Middleton, organist and choir-master of Ely Cathedral, giving his last lecture at the Oxford summer course in music teaching, asked the class to sing some old madrigals and to conduct themselves."—*Daily Paper*.

"SANDY BREAD AND CONFECTIONERY COMPETITIONS."

Bakers' Paper.

Our baker has only to enter.

"MR. MACDONALD ON NAVY CUTS."

Daily Paper.

Let Mr. BALDWIN put those in his pipe and smoke them.

"OVAL CENTURIES."

Headline in Daily Paper.

Not to be confused with straight eights or round dozens.

"All routes to Gosport and its eight parks are plainly signposted by fingers extending for nearly 100 miles in all directions."

Sunday Paper.

In the face of this unprecedented competition several prominent octopi are said to be retiring from business.



MR. H. A. GWYNNE

(Editor of "The Morning Post").

Still for his *Post* he wields the fighting pen
Which told for REUTER many a battle's tale ;
Fighting's his hobby : he has fought with men,
Elephants and *The Daily Mail*.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—CIII.



"WAKE UP, DADDY! I'VE BURIED UNCLE AND NOW I CAN'T FIND HIM!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

You need not be in love with medical research, as such, to enjoy the eleven studies of English-speaking medical men which go to make up *The Harley Street Calendar* (CONSTABLE). Most professional giants are men first and professional men afterwards; it is the second-raters who merge their humanity in their vocation. And all Dr. H. H. BASHFORD's doctors and surgeons—who range from GILBERT THE ENGLISHMAN, of Chaucerian fame, to Sir WILLIAM OSLER—are "characters" in the nicest provincial sense and studied as such. So little has professional pride influenced their presentment that HANS SLOANE, a half-god among the gods, is the most brilliant portrait; and the adventures of that "personable young Ulsterman," family physician to a Jamaican Governor, whose collections formed the nucleus of the British Museum, are handled with delightful levity. Throughout the whole book its author is whimsically conscious of his craft's limitations. He notes how genuine discoveries come—and go. Vitamins are recognised, though unnamed, by the thirteenth-century GILBERT. The seventeenth-century SYDENHAM's treatment for fever is too rational to last. Dr. BASHFORD's research is never restricted to medical grooves. LINACRE is shown quarrelling with COLET over a Latin grammar; HARVEY reading a book at the Battle of Edgehill until compelled by a cannon-ball to move; JENNER leading the "cottagish" life he loved among the Severn meadows. Thus rightly related to common mortal circumstances, great professional exploits take on both validity and lustre. SIMPSON's sponsorship of chloroform recalls the Edinburgh that went without anaesthetics—and JOHN BROWN's *Ailie*; the "grave aquiline beauty"

of LISTER's Quaker forebears somehow prepares us for the antiseptic decencies he introduced. In a book whose large outlook and delicate style are a continual joy the highest results of a noble art are attributed to "a spirit overflowing its achievements."

Oh, the books I've read on big game! But here is one different from the rest, for I've met Mr. CHERRY KEARTON (on that subject) for the first time. In *the Land of the Lion* (ARROWSMITH) is a book about photographic shikar—an art which I unblushingly christen "shikamera." Mr. KEARTON, as his title implies, takes us to Central Africa, and there, from lion to locust, he pictures and describes the habits of wild creatures both "when they are unsuspecting of man and when they suspect danger." The principal "janwars" have chapters to themselves, and since, as a bloodthirsty child, I first thrilled to *The Gorilla Hunters* or *The Maneaters of Tsavo* (two widely different works) no beast-book has enthralled me quite as this one has. I will read the chapter-headings again to see which I like best. But no, I love them all; those on crocodiles and snakes are naturally the most shuddersome (I feel that Mr. KEARTON almost dislikes crocodiles), and those through which the apes and monkeys swing and gambol have a cousinly sympathy. The photographs—the book is full of them—are achievements indeed. Those of lionesses and lions (look at the lion playing with his little son!) seem the most wonderful to me, and the getting of these glimpses of home-life and of many others must have been (though the author does not say so) a lot more dangerous and exciting than the acquisition by gunpowder of a whole hall of trophies. I commend Mr. KEARTON's introduction to anyone who would know why African game is disappearing, and I hope, with

him, that we may realise before too late that wild life is not ours to take wantonly. *In the Land of the Lion* should surely bring that day a little nearer.

It's time, some think, that thriller fiction,

Now at its flood, received a check;
That someone, such is the conviction,
Deserves to get it in the neck.

For those who hold this view a brighter
Dawn is at hand: JOHN HAWK has
done

The Murder of a Mystery Writer

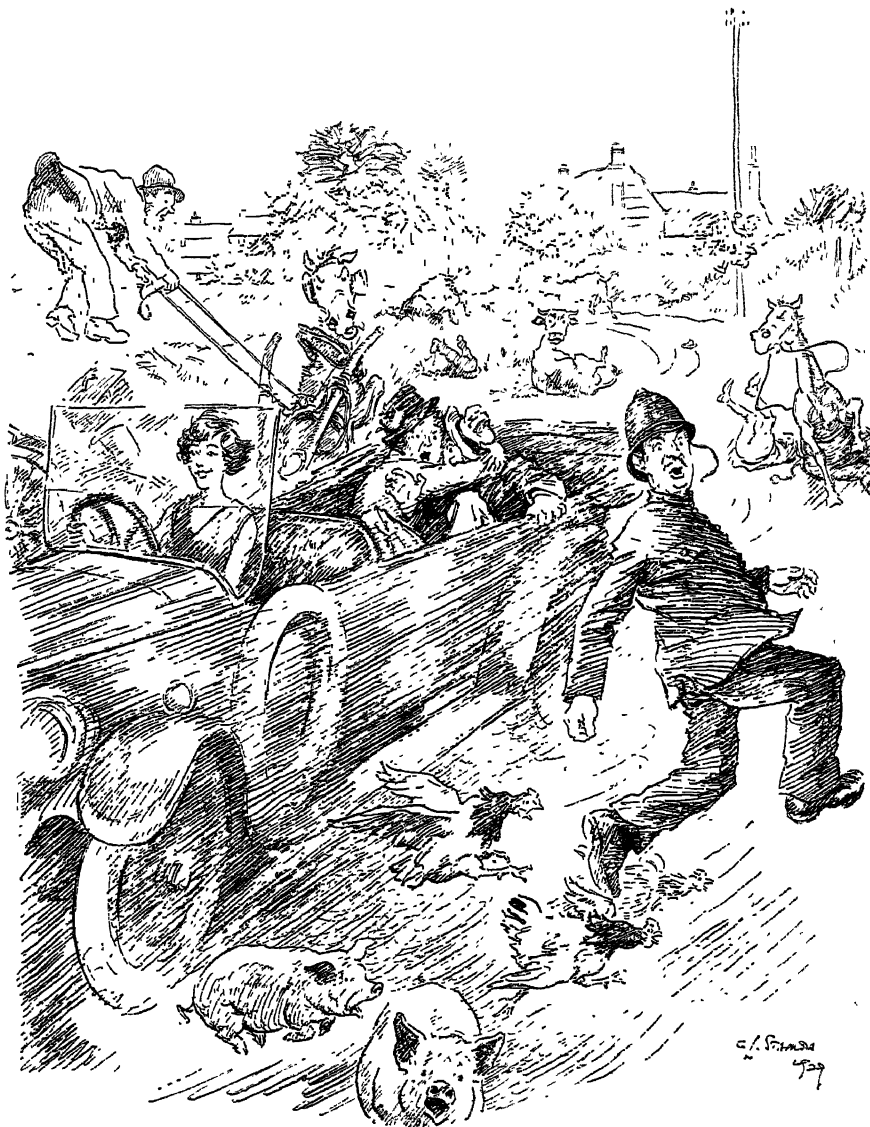
And published it through SKEFFINGTON.

But all the same their hopes, I fancy,
May lead the grouse to despair,
For, with his intricate romance, he
Leaves things no better than they
were;

He slays a scribbler very neatly,
Who, anyhow, does not exist,
And mystifies us so completely
That he must join the active list.

Not being one of those superior people who have no use whatever for domestic melodrama—I believe I could still read *East Lynne* if I were put to it—I naturally approach the novels of Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON with a certain equanimity. Their manner, so ingeniously combining the polysyllabic sonority of the Book of Common Prayer with the pregnant dot-and-dash of a Morse code, gives me a headache; but against their matter as such, their slightly hectic preoccupation with middle-class ethical problems, I have no vestige of prejudice. *The Uncertain Trumpet* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) will, I think, neither exceed nor betray expectation. Its style is, if anything, chastened, but its strongest developments show a tendency to defer to its weakest. I did not succeed in finding out which, if any, of its cast embodied the wavering appeal of the title. Perhaps this referred to the Established Church in general? But there is no doubt that its hero is the Rev. David Quest, an enthusiastic Anglo-Catholic with a charming wife and children. Much good limelight is wasted on his incredible parishioner-in-chief, *Pelman Heritage*, and on *Pelman Heritage's* still more incredible bride, but Quest has undoubtedly the star part. Lured to a wretched country living by the unfulfilled promises of a supporter, his gallant efforts to hold an untenable position should enlist—apart from their doctrinal vagaries—all the sympathy his creator could desire. I cannot say as much for the eccentricities of his old Superior, "gaunt, glorious, genial" *Father Absolute*, whose campaign for the reconciliation of bright young things to their elders neither captivated my fancy nor convinced my understanding. But the even robust exploits of the *Flogg-Wallopers*, a notorious hunting family of Quest's and *Heritage's* county, are a distinctly amusing side-show.

Professor W. T. WAUGH's biographical study, *James Wolfe* (CARRIER), shows the General as a tall gawky man with an



YOUTH AT THE WHEEL ON A PERFECT DAY.

THAT GOOD-TO-BE-ALIVE FEELING.

accomplished facility in making rude remarks, an unhappy knack of quarrelling with his officers and an irritating way of changing or appearing to change his mind. His early romance was broken at the command of his parents, who never treated him otherwise than as a rather head-strong schoolboy, his health all his life was wretched and his features notoriously were not what a conventional novelist expects in a hero. With such a list of disqualifications it is perhaps rather remarkable that the popular verdict has placed WOLFE among the great soldiers of history, the more so as his reputation is founded almost entirely on a single sharp action in which the luck was on his side; but despite the failure in love, the vacillations, the unkind sayings about Scotsmen, despite even the scarlet hair and retreating chin, the author is here happily able to approve on the whole the judgment of WOLFE's contemporaries, thrilled though they were by the romantic circumstances of the Quebec fighting and of the death of the leader. The fact is that WOLFE is the genuine copy-book example of professional success founded on professional enthusiasm. He was amazingly promoted and finally selected by the

discerning PITT for the command that gave him his chance, simply because in an age of slackness there was something great in him that refused to follow the prevailing mode but drove him to work at his soldiering as at the one thing that mattered. His reputation endures because it has been fated that no small element of Empire-building should spring from his professional energy.

Among the less pleasing by-products of eighteenth-century society—that queer mixture of artificiality and coarseness, of elegance and brutality—was a peculiarly unblushing and hardened stamp of adventurer of which GAY's immortal *Mac-heath* may be taken as the completeliterary archetype. Of this sort of impudent scamp in real life, Captain DUDLEY BRADSTREET, whose *Life and Uncommon Adventures* (JOHN HAMILTON) is now reprinted, with an introduction by Mr. E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN, from the original edition published in 1755, seems to have been a singularly unedifying specimen. Born in Ireland, where his father appears to have been a person of some substance, he began to live by his wits at an early age, and his exploits, chiefly of an amorous, not to say licentious, nature, are recounted with a shameless zest rather enhanced than otherwise by reason of the discreditable figure which the narrator himself usually confesses to cutting. Indeed, of the various rôles in which he figures in the course of his amazing career, that of informer and spy during the '45 Rebellion is by no means the most repellent. In that capacity he came into contact with some of the leading personages on both sides, including "Butcher" CUMBERLAND and Prince CHARLES EDWARD himself, and he was also present at the executions of Lords KILMARNOCK and BALMERINO, of which he gives a vivid account. Among Captain DUDLEY BRADSTREET's few commendable qualities was undeniably that of possessing a lively and fluent pen, and the result is a convincing picture of a certain sordidly picturesque aspect of the strange times in which he lived.

A novel about a widower who marries his child's governess might be expected to have a Victorian flavour, but Mrs. KATHLEEN NORRIS is so resourceful a writer that, setting her new story, *Storm House* (MURRAY), in California, and infusing just a dash of divorce into it, she has kept it perfectly modern. *Jane*, the governess heroine, though Mrs. NORRIS rehearses her strong points rather tiresomely often,

is an attractive little person, and the most original thing in the book is her attitude to her fickle husband when he comes back from philandering and roaming and finds their baby son, born in his absence, nearly a year old; "What made me sorry was that you should miss so much fun." Jerry, the husband, who is a famous author and a rather neurotic person, tries the reader's patience a little, but apart from that it is a taking story and, if not very much like life as most of us live it, made plausible by its local colour. The sunshine and *Jane's* clothes—her blue-jacket's blouses and her pleated white skirts—made a great impression on my mind; but what I liked best were the menus of strange and exciting meals which Mrs. NORRIS has so generously given us.



Village Butcher. "TAKE THIS TO THE 'ALL; AND WOTEVER YOU LET THEIR ALSATIAN DO, DON'T LET 'IM EAT THIS."

Mr. WARWICK DEEPING, in *Roper's Row* (CASSELL), tells the story of an uphill fight. *Christopher Hazzard*, you will discover from a caption, "came from the common people, and he was lame, and he was poor, and he was persecuted." In fact the odds were so heavily against him that those of us who do not know our Mr. DEEPING might suspect that he was going to become a losing *Hazzard*. But after years of struggle, in which he was ragged by his fellow-students, despised and rejected by those in control of the hospital, and compelled to earn money how and when he could, happiness and success came to him. Mr. DEEPING's hold upon his public will doubtless be strengthened by this tale of a gallant fight against adversity.

The scene of *The Peace-Fire* (MELROSE) is laid in a small Somersetshire village which prided itself on resisting the influences of and on remaining aloof from the outside world. Many Menwoldians pass across G. M. HORT's stage, but each one of them possesses individuality and is wonderfully alive. Among those difficult to forget will be *Eunice Lovert*, who after her marriage to *Igdaliah Garb* discovered how cruel a self-righteous man can be, and her father, *Roger Lovert*, who was the victim of a feverish desire to discover prehistoric relics on the hills. But here is a whole gallery of peasant-portraits drawn by an artist thoroughly in sympathy with village life.

"My father was the village blacksmith, but his forge was certainly not under a 'spreading chestnut tree,' and there are several other points about Tennyson's classic poem that equally fail to apply."

Provincial Paper.

Lord LONGFELLOW must have overlooked them when writing this sequel to his *Morte d'Arthur*.

CHARIVARIA.

FORCES engaged in recent army manoeuvres represented the warring states of Kent and Thanet, and regret was expressed that Lord ROTHERMERE did not take the field in person.

Miss HELEN WILLS has named Miss SARAH PALFREY, the sixteen-year-old Massachusetts lawn-tennis player, as her successor, but there is a strong feeling that the right to the title of Champion should continue to be decided by competition.

Attention is drawn to the dwindling numbers of Corsican bandits, and it is remarked that not the slightest effort is being made to preserve them from total extinction.

With reference to the National Government's order forbidding the importation of greyhounds into China, regret is expressed that the repatriation of Pekes, as a retaliative measure, is considered impracticable.

The surgeon of an Atlantic liner discredits the theory that champagne is a cure for sea-sickness. Still, resourceful travellers should have no difficulty in finding other uses for champagne.

During the great drive of Welsh mountain sheep, over a hundred thousand passed through the dipping tanks, and the spectators are said to have included many sufferers from sleeplessness.

"Did QUEEN ELIZABETH wear night-dresses?" is a question discussed in a contemporary. In our opinion significance attaches to the lack of authenticated Tudor pyjamas.

It is claimed that the injection of a mixture of scopolamine and morphine, which renders a person unable to avoid speaking the truth, has been successfully used in America for the detection of crime. Our suggestion is that its real efficacy should be tested by a series of experiments on anglers.

Twenty guineas a bulb is the price of a new kind of daffodil, but our pre-

diction is that many poetic hearts will prefer to dance with cheaper varieties.

Reports from Chelsea indicate that the prolonged drought has not seriously affected the water-colour-painting industry.

In announcing the harvest thanksgiving service a Somerset rector declared that he had a rooted objection to turning a church into a temporary green-grocery shop by means of cabbages, marrows and potatoes. Rooted objections of course are not classified as greengrocery.

Decaying vegetation in the mains was found to be the cause of the fishy, briny

rejoicings among the youth of the County Palatine.

An Ealing man killed an adder in his garden with a hoe. Most gardeners on seeing an adder would find that a deck-chair would be the nearest weapon with which to despatch the reptile.

Playwriting, according to a dramatist, is not a gift, but a test of character, a question of being able to "stick it." It has this in common with playgoing.

A statue recently stolen in London has been returned to the owner. It is thought that it got on the thief's nerves.

A naturalist expresses her conviction that field-mice have short memories. We can only suggest that they should tie knots in their tails.

A news item states that nobody has died in Acton for seven days. The Acton doctors were presumably all engaged in 'Ealing.

After the marriage of a popular actress she was mobbed by a crowd of enthusiastic admirers. In our opinion the latter were unreasonable in their demands that she should autograph pieces of confetti.

Scotswomen are observed to be adopting the beret, and a certain type of modern Scotsman is becoming known as a beret-laird.

An income-tax office in Warwickshire had to be closed whilst a wasps'-nest was removed from under the floor. And yet people go about swatting them!

A card-player complains that we get too many of our bridge ideas from America. He doesn't believe in hands across the sea.

"Food," writes an authority on dietetics, "is required for several purposes." Authorities on dietetics require it for the purpose of newspaper articles.

A railway company advertises an excursion which gives a view of a beautiful gorge. But the average railway menu cannot be said to make very inspiring reading.



Batsman. "AND WHAT'S MORE, JACK 'OBBS ONCE PATTED ME ON THE HEAD."

Bowler. "OH, DID HE? WELL, IF HE SAW YOU PLAY CRICKET NOW, HE'D CLUMP YOU OVER THE EAR."

taste of Southend's drinking water the other day. A distinctly briny flavour has sometimes been detected in the local sea-water.

It is suggested that coroners' remarks should in future be subjected to some sort of censorship on the ground that they tend to inflame the feelings of pedestrians and motorists against each other.

A writer asks what is the origin of the vibrato in singing. One theory is that it was first used by a nervous vocalist who had heard that certain sections of the audience were armed with ripe tomatoes.

The recent fire which entirely destroyed a large slipper factory in Lancashire has, we understand, caused great

TROUBLE AT THE ZOO.

THE authorities of the Zoo have long suspected the existence of a secret democratic organisation among the inmates of the Gardens, but the extent of the movement was not realised until last Sunday night, when, at a late hour, the Ginger Cat brought a document to the Superintendent's house. According to the cat, whose vigilance, we understand, has been suitably rewarded, his attention was arrested at about 11.30 p.m. by the passage of a mysterious white object across the water of the Regent's Canal. Taking cover behind a corner of the aviary he was astonished to observe a rat emerge from the canal with an envelope between his teeth. To intercept the missive was the work of a moment; the carrier, unfortunately, made good his escape. The document is clearly a report of a recent and representative meeting of animals, but affords no clue to the time or place of the gathering. Its contents are reproduced below. The matter has been placed in the hands of Scotland Yard.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS.

The following two resolutions were passed without discussion:—

(1) That since many of the human exhibits which parade themselves daily for the amusement of honourable members bear a remote but curiously disgusting resemblance to the Higher Simians, the question of withdrawing such exhibits from public view be referred to a Gardens Sub-Committee.

(2) That notices be posted enjoining on all animals the use of kindness and common-sense in their treatment of the human exhibits, especially as regards food. Meal-worms and ants' eggs, for example, were rarely accepted with pleasure, and the larger carnivora should not offer beef to a Hindu. That a cuspidor be placed conspicuously by the Llama's enclosure in order that certain exhibits from overseas may feel more at home in their new surroundings and acclimatise the sooner.

The She-Wolf then moved that the stories of Little Red Riding Hood (Part I.) and the Lamb at the Brook, which, in deference to the feelings of the Barbary Sheep, had been struck out from the programme of the Children's Hour, be restored to the repertoire. Her own darlings would listen to nothing else and had slept badly ever since the alteration had come into force. Raising her voice, the speaker declared it a howling shame that the rising generation should be debarred from quenching their thirst at these wells of English

undefiled. Two idiotic rhyming legends, one of a little nincompoop called Bo-Peep, the other of a discoloured and patently untruthful Merino, had been substituted for them, at which her gorge rose. That the full-blooded Muse of a virile imperial race should descend to such anæmic vapourings was surely a grave symptom of the times. For her own part, raw gristly chops—

At this point a young female Coypu was carried out in a faint.

The motion was lost on the Garden Broadcaster (Crested Screamer) explaining that it was impossible to please everybody; that vegetarians were also animals; finally, that the matter was virtually *res judicata*, a proposal of the Tiger to include in the programme the tragic narrative of a young lady whom he had once taken for a ride and never quite forgotten having been vetoed by a majority vote some months previously.

The Fire-bellied Toad, supported by several members whose names, at their particular desire, were suppressed, then moved an important resolution for the reform of offensive nomenclature.

Labouring under uncontrollable emotion, the speaker insisted that the precise colour of his underneath was of no possible concern to anyone but himself. It was common knowledge that different portions of different people were differently pigmented. He might instance the Leopard, whose distinctive marks, he believed, suggested to mothers and preparatory-school headmasters an annular disorder of the scalp, occurring not infrequently in the best-regulated human litters. But even post-War vulgarity had stopped short at any overt recognition of this distressing coincidence. Why? Because only the small and defenceless were singled out for insult. He appealed to the larger pachyderms of neutral and uniform tint to use their weight and stamp this relic of a coarser age out of existence.

The Bird of Paradise and the Emperor Penguin were opposed to any change.

The Eagle Owl was understood to say he did not care two hoots one way or the other.

In the course of the debate, the Skink (Reptile House) intervened with a passionate protest against the similarity of his own name to that of an inmate of another enclosure, against whose personal character he had not a word to say; but honourable members would realise the agony of his wife when, only the day before, two uninstructed small boys had applied their noses to her window-sash, inhaled several long breaths and passed on with disappointment written large on their faces.

Here, to the obvious embarrassment of the speaker, the Skunk rose from a

seat at the back of the hall and in tones of icy courtesy requested him to repeat his speech from the beginning, as he (the Skunk) doubted whether he had heard him correctly.

The effect of this remark on the meeting was instantaneous and conclusive. On the unanimous excuse of pressing business at home honourable members stampeded for the nearest door or window, the Agile Gibbon in a single bound escaping by the ventilator. A hurried remark let fall by the Secretary Bird as he left the room was interpreted as implying that the debate would not be resumed until the prospects of a better atmosphere were brighter.

RUSSIAN ALARM-CLOCKS.

[The Soviet Precision Machinery Trust has bought the entire plant of two American factories for watches and alarm-clocks with the view of reconstructing them in Moscow for mass-production on American lines.]

THERE are some who denounce and defame you,

O Russia (the Holy no more),
And some who admire and acclaim you,
And others who vote you a bore:
Some view with dismay your insistence
On spreading the Communist yoke;
To some, from a suitable distance,
You're merely an organised joke.

With registers, schedules and dockets
The Bolshies have ridden you hard,
There's little in anyone's pockets
Except his identity-card;
The Soviet rigidly notches
The movements of woman and man,
And, though it has taken their watches,
Dragoons them according to plan.

The Ogpu has listed the rabbits
On similar lines to the men,
And teaches methodical habits
To every oviparous hen;
For telling the time with precision
You've only to harness the cocks—
What then is this lavish provision
For mass-manufacture of clocks?

What use will they be to a nation
Where lateness has ceased to be known,

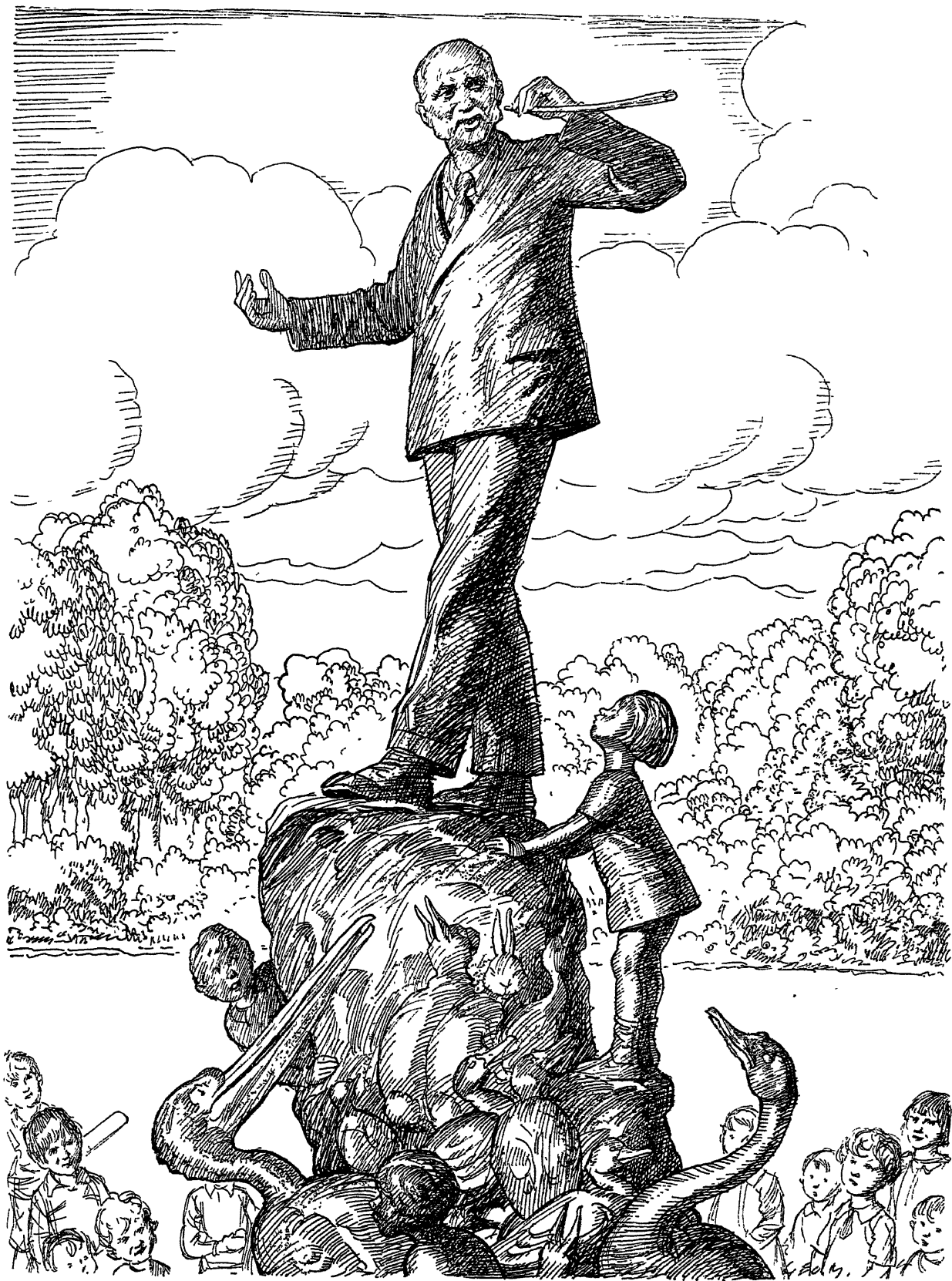
Perfected in synchronisation
And systematised to the bone?
Or shall you just make and impound them

Till innocent Europe disarms,
Then send them abroad, when you've wound them,
For filling the world with alarms?

English as She is Taught.

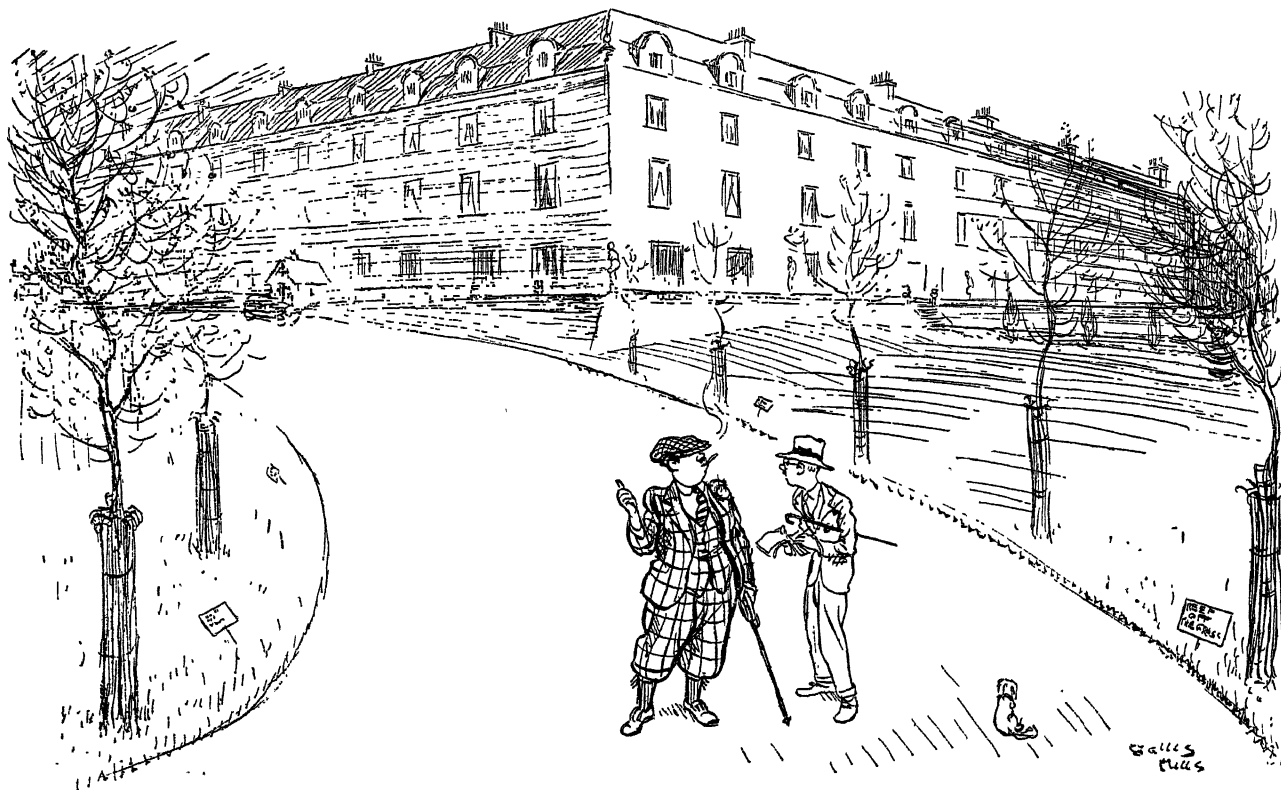
—"SYSTEM OF CORRECT ENGLISH."

Will tell you how to pronounce: Puccini, Wagner, Haydn, Galli-Curci, Jascha Heifetz, Ysaye, Dvorak, Gounod, Humperdinck, Padrevski."—*Advt. in American Paper.*



PETER PANSBURY.

DESIGN FOR A POSSIBLE STATUE OF THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, IN
COMMEMORATION OF HIS SERVICES TO THE CHILDREN OF LONDON AS THE FAIRY
GODFATHER OF THE PARKS.



Interviewer. "I UNDERSTAND THAT THE ORIGINAL HOUSE IS INCORPORATED IN THE PRESENT ONE?"
 Magnate. "YES, NOW THE PORCH."

GRASPING THE NOTION.

AFTER the Schneider Trophy contest I arranged with the B.B.C. to broadcast a little lecture during the Children's Hour about modern speed. Owing to an unexpected hitch the arrangements broke down, and I am obliged to publish my little lecture here.

* * * * *

What does it feel like, children, to travel through the atmosphere at three-hundred-and-thirty miles an hour? Or at three-hundred-and-sixty? Or at three-hundred-and-eighty-five? Do any of my little listeners fully understand what it means to go leaping all over the place at a velocity like that? I doubt it.

A few instances will, I hope, make the matter more clear.

Imagine, for a moment, a centipede, every one of whose hundred feet *proportionately increased* its rate of progress along the ground. Think of a horse with *four-thousand-eight-hundred legs*. Or of another horse with *five-thousand-two-hundred legs*. Make yourself familiar with the idea of a motor-bus which can accomplish the distance between Marble Arch and Bond Street in *less time than it takes you to pay your fare*. These examples give a faint notion of the rapidity of modern seaplane flight.

Again, there is the slug in your garden. It moves across the dahlia-bed at the rate of a yard an hour. Multiply this by seventeen-hundred-and-sixty. Multiply that again by three hundred or more. You are then in a position to comprehend in some measure the way in which the Schneider Trophy was won.

The fastest animal on land is Farquharson's zebra. But if it ran as fast as the machines used in the Schneider race its stripes would all become hopelessly blurred, and *nobody would know it was Farquharson's zebra*, or even a zebra at all. It would be taken for a mule.

The quickest of all the fishes in the sea is Robinson's mackerel. If Robinson's mackerel entered for the Schneider Trophy and the race were held under water, *the water would boil*.

The swiftest bird of the air is the American Brandy bustard. If it flew at three hundred miles an hour this poor bird would be turned inside out.

Moving at this velocity it is impossible for the aviator to look over the side of the boat or to observe the scenery, or to write up his diary, or even to study a map of the course. The noise of the engine is like the thudding of a thousand Gargantuan hammers—your nurse will tell you who *Gargantua* was—and the heat is so intense that the bread of a flying-officer's sandwich is often *turned into toast*.

Of what is he thinking then, the flying-officer, as he skims with such unwonted alacrity above the waves? Of the history of flight? Of the early legend of Icarus? Of the experiments of LEONARDO DA VINCI? Of the long and earnest efforts of WILBUR WRIGHT and his brother? Most probably. It is not so long ago that the ambition of the flying-man was merely to equal the speed of the motor-car, which in its turn was struggling to rival the speed of a railway express. Still earlier, perhaps, men were beating mules in order to make them go as fast as horses. The Cingalese still travel in ox-wagons. Our great-great-grandfathers went about in sedan-chairs. Traffic in Regent Street goes at about one mile an hour. The lamas of Tibet seldom travel at all.

Meanwhile, on the Solent, man has multiplied the speed of the swiftest race-horse by nine.

Does the aviator think of these things? It is possible, as I said before, but it is not easy to find out.

"How do you feel when you lap at three-hundred-and-thirty-two miles an hour?" I asked someone whom I took to be Flying-Officer ATCHERLEY after the race.

"Like a rather leisurely bullet," he replied.

"What is the water like when you land on it?" I said to one of the Italians.

"Wet" ("Umida"), he answered quietly.

"And what is your impression of the new Royce engine which England flew in the race?"

"*E pur si muove!*" ("It does move!") he said.

I turned to Flying-Officer WAGHORN. (I think it was he.)

"Can you describe for me succinctly," I asked him, "your sensations as you beat the speed record of the world?"

He hesitated for a moment before replying.

"The race began at 2.30 on a Saturday afternoon," he said. "I flew so fast that at many moments it still seemed like Friday night."

I can readily believe him.

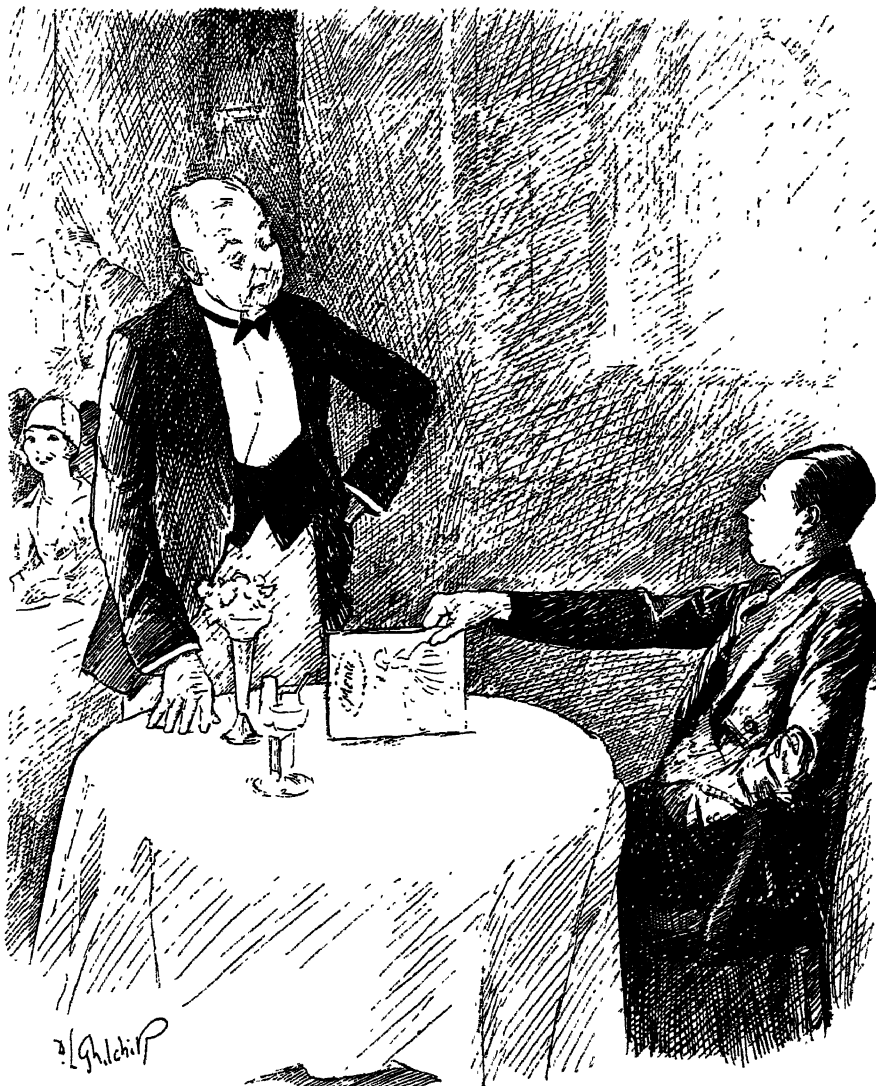
Even the impressions of a mere spectator were bewildering in the extreme. When in the midst of multiplying the speed of a very swift racehorse by nine and bringing it out, many of us, with different answers, we would suddenly have our voices drowned by the roar of the engines and be totally unable to talk again till they went by. In many cases so terrific was the velocity of the approaching plane that it *actually passed us several seconds ahead of its noise*. At other times it was impossible to strike a match in order to light a cigarette without its being blown out by the draught.

Often a woman spectator would commence a scream as one of the bird-monsters passed above her head and be still uttering the same scream as it lapped again.

A poor little cormorant sucked into the wake of Flight-Commander D'ARCY GREIG's machine was unable to escape and forced to complete the whole course with him. Naturally it was very tired at the end.

Even those who only listened to the broadcast of the race in West-End clubs were so much affected by the noise of the giant engines as they swept past the microphone that they instinctively ducked, and in some cases nervous old gentlemen insisted on wearing their hats. Wasn't that funny?

Now let us think of geography. What does this wonderful race mean to us in terms of geography? It means that if a rich man left his hat by mistake in Newcastle and hired a seaplane to London, he could go back and fetch his hat on the same morning and still be in time for lunch. It means that an English Foreign Secretary could go and arrange a Disarmament Conference in Geneva and be home in Downing Street again before the terms were repudiated. It means that a man could fly round the world in three or four days, if he could suck up oil and petrol as he went along.



Tardy Waiter. "DID YOU WISH FOR SOUP, SIR?"

Hungry Person. "GOOD HEAVENS! DID I HAVE TO WISH FOR IT?"

It means that he could fly through the earth, if there was a hole in it and it wasn't so hot, *between breakfast-time and tea*, which would be very useful if we wanted to look at the Australian Test Matches or anything like that.

Has the limit of speed been reached, children? Or will a time come when people flying at three-hundred-and-sixty miles an hour will seem to be just dawdling? I think it will. I think we may safely say that in a few years' time seaplanes will fly so quickly round a circular course that they will catch up their own noise and pass it again; so quickly that we shall not be able to see them at all except when they start and stop. I see no reason why in twenty years these great machines should not register eight hundred or even nine hundred miles an hour, unless a bit of hair gets into the speedometer.

How very lazily the birds will seem

to fly then! And how very slow the fastest tortoise will appear!!

Good-night, dears.

EVER.

"Frank Woolley, who was 81 on Saturday, carried his score to 111 against the South Africans at Folkestone. . . ."—*Evening Paper*. Many a younger man would have dropped it sooner.

"Mrs. Harold Nicolson is the 'Orlando' of Miss Rebecca West's remarkable book of that name."—*Weekly Paper*. But if she sees this, Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF will probably become an *Orlanda Furiosa*.

"A City Gentleman, travelling to Town daily, is desirous of acquiring a modernized House . . . nicely matured grounds, with tennis court, of not less than Five Acres."

Advt. in *Daily Paper*.

Mr. Punch feels certain that he could judge the base-line better on a court like that.

A WORD ABOUT THE UVULA.

THIS morning—so strange are the workings of the human mind—my thoughts have turned to the uvula.

All of us, I think, must at one time or another, when seeking a lost tooth or a wandering fish-bone, have speculated on the meaning and purpose of that tender little appendage at the back of the mouth which hangs like an animated stalactite from the cavernous arch of the throat. I remember in my school-days many a bed-time discussion, the subject of which was: "What is the uvula for?" The decades have slipped by, but I have no more idea now than I had then what the uvula is for; and last night I realised with a sense of guilt that of late years I have ceased to care. All this time the little fellow has been wagging away at the back there and I have never given him a thought. It is the way of mankind. How many of us in our maturity give a thought to our nannies? We take too much for granted. And though a healthy man may be excused if he takes for granted the unseen organs of his digestive system, it does seem ungrateful to go through life indifferent to the services of a member so evident as the uvula.

I always thought (in the days when I thought about this affair) that there was something pathetic about the uvula. It seems so eager, so anxious to please, so, somehow, *frustrated*; it is like the busy tail of a little dog asking to be taken for a walk, and no one will take it. It is so *human*. There—I open my mouth and give it a friendly glance, and at once it is all agog. I wonder, when I shut the mouth, does it go on wagging away in the dark? This perhaps I shall never know. . . .

It is all coming back to me. I knew a girl called Uvula once. Or was it a dream? Little Uvula of the Golden Locks. She was betrothed to Tonsil, the Viking's son, and they sailed away in a great barge down the Alimentary Canal. O Heavens! I rave. . . .

Then there was Uvula Bloom, the ballet-dancer. She had a twin-sister called Algebra, who married a fellow named Calculus. Ah, those were days, those were days!

And how, let me think, runs the old ballad:—

"Uvula, Uvula, where are you now?
The bee's on the wing and the bird's on the bough,
I wait by the fountain, but absent art thou—
My Uvula."

Enough.

Later.—Uvula darling, I have determined not to take you for granted. I will discover your place and purpose in the scheme of things.

But here in the country, "away from my works of reference," as they say in letters to *The Times*, it is very difficult. I have inquired of every adult I have met since the question began to worry me. Not one of them knows what Uvula is for.



Son of the House (returning to school after the holidays). "NOW, REMEMBER, I DON'T WANT ANYONE MESSING ABOUT IN HERE WHILE I'M AWAY. I WANT THE ROOM LEFT EXACTLY AS IT IS UNTIL I GET BACK FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLS."

My neighbour, Alexander Wetspring, has a copy of that mighty work, the Oxford Dictionary, and we have looked Uvula up.

The Oxford Dictionary is very little help. "ANAT. *The conical fleshy prolongation hanging from the middle of the pendent margin of the soft palate in man and some other primates.*"

That, in my opinion, is no way to speak of my uvula.

The word, as I suspected, is an affectionate diminutive (Lat. "uva," a grape), and is common to nearly all languages. It is used in surgical works of the greatest antiquity—*Lanfranc's Chirurg.* (c. 1400), "Sumtyme vuula wexith too long." In 1525 JEROME of Brunswick writes, "Tonge, rowie and vuula, ye whiche is a lyttel deme hangynge in ye throte lyke the spynne."

Having very few ideas about the

nature of a "lyttel deme," or for that matter "ye spynne," this description conveys little to me. But a work of 1705 states that "the uvula is moved by three pairs of muscles"; and a modern book (1902) that "the uvula is connected with each tonsil by the furrowed band, to be seen when the uvula is pulled gently aside."

(I have just tried this, but saw absolutely nothing and was very nearly sick.)

Then there is an eighteenth-century quotation which suggests that horses have uvulae. An improbable tale; for if a horse, why not an elephant? And an elephant's uvula is obviously inconceivable.

And that is all. Not a word, you observe, about what the uvula *does*,

what it is *for*. This is highly suspicious. For when I look up *pancreas*, for example, I find a full description of the functions and procedure of the pancreas. Oh for a doctor or a medical dictionary! Out here on the lonely downs the thing preys on my mind.

To-day I met a hospital nurse gathering wild thyme and bog-rose in Melchett Bottom. I went to her and said to her simply, looking into her honest blue eyes: "Tell me, Nurse, what is the uvula for?"

"I have always wondered," she answered frankly. "I have sometimes thought it might be meant to keep the tonsils apart."

Insensate girl! Is the uvula a mere buffer then between the clashing tonsils? As well tell me that the purpose of my nose is to keep the eyes apart. Fool! We kissed and I went out of her life.

Later.—The little grape is making me mad. I am gnawed by a growing fear. There is no doctor for miles and none can tell me. Hush! *I believe the uvula is no darned use.* It is a mistake, an excrescence, an unfinished study. It is like the legs in a modern painting, it is like an unfinished road in a garden city. It will never be finished. Either that or it has some high purpose which our paltry science has not yet discovered.

But it will be discovered. My mind is clearer now and I seem to see the course of events. Ten years—five years—from now (it may be less) there is a new movement in medical thought.

The fashionable Dr. Foster discovers that the one sure cure for jaded nerves, flatulence, dizziness, obesity and headaches is to have the uvula out. Already we know that we are much better off without most of the organs with which Nature has foolishly provided us. Our teeth are so many poisonous growths; and a man who comes into the world with two tonsils nowadays is little better off than one who enters the sea with a couple of mill-stones round his neck. And now the uvula will go. "Out, out, brief uvula!" will be the cry in Harley Street, and uvulitis the rage of Mayfair. "My dear," the girls will say, "I've just been de-uvulated. It's too refreshing." "Uvulous" will be a popular epithet of reproach to describe a stupid or boring person. It is not an easy or inexpensive operation (not, that is, if Dr. Foster knows his business). No, no; no simple snipping—the thing has to be eliminated by a special electrical process after careful dieting for seven days—just long enough to provide a welcome rest during the Season. This fashionable phase will endure for a few years. And then, as usual, the luxury of the rich will become the commonplace of the poor and the uvula will be recognised as a public danger. It will be anti-social to have a uvula. There will be a Society for the Elimination of the Uvula, and at last the uvula will be snipped off at birth as a matter of course. I see it all. What is more, I present the notion gratis to Dr. Foster, who will, I hope, remember me in his will—and earlier.

The curlews wheel above the lonely shore. "Uvula! Uvula!" they seem to cry. Wild thoughts jostle in my brain. The human uvula is the best bait for sea-trout. . . . To-day at Swanage a boy was born with *two* uvulae. . . . The uvula of the whale contains five tons of sperm-oil. . . . Uvula Bloom, do you remember me? . . . Help, help! A. P. H.

LITTLE STRANGER.

[On reading a sarcastic allusion in a contemporary to the fact that the captain of an American cruiser has discovered that part of the bed of the Pacific Ocean is rising rapidly, and may eventually emerge as a new island or even a small continent.]

FAIR child of an alien ocean,
Still nebulous portion of earth,
To whom with maternal devotion
Dame Nature ere long may give birth,
To you, undeterred by the scoffer,
I take off the humblest of hats,
While I hasten with unction to offer
My hearty congrats.

For often our Bolshies have spoken
Of a spot without blemish or stain,



Cook (listening-in). "'E'S SAID IT AGAIN!"

Maid. "WHAT?"

Cook. "THAT WE MIGHT BE LISTENING."

Maid. "NEVER MIND, IT DIDN'T SHUT 'ER UP LAST TIME."

Where the power of the few will be broken

And the many in triumph will reign—
Sweet dreams of a better Atlantis
Than PLATO or VERULAM knew,
To be run by more practical "Antis":
Well, what about you?

If you're willing you're welcome to cull 'em

Whenever at anchor you ride,
From our Communist caves of Adullam,
From the banks of the Thames or the Clyde.

Please show us your worth and your mettle

(Provided, their cause to advance,
On your terrain they're ready to settle)
And give 'em a chance. A. K.

We learn that it is now proposed to rename the Solent "The Schneider Zee."

"156 CHESTERTON (G. K.) Heretics, First Edition, cr. 8vo, cloth, g.t. (a little dull), 1905. 10/6."—*Bookseller's Catalogue.*

Hush!

THE GOURMETS.

THE conversation had, as usual, come round to food and restaurants; but new plays and new books having had their turn, you must not be in too much of a hurry to accuse us of sheer blatant materialism. The discussion took its usual course, beginning with laments as to the decline of this and that renowned restaurant, and passing to the merits of the smaller recent enterprises of ex-head-waiters, whether in Soho or the West-End. With familiarity we named these proprietors. Antoine here, Philippe there, Emilio somewhere else; all these astute, smiling, bowing foreigners who conquer London by way of the oesophagus—who, in short, feed the brute—our references to them carrying a suggestion of intimacy nearer and dearer than that rendered to our own kith and kin.

Each of course had his speciality, his masterpiece. Antoine's *boeuf à la mode* was alleged to be mated to an even better sauce than you get at that place in Paris. Fifteen ingredients, if you please, with a very good port—not cooking—as one of them. Philippe, it seems, gets his hams no one knows where—he won't divulge—but they are marvellous. All in the curing, of course; sugar and saltpetre rubbed in, don't you know, and the special secret wood to make the right smoke.

"Now that's what beats me," said Morrison angrily, "why a foreigner should be able to get a better ham than I can. Heaven knows I've tried hard enough, and the beggar won't tell, won't he? Monstrous!"

Emilio's particular triumph seems to be his way of stuffing veal; and so we went on, naming our table preferences and elaborating our delight in them like so many Brillat-Savarins.

Up to this time the General had not spoken, but now he broke in, on the top of a peculiarly succulent eulogy of *canard à la presse* from our hostess.

"Have a little pity!" he cried. "Here you all are, exploiting your favourite greedinesses, without giving a thought to those whose appetite has gone for ever. How you can go on enjoying your food like this I can't understand. Don't you ever get tired of eating? Don't you ever regret the money you pay out to these artful aliens? Although now I want nothing at all—a piece of toast and some fruit—I've tasted the choicest dishes of every country in the world, and what has been surprising me during all this greedy gourmandising chatter is the total absence of any reference to the best food, the best flavours of all: the food we have all liked—at any rate the men here—better than

anything we have ever eaten, and should not resent if we found nothing else laid out for us on the table. You may crack up your *boeuf à la mode*, your pressed duck with orange salad, your *bécasse flambée*, your *perdreaux aux choux*, your *coq en pâte*, your *poularde truffée*, in fact any of your old messes of the *maison*, but I'll bet that, if he's honest, there's not a man in this room who won't have to admit that none of these things has given his palate such pleasure, caused it such excitement, as the simple, unassuming but enchanting article of diet I am going to name."

He paused and looked round at us one by one.

"Be honest now," he said.

"Of course," we replied.

"Very well, then: potted meat."

A sigh of acquiescence broke from the whole company.

"Of course," we said again. "Why, yes—potted meat. Nothing like it."

We became ruminative. As for myself, with the inward eye I visualised again across the years a small cylinder of tin covered with a shiny buff paper, and on the paper the magic words "Turkey and Tongue."

"Then I was right?" the General asked.

"Absolutely," someone said. "My own choice was Bloater Paste."

"But Anchovy lasted longer," said another. "Being stronger, you spread it thinner."

"What about Chicken and Ham?" asked the General.

"And then," said our hostess, "there was the potted beef made at home, in an oval white china pot, with a rich yellow paste on the top. We were always told not to eat this paste."

"But you did?" the General inquired.

"Of course," said our hostess. "At least I did. You seem to think, General, that passion for potted meat belongs exclusively to your own sex, but, so far as I am concerned, you're wrong. In fact I can remember how, without being in the least a Suffragette, I always felt slighted by the fact that that divine stuff in tooth-paste pots was called 'Gentleman's Relish.' Why for gentlemen only? It's decided me to take the hint you dropped and give a surprise dinner-party where there's nothing but potted things."

"Perfectly safe," said the General. "Not a soul would be disappointed."

"I'll do it," said our hostess; "but no one shall know about it beforehand. And the *pièce de résistance* shall be a very special mixture which my cook and I will devise for the occasion, and which by way of a mild revenge we'll call 'Lady's Relish.' Will you come?"

We accepted *nem. con.* E. V. L.

WORDS IN SEASON.

"IF I may say so," said Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD recently, "things are O.K."

Why, certainly; it is probably all to the good that he should say so.

Differences in language are still a peril to the world's peace. Because words spoken in English do not mean what they say when translated into French, for example, situations both ridiculous and grotesque arise. There are few things about which people are more stubborn than about languages. The Englishman abroad speaks English and insists upon being understood. The Scotsman comes to England and nothing will convince him that in talking Scotch he is not talking English. Our American visitors talk American everywhere in this island, although their meaning is not always clear even in Stratford-on-Avon.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is assured of our support if he is prepared to make a bold and statesmanlike effort to overcome this obstacle of language in the conversations which we hope he may soon be having with Mr. Hoover.

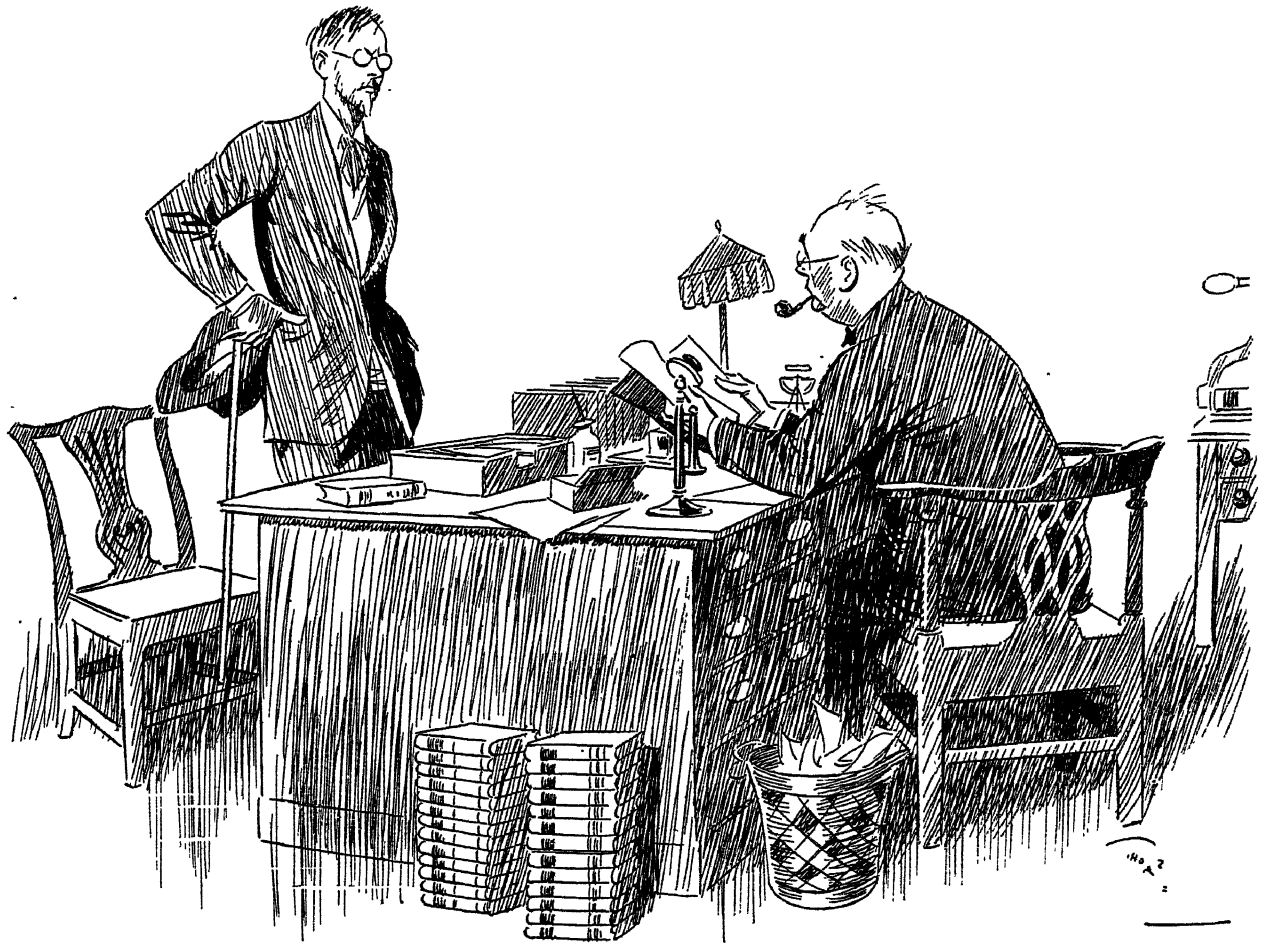
One could hardly do better in one's attack on the problem of Transatlantic terms than to begin with "O.K.," one of the simplest of them all. With practice it will trip off Mr. MACDONALD's tongue as readily as "Och, aye," or any other of the utterances to which he is accustomed. From "O.K." he might proceed to "Gee!" He may need it in Washington. Further progress with his studies will lead him to consider the timely opportunity he may have for the use of "tickled to death," "I gotta hunch," and "I'll tell the world." The last is very important. A shade more difficult, because of their subtler implications, are "nix," "spilling the beans" and "getting my goat." Then there is the word "bunk."

It will be a pretty compliment if Mr. Hoover, for his part, is cultivating expressions not strictly American. That will be a memorable day when a President of the United States is heard to exclaim, "Hoots, mon!" or begs his guest, "Dinna fash yoursel," interposing occasionally, "Mon, I'm tellin' ye."

However that may be, if Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD pursues diligently his investigations of the American language, the difficulties created in Washington by his Scottish accent should not be altogether insuperable, and indeed the tedious services of an interpreter may after all only occasionally be required.

"COAT OF ARMS FOR THE WATER BOARD."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

We suggest a leak eruptent.



Old-Fashioned Publisher. "I FEEL THAT YOUR WORK WILL BE READ LONG AFTER SHAW, BARRIE, GALSWORTHY AND WELLS ARE FORGOTTEN."

Budding Genius. "REALLY, SIR, I——"

O.-F. P. "BUT NOT, I'M AFRAID, BEFORE."

THE LARK.

O LARK, I often wonder why
You differ when you take the sky
From others whom one might describe
As bipeds of the feathered tribe,
Or warblers, or, in other words,
Why should I fear to call them birds?
You when you start pursue your flight
As through a chimney, bolt upright,
And as you make your weary climb
You keep on singing all the time.
They have a taste for starting at
A moderate angle to the flat,
Nor do they, while they're on the wing,
Consider it a time to sing.
It's your affair, of course, but I
Repeat, I often wonder why.

The starting aviator slopes
Up gently, if he knows the ropes;
The athlete when he runs a race
Emits no music from his face;
In these respects they favour, not
You, but the other little lot,
Which tells us, as a blinding fact,
That that's the proper way to act.

And yet we have the truth that you
Can't get along as others do.

The poet (bless him) seems to think
It comes from feeling in the pink;
One often hears him sing or say,
"How blithe the lark, how very gay";
Or cry alternatively, "Hark,
How gay, how very blithe the lark";
But, as your flight—one cannot burke
The fact—is really darned hard work,
This, though one wouldn't call it
tosh,
Coming from poets, doesn't wash.

It has been urged that when you find
You're in for an infernal grind
You take to music just to buck
You up and stir your flagging pluck
As, when their martial spirit droops,
A band invigorates our troops.
Or that you're merely giving vent
To muttering self-encouragement
Like "Keep it up—We're going strong—
Go it," or, "Now we shan't be long,"
Much as the weary boatmen cheer
Their labours in remote Kashmir.

Then I have heard the cynic scoff
And say you're only showing off;
Your twittering rise, your upward chant,
Is just to do what others can't,
Though, if it did them any good,
For all you know, perhaps they could.
Our kindlier souls reply to this
With the more sweet hypothesis
That on the whole you find it best
Not to start singing near your nest,
Which consequently leaves no choice,
If you're inclined to hear your voice
(Or even to oblige your hen)
But to get up and, there and then,
Sing, soaring, till you nearly bust,
Not as you would, but as you must.

O skylark, we shall never tell
Why you do this, but all is well.
Your interesting scheme of flight
Is your affair, so that's all right.
Your song to us upon the ground
Has a distinctly pleasing sound.

DUM-DUM.

"Cleopatra was a very famous needle-woman."

Answer in General Knowledge Examination.

THE UNENCUMBERED FEE SIMPLE.

VII.—GARDENING.

I BEGAN to tell you last week about our garden, but got swept off, *à propos* of our fine crop of dandelions, into a dissertation on dandelion wine and other local vintages. Well, we have been so bothered by home-made wine experts wanting to come into our message to pick it over for the cellar that we have had to take up gardening in self-defence.

We didn't know anything about gardens, but Mr. Lowpark of the village shop (who has never yet admitted an inability to fall in with any demand) sold us garden implements, weed-killer, fertilizer, vegetable seeds, vegetable saucepans (for later on), four bundles of pea-sticks, and some netting to put over fruit bushes. He also sold us tooth-paste by way of relaxation, and before we could draw breath informed us that "my boy Joe" was a fine gardener and would be over that evening to start work.

"My boy Joe" came and dug, and within the week all the dandelions had gone, leaving just the good rich Sussex soil—and unfortunately other dandelions, presumably young ones, who either had got scared at first sight of "my boy Joe" and had hidden till the trouble was over, or else simply hadn't heard about our decision to have a garden.

Since by that time our "gardener" was rebuilding a collapsed gatepost for us—Mr. Lowpark had assured me that "my boy Joe" was a fine bricklayer—we set about weeding the garden ourselves.

That was a month ago. We still don't know anything about gardens, but we do now know a lot about weeds. In fact we are contemplating a little treatise, which should fill an undoubted want. For weeds are one of the most important things about gardens, and yet every single book on gardening that we have looked at merely dismisses them with a few words such as, "Weeds should now be hoed up," or "Hand-weed between rows during the spring," or "Apply weed-killer to paths and drives," or some such guff.

These instructions are all absurd. Firstly, most weeds can't be hoed up, unless you propose to combine the hoeing with some more useful thing, such as excavating for the foundations of a

new house. Secondly, the best time for weeding is not the spring but from early January to late December, which allows (perhaps unwisely) for a short Christmas holiday. Thirdly, the worst of weed-killer—except as a means of getting rid of one's superfluous wives—is that most weeds thrive on it or, alternatively, elect to grow in and around young plants which don't. This, I think, puts the gardening books where they belong.

Now weeds are of three kinds—I quote of course from our impending treatise. There is the "groundsel and charlock" type of weed which is easy to pull up, but grows to an incredible height, bursts into brilliant flower and seeds itself over a couple of acres, all in about a day-and-a-half. Next, there is the "nettle" type, which, apart from immediately inducing an

have a weed; there is the root, which you can by infinite labour and patience excavate down to about two feet in depth, to the detriment of anything within a yard radius; and thirdly there is the remaining portion of root below two feet, which you invariably leave in the ground and which grows up again in a week—or, in the case of a dandelion, within four days.

Of all weeds the dandelion is perhaps the king. Not only does it flower profusely and violently seed itself over your property from next-door, but, even when you have excavated ninety-nine per cent of it, any overlooked fragment of root big enough to have two ends will be sending up new shoots before you've washed your hands. ADAM, after the Fall, was condemned to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow,

and, if one of the punishments was expulsion from the Garden into a region where dandelions were growing, I'll say he *did* earn it.

The dandelion is called *wurri-wurri* in Australia. This is probably the other end of the dandelion.

Another point about weeds that we shall make in our treatise is that the average gardener invariably treats them wrongly. To discourage a weed and prevent it from growing I recommend the following procedure:—

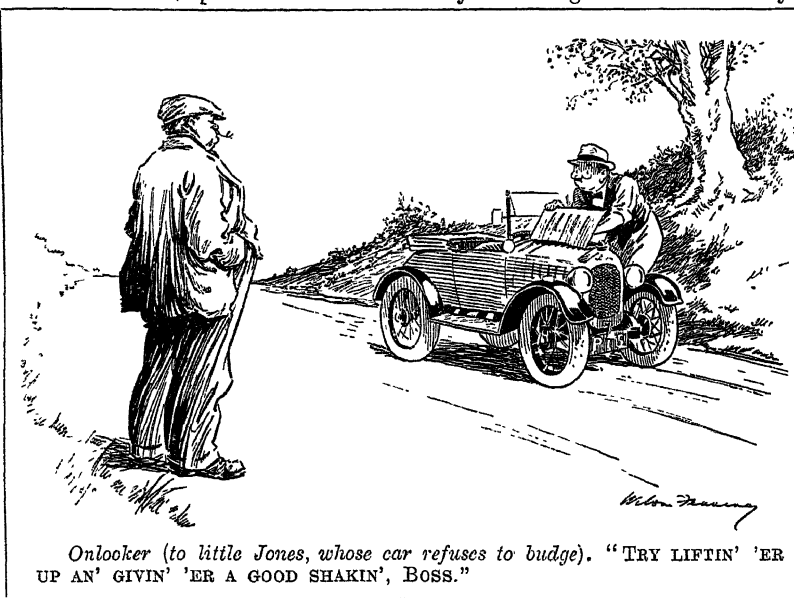
Sow the weed in March or April in weed-

boxes and water daily. When about an inch high prick out into rows a foot apart in specially prepared weed-beds of good leaf-mould or well-manured ground. Later set out in the flower-beds and borders and tend carefully. The weeds will at once die, or at worst will only linger for a month.

This is from my personal experience of gardening. On the other hand, to make flowers grow you should hoe them up daily, pull up any that are left, dig up the roots and cut into small pieces and sprinkle the chasm liberally with weed-killer. Your flower-garden will then be a delight to the eye.

Of course it may be that we are peculiar people to whom these things happen. . . . After all it is surely not everybody who can plant two rows of sweet peas complete with pea-sticks in April and by the end of June have only four sweet-pea plants above the ground, while every single pea-stick is in full leaf and flourishing.

A. A.



inferiority complex in you on account of its sting, is practically impossible to pull up because its roots run for furlongs underground. In pursuit of a nettle root you may quite easily pull up the whole surface of your garden and then find that the darn thing disappears under the cottage itself, and that the subsequent architect's report will state that it is unwise to weed further without extensive underpinning.

Thirdly, there is the "dandelion" type, in which class is included the thistle. The two should not be confused, and we gardeners have the following little way of telling them apart: Grasp a leaf firmly in the right hand and attempt to pull. If the leaf comes off it is a dandelion; if you let go first it is a thistle.

Weeds of this last—and I think worst—type are divided, like Gaul, into three parts. There is the green part, which sticks up above the ground and is useful as indicating the fact that you

A REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

So ends the season's cricket,
And all of us confess
The broader, higher wicket
Has proved a great success.
Three tall spades, further heightened
By two hats (mine and James'),
Undoubtedly have brightened
And speeded up our games.

Pitches have helped the bowlers,
Especially when too
Exuberant heavy rollers
Have pushed them all askew;
Thus scores have been but modest,
Despite the batsmen's skill,
And in one match, the oddest,
Both sides were out for *nil*.

Deck-chairs have handicapped us
And kite-strings been a bore;
Deep holes have sometimes trapped us
And pails have left us sore;
Sand is too soft and yielding
To sprint on as one should;
But none the less our fielding
Has been extremely good.

Spectators have been numerous
And thorough sportsmen all,
Regarding it as humorous
When smitten by the ball;

None has been cross or crusted—
That girl, to name but one,
Whose parasol we busted
Declared it splendid fun.

The colts have all shown promise,
While Marjorie and Belle,
Dick, Sandy, Bill and Thomas
Have played distinctly well;
Though Sandy's pride was humbled
Prodigiously on three
Occasions when he stumbled
And flopped into the sea.

And, putting it no higher,
We veterans can say
Each uncle's been a trier
And each has had his day.
For me the pure elixir
Of joy no years can dim
Is the memory of that sixer
For which we had to swim.

At Last the Perfect Cheese.

"GREATEST SOAP AND MARGARINE
FIRMS TO UNITE."

Headlines in Provincial Paper.

There was a young lady of Poperinghe
Who was married with only a copper
ring;
She was speedily scrapped;
And what else could have happed?
For a copper ring isn't a proper ring.

Things which Speak for Themselves.

"Ancestors.—To Americans and others, pair
marble busts, convertible, sale cheap."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"WOMAN'S CHANNEL BID.

Miss Ivy Hawke's attempt to swim from
both sides."—*Daily Paper.*

We hope her meeting was a cordial one.

"Ashdown hit eight hours in making 50 out
of 96 in 65 minutes."—*Manchester Paper.*

We gave this to our calculating machine
for its lunch.

"Speaking on behalf of the Kroonstad Muni-
cipality, the Town Clerk made clear the grave
position of his body."—*South African Paper.*
It sounds like an affront to the Corpor-
ation.

"Romney's 'Blue Boy' has been purchased
by an American collector in Long Island for
£55,000, says Reuter."—*Daily Paper.*

Perhaps the same collector would like
to buy GAINSBOROUGH'S *Lady Churchill*.

"Sir Oswald Mosley's appeal yesterday was
undoubtedly prompted by Sir Arthur Duckham
and Lord St. Davids. Both preside over com-
mittees which examine schemes submitted by
local authorities for providing pork during the
winter."—*Daily Paper.*

It only remains for Sir OSWALD to get
a little sage.



Guest (arriving; very wet day). "I DON'T KNOW IF YOU REALLY EXPECTED ME ON A DAY LIKE THIS?"
Hostess. "ONE SIMPLY CAN'T DEPEND ON THE WEATHER LATELY."

SYNTHETIC LOVE.

Rise in the morning, have a cold bath and determine to love everyone, especially Aunt Emma. Wonder why I haven't done so before. It seems very easy with the towel so nice and dry. Not so easy by breakfast-time. Aunt Emma says that she couldn't sleep owing to the noise of carousals below-stairs, and "you-don't-know-all-that-goes-on-in-the-kitchen-my-dear." She tells Bobbie that well-bred children don't turn their spoons upside down in their mouths, and shudders when Barbara says "Gosh!"

James, my husband, very aloof and taciturn. Says he's fed up. Seems to think it is someone else's fault, but not settled yet whose. Feel sure that if I were nice, like that girl Ada who wanted to marry him, he would be smiling and gay at breakfast, like the advertisement pictures of Father eating Pressed Bran. Experience difficulty in loving Ada.

James goes to town. The children go to school. Aunt Emma packs up and goes home. I re-determine to love everyone, and as no one comes in for lunch I succeed most harmoniously. How true it is that absence makes the heart grow fonder!

I go to tea at "The Hollies." Take deep breaths and struggle to feel loving as I stand in the porch waiting for the door to open. I want my tea, but do not want conversation; just tea and a plate of cakes all by myself in a dark corner. See that newcomer to "The Firs" going into the house further on. So glad she isn't coming here. I hate her. No, no, I don't; I love her—love her, do you hear? I met her at "The Chestnuts" and realised that she was The Finished Article, and I, with a wasted life behind me, hadn't even begun. I spilt my tea and she was very tactful. She is immaculate. Do not know her husband, but am sure he smiles at breakfast. Do not know her children either, but have been told that they also are charming. They would be. Feel very wistful and wipe away a tear as the door opens.

Notice, as my hostess greets me, that she has only bread-and-butter and sponge-cakes for tea. Enough; but feel certain that if "The Firs" had been invited she would have been honoured with more.

She has been invited—was merely leaving a book at the other house. Hastily envelope her in love. She wafts in, making gracious greetings, and at once I notice that my gloves are dirty, that I have been sitting with one foot turned over and that I am a gawk. She praises the sponge-cakes (other things had been ordered and hadn't come) and wishes that her cook could make such good ones—which is mere tact, for anyone can see that her servants must be perfection, and her cook the missing link between heaven and earth. Haul up a wisp of love and hang on to it.

Conversation becomes deep and soulful. Am impatient for it to come to the surface so that I may relate my children's latest *bons mots*. "The Firs" circumvents by illustrating her meaning with stories of her own children. They are well-bred spiritual children. Mine

into her chair. I lump from the room like a lame cow, and on the way one of my suspenders breaks. Feel all undone. Shake the dust of "The Hollies" and "The Firs" from off my feet and with an immense hydraulic effort engineer a wave of love to them. Shall learn to be worthy of them. Determine that my children too shall be refined. They shall make friends with "The Firs" children.

As I pass up my own drive—one oak, one holly, one laburnum—meet my dirty son accompanied by someone else's still dirtier son. A disreputable child, wearing his cap outside-in. Clearly unsuited for the Higher Life to which my children are now dedicated. Encircle the stranger with love and tell him to run away home. He runs.

Elicit from my son, in small pieces, that the undesirable dirty child is in his class at school—a new boy, invited into

our garden on the homeward way. Taken to the hen-run and there, not primarily of his own free will, disguised as a Red Indian with the aid of feathers shed by our fleeing fowls, and later as a pirate, which necessitated, I do not know why, the turning outside-in of his cap. Gather that the compulsory messing of his clothes and person distressed him; and, lastly, that his name is "Young Firs." Suffer blizzards of mixed emotions.

* * *

Feel very low. Sure

the Editor won't take this. He would if it were from Mrs. Firs. But, whatever happens, I am resolved that he shall have a chunk of love. He is invited to tea on the Italian terrace of my moated castle.

The Exchequer Encourages Felony.

"Subscriptions to the Federation of Master Forgers are being allowed in computing Schedule D liabilities."

Income-Tax Supplement to Accountancy Paper.

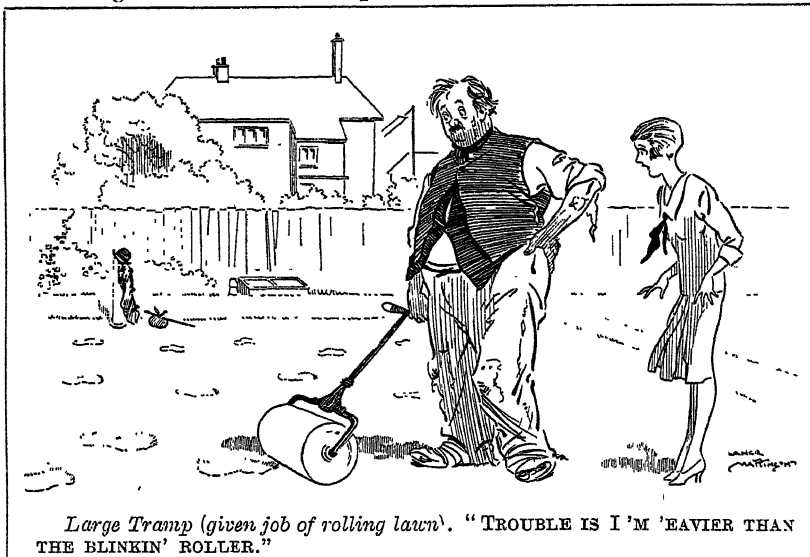
"But all this did not appear to have happened. I shook hands with a lot of old faces I knew well. . . ."

From an Article in Wireless Paper.

We think he means that he rubbed noses.

"A pigeon carrying on one leg a metal ring with the inscription T.V.M.U.F. 29 629, and Gallagher and Mr. William Johnston were unanimously re-elected Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively."—*Irish Paper.*

Presumably pigeon-English will be the language used at the Board meetings.



Large Tramp (given job of rolling lawn). "TROUBLE IS I'M 'EAVIER THAN THE BLINKIN' ROLLER."

are vulgar and materialistic—turn their spoons upside down in their mouths.

"The Firs" tells an anecdote beginning, "When I was in Cornwall," and I tell another of "When I was in Paris," and that reminds "The Firs" of when she was touring round the world.

Swallow a lump of hate, pull myself together, and love. At the same time I long vehemently for a moated castle in Italy, with an old family butler, a French chef and a still-room. Would then invite "The Hollies" and "The Firs" to tea and put them at their ease with simple unstudied grace.

"The Hollies" sponge-cakes are finished. Rise from couch, looking, I hope, tall and Vere de Vereish, but my foot is asleep and ruins the effect.

"I really *must* go," I say.

"Must you *really* go?" says "The Hollies," rising with alacrity.

"The Firs" would not have had her departure accepted so willingly. She would have been pushed hospitably back

A CAREER FOR ARCHIE.

SOONER or later a day comes to every parent when he asks himself, "What the devil am I to do with Archie?" Archie's own views on the subject of his career are a trifle nebulous. A conscientious film-fan, he hears Hollywood calling; Hollywood, he feels, would be just all right. On the other hand, a close study of the works of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE compels him to admit that there is much to be said for the idea of setting up as a private detective in the West End of London. Then there is the French Foreign Legion—rather a sandy life, of course, but lots of adventure. Or what about tea-planting in Ceylon? Very praiseworthy ambitions all of them; but when Archie's father asks my advice I reply without the slightest hesitation, "Put the young blighter into a bank."

As a career, banking offers advantages which are often overlooked. In the first place, the educational test of a candidate for a junior clerkship is not unnecessarily exacting. Some mathematical capacity he should certainly possess, but, provided his researches in arithmetic have extended to the simpler operations connected with pounds, shillings and pence, and his proficiency in applied geometry is sufficient to enable him to brush his hair back in parallel straight lines at right angles to his eyebrows, he has little need to fear rejection. Of course ability to write a legible hand and accuracy in the use and spelling of such words as *inst.*, *ult.* and the like may win him a warmer welcome from the manager, but he will have ample opportunity to acquire this literary polish after joining the staff, since it will be long before he is entrusted with any correspondence.

Again, banking is a highly specialised occupation which rapidly unfits a man for business of any other kind. This exercises a steadying influence on his character. Knowing that once in a bank he can never get out, but must stay in it till he is dead or superannuated, he accepts the inevitable and proceeds to rise year by year on automatic stepping-stones to higher and higher things.

Perhaps what impresses a visitor to a bank more than anything else is the atmosphere of quiet seriousness which prevails beyond the counter. In other business offices the junior members of the staff often present a flushed, dishevelled appearance which suggests that they have recently been playing soccer with a tennis-ball in a passage at the back of the premises. How different is it with the bank-clerk! Conscious from the very beginning that



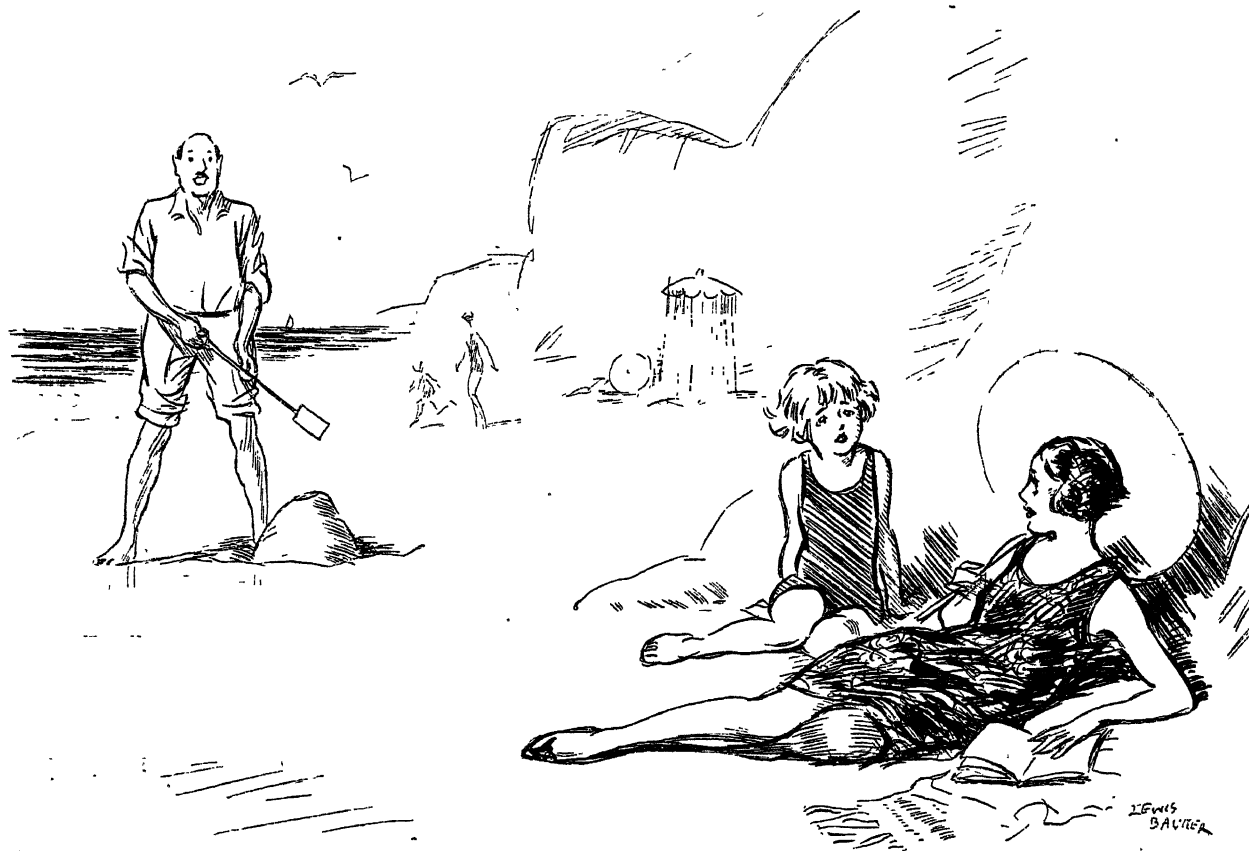
Daughter (enthusiastic sun-bather). "A LETTER FROM DICK. SAYS HE'S FED TO THE TEETH WITH THE CONGO AND YEARNS FOR THE SIGHT OF A WHITE GIRL."

a slip on his part in the more westward of the pounds' columns may at any moment raise a client to unwarranted affluence or involve him in irretrievable ruin, he pursues his calculations hour after hour in an absorbed silence only broken when he pauses to put to his neighbour some such whispered query as, "I say, old chap, what's eleven times thirteen?" Thus he early acquires a sense of responsibility.

Nor is the life devoid of ambition. The bank-clerk has his dreams. Though the odds are against it, it is possible that he may some day be manager of a provincial branch. During office-hours he does not permit himself to dwell too much on this tremendous thought, but

occasionally, just before dropping off to sleep (at night, that is), he envisages a day when he will retire to the Olympian privacy of an inner room warmed by a large and cheerful fire. Here, in the intervals of receiving callers from the outside world (by appointment only), he will sit in a padded chair, sketching on his blotting-paper, smoking expensive cigars and musing on overdrafts and the Bank-rate and what he will order for lunch. And nobody will ever again call him a damned fool to his face.

"Walker was beaten by a ball which kept low after a stay of 65 minutes."—*Manchester Paper*. The leather gets tired towards the end of the season.



Small Girl. "MUMMY DARLING, MUST I HELP DADDY BUILD SAND-CASTLES?"

OYSTERIA.

THE oysters of Great Britain
Were brought to JULIUS CÆSAR;
He bolted them unbitten
And smiled like *Mona Lisa*.

The Emperor AUGUSTUS
Preferred them put in patties.
His cook, whose name was Justus,
Could never serve him satis.

The Emperor TIBERIUS,
A man debased and selfish,
Was never wholly serious
Except about these shellfish.

And CLAUDIUS and CALIGULA
Made quite a ceremonium
Of eating this particular
Subaqueous *obsonium*.

Why should I dwell on NERO,
Who gave the earliest charters
To oystermen—the hero
Of all save Christian martyrs?

I will not speak of OTHO,
Nor GALBA the rebellious,
Nor tell the tales I know (though
Superb) about VITELLIVS.

I will not say how TITUS
Once murmured to VESPASIAN,
"Shall oysters not delight us
On this unique occasion?"

Enough to point out clearly
How Romans, blonde or dusky,
Admired and cherished dearly
These delicate molluscæ.

("They seem to suit my carcase,
Hic cibus est divinus,"
Said HADRIAN; so did MARCUS
AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

And once the great HONORIUS
Broke down through sheer reple-
tion,
Striving to burst the glorious
Record of DIOCLETIAN.)

* * * * *
Rome fell. There came a silence;
I cannot disentangle
How oysters in these islands
Fared underneath the Angle.

Who knows how much the oyster
Suffered amongst the rages
Of feudal keep and cloister
That marred the Middle Ages?

I merely guess the Normans,
To prove they were no caitiffs,
Put up a stout performance
In dealing with our natives.

And oysters, nicely nourished
And baffling all intruders,
Still held their own and flourished
Right down into the TUDORS.

The TUDORS and their cousins
With appetite and unction
Kept wolting them by dozens
At many a stately function.

And later kings who followed,
With tears of deep devotion
Ecstatically swallowed
This tit-bit of the ocean;

Till the four early GEORGES
Made it an act of schism
Not to indulge in orgies
Of ostreophilism.

And still with each September,
When oysters shine so pleasantly,
All loyal hearts remember
To feed on them incessantly.

Much may have waned and faltered;
The oyster, our palladium,
Abides with us unaltered
And costs far less than radium.

The price? The price is hateful.
But what is that to me, Sir?
Give me another plateful
Like those you gave to CÆSAR!

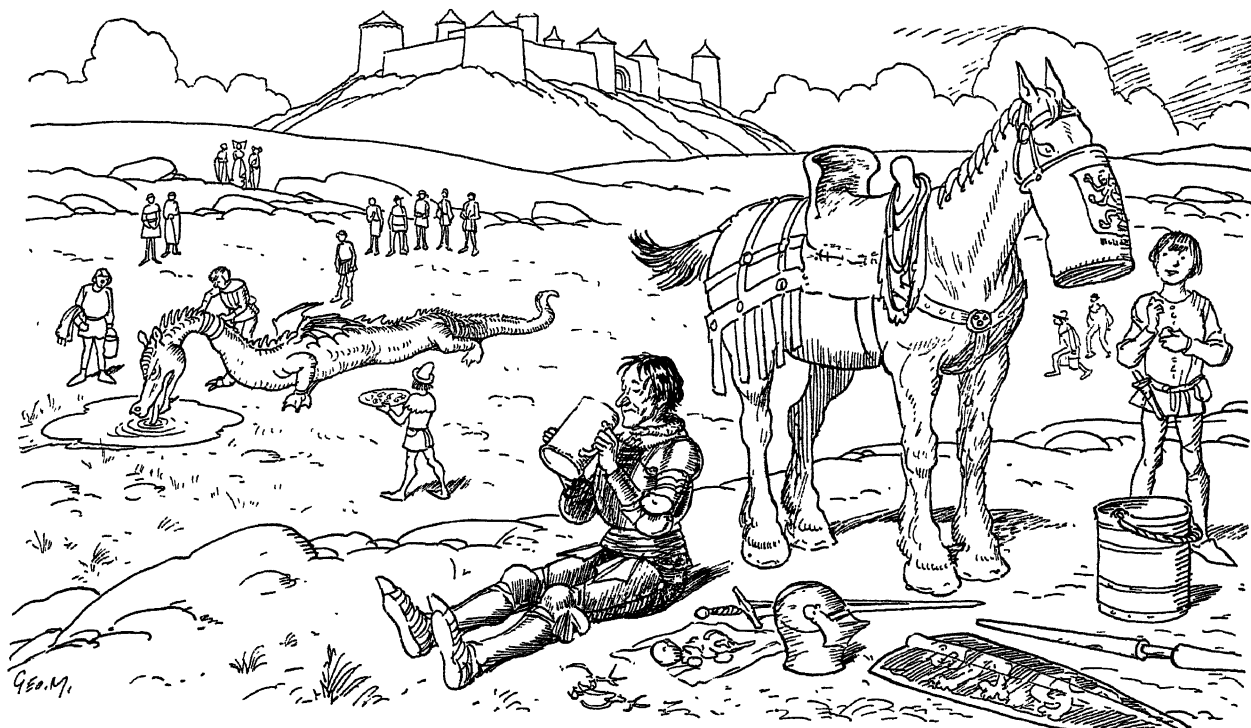
EVOE.

"American Folding Bed, comprising ward-
robe, washstand, deck, bookcase, three drawers,
for sale privately."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.
Now we know why some of our Ameri-
can friends are so restless.



ALL QUIET ON EVERY FRONTIER.

M. BRIAND (*International Optimist*). "ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. "NOTHING. I'M A EUROPEAN."
M. BRIAND. "PASS, FRIEND!"



THE AGE OF CHIVALRY: HALF-TIME.

THE LOG OF THE "LIZARD."

III.—THROUGH GAS AND WATER TO GLORY (OR NEARLY).

FRIDAY.—Left Brest too early and arrived Bénodet too late.

Notes.

Lizard is motor-yacht of eighty-two tons. When say that mean she is eighty-two tons, Thames Measurement (whatever that is), thirty-five net or something, sixty-seven gross registered, forty-seven mean displacement and one-hundred-and-thirty-seven at High Water Springs. (Nobody yet able to explain in intelligible terms weights and measures of vessel; if inquire size of horse or man get plain answer six hands or six feet, and you have rough idea; but if ask dimensions of ship told she is eighty-two tons Thames Measurement and thirty-five net at Portsmouth. Like saying man is six foot in boots and five-stone-ten with no clothes on. Absurd. All this, of course, part of immemorial mystification and mumbo-jumbo invented by seamen to keep landsman in his place. Anyhow that is size of *Lizard*.)

Lizard so-called partly because of affection for sun, partly because has way of creeping cautiously from place to place, and partly because has no fanatical devotion for sea.

Has three sails, but principally propelled by two paraffin-engines. Has captain, crew of six, electric-light and every modern convenience.

Commonly supposed that life on motor-yacht with every modern convenience is smooth and luxurious. True. But remember every modern convenience means new noise. *Lizard* so modern and convenient is mere ship-load of noises.

Instead of old-fashioned sails have two powerful paraffin-engines which make noise like factory.

Instead of old-fashioned lamps and candles have electric-light. This generated by dynamo which makes noise like a dynamo and shakes all that part of the ship not already being shaken by engines. Dynamo is always turned on at meal-times. Instead of washing in a bucket on the deck, like primitive COLUMBUS, have water laid on everywhere. This pumped in and out by hand-pumps; and all over ship sound of pumping can be always heard. Cook is pumping water in kitchen; steward is pumping water in pantry; engineer is pumping out bilge; passengers are pumping tooth-water into cabins; and Owner is trying vainly to pump bath-water out of bath. Then, of course, paraffin-stove in the kitchen, which hisses menacingly when turned down and generally bursts into flames when turned up.

And then there is (or was) patent refrigerator, which, like young man's banner in poem, has strange device. As soon as food in the larder reaches a certain temperature, or any new food put in it, kind of motor placed oddly in corner of saloon begins terrific whirring

and clattering and makes more ice. This machine, like dynamo, nearly always roaring at meal-times; but, unlike dynamo, obeys no human control. Starts without warning and stops as suddenly. Made various tests to ascertain principles of machine's working. Appears to be light-minded as well as garrulous; for at first sign of quiet or serious conversation began noisily to make ice. American patent, appeared particularly to resent any reference to Debts and Reparations questions, while name of SNOWDEN sets it off unfailingly. Whenever this machine and dynamo working at same time all table-talk abandoned and content ourselves with shouting crossly for salt, etc.

Once or twice have teased ice-machine by putting pieces of newspaper in larder instead of food, and laughed unkindly at frantic efforts of little thing to ice them. Maybe these tricks were cause of ultimate disaster. Remember waking up about one bell in dog watch and hearing faithful refrigerator still struggling to refrigerate long leading article by Mr. GARVIN. Think may have strained itself.

When all these noises going on at same time *Lizard* moves about like floating pandemonium. Last evening steaming uncertainly through calm but treacherous sea. Sun had set and still far from haven where we would be. Said haven, like all havens of Brittany, surrounded with rocks and shoals and only to be entered by narrow, devious



Old Gentleman. "HAVEN'T YOU ANYONE TO LOOK AFTER YOU?"
 Little Girl. "OH, YES; MOTHER'S IN THE NEXT CARRIAGE."

and dangerous channel. We had mistaken Rochers du Diable for Ile de Helle. On bridge Owner and Captain, all eyes and ears, were searching anxiously for red beacon and black bell-buoy, which, being in line with red light on Ile des Morts, lead mariner into Chenal des Noyes. Bewildering lights flickered all round sky, but fateful buoys not to be seen. To be plain, were lost. Ahead in dusk lay fishing-fleet of Concarneau, numerous as gnats, brilliant with blue sails and orange jerseys, green sails and scarlet trousers, blue spars and saffron hulls. Finest sight on high seas. Ran up meekly appeal for pilot and steamed into midst. Sea glassy and no wind blew. But engines thumped and roared. Patent ice-machine thumped and roared, dynamo thumped and roared. Aristide, French cook, pumped at paraffin-stove; steward pumped bath-water for little Peter, Owner's child. Thus through pink and silent sea floating pandemonium approached simple fishermen. As one man hauled in nets and bore away for harbour, throwing frightened glances astern. "How," said wildly to Owner, "do you expect to hear bell-buoy in all

this noise? Bell is not made—" Owner silenced me with look. "And by the way," went on, "it's Peter's bath-time." For Owner's Wife had sensibly gone round by land. Owner took off yachting-cap and went below to bath boy.

One of days when everything happens at once, and everything, obviously, intended to go wrong. Explained to Captain, after brief glance at chart, what should do if were in his place. Then, a little bored with dangers of sea, retired to cabin to read shocker. After quiet of ocean outside din was shocking. Steward had just put hot lemonade and *langouste* in larder and ice-machine was beside itself. All day engines been giving trouble and engineer's opinion that both of them would shortly "seize" (certainly thumping good and heavy). Presently in little kitchen outside saloon paraffin-stove burst into flames, saloon was filled with black smoke and Aristide rushed out of kitchen waving cabbage and saucepan. Crew left look-out positions, Owner left boy in bath and stove was extinguished. A little later sailor came in to say starboard engine had

stopped for good. Anxious news, for one is not enough in swift tides of this coast. However, much less noise now, and very soon ice-machine stopped too.

Owner brought boy up in dressing-gown, sat him down to supper, carefully shut all the windows and rushed out to bridge to look for bell-buoy. Continued *Who Killed Mortimer Puffin?* while Peter ate supper. At 7.30 P.M. G.M.T. both began to cough violently and water at eyes. Sickly smell filled saloon. Supposed some new whimsy of paraffin-stove, opened window and continued shocker. In one minute driven out of saloon altogether. Poison-gas! The ice-machine! Ice-machine worked, it seems, by modern and secret gas, and this was escaping. Engineer left engines and tried to locate leak. In one minute went out on deck and was sick. Gas, he said, deadly, similar to charming confections employed in late War. Worked for ten minutes, handkerchief pressed to mouth, assured us gas turned off and lighter than air. Owner then took boy below and put him to bed. Went out on deck and saw in dim light what took to be two porpoises doing

night exercises. Turned out to be cluster of sharp rocks, not hundred yards away. Slid past horribly. Owner returned to the bridge, where Captain still looking for white lights bearing 287° in line with black buoys. Night beautiful, moon came up, but half-past nine and dinner had not occurred. Our request for pilot still flapping pathetically in rigging. Boy Peter called up through skylight gas in his cabin. Replied tersely could not be, for gas lighter than air; but went below and it was. Wrapped boy in dressing-gown and placed in draught on deck. Engineer left engines turned out, and released all poisonous gas remaining in ice-machine (safety first—but no more ice). Ship's company staggered about deck coughing and crying. Fish perished all round. Aristide remained in kitchen cooking. Discovered and ordered on deck, but stood outside kitchen and went on cooking through window. *Vive la France!* Rocks reported ahead by coughing sailor. Turned out to be Captain's black buoy, but no bell. Altered course and ship began to roll. Steamed slowly and carefully against a wicked tide, Something Shoal to starboard.

10.0.—Peter said how amused mother would be to hear about it all. Owner, who did not agree, took him back to bed. While Owner tucking up boy port engine faltered, coughed and gave out altogether. Blessed hush. Lovely night. Stars out. Drifting peacefully into Something Shoal. Dropped anchor hurriedly and spent night there, five miles from port. Such life in comfortable yacht. Benighted in open sea, half-way between Something Shoal and Rochers du Diable; no engines, no ice-machine, no paraffin-stove and believe no dynamo.

But—as said to Owner consolingly—the peace of it! A. P. H.

Slow Motion in Excelsis.

"In a century man has leapt from the horse to the aeroplane."—*Daily Paper*.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS can do it much faster than this.

"For those who can afford it, an amusing vagary of fashion for the coming autumn is to have a coat with a car to match."

Daily Paper.

An even more amusing one is to have a wig with the ceiling to match.

"... as supplies from Tasmania had been stopped and prices were sure to go up this week, she suggested that brown rice and macaroni, both of which were grown in New South Wales, should be used."—*Sydney Paper*.

It is a national custom amongst the New South Welsh to take a stroll in the macaroni groves before breakfast.



"THAT REMINDS ME, GLADYS, I MUST HAVE A NEW GLASS PUT IN MY WRIST-WATCH."

THE SAMPLER.

Deborah Green at the age of eleven
Finished this sampler in eighteen-seven.
Up at the top is an elegant frieze
Of prim red flowers and Christmas-trees.

Down below are a pointed house,
Goose and turkey and cat and mouse;
A prancing stag and a dog or two,
And all the alphabet, done in blue.

These are a frame for a little rhyme,
Bidding her toil nor waste her time
When life's as short as a fading day
(Worked so nicely in black and grey).
Out-of-doors are the whirring wings,
Real live turkeys and dogs and things;
Lambs that gambol and clouds that
pass;
Wind and sun in the April grass.

Quite the best sampler I've ever seen,
But oh! I'm so sorry for Deborah
Green.

Commercial Directness.

"Defendant signed an agreement for the purchase of a Cleaner on high-purchase terms."
Ironmongers' Paper.

Spare the Dad and Spoil the Boy.

"At a meeting of Duffdown School Management Committee yesterday complaint was submitted that several school boys had absented themselves from school to attend grouse drives in Tomintoul, and the committee agreed to warn the parents and employers."

Scots Paper.

"A QUICK LUNCHEON DISH.

Skin some large unions and cook till tender."
Liverpool Paper.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS sends this recipe.

"Tremendous cheers and waving of hats on the staves greeted the Duke of Connaught and Sir Robert Baden-Powell. These were renewed when from the 50,000 voices in 50 languages the opening speech was delivered."

Canadian Paper.

And the more we all talk at once, boys,
the merrier we shall be!

AT THE PICTURES.

GLORIA AT THE NEW GALLERY.

THE reappearance of that revered idol of the movies, Miss GLORIA SWANSON, so sensuous and subtle in her silent



Marion Donnell (Miss GLORIA SWANSON).
"I'M A FAILURE."

Miss Potter (Miss BLANCHE FRIDERICI).
"NEVER MIND, MISS, YOU'RE A CHAMPION GIVER-UP: 'USBAND, 'OME, CHILD AND A COUPLE O' FORTUNES."

days, drew great crowds to the New Gallery both on the opening night, when the luminary was to shine in person, and afterwards for her part in her first talking film, *The Trespasser*, which an Englishman, Mr. EDMUND GOULDING, has written and directed for her. Let me say at once that Miss SWANSON has no need of the spoken word; she was stronger under the old régime. As an actress *The Trespasser* gives her more to do than she used to have, and she acts with earnestness and skill; but her voice, though pleasant, is monotonous, and the story, which, being obvious, is pitilessly long, gives her peculiar charm almost no opportunities. For two minutes she is the gay, feline, sinuous, ecstatic GLORIA of the past; and then for what seem hours she is ill-used, heart-broken, the sport of malice and idiocy, seldom believable. No wonder that we become weary.

The story, crude and stagey, is of an autocratic millionaire father, hostile to his son's mar-

riage with a typist and determined to wreck it and substitute another. This apparently can be done in Chicago with the greatest ease. The son accepts the situation with incredible readiness, and the wife of a week is turned out into the world. Although she does not leave Chicago, and in course of time is taken care of by an eminent attorney who establishes her in luxury on the borders of the lake, the fact that her marriage bore fruit in the person of little Jackie is never known to her husband. This is odd. When at last he learns, the father is for divorcing his new wife (a cripple) at once and marrying the typist again; but his father, the juggernaut financier, is for kidnapping Jackie as the heir to his name and again repudiating the mother. Jolly fellows, these Kings of Industry. The opportune demise of the cripple straightens everything out.

Miss SWANSON, as I have said, acts with sincerity and feeling; but it is a dreary business, and by some strange freak the camera gives many opposing presentments of her; sometimes she is slim, sometimes less so; sometimes she is young, sometimes less so. It is a privation indeed that she has a part almost without a smile. The other performers work loyally to persuade us, but do not succeed. All except the English servant, played by Miss BLANCHE FRIDERICI.

One incident in *The Trespasser* proves how careful the devisers of talkies must be if they would retain illusion. When Marion leaves the death-bed of her protector, Mr. Ferguson, she runs in panic down the magnificent winding marble staircase, and the magnificent winding marble staircase (built for the purpose by Hollywood carpenters) rattles with every footfall. Now in a silent film, though

it rattled just the same, we should not have heard it. Again, in the attempt at the beginning to give an impression of the bustle of a lawyer's office "in the loop," the dialogue is lost under the



LOVE'S AIDS TO MEMORY; OR, A GOOD GIRL'S AFFAIRE.

THE SHOP-ASSISTANT AND THE TAILOR'S DUMMY.

Pert . . MISS COLLEEN MOORE.

general noise and the clicking of the typewriters.

The old-fashioned movie-story, *Why be Good?* which preceded *The Trespasser*, is, like that film, much too long, for we all knew how it would end; but it is lively in intention, and Miss COLLEEN MOORE is a pretty little thing.

Since both plays have the same motive, the audiences at the New Gallery who derive their knowledge of American life from the screen are now convinced that all the time which a commercial magnate can spare from his money-making is spent either in preventing his only son from marrying the right girl or ruining their happiness if the marriage has occurred. To my shame I must confess that personally I felt more than a little uneasy as to the morals of *Pert Kelly* (COLLEEN's part), who contrives, while a sales-girl in a big department store, to jazz at night-joints for silver cups, win them, and then help to empty them when



AT THE FILM HEAVY FATHERS' CLUB.

THE OUTRAGED PARENTS OF BOTH FILMS IN THE BILL INDULGE IN MUTUAL COMMISERATION.



Father (coming in suddenly, to son supposed to be doing holiday task). "DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE READING YOUR BOOK UPSIDE DOWN?"

Son (with great presence of mind). "I DO, AND IT'S VERY DIFFICULT."

filled by professional seducers with hooch; never getting home till the small hours and being driven there by total strangers. These being her regular habits one can hardly be surprised either by her own or her lover's father's disapproval and suspicion. But all is well. Grossly misunderstood, she is really the soul of virtue, and the curtain falls on the indulgent father-in-law, now completely reconciled, watching her as a newly-made bride doing, in pyjamas, some more of her frenzied steps, with his only son joining in. *Why be Good?* the title asks; but it is very doubtfully answered.

Between the two stories we had, in movietone, a typical American girl who, having been chosen by plebiscite to represent her country over here, gave us a message of good-will, and Sir THOMAS LIPTON, expressing his time-worn confidence in the ability of his next yacht to carry off the America Cup, or, as he puts it, "the blooming old mug." If Sir THOMAS will take my advice, he will get someone to write his speeches for him. E. V. L.

TO MY STUDIOUS ONE.

COME, leave your reading, child, and turn

To other worlds beyond the door;
There's glory on the changing fern,
There's the purple moor.

You may not find a verdant ring
Circled by fairy dancers now,
But dragon-flies are on the wing
From bloom to bough.

No Puck will take you by the hand
To show you wonders as of old;
Jewelled with red the rowans stand
By the cornfield's gold.

Vanish'd are nymphs from yonder
stream,

Yet, as all softly they withdrew,
Sparkle and shadow, dimple, dream,
They left for you!

Echoes of their lost music stir
Along the reeds at intervals,
When light grows dim, when far hills
blur,
And evening falls.

What the Wild Waves are Saying.

"RADIO-LIÈGE 280 m.

16 h. 30: Concert sur disques Columbia:
I loved you hen ase love you now, valse;
There's a rainbow' round my skoulder, fox
trot; This year of grave, fox trot; Try to hearn
to love, fox trot; In the shardows, fox trot;
My troubles ares over, fox trot; Cavalery of the
boads; Annie Laure, solo de cor."

French Radio Paper.

"OPEN-AIR CONCERT IS GIVEN AT NOJIRI.
Heavy Rain is Welcome."

Japanese Paper.

We suppose it drowned the band.

"I took her hand and climbed up on to it;
and I could see that she watched its joyous
departure through a mist of tears."

From Serial in Bristol Paper.

Few people can stand this method of
amputation without a slight moistening
of the eyelids.

We understand that the intended
American Schneider Trophy entrant was
unable to leave the water. Evidently
the Volstead Act is to be more far-
reaching than was originally intended.

AT THE PLAY.

"DEVIL IN BRONZE" (STRAND).

If the author of *Devil in Bronze*, Mr. AUSTIN PAGE, deliberately set out to prove by concrete example that dramatic material which falls readily into shape for one art-form can fail almost completely of its effect if distorted into another, he has emphatically succeeded. The experiment was well worth making to that worthy end.

Devil in Bronze is the story of the three partners seeking gold in an inhospitable Alaskan gully—*Luke*, the strong brutal giant whose master-passion is greed of gold; *Jem*, his weak-minded mate; and *Seth*, the rather oddly-named young English tenderfoot, mining engineer and gentleman, more or less, whose capital, intelligence and labour have been useful to the partnership, but whose modest claim to a third of the results of the profitable venture is violently resented by *Luke* and half-heartedly by *Jem*.

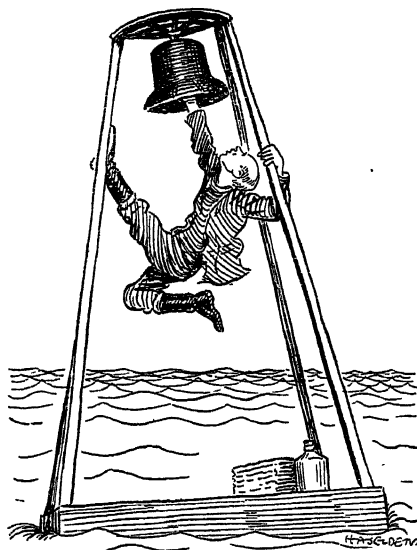
The story is presented in a series of frankly cinematographic episodes—seven scenes to the First Act, of which perhaps thirty per cent of the time was devoured by scene-changing—an incidental disadvantage which the bastard sister-art escapes. We might also mention with some feeling, induced by semi-asphyxia, that its devotees also escape the intolerable discomforts of sitting tightly wedged in an ill-ventilated (no, that is a flattering term: say rather an unventilated) cavern. If the English theatre is indeed sick this kind of thing should kill it dead.

It is only fair to say that the scenes are excellently contrived. The mists drift down Tenderfoot Gully where the partners shovel up their unbelievably auriferous gravel; through the lighthouse window can be seen the angry seas, the racing clouds, the baleful lightning. The wind moans. The bell-buoy, on which the unfortunate *Seth* is marooned by his partners with water and food sufficient to enable him to survive long enough to be driven mad by the clanging of the great bronze bell, swings and sways in the racing tide with such realistic effect that we expect poor Mr. HANNEN (*Seth*) to be violently sick or/and at any moment pitched into the boiling canvas. Night falls very plausibly with flashes of moonlight between the scudding clouds, and the red dawn comes up all rosy-sinister out of Vancouver crost the bay.

But the merest captions would tell us all that Mr. AUSTIN PAGE has left himself time to tell us about the characters of our four principals, *Luke*, *Seth* and *Jem* and *Ann*, *Luke's* comely wife, who tends the light in the lighthouse where *Luke* dwells. The only "effect" we

missed indeed was the expected spear of light from this lighthouse. Perhaps it waggled its beams more or less perpendicularly or swung them inland.

These four people from lack of room to



"SILENCE THAT DREADFUL BELL!"
MARVELLOUS ACROBATIC TURN BY MR.
NICHOLAS HANNEN AS SETH.

manœuvre become mere types, or pieces on a board, which no amount of "powerful acting" could bring to life. *Luke*, the miser, allows his master passion to be foolishly diverted by jealousy into a



A BELIEVER IN TREATING 'EM
ROUGH.

Luke MR. LYN HARDING.
Ann (his wife) . . . MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-
TERRY.

protracted and, to himself, hazardous revenge. He has seen his wife, whom he ignores when he does not bully and on occasion ill-treat her, and the passionate *Seth* most imprudently embracing. He will risk the babbling of

his other partner whom he is trying to kill by drink and the (inevitable) rescue of *Seth* by a passing ship, to gratify his revenge instead of outing him in a brief businesslike way. Well, I suppose the human heart can harbour two master passions at once, but we need to be shown in some detail the conflict between them. Perhaps we may put down the fiendishness of *Seth's* revenge to his being, though discharged by the asylum doctors, still a madman. But how is the clean-minded compassionate *Ann* prevailed upon to become so pitiless an instrument of his devilish design?

On the pale screen we suffer the passionate ghosts to be as abrupt as the scenario-writer pleases, and take it all as a part of the great convention. But when we see men of real flesh and blood playing these unreasonable pranks before us, the game gives itself away.

Mr. HANNEN did, indeed, do his turns extremely well. The sudden madness on the buoy (to say nothing of the admirable gymnastics on the bell-clapper); the quietly sinister aspect of the half-cured lunatic meditating a madman's revenge; and the suggestion of irresolution and remorse due to returning sanity during the carrying out of his plan were notably well done. Mr. LYN HARDING's in the main easier task was also, within the limits allowed, excellently performed. Miss TERRY's *Ann* was comely of course and at times appealing, but, as we have said, intrinsically too unlikely for plausible treatment, and Mr. BACH did his sound best in vain for *Jem*. But none of these four could really move the hearts of any but the least sophisticated to horror or compassion. A highly moral and unlikely ending adorns this wild tale.

I am not sure that a little study of the head doctor of the asylum, by Mr. ALFRED CLARK, was not indeed artistically the most satisfying performance, though I cannot answer for his medical technique, which seemed a trifle sketchy.

I shall be surprised if *Devil in Bronze* does not make a tip-top film with appropriate noises and other effects to taste. That is, emphatically, where it belongs. T.

"An hysterical woman screamed—shrilly screamed—at steady intervals, but the others drowned her."—*Description of Schneider Trophy Race in Sunday Paper.*

There's nothing like treating 'em rough.

"Of strong, handsome, and rather acetic cast of countenance, his dominant expression is one of pensiveness, almost of gloom."—*Description of Mr. JAMES JOYCE in Weekly Paper.*
It must be a little depressing to have such mordant features.

HOW TO LOSE GRACEFULLY.

THE actress who lost her pearl necklace and had it found by a person who also made off with it is in distinct luck. For those actresses in lesser luck a few helpful hints.

Your losses should be at all times well produced. It is not enough for an actress to lay in a stock of Pekinese dogs to lose (gradually, and allowing a sufficient interval to elapse). She must, on shaking them off one by one in parks or other public places, be ready with a series of things to confide to her Press agent, such as her own reactions to the disappearance, the dog's price, his pedigree and the precocity of Champion Sham Poo in giving the alarm of fire at the theatre by walking to a bucket and looking up at the stage manager.

Remark.—It will be found useful and rather pretty to exclaim, "I will never have another Peke pet!" The subsequent stream of vanishing dogs can be easily accounted for as being the consolatory gifts of friends.

Then there is the diamond problem. The actress's diamonds should of course be lost, but care must be taken as to the method employed. The following suggestions will, I think, be welcomed:

(1) Necklace found by unnamed little boy. "Saw jools glittering in gutter and thought as they was glass beads." Necklace played with by family for days until Mum saw advert. of reward in paper she was dicing carrots on.

Remark.—Study small boy's style and avoid grammar.

(2) Necklace found by restaurant chef in stomach of salmon.

(3) Necklace snatched from neck by masked reveller at Albert Hall ball, contemptuously thrown on floor of private box, thief evidently having believed it to be paste.

(4) Necklace whimsically found, weeks later, in actress's own umbrella-stand.

(5) Necklace burst and diamonds recovered one by one in—

(a) The Egyptian Room of the British Museum. ("For I am passionately fond of antiques and frequently snatch an hour from the theatre to wander in the ancient past.")

(b) The Paris-Lympne airship. ("I am mad on flying.")

(c) A salt-cellar on a table at the Ritzley.

Remark.—Or at any other first-rate hotel.

(d) A dust-bin in Lowndes Square.

Remark.—A dust-bin won't do the actress any good except in connection with material loss. And a Bloomsbury bin is useless. It must be a good residential-quarter bin.

Then there is the fur problem. In approaching the question of this type of loss the actress is sometimes advised never to recover the missing coat, cloak or stole, for it will then endure for ever in the public consciousness as indisputable sable or ermine; any price can

thing so ridiculous!") This will harm nobody.

To those actresses who have nothing worth losing I suggest that a pool be formed for the purchase of a communal coat or piece of jewellery which can be lost or stolen from them in turn, in circumstances of varying degrees of drama. At the conclusion of round the object can be sold and the proceeds equally distributed to defray advertisements proclaiming its disappearance.

The motor-car problem presents graver difficulties. For the actress who doesn't possess a car a capital exclamation is, "It was a terrible experience when my Rolls burst into flames!"

Remark.—This should lead up to a silken sling to be worn in all restaurants and at every performance. It can be easily discarded at home and at rehearsals.

The actress who does possess a car must step delicately, like AGAG, for the motor-thief cannot always be relied upon to co-operate when required. She should remember that cars bear number-plates, which means that if she is not very careful the car will be traced and returned to her before she and her agent are ready for it.

Or it might get stolen. In seeking to obtain

publicity from her motor the actress will find herself mainly reduced, when telling the public about herself, to such exclamations as "I heard a shot, and when I looked round the car was gone!"

Remark.—Any friend will push the car into an empty field, and, if the actress should have two friends, they can even push the car right over, before proceeding to the nearest telephone and police-station to exclaim to authority and the Press about it.

Care should be taken not to injure the car seriously or to become subject to more fines than the accruing publicity is worth. Otherwise an occasional pound or two will be well spent. In the spring it will be found helpful to let the public know that you are buying another car, and that (weeks later) a bird's-nest was discovered on the carburettor of the old one.

Remark.—Any nest will do, but it must photograph well. RACHEL.



Wife. "LOOK HOW ABSURD THAT MOTOR-BOAT LOOKS, GEORGE. WHY, IT'S HALF-OUT OF THE WATER!"

be put upon it and really sensational rewards offered for its restoration to the owner.

It can also have belonged to the Princess Glorioli. Or it can have formed part of the loot of a mandarin's palace in the Boxer rising.

Or it can have been sent as anonymous tribute to the stage-door.

Finally, it can be worth three thousand-five-hundred pounds; but that, of course, is as nothing to the great sentimental value to its distraught owner.

Remark.—The advantage of this touch is that London will then promptly agonize with curiosity as to the identity of the donor, and, with luck, no fewer than four prominent men will be verbally embroiled. If rumours are a little slow in starting, it is perfectly simple to begin denying things in the papers. ("No, the wrap was certainly not given to me by Sir THOMAS LIPTON. I never heard any-

THOSE PERFECT CHILDREN.

I AM convinced that the demoralising influence of so much modern fiction is very largely due to the almost total disappearance of that edifying and at one time deservedly popular character, the perfect child.

The children one occasionally comes across in the pages of present-day novels are not merely far from morally perfect, they are for the most part riotously robust. This in itself is sufficient indication that our literature is not the ennobling thing it was.

Not so terribly long ago it was accounted almost a crime in authorship to create a healthy child. The demand for diseased or crippled children was stern and relentless, and the reading public of that day was not to be put off with such insignificant maladies as measles, whooping-cough or scarlet-fever, unless of course satisfactorily serious complications could be relied upon to ensue.

Had *Paul Dombey*, "*Jo*," *Little Nell* and *Tiny Tim* failed to perish in their early youth it is doubtful whether an exasperated public would have permitted DICKENS to earn more than a bare living. As it was he took a grave risk with *David Copperfield*, and even there his conscience compelled him to inflict upon *David* a harassed and unhappy maturity as a just punishment for not having died respectably as an infant.

I well remember in my early youth finding it practically impossible within the restricted range of fiction permitted me to get away from the little invalid girl. This moral phenomenon was either a cripple or else completely bedridden as the result of some malignant disease, and she would lie around throughout the story discoursing chiefly of angels (concerning whom authors in those days held the most definite and satisfying views) and making older people wish they had led better lives. Her doctor was a good old man, though his professional services appeared to be limited to shaking his head sadly and turning away to wipe away a tear. Still he had an extensive practice and appeared to prosper.

There was also a small boy who was knocked about a good deal by his father. He had the advantage over the little invalid girl in that his author permitted him to be turned out into the street where he saw a bit of life and had some mild adventures before getting run over and dying in hospital.

Frolicking in calm youthful gravity throughout the pages of such inspiring works as *Walks Abroad* and *Evenings at Home* were a brother and sister named,

I believe, *Edward* and *Louisa*. These the author, somewhat daring, allowed to be sound in body, but he afflicted them mentally so that they were obsessed by a craving for information of an educational and elevating character.

They were children to make a father's heart glow, and they did not call him "Old Bean" either. They were careful to question "Dear Papa" only on such subjects as he had been carefully swotting up beforehand so that he could reply fluently and at great length, and they did not interrupt him save to interpolate an encouraging sub-query or an ejaculation of delighted wonder.

They were perfect children if you like, the sort of children you could take out for the day and keep your money in your pocket all the time, since the social habits of the wood-louse were of more interest to them than ices or chocolate éclairs.

Often have I wondered whether *Edward* and *Louisa* ever grew up. Their future beyond the period of *Walks Abroad* and *Evenings at Home* appears to be unrecorded. I could not conceive their ever contracting a malignant disease; they were, I was sure, much too cautious and observant ever to get run over. Perhaps their brains burst. I hope so.

D. C.

BALBUS AND THE WALL.

FROM here to "its walls were of jasper" there are famous walls—walls with *histories*; but I venture that none is more familiar of mention than the famous example of the school-room—the unfinished wall of BALBUS. I say "unfinished," for, had it been a complete wall, lesson-books would surely and concisely have said, "BALBUS built a wall," not "was building."

How the books labour BALBUS and his work, yet how little is known of either! And so you have grown up (have you not?) rather hating both and thinking of BALBUS as a dull, middle-aged and perspiring plodder who for ever builds the wall of a dull municipal pile—a public bath probably. Yes? Well, listen to me.

Rome grows old but Balbus is young—in fact, young enough to play with bricks, and that's just six-and-a-half.

Balbus is a Julian of Rome, a great house that harks back to the Battle of Lake Regillus and further, only Balbus is not at the moment concerned with houses of any sort because he is building a wall, a wall of pretty little coloured bricks upon and across and around the tessellated sweep of path in the rose-garden. About him, into blue air that has far off somewhere a trumpet flourish in it, go palaces and temples—white marble that soars into sunshine. . . .

And when I have said that Balbus lives with his papa and mamma in their villa at the end of Via Aurelia you will know all that is necessary of him except that he is brown, sturdy and a handful, and that his governess's name is Vespasia. And of course that he is building a wall.

"What are you doing, Balbus?" inquired Vespasia just as if she couldn't have seen for herself.

Now Vespasia was a precise and a pious young lady who respected the gods, more especially, as became a governess, the Muses, and in particular that one of the Nine who most presides in schoolrooms—Clio the historical; and, "What are you doing, Balbus?" Vespasia asked.

"I'm Romulus building the Wall," said Balbus importantly.

"Pretending to be Romulus, you mean, dear," said Vespasia nicely. "Our Founder has been with the gods since—when does Clio say? Come, Balbus; quick, now!"

"Oh, you old stupid!" said Balbus impatiently—not that Vespasia was *really* old.

"Balbus, dear," said his governess, "little boys *don't* speak like that; the gods would highly disapprove—thunderbolts, my love, thunderbolts!"

"Huh," said Balbus, adding the seventh battlement to his inner line, "old Clio can't throw thunderbolts, she can only throw dates like a monkey—"

But Vespasia's hand was over his mouth, and in the scuffle the wall that Balbus was building, the lesser Rome, fell in cataracts of bright little bricks all twinkling and tinkling over the patterned pavement.

And on calm Helicon Clio lifted her classic head from her tablets and spoke over her shoulder with the unruffled Olympianness of those who may by right divine laugh last.

"'Dates' indeed!" said she. "'Monkeys!'" said she. "Monkey yourself, young man. And I'll make an *example* of you for all Posterity and your own brattish kind. *There!*" said she.

And so is History made.

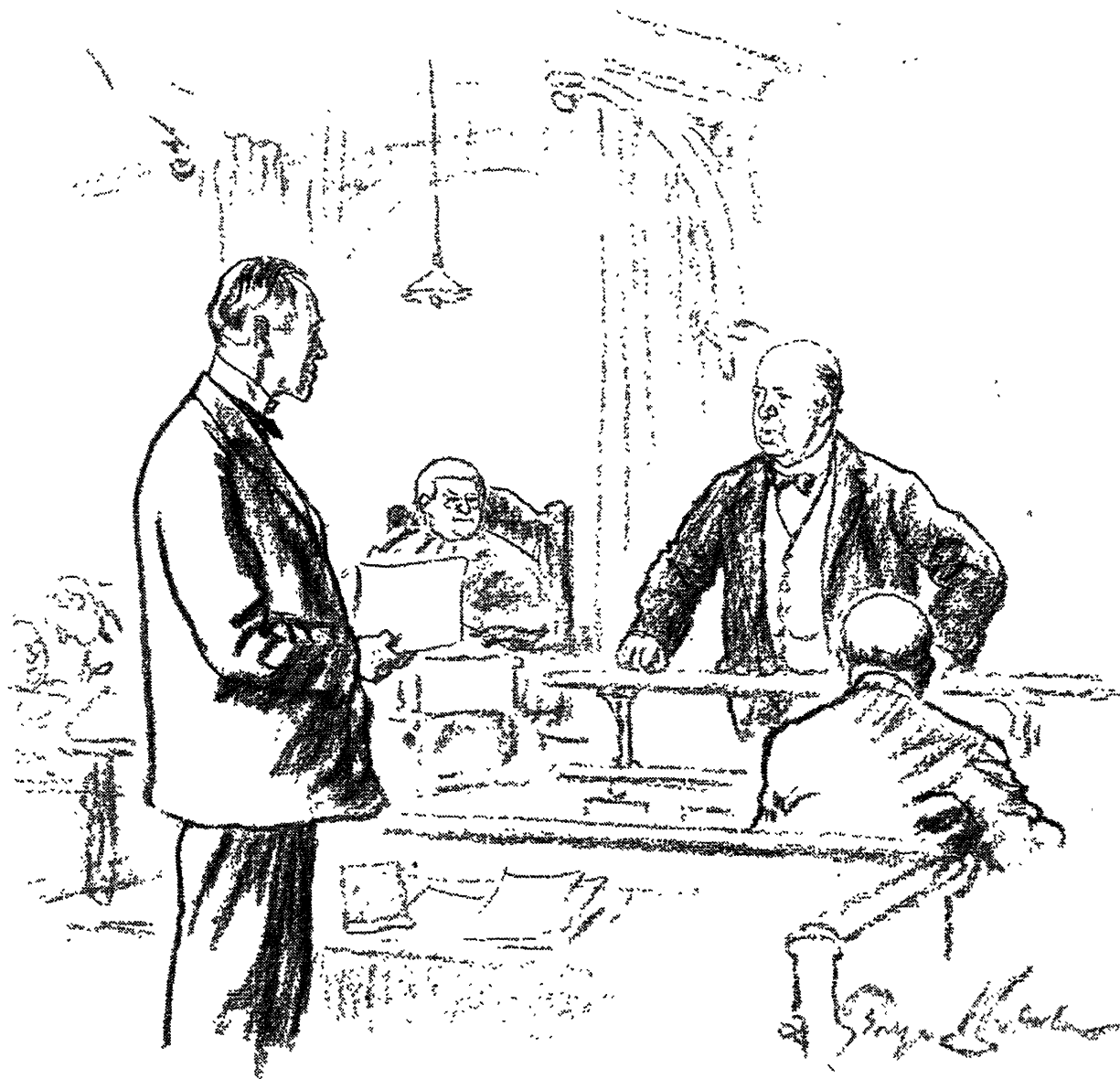
However this didn't hurt Balbus a bit, who never heard of Posterity (besides he was sorry for his sins and, after tea, at Vespasia's suggestion, laid what was left of the honey on the shrine of the Nine Muses in the Appian Way). In fact, arising out of it all, and now that you *know*, Balbus may easily become as popular a little boy as *Casabianca*.

P. R. C.

"Dulcepsinhji again played a most polished game and collected his runs in as many minutes. He was caught off his first stroke."

Indian Paper.

Perhaps the umpire wasn't looking.



Conscientious Bankrupt (to Official Receiver). "BELIEVE ME, I WOULD WILLINGLY GIVE HALF I POSSESS FOR THIS NOT TO HAVE HAPPENED."

TO F. E. WEATHERLY.

THE æsthetes of the 'eighties scoffed at your moral tone,
Disdained your "parlour pathos," your Darby and your Joan,
And held your simple, wholesome, unsophisticated lines
Were only fit for nourishing suburban Philistines.

Yet there are some still living who regretfully recall
The hours they spent at concerts in the old St. James's
Hall,

When audiences applauded until the rafters rang
The sentimental ballads which LLOYD and SANTLEY sang.

For though no lyric rapture within your stanzas burned,
They were supremely singable, and always neatly turned;
And many a time and often you proved a real boon
By moving minor minstrels to coin a first-rate tune.

So *Punch*, who went Yeo-ho-ing with you and "Nancy Lee,"
Long years before the saxophone came squealing o'er the sea,
This meed of grateful homage inscribes upon his page
To you, the blameless singer of a less hectic age.

"At a meeting of the Oxford and District Unemployment Committee it was stated that great difficulty was being experienced by the local and neighbouring Boards of Guardians in dealing satisfactorily with the increased number of young vagrants who were passing through Oxford."—*Social Paper*.

Some of the scamps even take honours.

"CHURCH CLUB AT TRAIL IS TOLD OF OLD ENGLAND.

Mr. Weaver described the ceremony at Epiphany when the King offered gold, francs, cents and myrrh after the style of the three wise men of the east."—*Canadian Paper*.

It sounds like the currency of the League of Nations.



Harassed Beater (who has been asked by one of the party to go further afield). "I'VE BIN EMPLOYED TO BEAT THIS SPINNEY. I AIN'T NO WORLD-BEATER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. EDMUND PEARSON has made good use of his past opportunities as librarian at the New York Public Library to publish several accounts of the more bizarre volumes in his custody. *Queer Books* (CONSTABLE) is the first of these to come my way, and I have seldom met an odder farrago of literary finds or one more pleasantly handled. Most of the stuff—American of the early nineteenth century—rehabilitates the shade of DICKENS by its glorious atmosphere of pure *Chuzzlewit*. Temperance novels, "The Satanic Licence," "Confessions of a Decanter," and so on, recall the hilarious days when "wine-sauce was plenty" and the Prohibitionist rare. These, I feel, should be read aloud to be appreciated; and so should the Independence Day speech of Mr. EDWIN H. TENNEY, the star of the oratorical section, whose heroes go "doxologising along the suburbs" of heaven, their names "printed in italics in the newspapers of eternity." The story of the luckless young lady immured in a Gothic castle in Connecticut until "her ethereal parts became a seraph" deserves and gets a chapter to itself; while "GIFTED HOPKINS" and other poets are chiefly remarkable for the sympathy of their illustrators. The illustrators, largely of the CRUIKSHANK type, get a capital chance throughout; and as accessories to sentimental guide-books and moral tales of seduction (by gentlemen in red velvet vests and plaid pants) they excel themselves. I rather wish Mr. PEARSON had been less lavish with crime, much of it the twice-told exploits of noted English practitioners. I believe our broadsides in this genre continued later than he thinks. A local witness certainly averred that a ballad "in red and blue" was printed about the Moat Farm murder.

It was Mr. DAVID POLLOCK, saddler to His Majesty KING GEORGE III., who became by his marriage with SARAH

HOMERA PARSONS, against the wishes of her family, ancestor of the many POLLOCKS who have deserved well of their country in so many walks of life. Among his nine sons were Sir DAVID POLLOCK, who died as Chief Justice of Bombay in 1847; Field-Marshal Sir GEORGE POLLOCK, avenger of the massacre in the Khyber Pass, who finished his career as Constable of the Tower, and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, hero of the volume before us, *Lord Chief Baron Pollock* (MURRAY), a memoir compiled by his grandson, Lord HANWORTH, Master of the Rolls, most distinguished of the later legal members of the family. Sir FREDERICK assuredly deserved this modest monument to his memory. Originally destined by his mother for the Church, he was sent to Trinity, Cambridge; but the family income having fallen to a very low ebb his father actually wrote requesting that his name should be taken off the books. His tutor, the Rev. G. F. TAVEL, insisted that he should remain, drawing on him, if necessary, for the expenses; and this generous offer resulted in the young man becoming Senior Wrangler in 1806 and being called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in the following year. It is interesting to note that Sir JAMES MANSFIELD was then Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the same MANSFIELD who prosecuted Lord GEORGE GORDON in 1781 and had been counsel for WILKES thirteen years before. Joining the Northern Circuit, POLLOCK worked his way steadily up until he became leader of the Circuit, BROUGHAM being his chief rival, and at the close of 1834 became Attorney-General in Sir ROBERT PEEL's Government. His first tenure of this office lasted only about a hundred days, but in 1842 he came into office again and remained there until appointed to be Lord Chief Baron in 1844, a post which he held for more than twenty years. A lawyer himself, Lord HANWORTH pays perhaps more attention to the law cases in which his grandfather was concerned than to other events in his life. But he has written an interesting memoir of an interesting career, and not even the late Sir EDMUND GOSSE would be likely to complain that the book was unduly long.

To WILFRED MORRIS
Of the angling sort
I'm grateful for his
The Blameless Sport
And all the fun of
His verse and prose;
The book is one of
METHUEN AND Co.'s.

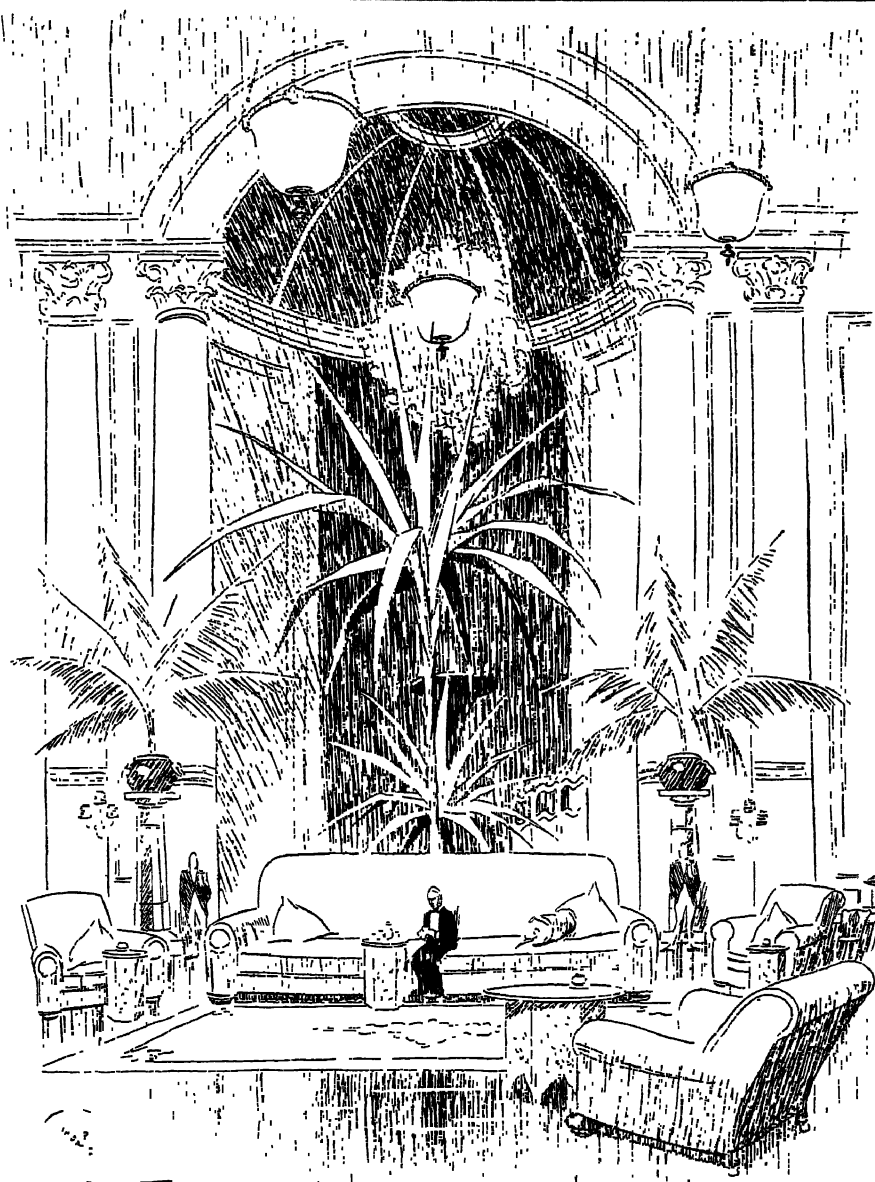
His is the tackle
For where Tweed runs down—
The Partridge Hackle
The big March Brown;
Teviot and Leader
See him go out
To seek a feeder—
Or salmon or trout;

Here is April's
Own cloud and sun;
Or, in autumn shape, rills
And rivers run;
Here's expert coaching
To the Borderside;
Here's a callant peaching
And the tricks he's tried.

These rhymes of rod-times,
These essays can
Make garland at odd times
For the fisherman;
And them I docket
As the bonny bunch
To fit a pocket
With one's flies and lunch.

I am delighted to find Mr. ALAN MULGAN'S *Home* (LONGMANS) reprinted in a cheap edition, for a more exhilarating legend than this of a "middle-aged Colonial's" adventures in England it would be hard to imagine. Happy in his approach—his estimate of the unseen Motherland was compact of family tradition and the glamour of English poetry—our New Zealander was, I think, even happier in his reception. His own country, he says, is like a village at the top of an inlet—the tide is later there than at the mouth;

and I feel Mr. MULGAN came with a pre-War mind to look for a pre-War England and found a great deal more extant than he had dared to hope. London and Manchester, Oxford and Cambridge, Devon and Sussex were not alone in providing him with thrills of identification and discovery. Not all the thrills were pleasant—the Universities, for instance, struck him as somewhat unprofitable servants, and so did those acres of the rural south which are one vast park. Our industrial slums, on the other hand, were not as black as they had been painted; even our Great Strike struck him as a pleasant strike as strikes go. As for the national character, in spite of superficial froth, it stands where it did, and his final meditation on its good points and bad is a little masterpiece of equity. I confess I cannot quite share his optimism. He never, in the nature of things, envisaged himself as one of us. And his well-documented contentment reminds me a little of those guests of the New Poor who are still saying, "Well, the So-and-So's are not so badly off after all," while the So-and-So's are still washing up.



THE LAST OF THE SWALLOWS.

THE LOUNGE, HÔTEL MAGNIFIQUE, SOMEWHERE-ON-SEA.

Told that one of our young intellectuals had essayed a novel in the large manner of FIELDING and DICKENS, a genial tale of taverns and the open road and picaresque adventure, one would be inclined to retort, "Pastiche! it can't be done in these thin-faced times." But it seems to me that Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY has done it. I am not going to say that he is so great a writer as FIELDING or DICKENS, but *The Good Companions* (HEINEMANN) is the genuine article. It is certainly not pastiche, for, if its manner was invented in more spacious days, its matter and spirit are up-to-date. Mr. PRIESTLEY'S characters are as much his contemporaries as *Tom Jones* was FIELDING'S. Nor are his motor-cars stage-coaches in masquerade; they are the latest models. He does not fob us off with tushery. But what is his story all about? Well, there are six-hundred-and-forty pages of it and something happens on each of them and a new person crops up on almost every other one. Suffice it therefore to say that a little joiner in the West Riding loses his job and acquires, through no fault of his own, twenty pounds with which he has no business; that a young "county" lady of

Gloucestershire, being freed from long attendance on an invalid father, lets her ancestral home and buys a two-seater; that a schoolmaster in East Anglia drinks too much whisky and insults his headmaster's wife, and that, having all taken to the road with no definite destinations in view, they meet, after many surprising adventures, in the Midland town of Rawsley, where they become involved in the affairs of a stranded company of travelling players and in still more surprising adventures. Mr. PRIESTLEY keeps his enormous ball rolling with admirable briskness. His invention and high spirits are indefatigable.

Even after reading *Leonid Krassin* (SKEFFINGTON) I am by no means clear how it was possible for a man who was not only of the *intelligentsia* and of the *bourgeoisie*, but who even stood for "big business," to hold his own in the inmost purist ring in revolutionary Russia throughout a period when half the educated population had disappeared, and when the country was being governed out of coherent existence in the name of an abstract "proletarian" philosophy. LUBOV KRASSIN, his wife, writing his biography with brilliant

and most affectionate partisanship, shows him labouring tirelessly to recondition Russia's native industries and to establish that renewal of trade with Western Europe which he almost alone realised was essential to his country's mere continuance. Incidentally she shows him winning a personal esteem and confidence as seldom associated with a "Red" leader as the capitalistic instincts that made it possible for him to talk in their own language to the financiers of London and Paris. Undoubtedly Mme. KRASSIN

makes out a *prima-facie* case for unstinted admiration, and, if it were not for one's unfortunate prejudice, it might be possible, I suppose, to push aside those things that stick so persistently in the memory of this present generation. If only for the sake of her early war-effort no one could fail to desire Russia's speedy rebuilding to a condition of material civilisation, and this KRASSIN instituted with consummate ability; yet KRASSIN, even if protesting, as one is willing to believe, lived near the centre of the Russian Terror, and he had the lasting confidence of LENIN himself. One would not gather from this volume that the Terror was of first-rate importance, yet it is still too near for one to be fully enthusiastic about any of the intimate friends of LENIN.

They take their theatre more seriously in America than we do here, and Mr. GLENN HUGHES, Assistant Professor of English and Dramatic Art in the University of Washington, Seattle, and not unknown as a writer of plays, has provided students of the drama (including perhaps primarily his own students for examination purposes) with *The Story of the Theatre* (BENN), a close-packed summary of the chief developments in the theatre of all times and climes of which there is any record or even plausible guesses, with a little over-emphasis on that of his own country, for which we can the more easily forgive him because here we know too little of

it. The scope of the work is necessarily too wide to admit of more than the most perfunctory comment on the assiduously collected facts; the style too, in general dulled by the exigencies of compression, is occasionally lightened by the most unacademic colloquialisms. Professor HUGHES, dealing more fully with the contemporary theatre, concludes that the two countries who are contributing least to the serious art of the theatre are France and England—an opinion, here rather summarily argued, for which there is, alas, plenty of evidence. Good indexing and a bibliography make this a useful book.

Miss M. P. WILLCOCKS, in *The Cup and the Lip* (HUTCHINSON), makes a careful study of a young man who was affected by intangible and invisible influences. During *Vernon Huxtable's* boyhood, which was spent in a Cornish village, where superstition was rampant, his mother to a great extent controlled him, but presently he left Cornwall and, after wanderings in Italy, Spain and so forth, he was taken under the wing of a *grande dame* who exercised a controlling influence over his literary career. Gifted with

a sense that enabled him to see deep into human nature he eventually launched forth on the sea of authorship and wrote a book of which his patroness was the heroine, and it was a book of revelations. Miss WILLCOCKS has written a curious and ambitious story, in which my interest was sustained despite the fact that the loquacity of some of its characters is a little wearisome.

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE's fertility of imagination is amazing. *Affectionate Regards* (MILLS AND BOON) contains no fewer



"BUT, MY DEAR SIR, A YACHTING-CAP IS NOT WORN ON THE MOORS."
"I KNOW THAT, BUT I'VE GOT A STRING TIED TO IT."

than twenty-seven tales, all of which are pleasant and easy to read, even if none of them is destined to remain lingeringly in the memory. In passing on from one of these short stories to another I have found myself thinking that Mr. PETT RIDGE might justly be accused of squandering his material. At any rate I am convinced that some of our more modern writers would make lengthy tales from some of the ideas which he picks up and drops in a few pages. Happiness of phrase and humorous sympathy with the foibles of human nature combine to make this collection a light and agreeable entertainment.

Illusions Made Perfect.

"Miss Pearl Golding wrapped a large black shawl about her, and was a Spanish lady."—*Report in Tasmanian Paper.*

"We attempt no defence of hard liquor. But wine containing ten per cent alcohol moderately consumed can have no noxious effects. Besides being a stimulant, it is an excellent ailment for the manual and intellectual worker."—*Indian Paper.*

Many of these are of course confirmed invalids.

When GILBERT in *Iolanthe*—in the famous passage about *Captain Shaw*—mentioned the "hose of common-sense" he little thought that the modern tennis star would claim him as a supporter of her views.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to Lord ROTHERMERE's suggestion that the mandates for Palestine and Mesopotamia should be transferred to Italy, some surprise is felt that Signor MUSSOLINI has not returned the compliment by suggesting their transference to Thanet.

We are authorised to contradict the rumour that Signor MUSSOLINI's real object in relinquishing most of his Ministerial portfolios is that he may be free to accept an invitation from Lord BIRKENHEAD to go into the City.

In view of the probability that Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. HOOVER will hold their conference at a fishing-camp, a rumour is current that the yardstick is to be applied to their catches.

"A reader of *The Observer* sitting quietly in his chair in London," a scientist points out, "has a speed due to the earth's rotation of about three-hundred-and-twenty yards per second." An illusion of greater velocity is sometimes the effect of reaction to Mr. GARVIN.

It is not anticipated that the publication in *Africa Italiana* of a copy of the recently-discovered will of PTOLEMY VIII., in which he bequeathed Egypt to the Romans, will materially affect the course of Near Eastern affairs.

It is believed that *Sinanthropus Pekinensis*, casts of whose fossilised skull are being brought to London for examination, may prove to be the missing Chink.

The Pekin Gazette, we are reminded, has been published for over fourteen hundred years without a break. And without a comic strip.

Dr. JOHN ANDERSON, lecturer on bee-keeping at the Aberdeen College of Agriculture, carries live bees about in his trousers pockets, we learn. It is more usual for Scots lecturers to carry bees about in their bonnets.

Two Glasgow motorists have been fined for unnecessary hooting. It has been thought that Scotsmen in general might be more sparing with "Hoots!"

Road-menders outside a London church cheered as they stopped work to allow a wedding-party to pass. Yet it is sometimes alleged that marriage is not taken seriously nowadays.

A motorist of twenty-five years' experience declares that he would never advise beginners to go on an arterial road. "Try not the by-pass," the old man said.

In view of the recent window-slashing outrages Mr. Punch is reassured to learn that the police are taking every precaution to safeguard the Crystal Palace.

Mr. OLIVER BALDWIN is perturbed about the non-fulfilment of Election pledges. On these grounds some poli-

telephone which have been provided by the G.P.O. will now take up telephoning as a hobby.

A girl golfer playing in a recent competition snapped off the head of her driver. It is of course not unusual for golfers of both sexes to snap off the heads of their caddies.

So many skeletons have been unearthed of late in this country that there are grave fears that the craze for thinning is being carried too far.

A German film company is called "Klangfilm." Bangfilm, Gangfilm and Slangfilm must be responsible for most American films.

Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, we are reminded, has been called the juvenile BERNARD SHAW. Yet it would be unwise in Shavian circles to speak of the elderly BEVERLEY NICHOLS.

A bull walked into an electric power station in Hampshire last week, but was got out before any damage was done. Perhaps it had heard that there were some batteries there which wanted charging.

The claim that over five miles of the sausages manufactured by a certain firm are eaten by Londoners in a day,

if challenged by rival firms, is calculated to give a stimulus to long-distance sausage-eating.

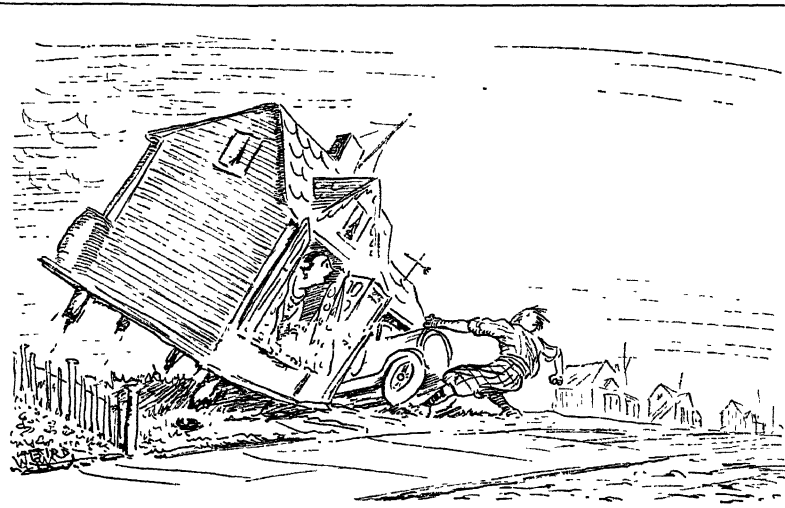
Mr. PAUL ROBESON is to appear as SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello*. Manufacturers of make-up are hoping this sort of thing will not become a habit.

Every salesman, according to Mr. HOLBROOK JACKSON, is an actor. "To buy or not to buy; that is the question."

"The playing of the saxophone is an art," says a musical director. Others still regard it as a bad habit.

Mr. THOMAS EDISON has announced that he is very fond of babies. Mr. EDISON, by the way, is deaf.

A London police-court magistrate says that women age quicker than men. But less often.



"DARLING, WHAT HAPPENED?"

"I WAS TRYING TO GET THE MOTOR OUT OF THE GARAGE AND IT STUCK."

tical circles consider he is growing too like his father to be a really clever politician.

The tenant of chambers in Clifford's Inn complains that a rat got into his desk and nibbled away the manuscript of a book he was writing. We fear it is too much to expect writers of modern novels to live in rat-infested districts.

Norfolk is suffering severely from a shortage of water, but it does not appear that special precautions have been taken to preserve the Broad.

A professional cricketer who has become a music-hall singer of sentimental songs appears on the stage dressed in flannels. His repertoire should include "Tom Bowling."

It is anticipated that many of those who have availed themselves of the free lessons in the use of the automatic

A LOST ART.

SINCE Archie's sad experience I agree with those who lament the decay of letter-writing—especially love-letter writing—as an art.

Archie and Mary had been engaged for two years when his battery was ordered to India. During that period their ardent vows had been breathed down the telephone, hammered out on a typewriter or compressed into a shilling telegram. Neither cherished any scrap of the other's note of hand, except an occasional I.O.U.

The young couple were so happy as doves, as we say in Somerset, until the labour of the pen palled upon Archie. Sometimes he sent her two loving words by cable, sometimes he wrote a picture-postcard. However his mending arrived regularly. Evidently Archie in his bluff unsentimental way was saying it with socks; but Mary seemed to find less and less satisfaction in sleeping with a tattered golf-stocking under her pillow. Then one day the mail brought her a fat letter.

"Really, I do think that it is too bad of Archie," she said bitterly as we watched her read it in sympathetic silence. "This is the second round-robin that he has written for me to send on to his family. It's all about geography and history and the car's inside. You can read it yourself."

She tossed me a businesslike document. Its pages were clipped together and the top one headed "Sheet I." This was the outpouring of Archie's soul to his beloved:—

"MY DEAR FAMILY, —The battery entrained on Monday, but as I had a week's leave I borrowed Smith's car and motored down. The first day's run from Peshawar was along very hilly roads, with some terrific gradients. Mother would have been thrilled with the wild flowers; thistles as tall as a man, flowering shrubs, etc. Enclosed are some snaps of scenery which I took while waiting for Henrietta to go off the boil at the top of a 1 in 4 hill. Stayed a night in the Gunners' Mess at Lahore. Tell Gwen that it was the scene of much fighting in the Indian Mutiny . . ." (Here followed a brief *résumé* of local history, included for the benefit of Archie's sister, who is working for an exam.) ". . . The Major told me a very good story, which father would enjoy, but cannot repeat it here because of Aunt Jane and the girls. On Thursday Henrietta had three punctures and magneto trouble. Hired a team of oxen to tow her to the nearest town. Stayed two nights in Agra, to have Henrietta's carburettor put right and see the Taj Mahal. It was built by a

johnnie called SHAH JEHAN as a tomb for his favourite wife (or chief wife, I forget which). It is one of the Seven Wonders of the World. On Monday broke Henrietta's off fore-spring. A local rajah passed and offered to put me up for the night; very decent of him. Tell Gwen that they are famous for their princely hospitality, etc. Mother will be glad to know that the sheets were aired properly. To-day Henrietta's front-axle gave way outside Lucknow. Have decided to leave her here and finish the journey by train. Tell Jim that I have seen some fine butterflies lately. Hope Father's gout is better, and that Mary has sent off my socks; seem to be short of one golf-stocking. With much love to you all . . ."

With tears in her eyes Mary declared that never, never would she believe that ardent passion could pulse through a letter like that. I suggested that we might have missed some of the finer shades of feeling. No doubt Archie had dreamt of her every time he tickled Henrietta's carburettor. That bit about the Taj Mahal was obviously inspired by romantic thoughts. She was so offended that I offered to draft a withering reply for her. Herewith:—

"Your esteemed communication to hand, and contents duly noted. The aforementioned socks will be forwarded shortly under separate cover. In your next love-letter write what you know about *either* the Siege of Taunton, *or* Beacons: Their Use in Ancient Times; What happened at (a) The Black Hole of Calcutta? (b) Sedgemoor? (c) Behind the toolshed last summer? Isn't it nice to think that these villagers repulsed a Viking raid in 918 A.D.? My heart leaps whenever I see a map of India and think of you mending punctures across the broad face of the Brightest Jewel in Britain's Crown. Please pass this round the Mess. Eagerly awaiting your next gripping instalment, I remain, dear Archibald,

Your edified betrothed . . ."

This retaliation was never sent, for Mary announced that all was over, all was done, between her and Archie. By way of handing him the frozen mitt she returned the moth-eaten golf-stocking (undarned).

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL AT WORCESTER.

The general impression left was that of music of the lager scale.—*Provincial Paper*. It is more usually of the bass variety.

"Cardinal Bourne then went to the balcony of the Cathedral and blessed the immense crowd outside."—*Liverpool Paper*.

No doubt a gracious reparation to the Jackdaw of Rheims.

SEPTEMBER IN WHITEHALL.

(A Post-Holiday Depression.)

EIGHTY steps I climb to-day,
To what high purpose who can say?
To what irrelevant design
I come to add some curious line
(Quitting a golf-course by the sea)
Is not exactly clear to me.

I will attack as best I may
This piled-up piffle in my tray
That looms so vast before my eyes
And summons me to draft replies.
The office is extremely warm.
"I am directed to inform,
I am directed to inform,
I AM DIRECTED TO INFORM—"
The office is extremely hot.
"I am to say—" some sort of rot.

Viewing with pensive gaze and sad
The departmental blotting-pad,
My casual pen is moved to trace
The outline of a monstrous face,
A gross incongruous countenance
Limned by the magic hand of chance.

O fatuous face that doth appear
Out of the nowhere into here,
Those bulbous features, it is plain,
Are fashioned in the EPSTEIN vein,
Not handsome, but, it seems, imbued
With such despair as suits my mood.

Last week I wandered blithe and free
Over a golf-course by the sea
And did the seventeenth in three;
There even now men may be found
Assembling for the morning round,
Taking a morning glass of beer,
And I, ye gods! imprisoned here.

With what wild deeds shall I assuage
The promptings of my inward rage?
Bring me my nib of stainless gold;
Bring me my stamp; O files, unfold!
I have in mind to light my pipe
With minute-sheets and suchlike tripe.

* * * * *

Eighty steps I climbed to-day,
To what high purpose who can say?
To what irrelevant design
I come to add some useless line
It is not easy to define.

I am not much in love with town:
Next week I shall have settled down.

===== C. L. M.

"While digging in his garden a Rothesay man saw something about the size of a house alight on the hoe which he had just laid down."
Scots Paper.

He was probably a bit of a fisherman too.

"Scholars of Llandyssul County School will find inspiration in the fact that the motto of the Elgin Academy, where Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, was educated, is the same as theirs—'Sir Stir ad Astra' (This is the way to the Stars)."—*Scots Paper*.

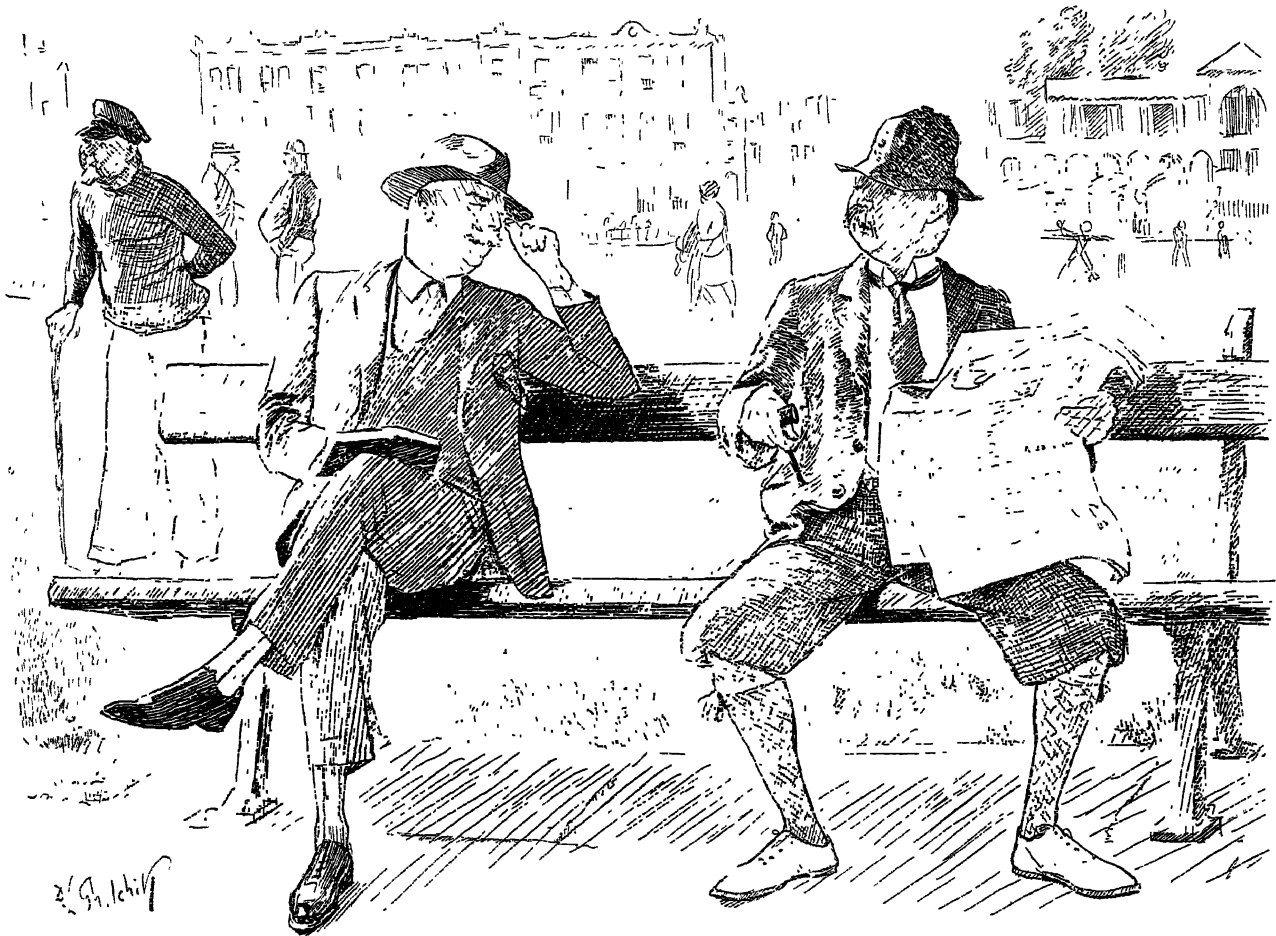
Scholars of older grammar schools will merely feel a little sad.



FAME v. FORTUNE;

OR, THE LURE OF THE YOUNG LADY OF LOMBARD STREET.

[Ex-Ministers in increasing numbers are accepting posts in the City.]



New Arrival (at small seaside town). "DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW, SIR, IF THE LOCAL LINKS ARE ANY GOOD?"
Stranger. "I'M AFRAID I'M NO GOLFER, SIR. I JUST WEAR PLUS-FOURS BECAUSE THEY'RE 'ANDIER FOR PADDLIN'."

ANCIENT RETAINERS.

SOMETHING ought to be written—something *shall* be written—about braces and sock-suspenders.

Looking at the affluent, well-dressed men of handsome appearance in London, a visitor from another sphere might be tempted to suppose that they were as well girt underneath as the Graces, and as neatly cross-gartered on either leg as *Malvolio*. It is not the case.

If some dictator should order—as why should he not?—the exquisitely tailored men of London all at one moment to fling off their coats and waistcoats and pull up their trousers to the knees, a most shocking and terrible spectacle would be revealed. Braces ragged, braces primeval, braces outworn, braces fastened with bits of string, with sealing-wax, with manuscript clips, braces half tongueless yet proudly supporting the trousers at four or five places only, instead of six; sock-suspenders with perished elastic and frayed silk—sock-suspenders doubled to the very hilt of the metal clip, and even so sagging downwards on the calf—sock-suspenders

whose little flap no longer grips relentlessly the wearied grooving of the rubber or celluloid stud.

There are some men so rich and well-attended that their valets doubtless say to them, "I have taken the liberty to put your old pair of braces on the bonfire this morning, my Lord, and to buy you a new pair."

Or, "The sock-suspenders your Grace was wearing yesterday have been sent to the South Kensington Museum, your Grace's tenants having subscribed for another set."

Though even in these cases I will wager that a protest is made. As for the rest, there is chaos round the shoulders of the professional classes, and even of the landed gentry, and confusion at the tops of their shins. I challenge the members of any London club to throw off their outer coverings, to reef their pantaloons, and invite a candid inspection of the harness thus revealed.

Don't put any faith in the pictures of elegantly-appointed persons in the papers. Dare your friend to the ordeal, and it will be found in five cases out of ten that his sock-suspenders are mere tangles of inverted cordage and his

braces too fragile to uphold an hour of rustic toil.

It is hard to understand this state of affairs. Much must be conceded to loyalty and the recognition of long service. These are they—I mean these braces are they—which have supported, with so many slight yet visible varieties of adjustment, year by succeeding year, so many types and shades of trouserings. The heat and burden of the day have been theirs. They cannot be discarded without a sense of ingratitude and real personal loss. Better to bind the disabled parts with whipcord, with pink tapes or with loops of wire than dismiss an old servant who has helped us from boyhood into manhood and from manhood into middle age. I have a friend well on in the fifties who swears that he has only had four pairs of braces in his life. One, he said, was of that very intricate and complicated kind, the ropes of which ran over blocks and pulleys to their appointed purposes; and when the wheels of this pair loosened on their axles and the hawsers became entangled, the devices by which he repaired the machinery were unending. His back and shoulders at this period of his life

resembled, when he was in shirt-sleeves, a three-masted vessel after a violent typhoon. It was only the necessity of swift dressing that came in with the Great War that obliged him to cut the whole tackle loose and cast it overboard.

He got, then, a new pair towards the late autumn of 1914, and that, he was happy to tell me, has stayed with him since. He was wounded once in the chest, but not so as to damage the braces, and was able to retrieve them from hospital. In these piping times of peace he considers that they should have at least five more years' life in them, "and possibly," he says with a kind of wistful hope, "they will last out my time." He admits, however, that many of the fangs which clutch the tattered webbing are blunted at the tip.

I have asked him how he came to lose his second pair, but the memory is lost in the pearly mists of 'Varsity life. The first, he says, was discarded through the normal accident of growth at his private school.

Sock-suspenders are an even heavier care. Not treasured as braces are nor sentimentally esteemed, they fall into that order of things that a man knows that he wants and yet is very mysteriously unable to enter a shop and buy, although he feels the dilapidation of the fabric proceeding month by month from bad to worse. At any moment may come the sudden slackening of the tension above the calf, the appearance like a sudden flower on the pavement (it may be in Piccadilly, it may be in the Strand) of the little blue or purple ribbon at the bottom of his trouser-leg. Lamely he hobbles to the nearest building which has a decent flight of steps to its portico. He lays down the despatch-case, the umbrella, the gloves, the newspaper neatly on the third step and bends to his dismal ploy. The crowd, anxious for any novel sensation, stops immediately and gathers to observe. Hullo! Here is a man about to enter a block of offices, a man who has stopped and bent double for some unknown cause. Is he perhaps going to take a phial of cocaine out of his shoe-heel? Or is he overcome by sciatica or remorse? Anyhow, *something* has occurred. The victim hitches up his trouser, displaying to the shocked assembly the lowest reach of his underwear or, more indecently still, a portion of the nude human leg. Deeply blushing, he fumbles with the tarnished metal fitting and the frayed and twisted ligament. Before he has ended, and while the policeman is yet moving on the crowd, the manager of the bank or fire insurance company comes out to ask him what he desires. . . .



The Girl "BUT, DARLING, YOU'VE CHOSEN A REDDISH TIE. DO YOU REALLY LIKE THAT?"

The Young Man. "NOT PARTICULARLY, BUT I'M TERRIBLY PLEASED WITH THE WAY THE GOVERNMENT IS BEHAVING."

Yet even so the sufferer from fading sock-suspenders will not take the plunge and purchase new; whilst wives, fiancées, mothers, and sisters as a class are totally incapable of buying sock-suspenders for those they pretend to love.

Some men take a firm line and go without, permitting the sock, if it so desires, to lapse in corrugated layers round the shoe. Once in a fit of passion I tore off a pair of sock-suspenders and buried them deeply in the ground on Morte Point, where many of the ships of the Spanish Armada were battered into drift-wood, and for more than a month went about England high-hearted but with wrinkled hose. My

present shackles have hung about me for five long years. Can I be courageous again?

About braces and about sock-suspenders something, though not nearly enough, has been written. EVOE.

Accusations which will be Hotly Denied.

"MR. CHURCHILL'S LITTLE DEN.

Bookmaking in a Nest of M.P.s."

Headlines in Morning Paper.

"'Kenilworth.'—What is the cause of adults grinding their teeth during sleep? Is there a remedy?"—*Query in Daily Paper.*

One can either remove the teeth or gag them with Schedule D.

THE LOG OF THE "LIZARD."

IV.—CHANSON DU YACHTSMAN.

TUESDAY.—Left *Lizard* reluctantly at St. Nazaire and steered E.N.E. for Paris by night-train. Notes.

Before leaving composed French song in honour of *Lizard*. Herewith. Like all great poetry requires explanation. Pity other great poets never provide it. Yet this song has universal appeal and refrain at least can be sung by all cruising yachtsmen.

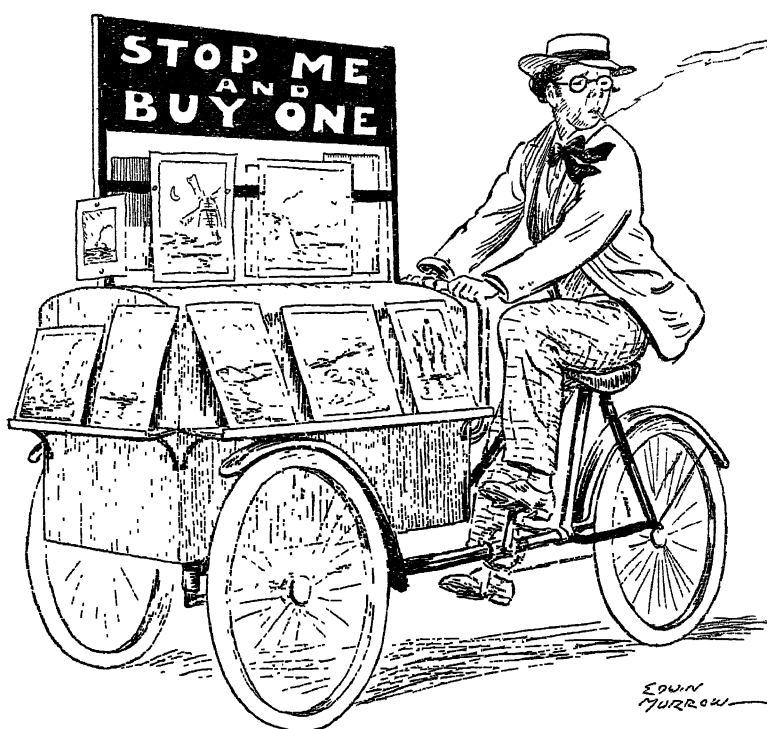
"*Les Pierres*."—In all married couples one who adores expeditions and one who loathes expeditions. Owner of *Lizard* has strange passion for visiting remote churches and ruins on hot afternoons. Owner's Wife prefers *rester tranquille* on yacht. Sympathise with O.W. Cannot understand Owner's craving for Druids. These parts of Brittany littered with dolmens, menhirs, cromlechs, etc., and other rather untidy remains of Druids. Moment Owner sees a menhir on map casts anchor and staggers inland. Yesterday did famous menhirs at Carnac. Too hot. Can not see charm of Druids. They had marked capacity for lifting heavy weights and sticking up large stones in straight lines not very straight. But what else? Owner gazes at said stones excitedly for hours. Insists have religious significance. When inquire *what* religion turns out Druids were frank pagans with strong taste for human sacrifice. Do not approve of this. Owner devout Christian but gazes heathen cromlechs same reverence as Quimper cathedral (or church?). Cannot follow workings Owner's mind.

To-day spent three hours hunting famous Dolmen Logmariaquer. Too hot. Found dolmen lurking in farmyard. Disappointing absence of dolwomen. Small cavity under large stone. More religious significance. Don't believe it. Believe all these stones remains of Druid villas and country-houses. Lot of seaweed talked about altars midway between rising and setting sun. Quite simple. Druids built houses facing south same as us. Anyhow altars red with human gore so refuse admire same.

Owner's Wife detests Druids. Woman of great intelligence. Also has wholesome respect for ocean. First instinct find harbour, stay in it and shop. Second instinct dash on to next harbour before Owner discovers nest of dolmens. Serious dilemma. Which worse—dolmens or ocean? Personally consider ocean. But Owner is a General, which makes almost impossible cut dolmen parade.

"*Aristide*," mentioned in song below, is French cook picked up Brest. Very fortunate, as few rhymes to *Druides*.

"*Concarneau*."—Fishing fleet in this harbour most brilliant bit of colour ever saw. almost most beautiful sight. Hun-



ENTERPRISE IN ART.

dreds of boats, all sails up, all sails and hulls all colours, also clothes of crews—pale blue, coffee, cinnamon, sepia, scarlet, butter, cream, chocolate, emerald, etc. Also blue sardine-nets strung up on masts to dry, like phantom sails. Sent off post-cards afternoon all artist friends advising rush Concarneau make fortune. Alas! great tunny-fishing place—*le thon*. Tunny-fish canneries. At night, low tide, no wind, ghastly smell pervades sea and sky. Sent off telegrams sunrise all artist friends advising stay where they were. Rather *triste*. *A bas le thon!*

For benefit those not accustomed sing in French have emphasised with hyphens strange French custom sounding final "e." But best poets don't do it when inconvenient:—

CHANSON DU "LIZARD."

"À TERRE NOUS ALLONS . . ."

Allons, allons un peu plus loin!
Il faut trouver un joli coin
Où l'Océan ne trouble point—
Ha, ha! le brave "Lizard"!

Les vag-ues et les vents,
Les rochers et les il-es,
Sont toujours évidents—
Mon Dieu! c'est difficile!¹
Le Général préfèr-e
Regarder les pierr-es—²
Allons, allons à terr-e,
A terr-e nous allons!

Allons, allons un peu plus loin,
Le port à port, de coin à coin,
Où l'Océan ne trouble point—
Ha, ha! le brave "Lizard"!

Qu'est-il de plus sublim-e
Que d'aller à la voil-e—
La vi-e maritim-e,
Les phar-es, les étoil-es?
Moi-mêm-e je préfèr-e
M'asseoir avec mon verr-e,
Mais il n'y a plus de bièr-e—
A terr-e nous allons!

Allons, allons un peu plus loin!
Car je connais un joli coin
Où l'Océan ne trouble point—
Ha, ha! le brave "Liz-ard"!

Mon brav-e Général
Veut's promener à Oues-sant
Par un petit chenal
Qui est très intéress-ant;
Mais sa femm-e préfèr-e
Rester dans la rivièr-e;
Nous restons donc à terr-e,
A terr-e nous restons!

Demain, peut-être, un peu plus loin!
Mais je connais un joli coin
Où l'Océan ne trouble point—
Ha, ha! le brave "Liz-ard"!

Il n'y a pas assez d'eau,³
Mais il y a trop de vent.
Allons à Concarneau!
C'est mieux que l'Océan.
Il y a une forte odeur
De poissons et d'pêcheurs,

Elle ne nous fait pas peur—
A terr-e nous allons.

Allons, demain, un peu plus loin!
Quel' senteur a ce joli coin!
Mais il est tranquille, néanmoins—
Ha, ha! le brave "Lizard"!

Marchons aux magasins!⁴
Nous n'avons plus de poissons,

¹ Whenever a Breton fisherman asked for information about channels, etc., replies, "C'est assez difficile," and goes away.

² i.e., les dolmens, menhirs, cromlechs, etc., qui se trouvent en Bretagne et excitent l'Owner formidablement, mais pas sa famille: ni moi non plus.

³ After anchor has been dropped in a strange tidal harbour question is always put to a local fisherman, "Il y a assez d'eau?" Answer is always "Non."

⁴ Shopping is only part of yachting that really matters. When no other excuse for seeking harbour Owner's Wife says, "We have no more bread," and that settles it.

Nous n'avons plus de vin,
 Nous n'avons plus de croissants;¹
 Nous n'avons plus de glac-e,
 Voilà un port en fac-e
 Nous débarquons en mass-e,
 La Terr-e, je t'embrass-e,
 Et au revoir, La Mer!

*Allons, allons un peu plus loin'
 Car je connais un joli coin,
 Où l'Océan ne troubl-e point—
 Ha, ha! le brav-e "Lizard"!*

À terr-e nous allons.
 Riez, mon Aristid-e!
 Et nous, nous visitons
 Les dolmens des Druid-es,
 La mer est vaste et vide-e;
 Je n'aime pas les Druid-es,
 Mais ils sont plus solid-es—
 A terr-e nous allons!

*Allons, allons un peu plus loin!
 Il faut trouver un joli coin
 Où l'Océan ne troubl-e point—
 Ha, ha! le brav-e "Lizard"!*

Au brav-e petit bateau
 Je lèv-e donc mon verr-e,
 Au Général de l'Eau
 Aux enfants et leur mèr-e.
 Aussi à l'équipag-e²
 (Il n'y en a pas un qui nag-e),³
 Bonne chance et bon voyag-e!
 Adieu, et soyez sag-es,
 Evitez les naufrag-es,
 Surveillez les nuag-es,
 Tenez-vous à la plag-e,
 A la plag-e tenez.

*Allez plus loin, mais ayez soin!
 Chers matelots, il y a peu de coins
 Où l'Océan ne troubl-e point—
 Ha, ha! le brav-e "Lizard"!*

A. P. H.

THOSE SMOKING WOMEN.

[On a report from certain doctors and hair dressers.]

The Counsellor.

Give up, give up the cigarette;
 Oh maids and matrons, heed
 Or you'll have reason to regret
 Your passion for the weed;
 The fragrant clouds that you exhale
 In many a filmy wreath
 Make the complexion wan and pale
 And uglify the teeth.

The Ladies.

Why should we chuck the soothing
 fag?
 What if the true bloom goes?
 We carry in our little bag
 The making of the rose;
 As for our teeth, you need not fear;
 The female smile presents
 A wider dazzle every year,
 Vide advertisements.

The Counsellor.

Yet ladies, give it up, I ask;
 What devotee escapes
 The smoker's doom, a lifeless mask,
 An eye that's like an ape's?

¹ Rime effrayante? Peut-être. Mais que voulez-vous? C'est la guerre.

² Crew. ³ Chose extraordinaire!



Mother. "DID THE PROFESSOR SAY THAT HE COULD MAKE YOU INTO A SINGER?"

Daughter. "NOT EXACTLY. HE SAID THAT IF HE COULD DO THAT HE COULD MAKE A SWISS WATCH THAT WOULD YODEL."

And will your simple methods cure
 Those lines, too plainly seen,
 The wrinkles, not of premature
 Old age, but nicotine?

The Ladies.

We hear, but do not understand
 Why you should be so sad;
 The merest drop of something, and
 The dullest eye grows glad;
 And there are men who have the gift
 Of making stale things new,
 Who lift the countenance, and lift
 Those cursed wrinkles too.

The Counsellor.

Still hear me, ere the chance be gone;
 I hold you unaware
 Of the effect of baccy on
 The female head of hair;

It shaves it to the very root
 And sweeps it from the sight,
 And you'll be balder than the coot,
 And serve you darned well right.

The Ladies.

Oh sisters, sisters, this is tough;
 This is a fatal stroke;
 The simple toupet's well enough,
 But baldness is no joke;
 This very hour may be too late;
 My nerves are all upset;
 Lord, when I think about it—Kate,
 Chuck me a cigarette. DUM-DUM

"RECLAMATION OF THE WASH."

Manchester Paper.

It would need a Royal Commission to
 get back that dress-shirt of ours.

THE FEET.

EVERY village worthy of the name holds during the course of the summer what the quality call "a Feye" and the cottagers refer to as "the Feet." You all know the sort of thing. The sweet and toy and china stall; the persistent small boy with raffle tickets for something which someone presumably wins; the enormous stall for "jumble"; the darts, and bowling for the pig; and the village band and the Vicar and Lady Bicuspid being gracious; and in particular upon the Fancywork stall the incredible multitude of Sins against Art and Commercial Commonsense that are presumably covered by Local Charity. But what you probably do not know so well is the preliminary plannings, skirmishings and even downright battles that have gone on in half the homes in the village in order to ensure that the Feet shall be comparatively successful.

For the Feet, while organised entirely by the feminine section of the village, depends for its success very largely upon the attendance of males. Why this should be I don't know, except that possibly woman, the holder of the house-keeping money, has an inborn objection to parting with good cash for, say, a set of hand-embroidered egg-cosies even for the benefit of the local cottage hospital; whereas a man, held firmly in tow by his wife, will even fall for a pound of chocolates bought that morning at the village shop for three-and-six, divided between two pink boxes and sold at three shillings per box. Moreover, it is a curious fact but with plenty of men at a Feet you can always raffio a series of ten-bob cakes for anything over a couple of quid each, provided you get an attractive girl to sell the tickets. This is more than a curious fact, it is a Natural Law.

So you can understand how essential it is that every wife should bring with her someone who will not only himself contribute definitely to the success of the thing, but can also be borrowed from in the heat of the moment with every likelihood of his having forgotten the loan by that evening. And thus you can understand the pre-Feet skirmishing, varying from open attack—"But, my dear, I *promised* Lady Bicuspid you'd be there"—and flanking moves—"You needn't buy anything if you don't want to"—down to mock retreat—"Just take me in the car and drop in for five minutes"—and enticements into ambush—"There'll be *heaps* of charming girls." All of which result in a meek victim, garlanded for sacrifice, spending three hours and two pounds, seeing only two pretty girls (both engaged) and being greeted by Lady Bicuspid with

"How sweet of you! I never thought you were coming."

Last year the men of our village engineered a strike. Very surreptitiously they arranged some sort of tournament up at the golf-club (it didn't really matter what so long as it *was* up at the golf-club) on the same day as the Feet. The Feet was very nearly postponed when the news got out; only the Vicar's wife said it would be a sign of weakness.

This year, however, the wives got even. Not only did they wipe out the natural deficit (due to male absence) of the previous year, but they made a record profit. And this in spite of the fact that the heavy silver cigarette-case which had been presented for auction by Lord Barpenheyfield was snooped by some light-fingered gentleman from the neighbouring town during the Vicar's lengthy opening prayer. But that is by the way.

The wives got even by a very simple trick, and, though I speak as a victim, I cannot help seeing that if it is applied universally it will revolutionise all Feets.

It was done by means of the Jumble stall. A few days before the Feet every single man missed that favourite old coat, or grey flannel gardening trousers, or treasured pair of slippers. Wives apologised for the error or justified themselves, but the fact remained: the things had gone to the jumble. They could not in common decency be demanded back. No man could be so hard-hearted as to snatch from the tentative grasp of a cottage hospital an old, a very old coat. There was only one way out: go to the Feet and buy back the treasures.

Husbands fumed, but the logic was unanswerable. Wives were accused of tricks and treachery and answered sweetly that husbands of course needn't go to the Feet; they were perfectly free to go up to the golf-club if they liked. In which case some of the poorer villagers would no doubt at once snap up the garments if they were really as valuable as husbands made out. The most that wives could do to rectify matters would be to arrange with the stall-holders to put such a high price upon the garments in question that no villager could afford it.

They did. Moreover, their ideas of a high price were extraordinary. They said afterwards they wanted to be sure the articles *were* out of reach of villagers.

Husbands with tears in their eyes and catches in their voices swarmed round the Jumble stall. Favourite coats were at least a pound; treasured slippers seven-and-six a pair. Husbands came away crooning to themselves over parcels and the cottage hospital is starting up four more beds.

But next year all husbands are going to lock up everything and sleep in their shabbiest clothes for at least a week before the Feet. A. A.

WILLIAM (OR WALTER).

AT the dinner-table the name of Mr. BERNARD SHAW was mentioned. It often is. "For the lax ideas of the young people of to-day," the lady on my right said firmly, "we have to thank chiefly Mr. W. Bernard Shaw."

That set me wondering what would have been the difference if his first name had been William or Walter. It is true that the name George does not by itself offer any particular threat to the conventions, but when attached to Bernard and Shaw it goes a great deal further in that direction than either William or Walter could ever have gone. Only GEORGE in that connection could have said what he has said about the greatest WILLIAM we know. William (or Walter) Bernard Shaw must, I think, have remained in Dublin, the name serving well enough for an art-photographer, perhaps, or a well-recommended dentist. GEORGE's famous cycling-suit would not have become him so well as his jacket of black velveteen or white drill.

Could William (or Walter) ever have attained such fame as to be spoken of by the multitude as "SHAW"? "W.B.S." is too clumsy to come trippingly off the tongue, and would have had no magic. Willie or Wallie would be unthinkable as the great playwright's familiar name, and he would hardly have surmounted either Bill or Walt. If Mr. William Bernard Shaw or Mr. Walter Bernard Shaw had been known to be sun-bathing at Cap Antibes, would anybody have troubled to ask the driver of the charabanc to go slowly along the front?

Put yourself in the place of the theatrical manager who receives by post one morning the M.S. of a play entitled *Man and Superman*, by William (or Walter) Bernard Shaw. You see what I mean? It would have been as impossible for either of those to write *Mrs. Warren's Profession* as to refuse a plate of ham with his tea. And whether William or Walter, anyone but George must have upset *The Apple Cart*.

The name he possesses in fact is eternally identified with a certain kind of achievement. Some would have it that if his parents, with some Celtic power of foresight, were aware of the consequences, they undertook a heavy responsibility in naming him George. But if this power of seeing into the future was theirs then they must have envisaged *Saint Joan*; and since it was only George who could enable *Saint Joan* to see the footlights, there was no great mistake made at his christening.



Lady from Overseas. "LOOKIT, YOU, ARE THOSE HERE TROSSACHS IN BACK OF YOU OPEN SUNDAYS, AND IF SO WHAT TIME DO THEY SHUT?"

TO AN UNKNOWN PHILANTHROPE.

[A centenarian attributes his great age to having always assumed a horizontal position at frequent intervals throughout the day.]

SOME men, my friend, might be inclined to blame you,
Taking your actions at their surface worth,
Heap on you bitter curses and proclaim you
As one who merely cumbereth the earth.
Not such am I; although your conduct *has* won
In bygone times my censure now and then,
I take that censure back and write you as one
That loves his fellow-men.

If I could only look upon your features
I'm sure they'd prove abnormally benign;
You fain would benefit all fellow-creatures;
To do them kindness is your sole design;

To serve us all is ever your intention;
Naught caring though you get no man
You seek, despite our lack of com-
To bring us length.

That is what all desire, and
Be ours, as you're pr-
If only we assume the
Whenever we hav-
This fact alone im-
Indubitable phil-
When on the p-
Yo-

"Lost, Ten. Race. U.E.

This correspo- MAY BE TEMPTED TO STEAL SOME APPLES."

HOW TO PICK UP FIRST EDITIONS.

WHENEVER I am left alone in a library nowadays I hope and pray to be preserved from common theft. I usually go straight to the window and stand there staring out in quiet innocence upon the lawn. I present, that is to say, a disarming and rather nice silhouette as the owner rushes in. Nowadays one does positively rush. Unless of course one has either packed them off to London or has them in the safe. I am speaking of first editions. Not those stately old tomes, all calf and gilt and a pleasant cultured fragrance. No one bothers about them nowadays. No, I mean the first editions of Mr. GALSWORTHY or Mr. SHAW or Sir JAMES BARRIE, or quite a number of other contemporary writers still flourishing modestly amongst us.

People who possessed some tedious old Puritan first edition always handed it about and pretended they wouldn't part with it for all the money in the world. That kind of ceremony gave prestige. The host—especially if he was a country landowner and very naturally suspect of being rather bucolic—would confound town visitors by strolling up to a bookcase after dinner and, just when they expected him to be extremely boring about his pheasants or the local hounds or some other primitive saga, would take down a crumbling

first edition of some immortal writer, very properly never reprinted, and say with a proud blast of cigar-smoke, "Ever seen a first edition of Bishop Bodger's *Thoughts Among the Tombs*?" No, of course they hadn't. "Nice tooling," added the host.

How different it all is to-day. All the loan by the nice poise, the reverence can understand there has come into the ing, varying from open secretiveness and my dear, I promised. Last that look. you'd be there"—and flanking over—"You needn't buy anything of your don't want to"—down to mock-vetted.—"Just take me in the car and dromed for five minutes"—and enticements ambush—"There'll be heaps of charming girls." All of which result in a meek victim, garlanded for sacrifice, spending three hours and two pounds, seeing only two pretty girls (both engaged) and being greeted by Lady Bicuspid with

practically never run any risk. If you want to know our methods I will tell you. Dare I? My dear fellow—between friends, of course. We work upon the obvious fact that modern first editions—by which I mean novels and plays published since 1885—are lying unsung and unsold in any old house simply anywhere. I mean of course within reasonable limits. To look for them in the library of an author, to take a grotesque example, would be merely silly. Persons accustomed to the writing of books have no first editions of other modern authors; they very rightly content themselves with reprints of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE. No, our line of attack has been based upon a long and wearisome training in social psychology.

Our Mr. Binn specialises in the first

His intrusion is explained by his work on the Sussex or Hampshire or any other kind of manor-house in *English Life and Letters*—a most absorbing topic in which I often wished he had taken more genuine interest.

In the same way I have journeyed North with our Mr. MacCorquodale for the BARRIES. He dresses as a minister and speaks with an assortment of Scots accents according to circumstances. With so many different kinds of Kirk only a man of his amazing knowledge and insight could remain at ease. Amongst the older ministers the prospects are excellent. In the 'nineties all Scotland was adapting itself hastily to the new pose of extraordinary ferocity of demeanour, concealing (but not altogether) the heart of a child.

From many a dusty bookcase, where it was thrust away out of sight and memory, MacCorquodale will still reverently remove a first edition of this school of thought. There is only one slight obstacle. Ministers, like elderly ladies, meditate in the afternoons, but they do it on the study sofa with a Highland plaid over their feet. They, like their flock, sleep with their sermons.

The works of Mr. SHAW have presented a greater problem because they were most popular amongst undergraduates, who never retain anything. We have, I must admit, never laid down any definite cate-



Enormous Client (to small Solicitor). "SO I WISH TO PUT MYSELF ENTIRELY IN YOUR HANDS."

editions of Mr. GALSWORTHY. He has had his most sensational successes in the libraries of elderly unmarried ladies in the South of England. Frequently I have accompanied him. We travel by car until we reach one of those villages off the main road with an old church, an old pump and, what is essential, an old manor-house. As Binn is obviously a benevolent and simple-minded clergyman of good family, it is child's play for him to ascertain the necessary data and enter with his little bag. I say little bag, because in it he carries an assortment of Mr. GALSWORTHY's novels which are not first editions for the purpose of substitution on the shelves. He also chooses 2.30 p.m. because the kind of old lady who bought Mr. GALSWORTHY in the early days simply to find out how soon and would go to the guillotine is in re- four at that hour. That gives Binn time.

gory for these. One may come on them anywhere, and it adds piquancy and gusto to our research department, who work biographically, to find their diagnoses proved accurate. We have come on them in quite astonishing places and amongst most unexpected persons. When our research scholars discover that Professor Blank caused his contemporaries in the early 'nineties some anxiety regarding his advanced views, we make it our business to call. Our Mr. Proddie has made a careful study of the mediæval spirit in academic common rooms, and, as an old member of whatever college desirable, divulges his ambition to endow a Chair—or whatever colleges want—with the modest self-depreciation of one who has made his bit in Western Australia. Frequently, as he has departed for the station with a brace of SHAWs in his despatch-case, he has been

strongly moved by the old university associations all flooding back, so realistic even to himself has been the creative force of his imagination.

As men who have given their best years to the service we are delighted to advise genuine inquirers at any time or hour. But, if you would like one of our representatives to call and advise you about that first edition of *The Jungle Book*, would you be so very kind, in order to save our time, to make certain it is really there?

An Apology the Nation will Demand.

"On the Castle, too, apart from Mrs. Stainforth, facing the ordeal with womanly courage, was Flying Officer Waghorn, the victor of the Schneider race."—*Bournemouth Paper*.

"Work wanted by respectable man, jibbing gardening."—*Harrow Paper*.

Many a strong man turns from the worm.

"Barmaid Wanted immediately, vaults bar and relief saloon."

Advt. in North-Country Paper.

We doubt if a barmaid of the old school could do this.

JUNGLE-JINGLE.

[Being a very free paraphrase of the interesting article in *The Times* of the 16th instant on the manners, customs and character of the diminutive, cheerful and convivial Indian jungle tribe known as the Gonds.]

THOUGH he dwells at the back of beyond

And his life is uncommonly hard,
The traits of the primitive Gond
Are a joy to the doggerel bard.

White waistcoats he never has donned,
His raiment is sketchy and queer;
Of liquor he's awfully fond,
But he cannot get "forrard" with beer.

He has heard of Swat's lord, the AKHOND,
But never of Lord CASTLEROSSE;
He never has seen ALFRED MOND,
But doesn't repine at his loss.

He never has carefully conned
The works of the SITWELLS or STITCH,
And as for a dactyl or spond-
ee he cannot tell tother from which.

He never is moved to abscond
With dollars that are not his own,
Or levant with a large bearer-bond
Or squeal on the loud saxophone.

Of the Wars of the Roses, the Fronde,
He knows not the date nor the place;
And as for preferring the blonde,
Why, that tint is unknown in his race.

So whene'er I'm inclined to despond
And everything's going amiss,
I think of the primitive Gond
And envy his ignorant bliss.

"Furnished Flat to be Let. Two reception,
four bed rooms; two good maids left."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Yes, but why?

"WANTED, SINGER PATCHER."
Manchester Paper.

PATCHER (*singing*): "Father's pants
will now fit Willy."

"It was 'Nancy Lee' that brought him his
first fame; it is said that in the year of pub-
lication no fewer than seventeen men took it
to sing at one soking concert."—*Sunday Paper.*
Le mot injuste, we hope.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

"WILL YOU KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME AS I GO THROUGH YOUR ORCHARD? I MAY BE TEMPTED TO STEAL SOME APPLES."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE SECRETARY.

ONE evening when Mr. Broadstairs went home after his business his wife said to him why are you so late? I am sure you work too hard and there is no necessity for it because you are getting on so well in your business and are quite rich, I wish you would take it easier.

And Mr. Broadstairs said well I should like to, but things do get into such a muddle in the office, I have just spent a whole hour looking for an important letter which I had to answer and at last I remembered that I had folded it up and stuck it into the window to prevent it from rattling.

And Mrs. Broadstairs said well why don't you get a secretary to keep things tidy for you, and she could type your letters for you too, because you write so badly that it is difficult to read them.

And he said yes I know I do, only last week I ordered twelve bales of wool and they sent me twelve bags of coal instead, it is very awkward and I sometimes think I shall have to retire from business, but I don't want to do that yet because then I should have to learn to play at golf.

So they talked it over and Mr. Broadstairs put an advertisement in the newspaper to say that he would pay good wages to a lady secretary who was tidy and not too young and could do typewriting, and they were to write to him first and send their photographs, because Mrs. Broadstairs said she would want to see what the secretary was like first, she could trust Mr. Broadstairs not to fall in love with her, but if anybody said anything about it she could show them her photograph so that they could see there was no danger.

Well the morning after he had put the advertisement in the newspaper Mr. Broadstairs found about fifty letters waiting for him at his office from ladies who wanted to be his secretary, and there were a lot of business letters to answer too, and he wasn't feeling very well through his bacon disagreeing with him at breakfast. And he was wishing he could take it easier when the office-boy came in and said Miss Fumb would like to see you sir.

And he said who is Miss Fumb? and he said I don't know. And then Miss Fumb came in herself and she was carrying a typewriter, and she said to Mr. Broadstairs good morning I have

come to help you answer your letters, you don't look very well so if you will just sit down in that armchair and take it easier I will open all the letters for you and get them into order, and then you can tell me what you would like to answer to them and I will type it out on this typewriter and all you will have to do is just to sign your name.

Well Mr. Broadstairs was rather surprised at this and he said do you want to come here as my secretary? And Miss Fumb said well that depends on whether I like you and whether you will pay me enough wages, but we needn't talk about that yet, what you want now

their photographs because all of them want them back except the ones who think they are rather pretty and they say you can keep them if you like. I will just write a nice little letter to each of them and say they won't do, and I will put it in the third person, so you won't even have the trouble of signing the letters, it will take me some time and you can have a little nap while I am doing it if you like, but there are some business letters to attend to, so we can do those now if you feel up to it.

Well Mr. Broadstairs did feel up to it by this time, and he was glad not to have to trouble about the other letters, so he read his business letters and then he told Miss Fumb what to answer to them and she took it down in shorthand and sometimes she said no I don't think that will do and he altered it without having to scratch out something, which was a great advantage, and in about half-an-hour he had done what would have taken him all the morning if he had had to write his letters himself.

So then Miss Fumb said well I shan't want you any more till after lunch, if you would like to go out and do some business I will get these letters ready for you to sign, and after that we will have a good tidy up, but you needn't trouble about that, all you will have to do will be to sit in that armchair and tell me what you want saved and what can go into the waste-paper-basket.

Well Mr. Broadstairs wasn't quite certain about it even yet, so instead of going out to do some business he thought he would go home to Ealing and tell Mrs. Broadstairs what had happened.

So he did that, and Mrs. Broadstairs was surprised to see him and she wasn't certain about Miss Fumb either when he told her, and she said how old is she?

And Mr. Broadstairs said oh I don't know, I suppose about twenty or thirty, and she said what is she like to look at? And he said well she is rather like MARY PICKFORD only taller.

So Mrs. Broadstairs said well then I don't think she will do, and you had better go back and tell her so, and he said oh I don't quite like to do that because she has been very useful to me, and she hasn't tried to make me fall in love with her or anything like that, couldn't you come and see her for yourself?

And Mrs. Broadstairs said very well I will, but you had better stay to lunch



"I AM GLAD I HAVE COME TO BE SECRETARY TO MR. BROADSTAIRS."

is to take it easier, and I think a little dose of sal volatile will be a good thing for your hiccups, I will just send the office-boy round to the chemist's for it and by the time it comes I shall have got halfway through these letters.

So she went to tell the office-boy, and then she came back and sat down and began to open the letters, and Mr. Broadstairs wasn't certain about it yet but he was glad to sit down in his armchair because he wasn't feeling at all well, and he thought to himself well at any rate it will save me the trouble of opening all those letters.

Well after Mr. Broadstairs had had his dose of sal volatile and wasn't hiccuping so often Miss Fumb said well I have opened all these letters, and I think it is a pity you told them to send

now you are here, there is minced veal and a nice batter-pudding.

So Mr. Broadstairs stayed to lunch and afterwards they both went back to his office by Underground, and there was Miss Fumb turning out the drawers of his writing-table and directly he saw her doing that Mr. Broadstairs said oh I didn't want you to do that, there are a lot of private letters in those drawers, how did you unlock them? And she said why you left the keys in one of the drawers, and then she said to Mrs. Broadstairs how do you do, I am glad I have come to be secretary to Mr. Broadstairs, he is a nice old thing but he wants looking after when he is away from you, I can't stay more than a year because I am engaged to be married to a bank-clerk, and we shall have enough money by that time, but when I go I can get him somebody else.

So Mrs. Broadstairs didn't think it mattered her being pretty as she was engaged to a bank-clerk, but she said to Mr. Broadstairs what are the private letters you keep here? And he didn't answer, but Miss Fumb said oh they are all about business and it doesn't matter me seeing them as I am quite confidential, but some of them weren't important so I burnt them. And then she showed Mr. Broadstairs how tidy she had made the drawers, and Mrs. Broadstairs looked at some of the letters in them but as they were all about business she didn't want to read them, and soon afterwards she went away, because she had to go out to tea at Acton.

Well directly she had gone Mr. Broadstairs said did you burn a packet of letters tied up with pink ribbon? And Miss Fumb said yes I did, I saw they were love letters and I didn't want them cluttering up the office.

And Mr. Broadstairs said well they were written forty years ago, by a lady I was in love with but she married somebody else, and Miss Fumb said yes I know, I read one of them but it was so silly that I didn't go on, now if you will sign these letters I will send them to the post, and after that I will go and talk to your manager and see if he is keeping the books properly.

Well Mr. Broadstairs was pleased that she had burnt his love letters because he didn't really want them and he wouldn't have liked Mrs. Broadstairs to see them. And after that he found Miss Fumb so useful to him in his office that he was able to take it much easier, and he was always cheerful when he went home to Ealing after he had finished his business.

And Mrs. Broadstairs got quite fond of Miss Fumb and asked her to bring the bank-clerk to supper at Ealing on Sunday evening, and when ladies said



Hostess. "I MUST INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS —, THE FAMOUS TENNIS-PLAYER."
The Victim. "TOO LATE. SHE'S JUST SHAKEN ME BY THE HAND."

to her I wouldn't let my husband have a secretary as pretty as that she said well perhaps not, but my husband is different and he has never loved anybody but me. A. M.

Cause and Effect.

"Mrs. Harris rendered several classical piano-forte solos, which were warmly appreciated, and another feature to be recorded, equally unique in its way, was the fact that quite a severe earthquake was experienced about this time."—*New Zealand Paper*.

"Young Girl requires Bed and Breakfast immediately."—*Local Paper*.
Mr. Punch advises her to come down and have it in her dressing-gown.

"During a heavy mist, four beaters were lost on the hills for the greater part of a day, thus reducing the size of the bag."—*Aberdeen Paper*.

You can never be certain of bagging a winged beater on a wet day.

THE POET'S AUTUMN.

WHEN Autumn leaves are red and brown
And golden are the stooks
I love to wander forth from town,
Abandoning my books.

But presently I shall return
To cosy fireside eves,
Content the midnight oil to burn
At home—when Autumn leaves.

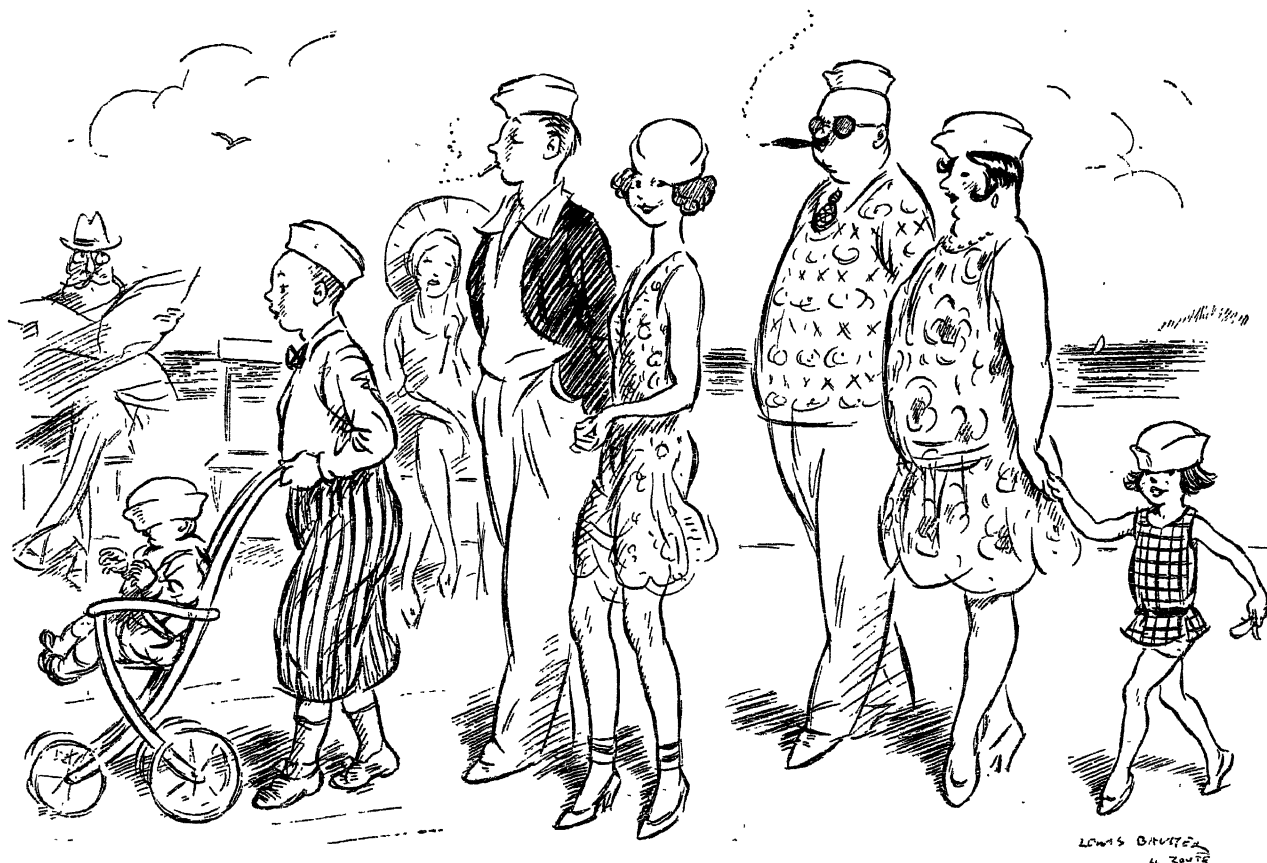
Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Courteously.

"The Vicar returns home after a month's holiday. We look forward to seeing him much improved in every way."—*Parish Magazine*.

"The slasher scored one hundred windows in the West End last Wednesday night."

Daily Paper.

And during the week-end raised his overday total to the double century by a series of late cuts.



WHAT THE AMERICAN NAVY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR.

A SKETCH ON THE BELGIAN COAST.

FULFILMENT.

Herbert was a plumber with a taste for high society;
Percy was a poulterer who yearned for notoriety;
Mabel hawked bananas round and dreamt of kisses passionate;
Ernest was a waiter at a haunt where men of fashion ate.

Herbert wrote a play about the idle aristocracy—
Suffocated souls behind a mask of gay hypocrisy;
“How,” he asked, “can anyone retain his early merit if
Fed on quails and caviar combined with an *apéritif*?”

Percy wrote a book in which a careless Foreign Minister
Lost a secret treaty in a manner rather sinister,
Traced in forty chapters to a green-eyed vamp who fascinated
Multi-millionaires and had them privately assassinated.

Mabel wrote a novel of a poet and a flapper on
A far Pacific island with a monkey for a chaperon;
There, beneath a lotus-tree, remote from shallow artifice,
He tamed her flighty spirit, while she won that roving heart
of his.

Ernest wrote his life, entitled *People I Have Waited On*,
Lapses of his clients were suggestively dilated on;
Every reminiscence had a subtle little stab in it
For someone in the Peerage or the Chorus or the Cabinet.

Herbert's play was quoted in the Press without apology;
Percy was acknowledged as the King of Criminology;

Mabel's book was banned because the tone was rather
tropical;

Ernest, sued for libel, had to pay for being topical.

Percy lives in Paris now, and Bert in Piccadilly, on
The proceeds of their books, which came to nearly half-a-
million;

Mabel bought an island and espoused a casual castaway;
Ernest wed a duchess who had put her lurid past away.

Years of dissipation, though, have ruined Herbert's health
for him;

Some uncaptured master-crook disposed of Percy's wealth
for him;

Mabel's husband tamed her to a state of cowed docility;
Ernest's wife deserted with a sprig of the nobility.

Thus, though true felicity remained beyond the reach of
them,

Fate provided solace for the blows she dealt to each of them;
Every disappointment, though it proved the world the sham
it is,

Showed how true to fiction reads the tale of its calamities.

Mr. Punch's Character-Sketches.

“There was always in him a keen sense of humour and a hearty
outspoken frankness in suppressing his opinions.”—*Indian Paper*.

“Unlike most authors Mrs. — cannot work in a quiet room. She
generally writes under almost any circumstances, such as trains and
motor-cars and even buses.”—*Daily Paper*.

The inside of a moving-staircase ought to inspire her to
some great work.

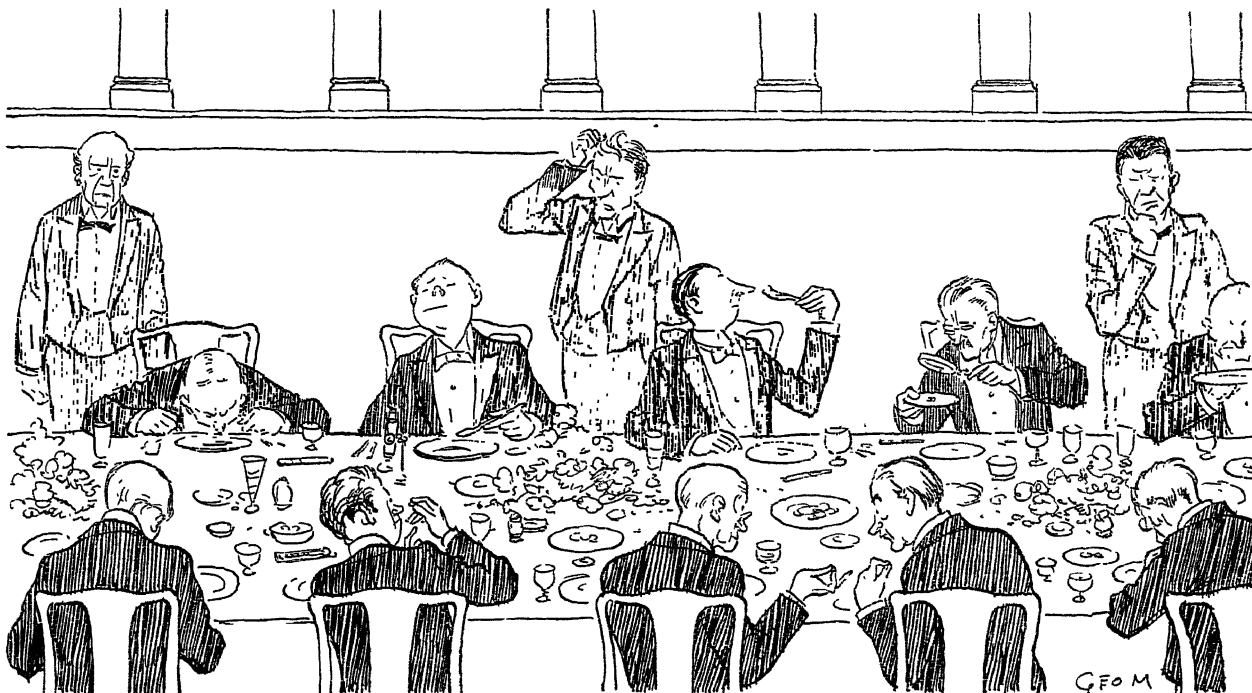


ALL ABOVE BOARD.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (to Mr. J. H. THOMAS, who, fresh from his Transatlantic experiences, is kindly assisting his Chief to pack). "DON'T FORGET THE CARDS, JIM."

MR. THOMAS. "CARDS?"

MR. MACDONALD. "TO LAY ON THE TABLE. NONE OF THE OLD SECRET DIPLOMACY FOR US."



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

A SMALL SECTION OF THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF PUBLIC ANALYSTS.

IN ARCADY.

ABOUT a fortnight after we had got in, when the cottage was shipshape and I felt that I could prod pigs with the requisite air, we decided that it was time to call on Farmer Giles. He was our neighbour at "the big place over the hill," and so far we had not seen him.

"You go first," said Joan; "you're a man. With your rugged strength you can stand the full impact of the bucolic."

"Praise," I said, "unaccustomed praise, has an ulterior motive. Where, in short, is the catch?"

"Oh, nothing—I mean, anyway, you go first and see if you can stand it, and I'll come along later. Remember, it's pronounced 'marngle-wurrzle'; and ensilage is not a pot-herb."

I decided that my boots were thick enough, put on my oldest hat and selected an ash-plant.

"Don't forget a straw to chew," was Joan's valediction.

The way seemed clear enough, but it was close country, and in fifteen minutes I was pretty comprehensively lost. Then I encountered the Ancient. He wore a smock and his corduroy trousers were tied beneath the knees with string. He was sitting on a stile and smoking a pipe that insulted the morning.

"Morning, Dad," I said.

He touched his forelock. "Marning, zur."

"Can you show me the way to Giles' farm?"

"Oh, ay. Giles' varm—you mean the big place yon?"

"I suppose it's over yonder. Giles' place."

"Ay, ay. 'E varms in a big way do 'e."

"Yes, yes. Which way is it?"

"A warm man, Giles, so volks zay."

"Possibly. How can I reach his place?"

"Yew want to know where 'er be? Well, lookee, yew go deown yonder by brook. Then yew turn zharpish to yer right by Mart Copley's pinfold. Arter that it's no more than a goodish step till yew reach the fordrough. Then I wunt zay but yew mid 'ave tew be a bit cunning-like. If yew take an eye-shot between Tovey's barn and 'is oat-stack yew 'll just zee the 'Owl and Ham' at Mugworthy cross-roads. . . ."

And so on. The copious flood of direction flowed unchecked. From time to time coming up to breathe I said, "I see," or "Yes, yes." When I'd been reduced to "Quite" he made a concession to my weakness.

"I'll allow it's zummat moitherin.' I'd cum wi' ye, but I'm tolerable wambly i' the legs. Howsumdever, yew kin allus ask summan else."

It seemed an idea. And with it came the chance to put it into effect. The approaching figure was of some magnificence. I was conscious of a plus-

four suit that hung beautifully, brogues that shone with subdued splendour and a hat of exactly the right age. In one of the waistcoat-pockets was a fountain-pen and a small slide-rule.

I discarded the straw and tried to hide my feet behind each other; but the one in front was always in front, so to speak.

"Can you direct me to Giles' farm?" I said.

"None better; my name is Giles."

"M'm, yes," I said. "Just looking you up, y' know."

"Good of you. I'm on my way home now."

Disregarding in their entirety the old man's instructions, we reached the farm in fifteen minutes. As we reached the gates Giles was saying, "I'm old-fashioned, I suppose; I like ANATOLE FRANCE myself. . . ."

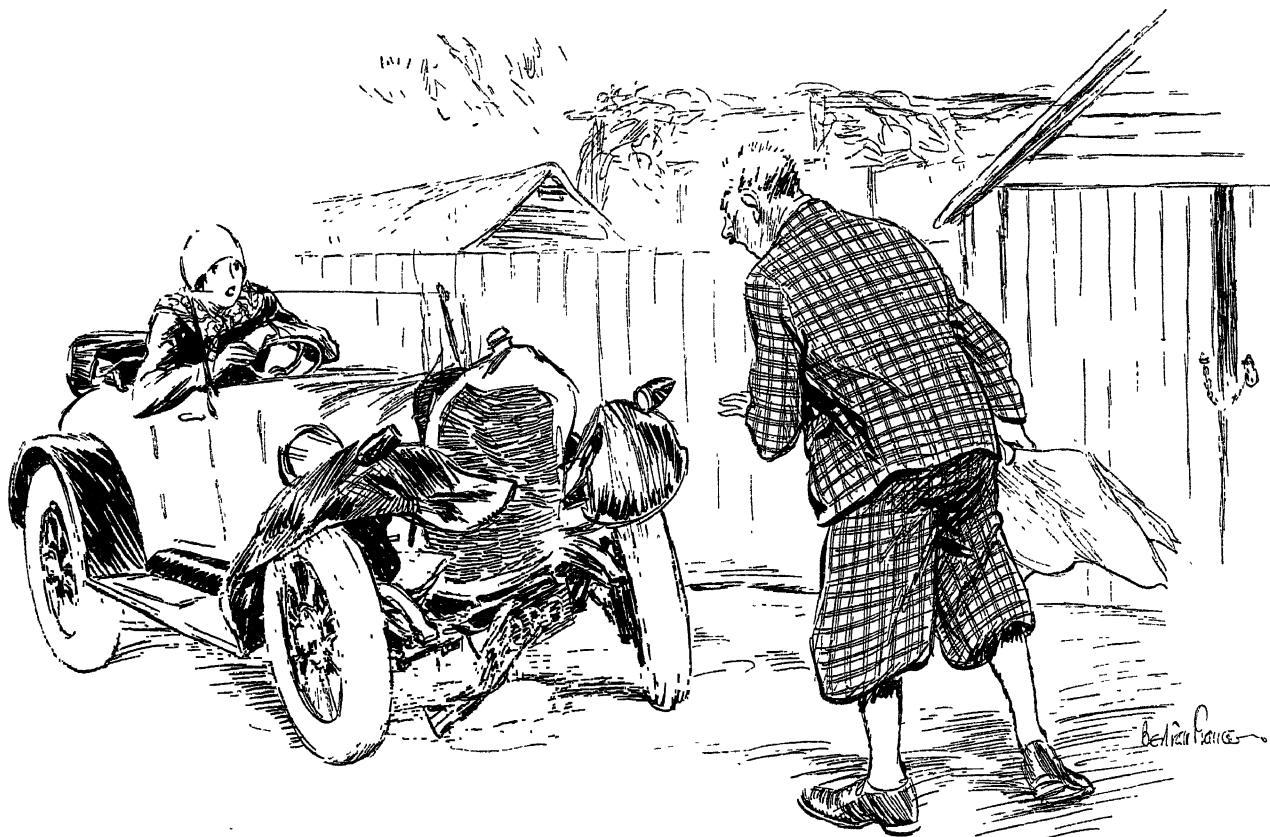
I missed the rest in dodging a big tank-lorry.

"Hello!" I said, "buy your petrol in bulk?"

"Oh, no; that's the milk-tank. Glass-lined, you know, saves handling. Perhaps you'd like to see the dairy?"

I thanked him, but I was a bit quiet until we reached the farmyard.

It was a delightful bit of rural England. On the one hand was the windmill—of stainless steel. Above the house was a cage aerial. Power-wires ran overhead and were tapped off to pumps, chaff-cutters and the like. Beyond the



Wife (just returned). "I RAN INTO A WRETCHED TELEPHONE-BOX."
 Husband. "GOOD HEAVENS! ANYONE SEE YOU?"
 Wife. "FORTUNATELY NO—THE POLICEMAN WAS IN IT."

yard something lanky and inhuman was stacking hay.

Happy rustics were going about their accustomed tasks. One was fitting new brushes to a dynamo; another was fettling up a tractor with a stethoscope and feeler-gauge. The local water-diviner was adjusting his torsion-balance. A rosy-cheeked maid passed us bearing a tray of test-tubes. The summer air was filled with the soft hum of milk-separators.

With just a glance at the switch-board and aneroid we passed through the laboratory into the dairy.

It was high and white and tiled, with something of a public bath about it and something of a hospital. A faint smell of antiseptics gave the note. Under the roof were gas-filled bulbs and electric fans. Beyond a further door one saw cooling-tanks and a sterilizer. In one corner was a gramophone. White-clothed figures—looking remarkably like surgeons—moved silently over a floor laid with rubber.

The cows themselves looked a bit out of the picture. Still one felt that the milk would be extracted quite painlessly.

I had to say something. Hang it all! I wouldn't be overwhelmed.

"A bit skinny, aren't they?"

"Milkers. Can't have milk and meat. 'Nothing for nothing in this life,' as I say to my brother when he grouses over the prices of quartz lamps."

"H'm. The gramophone, now; that's for dairy-hops, I suppose?"

"That's for milking-time. Pays for itself and more. Point-three-six of a gallon per cow per week. Like to see my production curves?"

I didn't really want to, but they got me out of that mausoleum. On our way to the house we passed a rustic—a real rustic with a smock—who was setting down a yoke. I pointed to the pails.

"What's that?" I said.

"Pig-swill."

"Honest-to-goodness pig-swill? Nothing synthetic?"

"No."

"Thanks; I thought it might be serum or thyroid or something. What's he doing with it?"

"Just putting it under the ultraviolet."

"He would be."

As we entered the panelled hall a slim girl looked up from a mellow-sounding baby-grand.

"Jess," said Giles, "this is our new neighbour—my sister."

"How d'you do?" she said. "Don't you think RAVEL ought to be skinned? I don't know why I stick him, but they're keen at the Guildhall. I think I shall have a stab at some of the old johnnies—Master RICHARD BYRD, say."

"It would go well here."

"Sure thing. Costume stuff, wigs by Blankson. It'd be a rag for Christmas." She turned on Giles. "Where's the two-seater?"

"Bill has it."

"Bill's the pink limit. Now I shan't get my shingle-trim, and these people coming to-night. By the way," to me, "would you and your opposite number care to breeze in?"

"Thanks awfully."

"I suppose you've got your glad kit?"

"Er—no, we'd hardly thought—"

Giles was reassuring. "Don't worry. It's only the ordinary crush. Anyway, there'll be another chap in civvies. Coming down about a hot-air turbo-blower for drying my stacks. He'll talk about the wrong models, of course, but I'll put him wise. Some of these chaps have sense—even engineers."

"I'll bet you forgot those valves," said the shingled one.

"You've lost."

"Good! now we're fixed. If London's no more than 'ish we'll get Paris or Berlin."

"Wench," said Giles, "what of a cordial?"

"Anon, Sir. I'll to the still-room."

"Thank Heaven for that," I thought; and visioned sloe-gin, cowslip-wine, even mead. Silly, of course.

My host was talking of high sugar-content in beet when she returned with glasses and shaker.

"Manhattan? Monkey-gland? Bolshie's Blush? Perhaps you prefer plain Gin and It?"

"I'm a simple Londoner—Gin and It, thanks."

When the cocktails were finished I rose to go.

"Thanks for everything," I said. "And now I'm off to get a taste of Old England—to look up our old friend on the stile—you know—where we met."

"Oh, him," said Giles. "He's an actor—resting."

"An actor! I mean to say . . . I thought they rested near Leicester Square?"

"No, poor chap, he really is resting. Acted in one of those Devonshire things for three years and cracked up under it. Don't wonder."

I extended a shaking hand and bade farewell.

And, hang it all! his name really *was* Giles.

A WEEKS' WEEK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As I write, plans are afoot in my native city here for a civic week in 1930. Already we have as annual institutions Canada Week, Dog Week, Charities Week—but a recital would tire you. We have dozens of such weeks in our year.

In addition there are the conventions. The Federated This and the Amalgamated That, the Society for the Prevention of Something and the Something or Other Defence League, with hosts of others, descend from time to time upon us and run riot in speech-making and banqueting for days on end.

All of which is very good for the city because much money is spent on these occasions.

But I have a secret dread, Mr. Punch. I am afraid of the consequences attendant upon a clashing of dates between the Navy Week and the No More War League's Convention or between the Anti-Vivisectionists and the British Association. It is awful to contemplate the position of the local dignitary who is due to welcome the delegates of the Associated Bricklayers and who reads the speech prepared for delivery to the Taxpayers' Union in which he supports



Sailor (trying to make it easy). "THAT, SIR? THAT'S A BLUE BULB LINER. YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL 'EM BY THEIR 'AVIN' CLERGYMEN'S 'ATS ON THE FUNNELS."

a motion for the abolition of the housing subsidy.

The point which I am trying to make is that, with so many conventions and weeks in a year, some overlapping is inevitable, with such tragic results as the clashing of the R.S.P.C.A. Week with Rat Week. But I would not write to you unless I had a remedy for this. Here it is:—

A simple clearing-house for dates should be established amongst organ-

isers, secretaries and the like where dates and towns could be apportioned to delegations and "weeks" in such a way that unfortunate collisions could be avoided. The simplest method, I suggest, is to organise a Weeks' Week to enable "weeks" and delegation organisers to sort out their various dates.

Is it too late to have a Weeks' Week for dates during 1930?

I am, Your lifelong admirer,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE FOUR FEATHERS" (CARLTON).

CONSIDERING how long ago Mr. MASON's romantic masterpiece, *The Four Feathers*, was written, and how long the producers of films have been ransacking modern and ancient literature for plots and motives, it is remarkable that this famous epic of cowardice, or rather of reluctant militancy, has only just reached the movie theatre. It is further remarkable that, an old-fashioned silent picture, it should have had to wait until talkies had become the mode; and remarkable again that so absorbing is the story that no one notices that it is in any way out-of-date. I did not regret the absence of speech; nor could speech have made it more



LEADING MAMMALS: (a) A SAMPLE HERO—

impressive. Rather, I think, less so; for we should have missed those pauses brought by the captions which give a moment for collecting our thoughts and wondering what will come next.

The directors have taken every advantage of the flexibility of their medium and have apparently been authorised by Messrs. ZUKOR and LASKY to spare no expense. What an army of Soudanese, thousands strong, mounted on white camels, costs to hire, I have no idea; but they have paid it. What it costs to build a fort in the desert and man it with soldiers and then bring a British regiment to relieve it, I have no idea; but they have paid it. And with the aid of the Almighty Dollar they have managed to get within the focus of their camera a horde of apes, and first to nearly burn them in a jungle fire kindled in the interests of Mr. MASON's pen and then to nearly drown them through

the falling of a bridge, destroyed to the same end. They have furthermore got discipline into a flock of hippopotami,



(b) HEROINE—

who dive and dive with such docility that they defeat their own ends and we are almost led to the suspicion, fatal to illusion, that they are the same ones doing it over and over again. Not, however, the apes—all their panic is authentic enough.

But, you will ask, why should there be this CHERRY KEARTON element in *The Four Feathers*? Because *Feversham*, the hero, and *Captain Trench* are escaping from the slave-market, and these fauna emphasize their perils: the hippos in fact first overturn their canoe and then drive their pursuers back. For the story, which most people have read,



AND (c) VILLAIN;—

makes it necessary that *Feversham*, whose nature revolts against man-to-man carnage and who, when the war in the Soudan broke out, resigned from

the army and received a white feather from each of his three brother-officers and from his *fiancée*, should give those feathers back in circumstances of a finer courage than his ordinary regimental duties would have demanded from him. Hence his presence with *Trench* in the jungle; hence his taking over the command of the fort when another of his friends is wounded and mutiny is afoot; hence his single-handed conquest of the rebel chief. Three feathers are by that time cancelled out, and later we see him in England being decorated with the V.C. and again welcomed to the arms of her who gave him the fourth.

The acting is worthy of the lavish setting. Mr. RICHARD ARLEN as *Fever-*

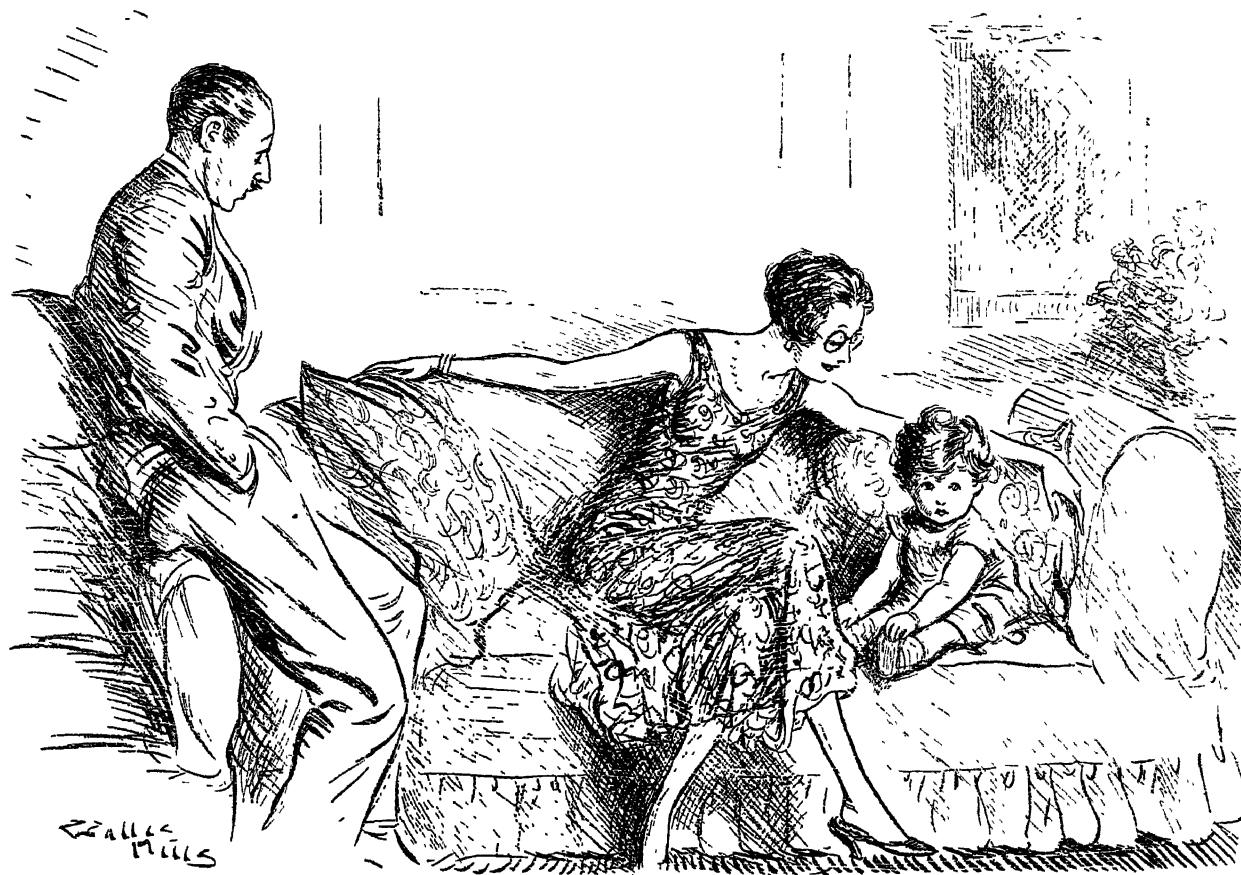


AND SOME OF THE SUPERS.

Harry Feversham . . MR. RICHARD ARLEN
Ethne Eustace . . . MISS FAY WRAY.
Lieut. Durrance . . . MR. CLIVE BROOK.

sham (whose father is so curiously like M. BRIAND) is equally persuasive both in dejection and in triumph: but he has been made to pause a little too long in two moments of intense stress when action is imperative—once when he must fly from the slaver, and again when he must doff the commander's coat. Mr. CLIVE BROOK (on this occasion not a principal) plays *Lieutenant Durrance* with his accustomed gravity and sound timing; and Mr. WILLIAM POWELL is a convincing *Trench*, both bearded and shaven. As for Miss FAY WRAY as the *fiancée*, not even her late-Victorian bustle can mar her charm and beauty; and it is sad to think that, save for a minute or two at the beginning and a minute right at the end, the film is sternly male.

I must add a word of praise to one of the unnamed performers, a most capable monkey, but for whose agility



Visitor. "DOESN'T YOUR BABY TALK?"

Mother. "OF COURSE, BUT NOT IN PUBLIC. HE HAS A HORROR OF BEING MISQUOTED."

and understanding *Feversham* would never have broken into the Black Pit of Omdurman where the bearded *Trench* lay moaning for water.

The miscellaneous part of the programme, which had some second-rate things in it and was too heavily Americanised, was notable for a trick drummer (engaged to amuse a school where the scholars were of an astonishing ripeness), and for one of those animated cartoons belonging to the *genre* of *Felix*. In this one, however, the cat was away and the mice were at play. Never have I seen anything cleverer, and the delight of the audience was, I hope, a true indication that a revival of this kind of amusing ingenuity is upon us. The film is an Ideal, and the artist, who is anonymous, has an advantage over Mr. PAT SULLIVAN, the creator of *Felix*, in that sound accompaniment enables him to make his super-mice musical as well as incredibly acrobatic. I must pursue these resourceful rodents.

E. V. L.

"The conditions for the race were almost perfect. . . . The sky was a vivid tortoise blue."—*Report in Irish Paper of Schneider Trophy Contest.*

So often on our seaboard it is just turtle grey.

CHILLINGHAM.

THE wild white bulls of Chillingham,
These are the lords of Tyne;
Northumberland's proud PERCIES
Can boast no older line;
The castle walls of Warkworth,
Grown grey with wind and rain,
Are young beside the ranges
Where these old kings have lain.
The wild white bulls of Chillingham
The rosy dawns salute,
Leading the wild white heifers
With snowy calves at foot.
The woodland is their stable,
The bracken glade their byre,
No herdsman drives them homeward
Across the sunset fire.

The wild white bulls of Chillingham
They make no truce with man;
Their breed has walked in freedom
Since Britain's life began.
The sown land of the valleys
May feed our show-bred steers,
But these have held their pasture
Beyond the count of years.

The dust of many a battle
Has browned them, crest and flank;
The thunder of their challenge
Has rung from bank to bank;

When bull meets bull in onset
And horn is clashed on horn,
Theirs are the lists of tourney
By age-old herds up-torn.

The wild white bulls of Chillingham,
When slow comes down the night,
Fade out into the shadows
Like wraiths that pass from sight;
But always I shall see them,
And night can never hide
The herd that stamped the fern-roots
Before KING ALFRED died.

W. H. O.

"HIDDEN FROM THE CROWD."

As it was wrapped in brown paper, the crowd which had collected outside the Office of Works was unable to see what it was like."

Daily Paper.

This seems to be the latest method of keeping Government offices clean while officials are away on holiday.

"A Stepney man who fell from a roof found himself at Park Royal Hospital in a bed next to a friend who had a similar accident a fortnight before."—*Evening Paper.*

EVE herself could hardly have fallen more neatly than that.

TOPICAL DEFINITION OF GENIUS: An infinite capacity for scraping panes.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MISDOINGS OF CHARLEY PEACE"
(AMBASSADORS).

MR. EDWARD PERCY's hero is not the sort of person that the *D.N.B.* concerns itself with, so one cannot comfortably check the proportions of cold fact and happy invention in his chronicle in eleven scenes. This chronicle business is setting in with increasing severity, and the more one studies it, from SHAKESPEARE downwards, the more one is convinced that selected incidents and moments of time shaped to a climax tell us more of the playwright's characters and achieve a greater intensity of dramatic effect than incident heaped on incident, however true to the facts and the historical sequence of the facts.

And here I had better confess that in spite of this academic bias in favour of selection I found that Mr. PERCY's chronicle held my interested attention throughout. He has contrived to invest his hero with something of the dignity of the true figure of tragedy, making him a man conscious of exceptional ability and angry with a world that offers him no opportunity for the exercise of it: a man too with more than a touch of madness—exulting in danger for the sake of the excitement of it and recklessly confiding in his skill and resourcefulness to outwit the slow guardians of law and order, to prosecute his private lusts and revenges, to beat down any opposition to his will. And then he seems to have set to work to undermine his own achievement.

The chronicle begins with *Peace* in his seeming innocent framer's and gilder's shop in Sheffield; *Peace* playing his violin; chattering affectionately to his caged pets; fooling with soft unctuous words the clergyman whose plate is concealed in the safe behind the sliding picture, making fierce love to his neighbour's wife and savagely menacing his neighbour; terrorising his own faithful *Hannah*—unwilling but steadfast accomplice—and her son. Next we have the episode of the wantonly unnecessary killing of the constable at Whalley Range; then *Peace* back in his shop stricken with fear rather than remorse; attending the trial of the two youths for the murder and hearing not unmoved but accepting without protest the condemnation of one of them; outwitting (not very plausibly) the detectives in

the Hull eating-house whither *Hannah* and the boy have fled; masquerading as "*Mr. Thompson*," inventor and man of means, and swaggering before his admiring friends, and again a little too easily outwitting the police; at home in his Peckham villa savaging his new mistress with a lion-trainer's whip; captured on one of his little nocturnal exhibitions; betrayed by his mistress for the hundred pounds reward; fooling his escort and leaping from the express that is taking him to Sheffield for trial; recaptured on the line too badly injured by his fall to escape; examined by a Sheffield magistrate and snarling like a wounded beast at counsel and hostile witnesses; and finally in the condemned cell on his last evening of life,

balance and made obscure the author's intention. The air of furtive guilt with which the criminal entered the Hull shop would have given him away to a half-witted charwoman; it didn't strike us as likely that a shabby villainous-looking tradesman could transform himself behind a newspaper into a benevolent grey-whiskered magistrate in the presence of two detectives in the same eating-house; the method of burgling the Blackheath house by turning the light on full in each room visited (no doubt a temporary aberration of the producer seduced by lighting effects) was not a very likely technique for a criminal who had so long defied detection. And various other persistent attempts of the suspect to give himself away could not

all be plausibly explained by the reckless vanity of the criminal. They were perhaps underlinings made on the flattering calculation that audiences have only the most rudimentary intelligence.

This means that Mr. DALE ROBERTS' performance was vigorous, varied and "powerful" rather than subtle. It was always interesting. And it was, needless to say, the fattest of fat parts. The general level of the acting was admirable. One must particularly note Miss ALEX FRIZELL's sombre *Hannah*, and Miss DORIE SAWYER's *Kate Dyson*; a quietly humorous study of "*Mr. Thompson*," credulous friend *Mr. Forsey Brion*, by Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD; and Mr. WHITMORE HUMPHREYS' brief interlude

as the wrongly condemned youth, *William Habron*, which was genuinely moving. In general, curiously, the effect was not one of horror or productive of moral indignation. It was rather a jolly affair. We were all quite affectionately disposed towards this most pitiless of villains by the end of this long record of highly irregular and anti-social conduct, and inclined to deplore the fact of his impending execution. Mr. PERCY has, in fact, joined the amiable order of whitewashers. I must now go and look up the facts about this legendary figure and bogey of my infancy.

T.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" (THE OLD VIC).

They are such resolute Bardolaters at the Old Vic that, acting (I imagine) on a bare hint in the Prologue—"the two hours' traffic of our stage"—they raced through their romantic unsophisticated



HEREDITY.

Charley. "MY FATHER CRACKED A GOOD WHIP, AND I'M A BIT OF A CRACKSMAN TOO!"

Willie Ward	MR. RODNEY MILLINGTON.
Charley Peace	MR. OSWALD DALE ROBERTS.
Hannah Peace	MISS ALEX FRIZELL.

friendly with his jailers, reconciled with *Hannah* and on seemingly excellent terms with his Maker. Certainly we get good measure.

The production, by Mr. REGINALD DENHAM, is a feat of sound stagecraft—well-planned and effective scenes assembled and dismantled with commendable despatch; a feat which is duly recognised in the programme by capital letters twice as high as those employed for the name of that relatively unimportant person the author!

The piece was frankly played, perhaps definitely designed, as a robustious melodrama of the Surrey-side type. Or perhaps not quite frankly or quite definitely. The part of *Charley Peace* was in the main seriously written and seriously played. The humour in general was tactfully imparted and not overstressed. But there were some disastrously un- plausible features which destroyed the

tragedy and were just beaten at the post. This suited well the witty, bawdy, impetuous *Mercutio*, especially as Mr. GYLES ISHAM has a tongue well trained for swift and audible speech. (I wondered a little, hearing with frank pleasure that "saucy merchant's" unbridled comments, that Miss LILIAN BAYLIS has not been hauled before the beak and the acting-scrip impounded and lodged in the safe at New Scotland Yard. But of course we live under a freer Government now!)

Even so, the headlong pace disturbed our enjoyment of the fantastic embroideries of the *Queen Mab* theme. And I would cheerfully sacrifice textual integrity and jettison the quite unintelligible jokes of serving-men, musicians and others, with not a little of the bombast of some of the hero's, and (if it be not blasphemous) the heroine's cruder speeches to allow more time for the moments of real romantic beauty. Nor indeed is everyone of the company naturally gifted or sufficiently trained to be audible in these steeplechasing exercises; and textual completeness without audibility is surely mere formalism.

It seemed to me that our new *Romeo* (Mr. JOHN GIELGUD) and *Juliet* (Miss ADELE DIXON) were severely handicapped by the chosen method. Miss DIXON makes a very charming picture and speaks her lines musically. She does not give much impression of hidden fires—*Juliet*, in such an age with such an unreticent nurse, was not at all like a well-behaved pre-War maiden of Surbiton. And if it was her producer that told her to speak one of her speeches into the crook of her arm with her back turned to the audience he made an error of judgment.

Mr. JOHN GIELGUD was not, I think, quite the ardent lovesick stripling of our imagination. He was adequate in elocution (occasionally a little noisy), spirited in movement; but there was no quality of rapture in his wooing. Perhaps a course of TCHEHOV and other stark realism has bred the romantic out of him.

Miss MARTITA HUNT's *Nurse* was a most intelligent and indeed a subtle—as distinguished from the more customary broad—performance. Here was a living and credible person, not a mere figure of fun and naughtiness; and naturally Mr. BREMBER WILLS competently and enthusiastically filled out the part of *Friar Laurence* and made of him a genuine human padre, with perhaps just a little too much of that dubious clerical virtue—heartiness.

The rash *Tybalt* (Mr. DONALD WOLFIT), more plausibly Italianate than the rest, spat the venom of vendetta through passionately compressed lips and was pleasantly in the picture. I liked too



AN EXTENDED GOOD-NIGHT.

Romeo Mr. JOHN GIELGUD.
Juliet Miss ADELE DIXON.

the easy speech and graceful carriage of *Benvolio* (Mr. FRANCIS JAMES). Mr. ERIC ADENEY's fussy old *Capulet* stressed the humours of the part and had the reward of his audience's ready laughter.

The setting is simple to the point of



A NUNLIKE-LOOKING NURSE TAKING THE VAIL.

Nurse Miss MARTITA HUNT.
Romeo Mr. JOHN GIELGUD.

austerity. Perhaps the plain white curtain before which the short interludes were played was a thought too austere. But we are nothing if not modernist at the Old Vic. And we do genuinely, I think, enjoy our SHAKESPEARE. T.

"THE CALENDAR" (WYNDHAM'S).

Hillcott, the butler in Mr. EDGAR WALLACE's last-born play, was important not only for that but because he created a link between the dramatist's former and latter veins; between the author of a thousand crimes and the giver of a thousand winners, between Mr. WALLACE of the underworld and Mr. WALLACE of Newmarket Heath. For *The Calendar* is *The Racing Calendar*. No blood drips and no grisly phantoms move across a darkened stage. The whole cast remains alive from the beginning to the end. Horses, not corpses, are the theme, and we do not even see the horses, as we used to do at Drury Lane, paraded behind the footlights for spectacular effect. No doubt Mr. EDGAR WALLACE could have provided dozens of them if necessary. But he was well advised not to do so. They might have diverted our attention from *Hillcott*, whom I regard as the greatest butler whom the stage has ever seen—a butler *sans peur et sans reproche*.

He took no notice whatsoever, this *Hillcott*, of the presence of his master's guests, but treated them with a scorn he made no effort to disguise. When he wanted to call their attention he did it with a low and vulgar whistle. With silent ferocity he brought whisky-and-soda into the room. I do not know how many jewels he had stolen in his criminal past, but every speech that came from his lips was a rope of pearls.

I will turn, though I find it difficult, from *Hillcott* to the story of the plot.

Garry Anson, employer of *Hillcott*, in a fit of financial depression toys with the notion of having one of his horses "pulled" at Ascot, so that it may win elsewhere; does, in fact, go so far as to send a note to a lady whom he fondly fancies to be his greatest friend, telling her not to back the animal. Brought back to sanity by the advice of a benevolent bookmaker, he sends the lady a second missive, written this time on a hundred-pound note (*Hillcott* provides the pencil, which he had stolen from the milkman, and insists on having it returned to him), and this time tells her that the horse will run to win. The horse runs second. *Garry Anson* loses the few thousands that remain to him

to gamble with, and then asks *Lady Panniford* for the nest-egg of twenty-thousand which he had made over to her to keep for him when he began his racing career. To his horror, and indeed to that of the audience, she denies all knowledge of the arrangement and declares that the money was a gift. She had a drunken brute of a husband, and up to this point has seemed likely to be virtuous and ill-used. When *Garry* threatened her with legal proceedings she pointed out that two can play at that game. She has his note, written at Ascot, in which he clearly stated that his horse was not to run fair. If he presses her, she will send this note to the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

By a fine stroke of irony, *Garry* now receives the news that, owing to the death of its owner in Central Africa before the race started, the other horse was disqualified, so that he stands to win the money he placed on his own. *Lady Panniford*, however, whose motives for so much vindictiveness are not made abundantly clear, was as good as her word, and *Garry* has to face the Stewards—a solemn and most impressive piece of ritual, splendidly acted and convincing in every line. They take his evidence. They take the evidence of the trainer and jockey. All tell the truth except when it might incriminate one of the others; for both trainer and jockey had, for a short time on the eventful morning, been pledged to run foul. Then *Lady Panniford* gives evidence. The Stewards, behaving in such a gentlemanly manner that it must be seen to be believed, decide that there is nothing for it but to warn *Garry Anson* off the Turf.

This is the end, then. He must sell his horses, buy a villa in Florence and leave everything he likes for evermore. But no, there is one chance. The hundred-pound bank-note on which he told *Lady Panniford* of his changed intentions. That probably survives. The words on it were written, as *Hillcott* points out, with an indelible pencil, so that it would not be very convenient to negotiate. Most likely she had it locked up in her bedroom safe. This safe *Garry Anson* and the benevolent bookmaker set out to burgle, relying of course on *Hillcott's* professional advice. And what befell them, and how *Lady Panniford* was discomfited, I will not say. The end is so neat that to blab would spoil it all.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has made a remarkably ingenious play out of this not too probable story. The success of it depends upon amazingly good and realistic acting throughout. I had seen Mr. GORDON HARKER as a crib-cracker, I fancy, before, and found him excellent.

As a domesticated door-opener I find him better still. The unrelaxed and contemptuous grimness of his features was a constant delight.

John Dory, the kindly bookmaker, was also a pleasant fancy of Mr. WALLACE'S, very agreeably carried out by Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON. Mr. OWEN NARES naturally had no difficulty in making us like him as *Garry Anson*, a part perhaps too easy for his powers. I think Miss CATHELEN NESBITT's part would have been easier to play if *Lady Panniford* had been made a somewhat faster and harder type. As it was she made *Lady Panniford* so attractive at the beginning that her diabolical meanness was a little difficult to remember even at the end. I daresay that a drunken brute of a husband is a simple rôle, but Mr. NIGEL BRUCE put some very nice touches into it, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club, as I said before, were every inch of them sporting gentlemen and peers.

Considered seriously, no doubt, the dramatic interest of the play depends on the curious assumption that there is something more intrinsically heroic in running race-horses fairly and gambling on the Turf than in, say, throwing dice or making honest entries for a roller canary competition. Which is of course not logically sound. But why consider these things seriously? EVOE.

Another Impending Apology.

"Last Thursday night Major — was listened to with great attention at open-air meetings held at Coalsnaughton and Tilly.

He is as virulent and trenchant as he ever was. . . ."—*Scots Paper*.

"THE GIRLS' SCHOOL CO., LTD. . . ."
Advt. in *Irish Paper*.

We know one or two like this.

"Charabancs waiting at the door made toasts and speeches alike of short duration. . . ."
Commercial Paper.

Happily there were no growlers.

Onomatopoeia in Journalism.

"As the train ran into the station the majority of the passengers were standing up getting their luggage from the rack, and when the engine struck the statting 5rboji479pfie . . . z z z buffers they were thrown over."

Provincial Paper.

The bojis certainly seem to have behaved very queerly.

"Of course there is always a tendency 'to cast the moat out of thine brother's eye while one has a beam in thine own.'"

Canadian Textile Journal.

Nowadays he will probably be grateful if one gets rid of thy drawbridge at the same time.

Smith Minor Again.

"*Pax in bello* means Freedom from indigestion."—*Schoolboy's Answer*.

RAILWAY MEALS.

I LOVE all meals, but seldom, I maintain, One eats so happily as in a train.

I am no gourmet to appraise the food; I eat it gratefully, which makes it good. And is not much æsthetic pleasure blent With cruder joys in that environment? Is not the view a wonderful resource, Distraction from, or spice for every course—

The verdant vales through which we swaying swoop

While in our plates leaps up the excited soup

(Though tinier billows from our spoons perhaps

Have more success in lighting on our laps);

The lovely woodland miles through which we swish

While making much of such a little fish: The distant hills that cannot disappoint

Whatever disillusion brings the joint? Who, soothed by glimpses of the sunny sea,

In petulance pursues a railway pea? Or who, while past the train green meadows glide,

Attacks in wrath a baked potato's hide? Tea in the train! Who has not known the thrill

When first he poured a cup without a spill,

Or laughed with glee, manœuvring for a sip,

When up it sprang and splashed his nose's tip?

Ah! with what innocent though envious joy

I've watched admiring since I was a boy

The dining-car attendants; not one speck

You'll catch them dropping down a diner's neck;

The left hand for the dish, they in the right

Wield spoon and fork at once with graceful sleight.

(Is there a training-car where they acquire

The railway legs that these poor lines inspire?)

What tact is theirs! They never seem to see

The crime to which their luncheons lower me;

For in the train I always, I confess, Exceed my rightful share of watercress.

If neither uplift you can find nor fun In railway meals, yet they beguile the run;

And, carefully extending them, you may In comfort gorge the heavy hours away.

For me a dining-car has always been A satisfaction and a moving scene.

W. K. H.



MR. FREDERICK LONSDALE.

*Behold our swift elusive FREDDY,
Whose puppets are so gay, so ready ;
Who has us deeply in his debt
By making merry with "Debrett,"
But, lacking an engagement-book,
Is such a trial to the cook.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—CIV.



Member. "THAT'S BRIXHAM OVER THERE."
 Visitor. "WHAT'S HIS HANDICAP?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the making of guide-books the right kind of bias is even more important than the right kind of erudition, and the main reason I enjoy exploring a new tract of country in company with Mr. A. G. BRADLEY is that he swerves as naturally as a well-aimed bowl towards the beautiful and characteristic. What, for instance, is really characteristic of South Wales is not coal-fields—beyond the smoke-screen of the Black Country lie tracts of loveliness unpenetrated. These it is the main business of *The Romance of Wales* (METHUEN) to describe; for while a couple of chapters are devoted to neglected patches of North Wales and a chapter (by way of approach) to Ludlow and the Marches, it is the less overt fascination of Brecon, Radnor and the south and west coasts that engross the guide and the guided. Here—one wonders sadly how much the present book may do to destroy them—are roads where the wobbling cyclist of Mr. BRADLEY'S Victorian dreams may still wobble unannihilated, and sheep-dogs of a yet more primitive civilization doze in the sun. And off the roads—to be enjoyed perhaps by the pedestrian a few years longer—what tracts of mountain, valley, marsh, forest and coast! Tudor manor-houses and ruined cloisters occur in remote glades, Norman keeps guard passes and fords, white-washed houses of retired skippers (with fuchsias, one imagines, peering in at their chimney-pots) stud the beaches. The people, now Welsh-speaking, now English, are not only interesting in the

legend Mr. BRADLEY has so lavishly accumulated; their rare contentment with their lot is as striking as their courtesy to strangers. There is, I feel, little in this delightful chronicle to attract the baser sort; for the discerning there is almost everything.

MISS NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH began her career in fiction in brilliant but rather uncertain style. Now, however, she has got well into her stride. To change the metaphor, whereas the earlier manifestations of her talent were displays of fireworks which contained a small but noticeable proportion of damp squibs, that talent now burns in a clear and steady flame. *Summer Holiday; or, Gibraltar* (CONSTABLE) is whole literary streets ahead of *The Tortoiseshell Cat*. It is true that were anyone so conscienceless as to read its first chapter and then skip directly to its last, he would be amazed by the change of atmosphere, for he would have jumped from comedy reminiscent—even to the chemist's shop setting—of the lighter and livelier WELLS sheer into poignant and even violent tragedy. Yet the transition is logical and inevitable, and Miss ROYDE-SMITH makes it with deft deliberation. Perhaps, if a fault is to be found with her, she is a thought too deliberate in her method. She has a JANE-like love of precision of detail, and sometimes seems to be lingering over detail for its own sweet sake. She can spare a whole page to the description of the mechanism and virtues of a patent tooth-brush; though certainly that aid to hygiene plays its part in *Winnie Skinner's* pathetic story. And, when all is said, a

genuinely pathetic story it is, and a very interesting one, told with sincerity, insight and humour—this little history of the love of a provincial chemist's daughter for the first violin in the orchestra at a seaside hotel, and of the fatal end of that luckless passion.

Walls

(From STANLEY PAUL'S),
Written by Miss CONSTANCE SMEDLEY,
Deals with some people rather deady,
Concerned with the pursuit of knowledge
At a Californian college—
The wife of a Professor, who
Philanders with a slant-eyed stu-
dent Orientally called *Wu*;
A mop-haired modern, to my mind
Of a distinctly boring kind,
Particularly when he "preaches
Eros and Youth" in lengthy speeches,
And others of the type, in short,
Called "highbrow" by the baser sort.
These people all are frightfully clever;
Like halfpenny books they talk for ever;
Their views are wide, their thoughts
inspiring—
And yet I find them somewhat tiring.

The Enchanted Garden and Other Stories

Offers a very mixed brew (or stew)—
Domesticities, sport, society,
Business (big and the small
variety);
Ghosts you can have, or, if haply gore is
More to your taste, there's that
there too.
A certain air of distinction lights it,
And but for this we might fail to hail
With signs of really genuine
gratitude
Its mild surprises and bland
beatitude.
HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL writes it;
CASSELL AND COMPANY have it for
sale.

I don't suppose *Dance Little Gentleman!* (HUTCHINSON) would have been written if Miss ANITA LOOS hadn't announced that gentlemen prefer blondes. Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU sets out to inform us that disappointed middle-aged women, married or single, prefer lizards and prefer them young, and that there is a career, more or less lucrative according to capacity, for a personable dancing youth who lacks income, spirit, honest passion or the will to work by passing from one foolish woman to another in an ascending scale of fees and perquisites. *Captain Henry St. Aubin* (R.A.S.C. for the last month of the War) by strict attention to business progresses from the pens of the Palais de Dance to connubial comfort with a Rolls-Royce and trimmings at Wimbledon. The satire is of the crudest, and, if mildly amusing at first, soon becomes tedious, and as for the characterisation it is entirely perfunctory and unconvincing. The little gentleman is besides an extremely tiresome bore. Perhaps with an eye on the Censor the author expresses much less than he seems to imply and



Friend. "MY DEAR! YOU'VE HAD YOUR HAIR OFF AGAIN!"
Young Woman of Fashion. "YES, I HAVE. SURELY YOU KNOW THAT IT'S ONLY
FASHIONABLE TO BE GROWING IT?"

throws no light on a situation which however unpleasant might have a real pathological interest if treated with a fundamental seriousness.

In the long-expected biography of ALICE MEYNELL (CAPE) her daughter VIOLA has performed with a singular felicity the difficult task of presenting to the outside world an objective portrait of that gracious, distinguished and cloistered lady. As if in fear of betrayal into exaggeration by filial bias the biographer employs the indirect method of presentation through discreet quotations from her mother's poems, essays, self-revealing and partly self-concealing letters, and the letters of her many friends distinguished and less distinguished, and of her family—with just enough of perceptive commentary, fastidiously and often humour-

ously phrased—to string the garland together. Outsiders will learn the beautiful secret of the sonnet "Renouncement"; will be given an unexpected glimpse behind the scenes of the much-applauded poet and essayist hard at work on the drab business of paragraph-making to boil the family pot; will observe the differing methods of genuine heroine worship of PATMORE, MEREDITH and THOMPSON, and through the well-chosen excerpts will realise the reasons for the high place which Mrs. MEYNELL held in the opinions of her contemporaries. Miss VIOLA MEYNELL has here also revealed something of the secret of her mother's sweet character and of the steadfast devotion of her friends. Two salient and seemingly contradictory features have been under-emphasised: the frank delight in simple pleasures and jests, and the profound underlying melancholy and incipient doubt which a resolutely held faith never completely dispelled.

I am not among those who hold that an artist cannot and should not supply the wants of a patron or patrons. Most of the world's best work has been done on these terms, and if artist and patron have ceased to educate each other it is the world's loss. Even the American market for the English short story need not, I feel, be a necessary instrument of degradation. This I suggest to comfort Mr. J. D. BERESFORD, who seems upset about the matter. His own collected short stories fall roughly into three categories: those written to capture the market at any cost, those written to please himself, and those (poised with extreme skill as on BROWNING's "dangerous edge of things") which get in as much BERESFORD as the American editor might be supposed to stand without jibbing. These last are the most interesting of the series, and I think I could have analysed their intention even without the helpful confidences which

their writer appends as a "conclusion." Frankly I think it does him good to give a moiety of his consideration to the average man or woman. His highly personal fantasies strike me as lacking in inspiration, his conventional magazine-pieces as unduly conventional; but between these poles lies an admirable range of work, descending from the macabre irony of "Common Humanity," through excellent scientific extravaganzas of the WELLS type, such as "The Man Who Hated Flies," to capital straight farce like "Professional Pride." In such pieces Mr. BERESFORD and his public shake hands in a fashion creditable to both of them; and it is these and their like that render *The Meeting Place and Other Stories* (FABER AND FABER) a book to read and re-read.

The scene of *The Square Mark* (METHUEN) is laid in and around a girls' school, where Miss Hamilton, who tells the story, was Games Mistress. Bellingford Court was a prosperous and very respectable establishment until, on the evening of the school's annual garden-party, a man, whose

eyes were "light greenish and much too close together," was stabbed to death in the grounds. Moreover, the Head Mistress was with reason and promptitude arrested, and investigations revealed the fact that her past had been by no means happy. Not for a moment, however, did two or three of her assistants believe that she had committed the crime, and with the aid of an amateur sleuth they set to work to track down the real villains. Miss GRACE M. WHITE and H. L. DEAKIN are new competitors in the field of sensational fiction, and their promising story would have been all the more so if its chase had been conducted at quicker speed.

I regard Miss AGATHA CHRISTIE as one of our ablest writers of sensational fiction; she gives her readers an exciting and well-controlled run for their money, and her

stories are mysterious without being completely mystifying. But although *Partners in Crime* (COLLINS), which relates the various adventures of two amateur detectives, is amusing enough, it lacks the grip and fascination of Miss CHRISTIE's longer novels. When *Tommy Beresford* and his wife *Tuppence* for sound reasons installed themselves in the offices of the International Detective Agency, they decided to follow the methods of famous sleuths of fiction. Thus in one of their "cases" you will find *Tommy* imitating *Sherlock Holmes*, in another *Father Brown*, and so on. For my own part I derived less pleasure from these imitations than from *Albert*, the office-boy of the Agency, who was gloriously and entertainingly himself. This collection however contains several cleverly-devised stories, of which I give "The Case of the Missing Lady" as the prize-winner.

T. CAMERON WILSON, the author of *Bolts from the Blue* (WELLS, GARDNER, DARTON AND Co.), died in action in France in 1918, and there is in his little novel some of the quality which marked his posthumous volume of poems, *Magpies in Picardy*. A young man with ideals of social reform tries to bury himself in a village to write. He is shy and unsociable, and the attitude towards him of different people in the neighbourhood impels him on the eve of an operation which he believes will be fatal to write to six of them letters saying exactly what he thinks of them. Not all the letters are unfriendly, and one of them reveals the secret of his love. The operation is successful, and the conclusion, not very unexpected, may be imagined, but the story is told with a distinction which makes one regret that the author, once an occasional contributor to Mr. Punch's pages, can write no more.

"John —'s Excellent Mixture of Hardy Spring Bloomers."

From *Dutch Seedsman's List*.

Flannel is of course quite the best soil for some seeds.



New Chambermaid. "AFORE I CLEANS 'EM, SIR, I THOUGHT AS 'OW I OUGHT TO LET YOU KNOW THAT YOU'VE LEFT YOUR WOODEN LEGS IN THESE 'ERE BOOTS."

CHARIVARIA.

At a Somerset auction thirty Exmoor sheep were purchased on behalf of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for an experiment on one of his farms, which is expected to result in new methods of keeping the Liberal Party together.

It is claimed that bathing-dresses can now be made of wood. DIOGENES, the earliest devotee of tubbing, discovered this long ago.

A Candidate who has been defeated threetimes as a Liberal notifies his intention to stand as a Socialist. He feels that he has given Liberalism a fair trial.

Mr. L. S. AMERY's mountaineering feats are said to have won the admiration of Canadians. Yet the Opposition is accused of inertia.

The inclusion of the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY and the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY to the ADMIRALTY in the Government bowls team which played the Civil Service the other day is regarded as evidence that the DRAKE spirit is not dead.

"Egypt," says a political writer, "has always been one of the bees in Mr. CHURCHILL's bonnet." We had not realised that the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer included a bonnet in his famous collection of headgear.

Lord LONGFORD has declared his belief that the English language will one day be abolished in Ireland. Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE, on the other hand, holds the opinion that it is not now spoken in any country but Ulster.

In the course of an affray which followed a football match in Germany the centre-forward of the winning team was belaboured with the umbrella of the mother of an opposing half-back. This sort of thing is manifestly unfair to players who have neglected to bring their mothers with them.

A young woman-novelist is reported as saying that she would give the little finger of her left hand for a good notice by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in *The Evening Standard*. We feel sure, however,

that Mr. BENNETT is not to be bribed with amputated digits.

The recommendation of the Council of the National Federation of Associated Paint, Colour and Varnish Manufacturers that prices should be increased has cast a gloom over Chelsea.

Mr. W. T. TILDEN is shortly to appear in a star part at a London theatre, but there is no confirmation of the rumour that he will also write dramatic criticisms.

A Willesden woman admitted to the magistrate that she threw a plate at her husband because he read a newspaper at the dinner-table. As the name of the paper is not given it is difficult to say whether there was justification.

for Willesden, because, after listening in vain for anything funny enough to make a cat laugh, the animal walked out.

A film depicting the dairying industry is to be shown. We trust nobody will call it a chalkie.

In a report of an annual horse-show in the Midlands mention is made of the falling-off in some of the classes. This is generally incidental to the jumping classes.

Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER complains of the increasing tendency to lengthen the week-end. Its effects are seen in the growing number of people who are subject to that "Tuesday" feeling.

A City rector has found a mole in his garden and is mystified as to how it got there. Our theory is that it used the Underground route.

A writer reminds us that NAPOLEON was very fond of oysters. It is even thought that he would have had better luck had the Battle of Waterloo been fought in a month with an "r" in it.

Whilst repairing the ceiling of a bank a man slipped and fell on the counter. It's a nasty place in which to lose one's balance.

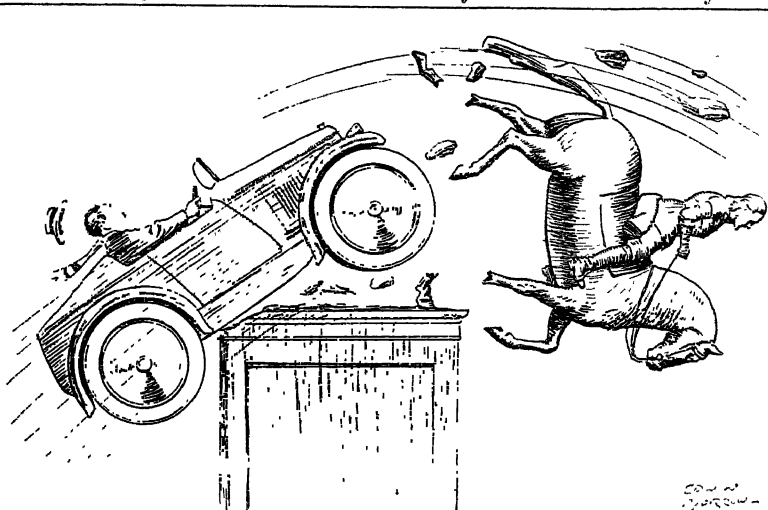
A firm of dyers has been successfully sued for a bad piece of work. They left the court without a character on their stain.

Fried-fish shops, we are told, take nearly half the deep-sea fish landed in this country. It is not stated what proportion of the potatoes chipped in this country they absorb.

Wireless is shortly to be installed in Iceland. Perhaps that will teach them not to send their depressions over here.

It is thought that at the present price an apple a day should keep at least two doctors away.

There was a young man of Verona
Who smoked a Cortona Cortona
Till he turned very green
And behaved—well, I mean,
Like the whale that had dined
upon JONAH.



ANOTHER STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE WAY IN WHICH THE CAR IS REPLACING THE HORSE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON TO-DAY.

Mlle. TERESA DE LANDA, the "Beauty Queen" of Mexico, who recently shot her husband, says she doesn't know why she did it. Perhaps she thought it was a good idea at the time.

A correspondent in a contemporary suggests that long-distance trains should have an engine at each end. The added attraction would be that all passengers could be seated with their backs to the engine.

"Do Cocktails Make Good Mothers?"—title of article in morning paper. We cannot say, but we know many mothers who make good cocktails.

At a Flag Day recently held at a well-known Scottish city a man with a wooden leg who was asked to contribute stumped up the street.

A cat recently walked into Willesden Court. It must have been an off day

ELIZABETH WOULD HAND BACK THE MANDATES.

"My new young man is orl for 'anding back them mandates," remarked Elizabeth, "and I must say I agree with 'im. Wot did we have them for in the first place when they was so expensive? Three 'undred millyon pounds is wot they've cost us so far, my young man ses, and wot 'ave we got for it orl?"

I sighed. Of all Elizabeth's fleeting swains I dislike most the revolutionary type, of which, I fear, there is an abundance in our neighbourhood. All they do is to stir up revolt in Elizabeth—who needs no incentive in that direction—and give her a very imperfect knowledge of the political situation. Indeed at the last General Election she triumphantly informed me that she was "goin' to vote for Mr. BALDWIN just to spite WINSTON CHURCHILL."

Seeing that on this occasion Elizabeth was stirred to unusual loquacity I laid down my pen. "Do you know exactly what a mandate is?" I inquired searchingly.

"Well, 'm, it's—it's something that oughter be 'anded back; that much I do know. And as long as they aren't 'anded back the British taxpayers' money is being wasted. When I think of orl our millyons bein' flung away I can't sleep comfortable at nights. And my new young man gets that worked up about it orl—for ever talkin' o' some-think 'e calls Hirack and a chap called Balfour treatin' somebody—I get fair tired of it, 'im wastin' an 'ole good evenin' out rantin' when we might be enjoyin' ourselves. So I shall be very glad when them mandates is 'anded back and I can go to the pictures with my new young man, peaceable like."

At this Elizabeth edged up to the door and to my relief it would appear that the problem of the Middle East was temporarily shelved. Not for long, however. Two days later she again broached the subject.

"I'm not seein' my young man to-night," she said; "'e's speaking at a meetin'." Over her arid features there crept an expression of pride. "'E's protestin', as 'e calls it," she went on. "Them mandates again, I s'pose. Talk! 'E'd talk an 'orse's 'ind-leg orf."

"You certainly have a lot in common," I replied, subduing any inflection of sarcasm.

"'E's not common," retorted Elizabeth, tossing her head, "and I shouldn't wonder if he won't be a Member for Parlyment one day, seein' it's talkin' wot gets you there."

Sitting at my desk later that evening to finish some work, I was startled by

the loud crashing of the back kitchen door about 10.30. An unusual clatter of saucepans brought me to my feet. I went into the kitchen to investigate.

Elizabeth was there in all the finery of her "night out"—the stockinette "three-piece" of gaudy hue (fashion's whim at the moment amongst domestic helps); from beneath the vivid green beret pressed down on her brow lank wisps of hair escaped. Her eyes shone with smouldering fires as she began to speak.

"Excuse me, 'm, if I crashed about a bit as I came in," she said, "but I'm feelin' put out. When I was leavin' the pictures to-night 'oo should I meet but my young man with a girl on 'is arm—that new 'ousemaid from over the way—laughin' an' jokin' they was—oh! I was riled, 'm—'im pretendin' 'e was at a meetin' and orl. I goes up to the two and faces 'em. 'So this is 'ow you 'elp your country by speakin' at meetin's,' I ses. 'You pretendin' it was mandates, and it was another woman orl the time. I've done with you,' I ses. 'And let me tell you that I don't care 'oo 'ands back the mandates—but I know that you'll 'and back that ten shillin' I lent you larst Friday or I'll call that Bobby over there to 'elp me to get it!' Well, 'm, 'e was that taken aback 'e paid up like a lamb, and wot 's more it 's the first time I've ever known 'im not to 'ave a word to say for 'imself."

"You're lucky to have found him out in time," I soothed. "He only unsettled you too with all that foolish political talk."

"Well, I don't know wot you mean about unsettlin' me, 'm. I'd sort o' got used to the ideer of us orl losin' that three 'undred millyon pounds, but"—she sighed—"it 'll take me a long, long time to get over losin' my new young man." F. A. K.

"He put the melting honey-coloured fruit on her plate, and got out a silk handkerchief. She began to eat it thoughtfully."

From Serial in Daily Paper.

Then she realised that there is a "d" in bandana.

"M. Ernest Ansermet is busy in London this week recording for the gramophone what one of my colleagues would probably wish to call Handel's 'Twelve Large Consorts.'"

Daily Paper.

Six contented Henry, and of those several were "little ones."

"PRETTY WEDDING AT HOOLE.

"... The bride has been in the office of the District Manager of Telephones. The hymn sung was 'How welcome was the call.'"

Chester Paper.

But like a good operator she tried another ring.

THE GODS OF TIN.

[*"And every boat had its gramophone"* *Riverside Paper.*]

SHE was a little daughter nymph (Old Father Thames's daughter, And so she was a water-nymph Who prattled on like water); She said, "We stemmed this crystal clear

Ere Boveney first fell splashing, But now the Gods of Tin are here And Arcadies go crashing.

"The Gods of Tin their cadences Shout down the summer river, E'en *Midas-s-s*" (thus the maiden says) "Among his reeds that quiver They've drowned, and drowned the ripples' speech, The '*Plash!*' when fish feeds boldly, And on from reach to silver reach The Gods of Tin screech coldly.

"We, we remember years of old, For we are most immortal, When whiskered Youth squired dears of old

Through many a lock-gate's portal; They sipped their teas and sang their glees

Till down to Windsor station They'd drop beneath the willow-trees In moonlight and flirtation.

"They sang their pretty glees themselves—

A natural outpouring, Or chattered so to please themselves, For each found each unboring, And bade no Gods of Tin unbox And bray to Heaven's rafter, But stuck it out between the locks In compliment and laughter.

"Ah! Youth that buys machinery To speed you go a-courting Where once beneath the greenery Your sire was self-supporting, Beware the Gods of Tin that be Lest tintinnabulation

Destroy along with Arcady The art of conversation." P. R. C.

Mr. Punch wishes to apologise for his statement in a recent cartoon that Ecclefechan is on the Great North Road. He was indebted for this erroneous information to his old friend and contemporary *The Times*.

"There followed years in which he was hunted like a pheasant on the hillsides."

Literary Weekly.

This reminds us that pheasant-hunting began yesterday.

The inexperienced camel tries In vain to pass through needles' eyes; But rich men pass with heedless feet All day along Threadneedle Street.



THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

CHORUS OF BEST SELLERS (*on hearing that only one volume has been published in Turkey in the last year*). "OBVIOUSLY A TRANSLATION OF MY LATEST."



Female (at a sale, to shopwalker). "Hi! HOW MUCH IS THIS BROLLY?"

OUR LIVESTOCK COMES HOME.

MOVING the British Army to England from the Rhine is a business I would not care to undertake it myself; but then I once failed signally to move one man, two suitcases, a dog and a wife from London to Sussex. I suppose it will be done eventually; but I lie awake at nights sympathising with those who have to do it. You see there are so many things to think of in a British army besides mere soldiers. There are stores and food and battery mules and light field artillery and heavy senior officers, and those comic things the R.E. N.C.O.'s use to carry their personal effects and souvenirs in, called tool-carts, and then there are the battery mules again because they refused to be moved the first time, and finally there are R.A.S.C. corporals, staff officers, padres and pets.

You might think that with the intricate arrangements to be made for the transporting of all this, the pets—meaning both authorised dogs and cats and those strays which, obeying the unwritten law, have attached themselves for life to the British soldier—would have been left to shift for themselves. But no, the all-considering hand of "A"

has not forgotten them. Indeed they have a movement order to themselves. Thus:—

DOGS AND CATS.—The R.S.P.C.A. have undertaken the quarantine arrangements in the U.K. for a limited number of dogs and cats up to 300, belonging to officers, other ranks and civilians, as follows:—

(1) Licences will be allotted by the G.O.C.-in-C. with due regard to those having the greatest claims for repatriation.

(2) Animals will be conveyed in batches of 10 to 20 to the port of disembarkation, in charge of one N.C.O., to be detailed locally, and will be handed over to a representative of the R.S.P.C.A.

Now this is pretty efficient. Indeed, at first sight one is inclined to think it too efficient, when one gathers that no less a person than the G.O.C.-in-C. has to allot the licences. It is reasonable to ask why a mere General on the Staff could not be trusted to weigh the claims for repatriation of good dog Tray and Tibbles. But it must not be forgotten that there are further implications. Knotty points will arise which only an officer of the standing and experience of

a G.O.C.-in-C. can solve. For only three hundred dogs are to be allowed back—that is roughly one per four hundred soldiers—while the normal number of animals in any British force is at least one, if not more, per one soldier; so that the weeding-out will have to be drastic.

Who then except a G.O.C.-in-C. could decide between the respective claims to a return passage of Major Bludwhystler's pedigree prize Alsatian "Ch. Pengarthy Blue of Pengarth," who has only been out four months and will know no dog below field rank; and Private Rifle's "lil dawg—'Mucky' we calls 'im, Sir," who has been out five years and is definitely related to every dog in the occupied area? Or between the Troisdorf dachshund "Indenburg," whose separation from the 1st Blankshire's Sergeants' Mess after nine years would break the R.S.M.'s heart and probably incapacitate the whole battalion for months; and the bulldog whom everyone hates except its owner, but is far too British to be left in an unoccupied Rhineland? Or between the prize Persian cat belonging to the 2nd Loamshire's Mess caterer and the gaunt black tom who owns the R.A.S.C. depôt and will probably manage to

get home anyway? Or between an Artillery major's wife's Pekinese "Tou Tou" and an Engineer major's wife's Pekinese "Fifi," who, sworn rivals, both came from the same litter and are in any case indistinguishable to the naked eye? . . . Dash it all, when you consider the thing, the original order seems quite inadequate; a couple of Field-M Marshals at least would be needed to make a job of it.

And the second half of the order is certainly not nearly comprehensive enough. There are many difficult situations which are bound to arise which are not provided for. Here are a few questions:—

(1) Will each N.C.O. selected to take a batch of animals across be a recognised animal lover? If not it is quite possible he may be set upon, especially if his batch happens to be composed of fifteen Alsatisans, four bulldogs and a wolfhound.

(2) Will the batches be composed of equal numbers of dogs and cats? If so one N.C.O. is not enough to get a batch back intact. Nothing short of a platoon with fixed bayonets and landing-nets would be adequate.

(3) How is the N.C.O. to exercise control over his charges in, say, the matter of getting them on board? Are they to be caged? Or is he to have the ends of twenty leads in his fist and drive an assorted team up the gang-way?

(4) In the event of there being a minority of cats in the batch who is to get them down from the mastheads on arrival?

(5) If the accompanying N.C.O. becomes seasick should the senior animal take charge? And is this seniority to be calculated on size, fighting power or long service with the Army of Occupation? Or just on character and powers of leadership?

(6) If—or perhaps I should say *when*—the N.C.O. i/c becomes seasick what is to prevent

(a) His throwing the lot overboard and following himself?

(b) Their eating the labels off one another, or, in the case of mixed toy and hunting dogs, eating one another off the labels?

(c) Some humorist changing labels over, so as to give Major Siddleflap, owner of a racing greyhound, a Siamese lady-cat who has already, and in direct violation of the regulations, increased the batch from twenty to twenty-four?

Well, as you can see, there are several possible eventualities. I hope those responsible will accept my criticism in the spirit in which it is intended and do something about it. A. A.



Small Girl (who has unearthed a Continental journal from its hiding-place) "THE HEAT-WAVE HAS BEEN AWFUL IN FRANCE, MUMMY. THE LADIES HAVE BEEN WEARING ONLY HATS AND SHOES."

LEAVING LONDON.

LONDON is my lodestar,
 LONDON is my dear,
 I'm leaving London
 At the falling of the year;
 Chilly down the Channel
 Blows the soft sea-wind,
 And I'm leaving London
 And half my heart behind.
 Fiercer beats the sunlight,
 Brighter breaks the morn
 In the distant country
 Where I and mine were born;
 Faster flows the blood there,
 Life is strong and new—
 But I'm leaving London
 With my heart torn in two.
 All her leaves are falling
 Golden in the Park;
 All her lights without me
 Make magic in the dark;

Dear my golden wattle
 And the southern stars I know,
 But I'm leaving London
 And sick at heart to go.

Another Universal Apology Needed.

"Mohamed Pasha Mahmud, a cultured and accomplished gentleman, is even less representative of the bulk of his countrymen than is, say, Mr. Winston Churchill of the average British elector. The fellah is, in short, a savage, albeit an amiable and docile savage for the most part."—*Morning Paper*.

Non-Anglo-Egyptian. "And what the doose is the fellah talkin' about?"

"A Malta cable says that the cruiser *Sussex* has left and the battleship *Barham* is flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Plunkett. H.M.S. *Ernle*, *Erle* and *Drax* are about to leave for Jaffa."—*South African Paper*.

Admiral Plunkett-Erle-Drax has apparently suffered a sea-change.

THE LOG OF THE "LIZARD."

V.—LE TOUR EIFFEL.

THURSDAY.—Anchored Paris.

Notes.

Spent few days Paris meeting Americans. Whole of American race in residence. Spent first day at bank cashing letter of credit. Whole of American race had had same idea. Spent second day at Cook's buying ticket for England. Whole of American race at head of queue.

Like Americans very much, but felt duty being in Paris have some truck with natives. Tea-time went to top of Eiffel Tower look for natives. Found whole American race up there. Alarming journey. Three stories. Went up very slowly in three lifts and a heat-wave. Quite convinced

lift unsafe, made up mind get off second floor. Then saw notice in lift says "Première Étage—RESTAURANT, THÉ, CAFÉ; Deuxième Étage—PHOTOGRAPHIE; Troisième Étage, BAR." Curious ascending scale of inducements. Decided go to top. Have never liked photography.

Top of Eiffel Tower is definitely high up. Judged about mile-and-half. Sunny afternoon, but view disappointing. Could only see about 60 miles. Looking down relieved to find Paris still in sight. Whole American race anxious to ascertain exact height of Tower, which Guide stated 984 feet. One

American inclined to resent this, Woolworth being only 750. St. Paul's Cathedral only 404; but this has never worried self. To give you idea height of Tower, 984 feet is 328 yards, which means would take world's fastest sprinter more than 30 seconds to run up it. But calculate Flying-Officer Waghorn could fly to top in two seconds. Guide-book says Tower weighs 7,000 tons, and composed of 12,000 pieces of metal, fastened by 2,500,000 iron rivets.

At top of Tower at last found two Frenchmen, one refusing go down again, other drinking champagne and saying "Formidable!" Sympathised with former but joined latter. Not keen on champagne four o'clock afternoon, but judged gesture due to late M. EIFFEL. Frenchman told me had ascended Tower with *sentiments les plus profondes* because went up there with late wife on

honeymoon to see fireworks on *quatorze Juillet*. Cost 20 francs each. "Formidable!" said Frenchman, wiping tear from eye and refilling glass. Anxious to change painful subject told Frenchman Eiffel Tower weighed 7,000 tons and composed of 12,000 pieces of metal, fastened by 2,500,000 iron rivets. "Formidable!" said Frenchman politely and bought second half-bottle. Proposed health of late M. EIFFEL. Then told me late M. EIFFEL used to live in neighbourhood of Tower, lie in bath and gaze at masterpiece with tears in his eyes. Did not ask how Frenchman knew this, but replied "Formidable!"

"Extraordinaire!" said Frenchman, regarding me warmly.

Replied "Épouvantable!" not to be outdone.

to meet me. She was *un ange*, with eyes of a small deer and skin like milk. "Épatant!" replied incautiously. Frenchman shrugged shoulders, sighed and said, "Ah, Monsieur, you mock yourself of me."

Protested earnestly in negative and replenished glasses. Frenchman, greatly cheered, seized both hands and clasped vigorously, saying was well sure was not like this monster of a SNOWDEN, who had the heart fabricated of corrugated iron. From this point, reasons unknown, Frenchman began addressing me as "*Mon Général*." Discussed Great War. Frenchman gratified to hear had fought for France on mutilated soil of fatherland, raised glass to *l'infanterie maritime anglaise* and ordered third half-bottle sweet champagne

Not having same immunity sweet champagne tea-time judged moment due terminate moving celebration of Entente Cordiale and sacrifices unbelievable Allied Nations. Edged Frenchman away from bar to rail of Tower and looked down at Paris. Disturbed to see Paris was now about three miles below. Expressed definite opinion balloon was going up. "*Le ballon? Comment?*" said Frenchman. Restated my view Eiffel Tower was rising. "Formidable!" said Frenchman, "*mais c'est défendu*."

That moment realised by happy chance was carrying enormous copy

Daily Telegraph. Suggested to Frenchman by throwing page *Daily Telegraph* overboard would be able test course and speed of Eiffel Tower. "*Oui, mon Général*," said Frenchman, "*vous avez l'air très spirituel*." Replied Frenchman was exceptionally *gentil* and threw leader page *Daily Telegraph* overboard. Frenchman took copy *L'Ami du Peuple* from pocket and threw front sheet of that over. Both drifted rapidly astern. Judged speed of Eiffel Tower about seven knots. "Formidable!" said Frenchman. "*Un peu trop vite*."

Agreed cordially, but that moment diversion caused by nice American standing next us, dressed plus fours and guide-books, who said last night had dreamed threw self off Eiffel Tower and now was darned sure he would if looked down much longer. Pointed out this was dangerous. Suggested wisest course stop looking down. American



Lady. "Oh, DONALD, MISSED AGAIN! ISN'T IT AWFUL?"

Stalker. "I'M THENKIN' YER LEDDYSHIP MIGHT SHOOT BETTER IF YE WADNA CLOSE BAITH YER EYES."

"Comment?" said Frenchman with slight frown. Felt getting out of depth. Always puzzled by multitude of French adjectival interjections expressive of superlative surprise or emotion—"Effrayant!" "Épatant!" etc. Not clear exact significance of any, but last time in Paris remember distinctly "Épouvantable!" was fashionable word. This year apparently "Formidable" is favourite. Decided stick to "Formidable!" with occasional "Effrayant!"

Frenchman filled glasses and said reunion of *nous deux* at top of highest *édifice du monde* was symbol *extraordinaire* of two nations united on peaks of sacrifice consecrated by common libations of blood. Did not follow analogy, but replied "Effrayant!" warmly.

Frenchman gave me doubtful glance but emptied glass and continued late wife would have been content enough

said "Surely." But while saving American's life lost sight of *Daily Telegraph*. Frenchman suggested American throw page *New York Herald* overboard symbolise efforts energetic three great nations exterminate war and consecrate sacrifices unbelievable of France. American said "Surely." Did so. Just then saw old woman with telescopes. Hired three telescopes, franc each, and found *D.T.* and *L'Ami du Peuple* floating close together over Champ de Mars. Meanwhile *New York Herald* developed surprising turn of speed. Rapidly overhauled *D.T.* and *A.P.* and went alongside. Considered this formidable and said so. Frenchman agreed and said symbol of tenacity prodigious of American nation pressing itself to assistance France and England torn to pieces on field of Mars in first struggles of war without precedent. American said "Surely." Just then wind changed and three papers set off together towards heart of Paris. "*Extraordinaire!*" said Frenchman.

All watched carefully through telescopes see where Allied leading articles would alight. Travelled long way, hovering time to time. At last, great excitement, saw all three descend together Place de la Concorde.

So stunned by thrilling phenomenon none of us could make remark. Frenchman led way speechless to bar and ordered champagne. Then raised glass and said we came from regarding spectacle unforgettable which rendered testimony of union irrefragable three nations entwined permanent embrace inspired by sacrifices mutual. American said "Surely." Girl behind bar said none of champagne had been paid for yet. Frenchman deep in next sentence so fumbled in note-case. Found had enough money pay for half champagne. American paid rest. Half expected Frenchman see symbol in this, but no. Kissed American and self both cheeks and descended *Deuxième Etage*, where photographed arm-in-arm with flags. Parting foot of Tower Frenchman said, "*Mon Général* you have erased gloriously the sentiments very disagreeable provoked by this *espèce* of a cork-screw M. SNOWDEN." Replied "*Formidable!*" American said "Surely."

FRIDAY.—Decided not drink champagne great altitudes teatime again.

A. P. H.

"GOLF GRIP
CUSTOMS OF THE GREAT
PUSH AND PULL."

Morning Paper.

An American friend tells Mr. Punch that these headlines give an accurate idea of the methods of our Customs with his grips.



THE MAN WHO BELIEVED IN THE FOLLOW-THROUGH.

COMPULSORY RETIREMENT.

[The autumn fashion notes talk of ballroom dresses long enough to reach the ground.]

THIS is official! I have done with dancing,

My toe shall be fantastic nevermore;
The waltz, however dreamy and entrancing,

Shall fail to lure me to the bees'-waxed floor;

Henceforth you will not find me in the fox-trot

Matching my partner with a faultless step,

Nor improvising some less orthodox trot
With my accustomed pep.

For I am old enough to be no stranger
To days when every dancer knew the stress

Of warding off the ever-present danger
Of roughly treading on some maiden's dress

And breathing an apologetic mutter,
While she, her smile obscured as by a cloud,

Looked things that now she would not scorn to utter
In public out aloud.

And should those days return, as is predicted,

The peril's one I'm not prepared to face

Now dancing space is much, much more restricted

Than used to be the ante-bellum case.

If ballroom draperies once more are flowing,

I might be proven clumsy, gauche and crude,

And so (this is official) I am going
While yet the going's good.

"LAWN WORK."

Gardening Paper.

A suitable occupation for grass widows.

A DIFFICULT LANGUAGE.

THE case of the young man named ALFRED WASHINGTON, who, on the point of entering for his Final Examination in House Agency—I refer to the Theory of Astonishing Premiums—leapt with a loud cry over Waterloo Bridge and perished in the Thames, has called the attention of the public once again to the severe courses of study required in this particular profession. There can be little doubt that in adding to their verdict of "*Suicide from insanity caused by overstrain*" the rider that examinations in house agency ought to be simplified, the coroner's jury voiced an opinion which will be very generally upheld.

Quite recently a young man came to me in despair about the thesis on "*Bijou Abodes*" which he was submitting for his doctorate, and I have before me, as I write, a short lexicon or glossary in which the technical terms used in "orders to view" or specifications of house property are arranged side by side with their ordinary English equivalents. I quote a portion of it hereunder, and when it is remembered that the whole of this difficult phraseology has to be mastered by the young student in the very first month of his pupilage, we can scarcely wonder that cases of nervous collapse and brain fever quite often occur.

ARCHITECTURE (a) EXTERIOR.

Brick	Georgian
Part-brick	Period
Stucco	Well-built
Stone	Palatial
Hideous	Imposing
Ugly	Important
Terrible	Tudor style
Cottage	House
House	Residence
Country house . .	Edifice
Portion of house .	Maisonnette
Tiny	Compact
Small	Commodious
Plain	Handsome
Tumbledown . . .	Old-world
Damaged	Picturesque
Dilapidated . . .	Romantic
Outhouse	Garage
Tool-shed	Space for garage
Hen-roost	Out-buildings
Without Drains . .	see Romantic
Balcony	Solar lounge

ARCHITECTURE (b) INTERIOR.

Wainscot	Panelling
Fireplace	Hearth
Cupboard	Cloak-room
Fault	Feature
Inconvenience . .	Character
Basement	see Well-built
Damp	see Old-world
Two sitting-rooms .	Two to three Reception-rooms
Five bed-rooms . .	Five to six Bed-rooms

Passage	Lobby
Alcove	Lounge Hall
Kitchen and Larder	Offices
Kitchen, Larder and Pantry	Well-appointed offices
Bath	Modern convenience
Sink	see Bath
Pipe	see Sink
Papered	Redecorated throughout
Papered and plastered	Entirely do.
Rats	see Period
Provided with electric light	Luxuriously fitted
Tap	Labour-saving contrivance
Bell	see Tap
Hat-pegs	see Bell
Boiler	see Bath
Dry-rot	see Georgian

ENTRONS.

Tree	Orchard
Trees	Timber
Flower-bed	Garden
Field	Meadow
Fields	Estate
Path	Drive
Separate	Standing in own grounds
Lonely	Secluded
Up on a hill . . .	Delightfully situated and commanding an unparalleled prospect of several shires
Down in a hole . .	Delightfully sheltered from the prevailing winds
Blasted	see Bad Language
Brook	River
Ditch	Trout-stream
More than fifty years old	Rich in historical associations
Shrubbery	Woodland
Paddock	Park

GEOLOGY.

Mud	Sand
Clay	see Mud
Subsoil	see Clay

MEASUREMENTS.

Two miles	One mile
One mile	Half-a-mile
Half-a-mile	Adjacent
Quarter-mile . . .	Stone's-throw
Half-hour	Five minutes
Twenty minutes . .	Less than five minutes
Fifteen "	
Ten "	Opposite
Five minutes . . .	
Jog-trot	Walk

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hard to Dispose of	Unprecedented Opportunity
White Elephant . .	see above
Commonplace . . .	Superior
Tolerable	Highly Desirable

Queer	Distinctive
Nondescript	Artistic
Inland	Easy reach of sea
Hopeless	see Tudor style

In conversation with a well-known house-agent I have discovered that, in despair of mastering these rudiments of their trade, many quite promising pupils drift away to the allied professions of political journalism, company promotion and the recommendation of popular cigarettes. Would it not be possible, I ask, to do away with some portions of this obsolete terminology and so lighten the labours of the neophyte? EVOE.

"SPESHUL NO'IS."

THE pipe band from the neighbouring town was playing for the local flower-show and with streamers flying was marching down the High Street. In front strode a diminutive figure—a small boy perhaps. He proudly carried a threepenny Union Jack, which he held at arm's-length above his head. A cheeky and unnecessary small boy, I thought; but when he got nearer I saw that he was a little old man. His wizened face was hairless and his deep-set little eyes gave him a blind mole-like appearance. His thin tight lips were set in a fixed grin.

The band performed a complicated evolution which brought them into a circle with the big drummer in the middle, and the little man was swallowed up in the crowd.

Later in the evening I heard the ringing of a hand-bell, and there he was again, paper in hand, standing in the middle of the street. He was the town crier!

The criers as a race must be nearly extinct, but I had hoped that they were disappearing with their glory intact. Bluff hearty men in ample capes with voices booming over an eager crowd, "Oyez!" But here was a little ghost taking on their mediæval duties. He held no roll of thick parchment; he had no cocked-hat. A dingy dinner-bell and a sheet of flimsy paper covered with spidery pencillings were his stock-in-trade, and his voice a high piercing falsetto.

"Speshul no'is," he cried. "A sairvice will be held. . . ." Long pause. The rain had played on his paper until it was only a soggy mass and the little pin-head eyes could no longer decipher the sprawling writing. The old system had failed.

I went home and turned on the wireless. A clear deep voice, beautifully modulated, rang through the room:

"Exchange-Telegraph-and-Central-News. Before the general news we have a special announcement to make. . . ."



Barman. " 'E 'S ALWAYS GOT A COPPER OR TWO IN HIS POCKET, BUT 'E NEVER DOES NO WORK."

Well-informed Party. " NO; BUT HE GOES ROUND TELEPHONE-BOXES PRESSING BUTTON B FOR FORGOTTEN PENNIES "

Wheeeeeee! Wheeeeeee! Crackle!
Crackle! Despairingly I turned it off.
There are times when my wireless has
moods that no one can control, but
through the window I heard a shrill
treble—

"Speshul no'is. A sairvice will be
held at three-thairty to-morrow in the
Parish Kirk."

The Avuncular What-not-to-Do.

"The bride's aunt and uncle and the happy
couple afterwards left for the Isle of Wight."
East-Country Paper.

Such a take-off is calculated to make
any couple ecstatic.

THE CORNISH PARTRIDGE.

THE Cornish partridge knows a thing
or two;

He does not act as partridges should do.
His ways are weird, his habitat is
quaint,

His antics would exasperate a saint.

You try the grass-fields, clover, stubble
(*arish*);

There might not be a partridge in the
parish.

You walk each field of green crop (*i.e.*,
roots),

And all that happens is—you soak your
boots.

The dogs work through the bracken,
gorse and bent,

The Cornish partridge seems to have
no scent;

You clamber over banks, through hedges
scramble,

Get stung by nettles, scratched by thorn
and bramble;

You toil all day and never fire a cartridge,
You stream with sweat and curse the
Cornish partridge;

At last you reach the road, dejected, beat,
And with a whirr he rises at your feet.

While you have been pursuing him afar
He has been dusting underneath your

car.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

"WAIT for the psychological moment," Simpson is continually exhorting us; and the importance of applying the precept to everything has of late become a mild obsession with him. Caged in a railway compartment the other day we groaned when a chance reference to practical joking started him on his favourite topic.

"It is a simple fact," he stated in a compelling voice, "that with a few words, at the psychological moment, I could delude either of you into believing implicitly any statement, however preposterous, that I cared to make: that we are in the wrong train, for example."

Collins and I smiled our polite scepticism of this claim.

"The poorest joke," insisted Simpson, "becomes infallible if the time and place are chosen with discrimination. Let me illustrate my point," he continued, deftly moving a book out of my reach. "If at this moment I were to put to you that time-honoured query, 'What'll you have?' you would merely assume, with every reason, that I had gone off my head. But let us suppose that Collins is sleeping peacefully in his corner and at the very instant of waking this absurd question is thrust at him. Taken off his guard, his mind a more complete blank than usual, he would reply without hesitation, 'A large Scotch-and-soda.' Extraordinary, isn't it?"

"It would be more extraordinary," I said, "if his reply was, 'A glass of water.'"

But Simpson was not to be deterred by flippancy. "I would guarantee the same result," he remarked, "if either of you were wrapped in thought or, which is more likely to occur, deeply immersed in a book."

I reached hopefully for one. "Try something on me," I suggested. "Convince me, when I am utterly engrossed, that we are not seated (as we earnestly trust we are) in the Torquay train."

"That is a little unfair," protested Simpson with dignity. "But I could play the joke successfully on any other passenger in the train—at the psychological moment, of course. Soon after leaving Bristol, which is," he explained kindly, "an important junction on our

route, I would hold myself in readiness. Unseen by my victim I would loiter in the corridor until I judged his condition to be sufficiently receptive, and then, with a few well-chosen words, plunge him into a perfect agony of dismay." He paused impressively.

"I can see no possibility of failure," he resumed, serenely unconscious of our growing restiveness. "The poor fellow, calmly assuming that he was moving rapidly in the direction of Torquay, would hear a voice in the corridor, a loud and convincing voice (mine). To his ears, and penetrating his sluggish brain, would float the words, 'Yes, the Torquay carriages left us at Bristol,' followed by the petrifying remark, 'Our first stop is Minehead.' Simple," commented Simpson modestly, "but, I submit, highly ingenious."



Club Colleague (to player who has been incapacitated by opponents' star-man). "OUGHT TO THINK YOURSELF LUCKY, YOU OUGHT. YOU'VE HAD A TEN-THOUSAND-POUND KICK IN THE BACK OF THE NECK."

Our arrival in Bristol provided a welcome respite from this flow of eloquence, for Collins, observing a refreshment-room within easy reach, demanded (and obtained) the immediate repetition of the query which had figured earlier in the discussion.

"Who do you think is in our train?" he asked me a few moments later. "George Harris; I saw him looking out of a window in the end coach." One eyelid flickered suspiciously. "We're going to work the Minehead joke on him; Simpson says he's an ideal subject."

"I am presuming," Simpson covered himself, "that he doesn't know that the real Minehead train leaves here in half-an-hour's time."

A trifle pained by my refusal to accompany them, the pair set off down the platform. I saw them approach the rear coach with the utmost stealth and, as the train began to move, disappear inside it.

I resumed my book. The drowsy hum of the train contrasted pleasantly with Simpson's vapidities. Soon, no doubt, the tiresome fellow would be returning to torment me with a long-drawn account of Harris's discomfiture.

"Torquay, Sir?" inquired a passing ticket-inspector.

I nodded. "By the way," I said, "in the rear coach you will probably discover a young man frothing at the mouth with rage and tugging frantically at the communication cord. Two friends of mine are amusing themselves, somewhat childishly, by telling him that the train does not go to Torquay."

The ticket-inspector displayed so lively an interest in the scheme that I described it in full detail.

"Of course," I said in conclusion, "the psychological moment may not yet have arrived."

The ticket-inspector considered the point quite gravely.

"It is unfortunate for your friends," he said at last, "if they really have booked for Torquay. The rear coach has no connecting gangway and will be slipped from the train at Exeter."

Commercial Candour.

"—s Hotel, Din Dance and Cabaret, 10s. 6d." *Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"It is most ungracious for a minister from another seaside resort to throw mud at Clacton; he would be much better employed in solving the same problems with which he is faced with even greater acuteness in his own town of Southend-on-Sea."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

People who live in Southend can't afford to throw mud.

"Owing to the Nushki Railway line beyond Quetta being blocked by a bolster, railway traffic is disorganised."—*Indian Paper.*
These pampered sleepers again!

"A HOLIDAY TOUR IN EAST AFRICA.

The journey includes the hills and valleys of Kenya, the great expenses of industrious Uganda. . . ."—*African Paper.*

Poor propaganda!

"Two National Cash Resisters."

Auction Catalogue.

They must mean two Income-Tax objectors.

"According to an old chronicle the library contained musical works of unbelievable value, including first manuscripts of Cicero, Tacitus, and Titus Livius."—*Daily Paper.*

We wonder if the movement in Cato Major was included?

CHEQUE.

THE wedding-present problem would be all very well if it were not for the number of "half-friends"—acquaintances of ash-tray standard—who get married from time to time. This in itself would present no real difficulty were it not for the blatancy of the Press in publishing the list of presents. You send along the ash-tray and this sort of thing happens in the paper:—

"Bridegroom to Bride: Onyx and Platinum Grandfather Clock.

Bride to Bridegroom: Diamond and Iridium Dog Kennel.

Bridegroom's Father to Bride: Plantagenet Sandstone Earrings. Grand Piano. Cheque.

Bridegroom's Mother to Bride: Terrific Car. Cheque.

Mr. Philip Apricot: Ash-tray."

And multitudes of cynics, scanning the list, mutter, "Here's old Apricot doing it on the cheap."

Now, however, the problem is solved, and I willingly hand on the solution, discovered all unwittingly, to all those fellow-sufferers whose sensitive natures have been shaken by the incongruous placing of their ash-tray.

Poor old Travis was getting married. The thing had been well advertised but somehow or other it was not until the evening before his last dawn that I remembered it. I also remembered that he had once expressed great admiration for an ash-tray of mine—one of those that extinguishes cigarettes instead of leaving them to smell like the next-door gardener's bonfire.

The shops were closed by this time, so there was nothing for it but to send him the money for the thing, just to show that I had not forgotten him in his hour of need. Seizing my cheque-book, I requested that my good bank, with its millions of reserve, paid-up capital and so on, should disgorge ten shillings and sixpence sterling in favour of D. V. Travis, Esq. With the same slip of the pen I wrote:—

DEAR BINGO,—All the best. Herewith, wherewith to purchase ash-tray like mine. Sansomes of Regent Street have them. Yours, P. APRICOT.

When I opened the paper the day after the event, there was old Bingo complete with bride stepping brightly from sacred edifice. I glanced at the account and down the list of presents:—

"Bride's Father to Bride: Sapphire Cumberbund. Cheque.

Mr. Philip Apricot: Cheque."

There I was in bold print, level in prestige with bride's father, apart, of course, from the little matter of the sapphire whatnot.

Since this triumph I have tried it again with ever-increasing success. In one case a well-directed half-guinea put me level with—

"Saloon Car. Pedigree Alsatian. Cheque."

Another time I was next to—

"Inlaid Bedroom Suite. Cheque."

No more will I wallow with "Match-stand," "Plated Tin-opener" and "Cut-glass Nutmeg Cracker," but proudly rear my head in the jewellery and automobile departments.

Why We Don't Become Millionaires.

"Sir Thomas Lipton began his trading career in Glasgow. 'I worked twenty-five hours a day, remembers Sir Thomas,'

Indian Paper.

"Great Clacton Church choir have stuck." *Essex Paper.*

That is of course the danger of bees-waxing the pews.



Young Mother (of very tall daughter). "ONE-AND-A-HALF TO TONBRIDGE, PLEASE"
Booking-Clerk. "WHICH IS THE HALF?"

VOLUMES OF TROUBLE.

"Do you know what fluxions are?" I inquired, glancing up from the magazine I was reading.

"For fluxions," replied Alister Macalister, "you have to see infinitesimal calculus, and I have never seen it, because I am confined for my general information to fal-fies."

"Fal-fies?"

"Outside of fal-fies," said Alister, "I am what you might call an ignorant working man, but inside of that I have more knowledge than a university professor."

He left the room and returned with a bulky volume entitled *Purdie's Encyclopædia*, Vol. V.—FAL-FYZ.

"I plough right through her every winter," said Alister. "She was gifted to me by Sandy Drumshaw."

"It happened like this," he went on. "When his Aunt Martha died Sandy got her bookcase; and one morning when he was going down to Glasgow to sell a cow he said to his wife, 'I think we should get some books for our bookcase.'"

"That is just what we should dae," says Mrs. Drumshaw, who was an Ayrshire woman. "And get big yins, Sandy, because it is a big bookcase."

"He saw from the papers that there was

an auction sale to be held in a house in the suburbs, and after a lot of walking he found the place. It was the big house of a wealthy business gentleman who made his money by always going bankrupt. In one of the rooms Sandy got his eye on a pile of strong hefty-looking books, and he just waited beside them until the auctioneer came into the room, followed by a crowd of wild fat women and two or three shabby wee men.

"Now," says the auctioneer at last, "what am I offered for these ten volumes of *Purdie's Encyclopædia* on the table over there beside the gentleman from the Highlands?"

"Half-a-crown," roared Sandy at the pitch of his voice, putting the fear of death into all the fat women.

"Gone for half-a-crown," says the auctioneer, thinking no doubt that it might be as well to get rid of a fierce wee chap like Sandy as soon as possible.

"Sandy was so proud of his smart work that he was outside the front-gate

before he realised his circumstances. It took all the strength of his arms to hold up his books, and he was loaded with them from his waist to the point of his chin. He had also a long white beard and a nasty cold in the head.

"There was a policeman standing there and a man leaning against a barrow."

"Says Sandy to the man at the barrow, 'How much would it cost to carry these books to the nearest tramway-car?'"

"Half-a-crown," says the man.

"That is as much as the books themselves have cost me," says Sandy, very indignant.

"Then he went up to the policeman, and says he, 'How far is it to the nearest tramway-car?'"

"There are no tramway-cars or buses allowed within two miles of this

"I am sorry," says Sandy, "but I did not see you."

"That is all right, comrade," says the man. "Have you got a boil on the back of your neck?"

"I have not," says Sandy. "It is my beard that is caught between two of my books. I wish you would get it out for me."

"*Purdie's Encyclopædia*?" says this chap. "These books are of no use to you at all, comrade. Have you read *Das Kapital*?"

"I have not," says Sandy. "These books are not for reading; they are for the bookcase."

"You must read *Das Kapital* at once," says the red-faced man, "and learn all about Socialism."

"I do not want to learn about Socialism," says Sandy; "I am a Conservative. Can you tell me if I am near the tramway lines?"

"The wild fellow glared down at Sandy. 'Are you prepared to die?' says he in a terrible tone of voice."

"Sandy staggered back and his books crashed to his feet. 'Are you threatening to murder me?' says he."

"I am putting a case," says the Socialist. 'Are you prepared to die with no provision made for your wife and family, who would starve under the present capitalist system?'"

"There is always plenty of provisions in my house for my wife and family," says Sandy. "If you threaten me any more I will call a policeman."

"Policeman!" roars the Socialist. "We are going to have all the policemen hanged from the lamp-posts, and you along with them, you dirty little scab!"

"Sandy picked up one of his books for self-defence and looked round for a policeman, but in the feverish condition he was in he seemed to see nothing but lamp-posts, and he took to his heels and bolted for his life, leaving all the rest of *Purdie's Encyclopædia* behind him."

"He came round to see me the next night and presented me with the book. He told me he could not bear the sight of it. 'Me and the wife have decided, Alister,' says he, 'that we will just use the bookcase for keeping the dishes in.'"

FORBIDDEN FRUIT SALES.

Daily Paper.

It's bad luck on poor EVE, who bought hers at such a price.



Prospective Tenant. "NOW IF I TAKE ON THIS LEASE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR LOOKING AFTER THIS OAK-TREE?"

LONGS AND SHORTS.

IF I had been made a high man—
I wouldn't say more than that;
I'm not much drawn
To masses of brawn
And muscle that turns to fat:
We'll say, *e.g.*,
Some six-feet-three,
Or a trifle more in a hat:—

I should fall no doubt to a small girl,
While thoroughly well aware
That an average kind of a tall girl
Would suit me down to a hair;
But if fate says "Go"
You haven't a show,
Though it won't work out as a pair.

If I had been made a small man—
It needn't be overdone,
Though men who are short
Are of fine report;
There's Roberts, of course, for one:
Some five-feet-two
Would probably do,
Or, for argument, five-feet-none:—

I should cotton, I'm sure, to a high girl,
While keeping the fact in sight
That a trim little, slim little spry girl
Is best for a man that height;
But if fate takes charge
The small to the large
Is a law, though they don't look right.

But, being a half-and-half man—
I make but a modest claim,
Though Apollo, I hear
(The Belvedere)
Had a moderate length of frame;
I could, as a fact,
Be more exact,
But I shan't, if it's all the same:—

I shall go for a twixt-and-tween girl;
However extremes may meet,
I'm convinced that a medium "mean"
girl
With me would be far more neat;
I shall pass my life
With an even wife,
And we shan't look odd in the street.
DUM-DUM.

A Posthumous Apology which Impends.

"Whitman (Walt) Leaves of Grass, cr. 8vo, orig. cloth (a trifle loose)."

Bookseller's Catalogue.

"At Tamworth, yesterday, Herbert — was summoned for not reporting four cows which appeared to be suffering from emancipation at Tamworth on August 5."—*Birmingham Paper.*
No legislation will ever stop the modern girl kicking up her heels.

"Construction of the submarine in which Sir Hubert Wilkins hopes to explore the depths of the Poplar seas will begin soon."
Hereford Paper.

We generally employ a motor-bus for this work.



Costumier (explaining article to lady). "YOU SEE, MODDOM, IN A CREATION SUCH AS THIS, ONE MUST CONSIDER ALL THE WHOLE OF THE TOUT ENSEMBLE."

Amor Omnia Vincit.

"Powerless before the hearty stroking of the California star, Miss Greet was eliminated from the tournament, 6-2, 6-2."

Tennis Report in American Paper.

Commercial Resignation.

"TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

We have great pleasure in placing before you our Seed Catalogue and take this opportunity of thanking you for your liberal patronage and trusting your solicitor may be favoured with your usual valued support, which we always merit."—*From Indian Seedman's Catalogue.*

"SWISS CHANNEL ATTEMPT."

Headline in Jersey Paper.

Does this refer to the Straits of Geneva?

As a two-year-old he won the Maiden Plate at Manchester in a canter."

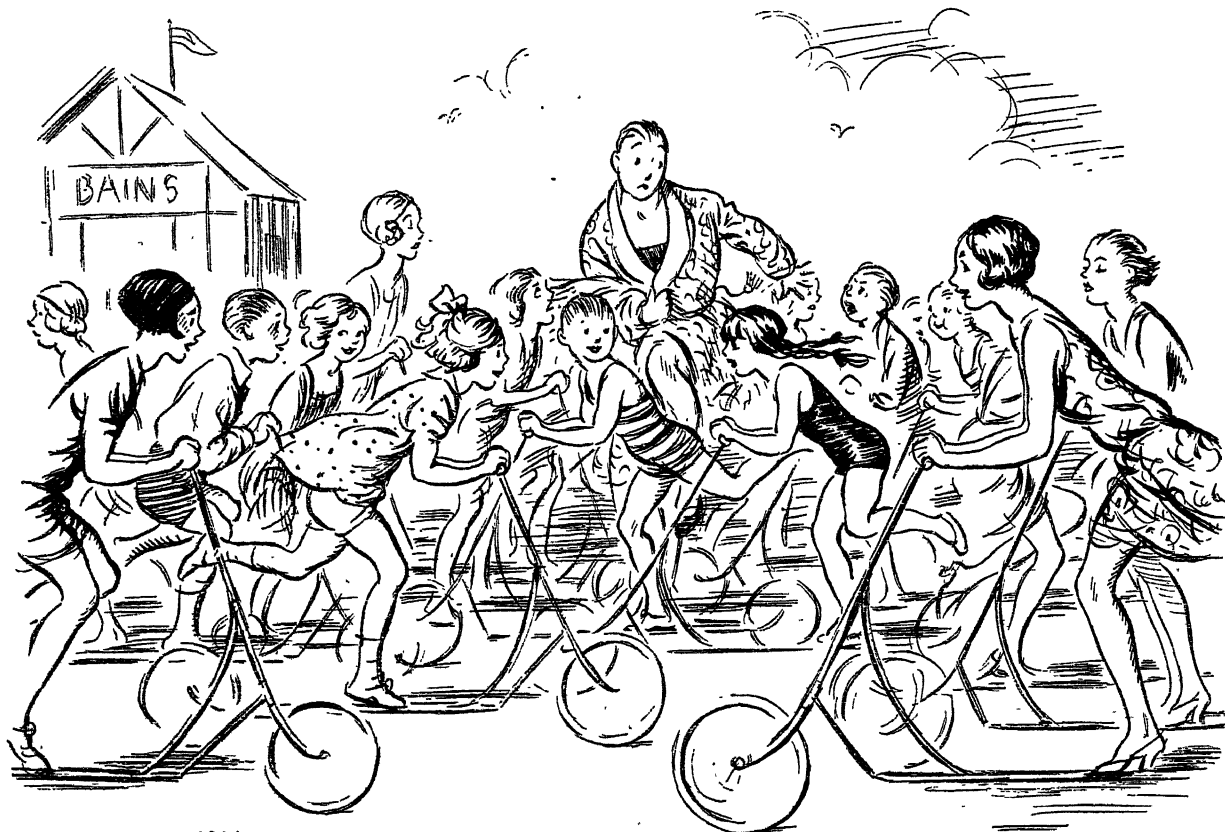
Evening Paper.

On his head, in fact.

"Mr. Richardson, Treasurer of the Misers' Federation, raised a point of order. . . ."

North-Country Paper.

His must be a personality which inspires a lot of trust.



LEWIS BAILETON
62, Zouave

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM IN BELGIUM.

CROSSING LA DIGUE AFTER ONE'S BATHE.

THE CITY—A NIGHTMARE.

They made me a director,
I dreamt it in a dream;
I was a print collector
And owned a salmon stream.

They made me a director
Of companies one or two;
I did not fear the spectre
Of Nemesis—would you?

They made me a director
Of companies two or three;
I bought myself a sector
Of Sussex, near the sea.

They made me a director
Of companies three or four;
I had a man named Hector
To answer the front-door.

They made me a director
Of companies four or five;
The beams of my reflector
Lit up the laurelled drive.

They made me a director
Of companies five or six;
I was a staunch protector
Of meal-fed pheasant chicks.

They made me a director
Of companies six or seven;
No shareholding objector
Opposed my path to heaven.

They made me a director
Of companies seven or eight;
The income-tax collector
Knelt down before my gate.

They made me a director
Of companies eight or nine;
I drank the golden nectar
And had no other wine.

They made me a director
Of companies nine or ten—

* * * * *

"Hullo, police-inspector!
Good morning, plain-clothes
men!" EVOE.

Retrodressing.

"FOR SALE
An entirely new Singer sewing machine,
several sound fig-trees."

Advt. in Harbin Paper.

The business is evidently tailoring and
outfitting (old style).

SMITH MINOR AGAIN: Translation
of *Fortuna Belli*, "Pot-luck."

Statements which will Surely be Regretted.

"If the advice were given to-day, to anyone feeling tired and slack to eat a good dish of ice-cream, laughter would probably greet the advice, but if persuasion could effect the carrying out of the advice the laughter would not last long or be repeated."

Ice-Cream Trade Paper.

"... An expert commission of engineers, geologists, and hydrographers has selected a point west of Tarifa from which to begin work on the Straits of Gibraltar tunnel. It would be only two miles longer than the Simpleton tunnel."—*New Zealand Paper.*

And hence about five miles longer than the St. Dotard.

"Harry Roberts, ship's husband, said he met Martin before the vessel was due to sail."
South Wales Paper.

We have always wondered if "mate" sounded quite respectable.

"In ancient Greek it was regarded as a literary grace always to attach the same adjective to certain nouns or proper names. Thus, Dawn was always and inevitably rosy-fingered, and Athene could be relied on, in the pages of Homer, to be consistently ox-eyed."

Literary Paper.

And the modern Athene can, of course, be relied on to be largely peroxide.



EXPERT FINANCE;
OR, GREED GOETH BEFORE A FALL.



New Settler (who has come a very long way up a river in Borneo to plant rubber, to his partner). "THERE!—I KNEW WE HAD FORGOTTEN SOMETHING! A LAWN-MOWER."

MR. MAFFERTY HAS TROUBLE WITH THE WIRELESS.

"It's the wreck an' shadow of me-self I am," said Mr. Mafferty. "Me bones is water, me brains a furnace, I'm destroyed surely by reason of the wireless. I can't sleep an' I pass the night dreamin' evil dreams. It's the truth I'm tellin' you without the word of a lie. I wouldn't wonder, now, if a man of your respectability, Mr. Heather, would be drawin' erroneous conclusions from the sight of me tremblin' hands an' me bloodshot eyes, but you'd be wrong if you did. It's not the liquor at all but the wireless. Let you sit quiet with your milk-an'-soda an' I'll tell you the tale.

"I've been sufferin' lately with the influenza. An' I took the sickness in the house of a friend, Mr. Latimer by name, that lives in a flat on the Southern shores. It's a ground-floor flat, with a back-yard beyond, or a spacious garden as you'd call it in your strange country. Now I can't endure to lie in me bed, Mr. Heather, except in the mornin'. An' on the third day, before the fever left me entirely, it's frettin' I was to be risin' up an' goin' about me business. So one evenin' me friend Mr. Latimer brings up the grand new wireless set he has an' puts it on a small table at the bottom of me bed for the occupation

of me restless mind. It's a grand an' beautiful little creature of the portable variety, with no masts nor wires nor telephones nor nothin'; an' that's a quare unnatural thing. I can understand the wireless when it has wires everywhere, Mr. Heather, but when it's no more than a small box in the middle of the room, by the holy Saints, Mr. Heather, it makes me hot an' cold all over to look at it, an' it burstin' with music an' the news of the day.

"An' that's not the worst. Among the taps an' switches of it, Mr. Heather, there's a small little red light that shines only when the tap's turned on, the way the owner will know it's working an' he deaf. It revolves also, Mr. Heather—by me uncle's pigs, there's nothin' it don't do except dance, I'm thinkin'—it revolves gracefully like a fine lady in front of her glass, an' you point the sharp end of it at Paris or Liverpool or Scandinavia or what way you will.

"Well, Mr. Latimer left me with this unnatural little box talkin' a great Talk on the Care of Bees an' glarin' at me with its one red eye like it might be the Cyclops talkin' in his sleep. Now that's a quare disturbin' thing for a man to see in a darkened room, Mr. Heather, an' he in a poor state of health—a small box with a red eye discussin' the care of bees in a bass

voice. Me temperature rose, me pulse fluttered, an' I lay in me hot bed gazin' at the red eye like a small bird fascinated by a great serpent. After a small while, Mr. Heather, I thought the red eye was bigger than it was before; an' the longer I looked the bigger it was: it grew bigger an' bigger, Mr. Heather, like the lights of a motor-car coming down the Glen of Gilray, till it was as large as a saucer at the latter end. I know it's the truth I'm tellin' you, for wasn't the whole room full of a scarlet radiance, an' I sweatin' with terror in the midst? It's not meself could speak or cry out for fear the big feller in the box would hear me and maybe eat me alive. An' then, Mr. Heather, believe me or not, but it's the livin' truth, *the little box began turnin' round*. It turned round slowly, an' I thanked me good angels, for the red eye went round with it, an' instead of the great voice boom-in' about the bees there was the sweet slip of a French girl singin' at Paris; an' singin' a naughty song, says I, by the tone of her voice. Well, maybe you'll say the table was uneven, an' that's the reason of it; but if that was the way of it wouldn't the box stop somewhere at the latter end? *It never stopped at all, Mr. Heather.*

"It went on turnin' round, Mr. Heather! An' before the next breath



Lady (who has just returned to the village after her honeymoon). "WELL, JOHN, I SUPPOSE MY ELOPEMENT WAS A NINE-DAYS' WONDER IN GRANTHAMSTEAD?"

John. "AY, THAT IT WERE, MARM. LEASTWAYS IT WOULD 'A' BEEN IF SAM BOYLE'S DOG 'ADN'T GONE MAD SAME DAY."

of me body there was the red eye fixin' me again, an' the big feller with the bees, an' he still revolv'in'. They went round faster the second time, an' faster again the next; an' there they were, Mr. Heather, chasin' round the dark room, faster and faster, eye an' no eye, treble and bass, French an' English, and I swimmin' in the sweat of me bones with the terror of it. An' that's how they found me, in a dead faint, with the fever on me.

"Well, I was nursed an' nourished maybe seven days, an' when I was out of me bed they gave me the wireless again. In two days, Mr. Heather, I was in love with the little creature. I don't know a short wave from a long, I couldn't tell you the meanin' an' purpose of a valve at a'll; but it's a pleasin' power surely to be in Paris one minute an' Copenhagen the next, an' you sittin' aisy at Eastbourne. It's fine to turn on a great orchestra with a twitch of the thumb an' switch off a prosy talker in the middle of his observations.

"Well, after a few days I was convalescent an' movin' about the house. An' Saturday last me friends went into the country for the week's end an' left

me alone with an old housekeeper. But I had me darlin' wireless, an' in the afternoon, Mr. Heather, I turned it on, for the comfort of me soul, an' it lonesome. There was a sad fellow talkin' a great talk on the Functions of the Carburettor; but there was gay music to follow from one of the fine hotels, an' I thought why wouldn't I carry the creature into the garden behind, for the day was warm? I locked up the small little door at the side where the switches is an' the red light itself, for fear it would catch in somethin', an' I walkin'. An' away we went. Now that's a quare unnatural sensation, Mr. Heather, to carry a talkin' gentleman about the house, an' he shut up in a small box no larger than a stamp-collection. Turnin' this way an' that on the stairs, you'd hear his voice quare an' muffled at one corner an' bellowin' at the next, but talkin', talkin' about the Carburettor. By the powers of evil, I thought I'd murdered a man an' had his head in a hand-bag protestin' against me cruel proceedin's.

"Well, me temperature rose a small piece, but I spent a pleasant hour with dance music on the long waves an' four

fine fiddlers on the short. After that it was the Children's Hour, which is no meat for a grown-up man, an' he convalescent. So I carried the Aunts an' Uncles within an' looked for the key the way I'd open the little door an' switch them out of me life. *An' begob, Mr. Heather, I couldn't find the key!* Oh you've no call to be laughin', Mr. Heather. Were you ever left alone with the Children's Hour, an' you a sick man, with no way of switchin' it off? That's a terrible experience, Mr. Heather. I went into the next room an' shut the doors. But in a small flat you can hear everythin', an' wherever I went I'd hear them Uncles boomin' about the fairies. I went back an' smothered the Uncles with cushions but they went on talkin'. I turned the flat inside an' out, huntin' for the key. Maybe you'll ask why wouldn't I break open the door with a hammer, but it's not meself would be destroyin' the property of a friend, an' it delicate. Moreover the housekeeper wouldn't let me. I sent a telegram to Mr. Latimer but he never had it. An' that key was never found at all, Mr. Heather, till the noon of Monday in the back of a chair.

All evenin' we had the dance-music, an' the solemn Talks, an' orchestras, an' comedians, an' chimes, an' dance-music, an' the news, an' dance-music. An' if we turned it another way there was foreign singin' an' terrible cracklin' noises an' the ships signallin' at sea. After eleven there was dance-music again, an' after twelve there was experimental dance-music. I wrapped the creature in cushions an' buried it under the coal. But all night there was whistlin's an' howlin's comin' out of the coal, the way you'd think it was a small child buried alive. I couldn't sleep, for it was on me nerves. The old housekeeper locked herself in an' had the hysterics. On Sunday mornin' the neighbours called an' complained. Sunday was the worst. The first moment I heard an old hymn strugglin' in the cellar I took the creature out; for it's not meself would be responsible for suppressin' Divine Service under the coal. Me temperature rose an' I was too ill to leave the buildin'. All day we had cantatas an' sermons an' sacred music. I never heard so many sermons before, an' the old housekeeper havin' fits in her room. Me friends came home in the mornin' an' it's unconscious they found me. An' that's the reason you see me the wreck an' shadow of me former self. It's a glass of old port I'll take with you, I'm thinkin'." A. P. H.

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

WHEN journalists reiterate
That England's in a parlous state

For lack of larger trucks,
Instead of sighing, weeping, wailing,
Grousing or impotently railing
I have one remedy unfailing—
I go and watch the ducks.

They are immune from human ills,
Exempt from taxes, tailors' bills,
Or underwear that rucks.

Water they drink with wise sobriety;
Their diet is of vast variety,
They never seem to know satiety,
These blithe eupaptic ducks.

They know not GARVIN's purple prose,
Nor does great TORQUEMADA pose

For them his weekly crux;
They have no packing or unpacking,
No cooks who call for constant
sacking,
No doctors (though they're prone to
quacking),
The self-sufficing ducks.

In iridescent hues arrayed,
For art or artificial aid

They simply "don't care shucks";
The little grebes, so bright and merry,
The sheldrakes ruddier than the cherry
And smarter than a trim-built wherry,
Are truly "perfect ducks."



Apprentice. "LOOK HERE, YOU CHAPS. IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR SILLY PASSENGERS TO MISTAKE THE SKIPPER FOR A STEWARD, BUT WHEN THEY TAKE ME FOR ONE IT'S GETTING A DASHED SIGHT TOO THICK."

I love the children's "paddling-pool,"
But even more the cheerful, cool
And blameless Clan of Clucks,
Who, heedless of the gulls' arriving
With raucous cries and greedy striving,
Instruct their fluffy broods in diving—
The undefeated ducks.

How many shades of lordly mien
Still haunt St. James's pleasance green,
Fair dames and gallant bucks!
But chiefly CHARLES, unwise yet witty,
Who prompted many a ribald ditty,
And near the centre of our city
Founded a home for ducks.

"However, with this we are not dealing in the course of the present expedition. There will be no landing parties. Our business is with the great waters, with tests of alcoholinity, salinity, and life at various depths."

Sir DOUGLAS MAWSON in Australian Paper.

The best test for alcoholinity is toeing the straight line.

"Leigh-Wood, their anchor man, finished fully fifty years ahead of Chandler who ran the last relay for Griquas."—*Report in South African Paper of Athletic Match.*

But what a pity he didn't make his century.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE COCK-EYED WORLD" (CAPITOL).

THE motto of one of the early film enterprises—was it that one which posed us in observation cars to watch mountains and lakes rush past?—was "We put the world before you." The motto of ninety per cent of the talkies that now fill the cinema-houses might be, "We put Americans before you." Not that there were fewer Americans in the old movies, but since they were



WHISPERS OF LOVE.

Top-Sergeant Flagg . . MR. VICTOR McLAGLEN.

Sergeant Harry Quirt . MR. EDMUND LOWE.

silent we did not think so much about their nationality. Being silent they might, although the scene was American, have been importations. In fact, they often were; CHARLIE was, for instance, and VALENTINO. Also the old movies divided the interest between background and drama; the plots were laid in strange or beautiful places; life was going on; there was diversion. In the talkies, when voices are superimposed—and more than superimposed, for they are almost all and the setting nothing—we are conscious of a new impact; it is no longer a picture, but a presentation of personalities, and all American.

To me the American voice can be intensely attractive and moving, but it can also be discordant and monotonous, and the great fault of *The Cock-Eyed World* at the Capitol is that so much of the talking, for two full hours, consists of an exchange of bickering insults and threats between two Marines in tones so loud that one's ear is both wounded and weary. Nor is there any real relief, for when these very casual and undisciplined warriors are not vilifying each other, the light-o'-love whom they pursue in rivalry is being so glaringly promiscuous and untrue that our dislike of their voices is turned

to an almost unbearable impatience with their imbecility.

It is a double mystery why so much money should have been spent on this picture. To begin with, its story almost never rings true, and never less so than in its descents into sentimentality. And, secondly, it offers the rest of the world such deplorable specimens of the American Marine. It is possible that *Top-Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt*—bullies, liars and lechers—are typical; but even so no good purpose is served by the public display of such dirty linen. Personally, doubting their existence in real life, I resent the fact that so many people are going to get a false idea.

Cynical and disenchanting as the entertainment is, one hour of it might be amusing; two hours are assuredly far too much. What, however, the actors have been told to do they do well. MR. VICTOR McLAGLEN as *Flagg* barks and snarls and booms along with a bitter seriousness; MR. EDMUND LOWE as *Quirt* is less defiantly vocal, but is also tiresomely yet convincingly abusive. I see from the printed story that when



MARINE FLORA; OR, TROPICAL FRUIT.

Mariana Elenita . . . MISS LILI DAMITA.
Sergeant Harry Quirt MR. EDMUND LOWE.

these two antagonists are reconciled at what looks like being *Quirt's* death-bed—an incredible scene as played—*Quirt* stipulates that, if he recovers, the truce is off. That excellent and characteristic touch is not in the film; nor (happily) in the film does a love-sick boy die with

the song, "So dear to Me," on his lips—as the programme version makes him. The other prominent part—the utterly unashamed and patently fickle light-o'-love—is played by Miss LILI DAMITA with all her usual voluptuousness, and more. Of the rest I liked best the funny Swede, *Olson*, of Mr. EL BRENDDEL. It is a pity that the skirmish in the marshy forest, in which most of the combatants bite the mud, was too dark for attacker to be distinguished from defender.

It was an exercise in contrast to



A CONVERSATIONAL CALE.

visit afterwards the Avenue Pavilion, which has become a stronghold of the silent film—the Theatre of the Deaf for which I once pleaded—and see the first Chinese picture to be displayed in England. The title is *Rose of Pu-Chui*, and the direction is entirely Celestial. With every wish to commend this story of virtue and industry exalted and turpitude brought low, I must warningly add that the *tempo* is very slow for European eyes, and there is much repetition. The fatal thrust in the duel between the representatives of Good and Evil (on very old ponies) becomes almost unbearably overdue, while the two armies, fighting hand-to-hand with mediæval weapons, spend what seem to be hours in doing each other no mischief. E. V. L.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Selection: 'H.M.S. Pianoforte' (Sullivan).
Mrs. E. —."

From Concert Programme in Indian Paper.

"Within a fortnight, estimates are to be received for demolishing six hundred houses and the 4,000 persons who will be displaced."
Technical Paper.

The rotating traffic system in Trafalgar Square might have been specially designed for this work.



Professor. "LET ME SEE; WASN'T I PLAYING WITH SOMEONE?"
Caddie. "HO, YUS. WE STARTED OUT AS A FOURSOME."

OUR DOMESTIC ALIENS.

SHALL there be no green thought and
 no green shade
 To mend a temper getting slightly
 frayed?

Oh, come with me and let us go among
 Green things with Hi and Kwo and
 Min and Tung,

Who dwell in open country, staying
 put
 In their champaign. It measures one
 square foot

As nearly as its area can be found
 By any art; their little world is round.
 Nor could their little world upon the
 whole
 Be otherwise. Pray step inside the
 bowl.

They have, you see, a little field of
 moss,
 A little bridge that they may go across,
 A fragmentary mirror as a lake;
 And there is Foo the Fish, a dolphin-
 hake,
 Basking beside the convoluted shell
 Whence the serene and shining waters
 well.

Now look. Below that rough and rocky
 ridge

There runs in the direction of the bridge,
 And passing by the oak-tree, small but
 fine,

The little thuya and the little pine,
 A roadway. Down its gently winding
 course
 Comes Kwo, a-gallop on a kind of horse.

Thence to the path that runs along
 a ledge

Beside the pool, with lavender as hedge.
 Here Min, who titubates beneath a
 log,

Defies a vivid pink-and-yellow dog
 Guarding the bridge. This animal is
 Hi:
 He barks without the faintest notion
 why.

Next to the pleasant alcove, overhung
 With tormentilla. Here is pretty Tung;
 Frolicked like the frog and jewelled as
 the jay

She simpers almond-eyed the livelong
 day

And hears how elegantly Too can sing:
 He plays upon a lute; it has a string.

Too is a fellow whom I quite forgot
 Until this minute. You have seen the
 lot.

Inane, inanimate, they merit praise
 By their remarkably inhuman ways;
 For they can promenade with pleasure
 where

The wild-flower grows and they can
 leave it there.

Free are they from intent to raise in rows
 Intolerable little bungalows,
 Nor meditate, to house their sober heads,
 The use of corrugated-iron sheds;
 Tins into ditches still they scorn to
 dump

And have not yet put up a petrol pump.
 O inmates of a region that is green,
 Careless and carless, paperless and
 clean,

You keep secure the country peace, and I
 Shall praise you, having solid reason
 why!

When Motoring is Really Fruity.

"MOTORING HINT."

When the last of the strawberries has been
 gathered the protective netting should be re-
 moved and all the old straw litter collected
 from the bed."—*Oxford Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"JEW SÜSS" (NEW).

MR. ASHLEY DUKES, making Herr FEUCHTWANGER'S *Jew Süss* into a stage-play, knows his job too well to fall into the mistake of most adapters—the overcrowding of characters and scenes, the dragging in of sundry isolated patches of dialogue with no space to develop fully any theme or any character, and no real attempt at focus. Hence the blurred rigmaroles that so often result. Mr. DUKES has jettisoned more than half the novelist's characters, has pared down the tangled story to its essentials (he has perforce cut deeper than that), and, with the exception of the ballroom scene, which has its sufficient excuse in its possibilities as spectacle, has refused to hold up the action with undramatic irrelevances. He has in fact based a play upon certain outstanding themes in his author's heavily-loaded novel. His work therefore holds together as these affairs seldom do, and within the limits imposed upon him by the sheer necessity of ultra-compression has succeeded in presenting a coherent, skilfully-planned and intrinsically interesting stage-play.

Herr FEUCHTWANGER'S historical romance does not, however, depend on its story for success, but on the brilliant or sombre detail of its embroidery and the subtle intricacy of the gradual unfolding of motive in his complex hero and a half-dozen other of his crowding characters. Mr. DUKES may be said to have contrived a simplified poster-sketch based on a detailed architectural drawing, though that metaphor does less than justice to Herr FEUCHTWANGER, with his shrewd sense of the dramatic and picturesque qualities of his subject.

The story is presented to us in five scenes—admirably decorated by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND and effectively dressed by Mr. HERBERT NORRIS. In the pump-room at Wildbad, Prince Field-Marshal Karl Alexander, at cards with an English nobleman from the Embassy and losing more than his poverty makes bearable, accepts from the handsome *Josef Süss Oppenheimer* the loan of a heavy purseful of ducats. This is the rich Jew's paramount investment. He looks for his interest in power rather than in gold. . . . In the second scene he sits at the Treasury. Karl Alexander

is now Duke of Württemberg, *Süss* his Finance Minister and all-powerful councillor. There follow brief exhibitions of exercised arbitrary power and of his accomplished technique as pander to his master. In pursuance of his main

purpose he surrenders to the *Duke* the one woman who has touched his heart. "No nibbling," says the *Duke* with the coarsest implications, shrewdly suspecting that his much-experienced Minister has provided him before now with his cast-off mistresses—and apparently not much resenting it.

Scene 3: The Ballroom of *Süss's* House in Stuttgart.—It is the night of his contrived surrender of his loved *Magdalen Weissensee* to his Prince's lust. He has bought her father's connivance with the promise of high office. Tactful glimpses of various other disedifying arrangements in the sphere of private morals are here vouchsafed us. This is the Jew at the height of his power and glittering magnificence.

Scene 4 shows us his lovely young daughter in the woodland retreat where he has hidden her from the corruption of the Court. Councillor *Weissensee*, seeking revenge for succumbing to the temptation of the Jew's bribe, betrays the girl's retreat to *Karl Alexander*, with a tragic result which was beyond the intention of the little-souled councillor. Over the dead body of his child, who has leaped to death from the tower to escape the *Duke's* lecherous importunity, the Jew feigns forgiveness to his genuinely appalled and penitent sovereign and vows his revenge.

Scene 5. The revenge. The *Duke* is impatiently waiting for the courier announcing the success of his (rather too vaguely outlined) anti-democratic stroke of policy—a policy contrived by *Süss* and craftily engineered so as to fail ignominiously and bring ruin upon the hated master and upon himself. To both it brings death: to *Karl Alexander* death by stroke of apoplexy; to the Jew death at the hands of his enemies in Court and market-place.

A cruder affair naturally than the original and omitting altogether the last tragic days of the Jew's life, when what is best and truest in his nature and in his racial and religious inheritance rises triumphant over his moral failure.

This spirited picturesque play will probably be best enjoyed by those who have not read or have only read with a running eye the novel.

Mr. MATHESON LANG'S *Jew* was an impressive figure, but I cannot think it suggested the underlying greatness which is the secret of the original. His



THE MAN WHO PULLED THE STRINGS.

Karl Alexander MR. FRANK HARVEY.
Jew Süss MR. MATHESON LANG.



SOOTHING HER DISTRESSES AND SMOOTHING HER TRESSES.

Jew Süss MR. MATHESON LANG.
Naemi (his daughter) MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT.

Süss is a mere glittering hero of romance—or little more. Mr. FRANK HARVEY'S (and Mr. ASHLEY DUKES') *Karl Alexander* also was just a rowdy, lecherous oaf, but definitely entertaining at that. Miss JOAN MAUDE had little scope to suggest the hidden fires in the betrayed *Magdalen*, and was a little difficult to hear from Row Q; but she made her intelligent attempt not without success. Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT'S study of the Jew's daughter, *Naemi*—spiritually exalted with much reading of her race's sacred books and the teaching of her great-uncle, *Rabbi Gabriel*—was a very moving piece of work.

Mr. DUKES and Mr. LANG between them have certainly made a best-seller of this. The production is intelligent and of a magnificence that suggests old times. T.

"EMMA HAMILTON" (NEW).

History having arranged the affairs of EMMA HAMILTON in a manner convenient for the dramatic chronicler, Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON has merely to stretch out his hand for the material, make a few cuts, add a little bowdlerising sauce and present us with the by no means uninteresting if slightly emasculated and grossly romanticised result. Waiting with some impatience for the entrance of *Emma's* hero, for which the first two Acts were a prelude, I found myself, when the little man with the sleeveless arm

at last appeared, a little inclined to wave my programme and huzza like a true-blue Briton of the old school. This perhaps was due more to the intrinsic appeal and old memories of the heroic legend than to the chronicler's arrangement of it; but he had done his part in working up the climax and had given us no real reason to feel bored.

I think we should not much have missed the first scene in *Dr. Budd's* kitchen, with pretty and almost unbelievably unsophisticated *Emma Hart* and her amiable colleague dressing up in their mistress's finery and giving a little entertainment for the benefit of a pedlar of trinkets and garters. But when we get to the house of the Abbess—which is to say Procuress—of Arlington Street, *Mrs. Kelly*, the affair moves more briskly. Here in this gay assembly of

wits, gamblers and roués are conveniently gathered three of *Emma's* future lovers—*Captain Willett Payne*, of His Majesty's Navy; *Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh*, the hard-riding and hard-drinking Sussex squire, and the cold but not wholly unamiable prig, *Charles Greville*. The Abbess puts her pretty protégée through her paces with a view to making the bidding brisker, but it is a mere accident, plausibly arranged by the author, that the still innocent girl finds herself unprotected in the *Captain's* rooms at midnight, with the inevitable result according to the accepted code of that unsentimental day.

We next see her bullied and shamed before his friends, her spirit broken, by

ableness in the circumstances goad her to unmask her batteries in earnest and to leave his house in triumph the affianced wife, with His Majesty's especial consent and blessing, of the elderly Ambassador.

And then at last we come to Naples and to *Nelson*—*Nelson* wanting supplies and getting them through the direct intervention of the beautiful Ambadress; *Nelson*, the victor of the Nile, expressing his gratitude to her with a tact and self-restraint which the author, who loyally veils his demi-god's weaknesses, has invented for those who prefer the warts and wrinkles to be left out of their heroes' portraits; and finally *Nelson*, very domesticated and rather too

consciously heroic, saying good-bye to his adored *Emma* while the coach is waiting for Portsmouth—and Trafalgar.

Miss MARY NEWCOMB'S *Emma* was charming to look at, and she was not ineffective in the quieter earlier passages of her innocence and unsophistication. But even there perhaps we might have expected some intimations of the later character of the insatiable huntress of men and of the gifts of temperament that made her so inordinately successful. As for the later *Emma*, the arrived, the all-conquering heroine, "the Bacchante," we simply couldn't be persuaded that she existed, and the interest passed to Mr. BANKS'S spirited

and physically plausible portrait of the great Admiral with the feet of clay.

Mr. ION SWINLEY'S careful *Greville*, Mr. CLARKE-SMITH'S cheerfully brutal *Captain Payne*, Mr. FREDERICK LLOYD'S frankly brutal *Fetherstonhaugh* were well done. And I liked Mr. LEAHY'S bluff *Troubridge* and Mr. TOM REYNOLDS'S jolly little study of a sailor servant. T.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (LITTLE).

The financial crisis in north-eastern Italy which followed the collapse of the *Antonio* group of speculators and the curious legal proceedings resultant therefrom have had an effect upon English thought and language which it is almost impossible to estimate. Never does the well-known criticism that SHAKESPEARE



EMMA'S DILEMMAS.

Suggestion for a musical-comedy ending: Emma and chorus of lovers, "Oh, do not leave me; never deceive me!" *

<i>Captain Willett Payne</i> , R. N.	MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.
<i>Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh</i>	MR. FREDERICK LLOYD.
<i>Nelson</i>	MR. LESLIE BANKS.
<i>Emma Hart</i>	MISS MARY NEWCOMB.
<i>The Hon. Charles Greville</i>	MR. ION SWINLEY.
<i>Sir William Hamilton</i>	MR. NORMAN MACOWAN.

* Emma sings this song in the First Act.

the gross *Fetherstonhaugh*; then under the protection of *Greville* in his pleasant little house in the Edgware Road, learning how to write and with difficulty to spell and (off stage) the more advanced polite accomplishments of which she made such adroit use. Here too is struck that disedifying bargain whereby the embarrassed *Greville* surrenders his mistress for a time to his wealthy uncle in consideration of the payment of his debts. *Emma* is but nineteen, and for all her harsh experience may be still the completely unsophisticated affectionate girl not suspecting the implications of her Naples visit. But we can't help doubting it.

She returns, slightly apologetic for the developments at Naples and still professing her preference for *Greville*, whose reproaches and general unreason-

is simply a string of quotations seem so masterly and profound as during the performance of *The Merchant of Venice*; and when to the shower of familiar clichés is added the usual mental difficulty of resetting in metre the blank verse lines that some of the actors insist on trying to turn into prose, there is little leisure for paying attention to mere histrionic skill. "Come, come!" says conscience to the mind, "remember this is drama." But the mind is perpetually asking itself whether English journalists or English essayists could have existed without this convenient hoard of aphorisms to rifle at will.

Shylock at the Little Theatre is played by Miss LUCILLE LA VERNE, and I did not find her too feminine, except at certain moments of extreme despair, to interpret the ferocity and malignity of the rôle. One is always rather sorry for *Shylock*. The terrific penalties to which he found himself liable at the end, and his woeful ignorance of the niceties of Venetian law, seem to mitigate our natural ire, and a faint consciousness every now and then that the poor old man is a lady only serves to enhance the pathos of his predicament. It would have been a fitting offset, perhaps, to the unsexed usurer if *Portia* could have been played, as she was played when SHAKESPEARE created her, by a boy, and as she has indeed been played by countless boys at Speech Days ever since. But Miss VIRGINIA PEMBERTON'S *Portia*, with a faint American accent, was a very agreeable and competent performance, most attractive of all—though not in the least like a young gentleman—when she came from Padua and took silk. Mr. R. HALLIDAY MASON did plenty of justice to the fiery oratory of the *Prince of Morocco*, though it seemed more than usually doubtful whether the casket which he chose was really made of gold. Poor *Prince of Morocco*! What feeble arguments they were that led him to his final selection, and how un-sheikh-like was his submission to the terms of the will! As *Lancelot Gobbo* Mr. ANDREW LEIGH seemed to enjoy himself, and was quite sufficiently amusing; but I liked Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON'S *Bassanio* best of all. He seemed able most easily to assimilate and become master of the rich lines that he had to utter, to depart furthest from being a mere vessel for the outpouring of those jolly good things that SHAKESPEARE perpetually said.

Either as a tribute to the novelty of a she-*Shylock* or for some other and more recondite cause the percentage of women to men in the audience (I am speaking of the third night) was about fifty to one. EVOE.

PRODIGES:

THEIR DETECTION AND MANAGEMENT.

Is your child in any way exceptional? Is he different from other children? If the answer to these questions is "Yes," it is extremely probable you are sheltering an infant prodigy under your roof.

But how are you to know, so that you can take the proper steps to exploit or protect (in this case the words are interchangeable) your infant?

Only the expert can tell you. The following hints were obtained from the father of little Buntzheim (age six), who is now playing (I forget what it is, but it is to capacity) at the Albert Hall.

The Beginning.—At six months (or earlier) the child will begin to say "Goo-goo," varied by "Boo-hoo." Count the "Goo-goo's," allowing one "Goo" for A, two "Goo's" for B, and so on. (The "Boo-hoo's" are used as stops.) Try various questions. For example, "What will you be when you grow up?" If the answer (in this code) is "An engine-driver," your child is very ordinary. If, on the contrary, he says, "A man," he is certainly worth training. (If a girl gives this answer you have of course translated the code incorrectly.)

The Next Step.—Enter the child for one of the numerous "child beauty" competitions. (It is immaterial whether the contest is held on a pier or on the back page of a newspaper.) Should he win a prize, honourable mention or have his picture displayed, he is a dud. No prodigy worth the name has ever had his picture displayed until it was too expensive for the average pier committee or newspaper magnate (in this sense they are interchangeable) to buy.

Then.—At eighteen months one of three things will happen:—

(1) The child will have a passionate attachment for a toy violin and will bang this on the dog's head and yours (if you let him) until it breaks. At once you must chain up the dog, reverse the child, buy a real one (a violin, I mean) and commence training. Give him five seconds at first, gradually increasing to ten hours at two years. (Most successful prodigies, in the "rate of dollars" class, have had more than this.)

(2) He will talk. You will in this case be struck by the similarity between his dialect and that heard in the latest talking film. Encourage him and take him to a film magnate, who will (probably) stand you a champagne lunch.

(3) He will persist in sitting on the piano and thumping the notes with clean fingers (a very good sign). If he does this with sticky fingers throw the piano away, it will never

be any more use to you. As a check it is worth while taking him to a shop and letting him hear a quantity of gramophone-records (until the assistant tires of putting them on). Should he scream, take him out, he is no good. But if he breaks any, pay for the damage (you can afford to smile) and debit his account.

At Three.—If he has not yet appeared at the Albert Hall or been favoured by a call from Madame TUSSAUD, consider the films again. Does he make faces? Does he put his tongue out when the doctor is not there, and so on? If he does, take him to a film magnate (a different one, as it is unknown for these majestic creatures to stand two champagne lunches). You may get a free passage to Hollywood. You must be prepared, however, to receive a cheap return to Elstree.

Lastly.—About bumps. If no success has hitherto attended your efforts you have not worked hard enough. Remember no prodigy is made in a day or even a year; it takes years and years of flogging (yourself) to get a Queen's Hall pitch. However there is no need to despair.

Some day your infant may come to you with a bump on the back of his head. If he is crying and says he fell down, take no notice. Genius often smites one unawares and it would seem like a fall (to him).

Watch him carefully. Give him strawberries-and-cream (out of season), ices, ginger-beer, parties, chocolates, model railways and the like. (Inserted at the request of Buntzheim, jun.)

If your child still shows signs of animation he is in truth a prodigy.

THE WICKED UNCLES.

I DON'T know why uncles have always been wicked. Ever since the days of fairy tales their history is one long record of arson, murder and abduction. History books are full of their crimes. The stage reeks of them. Even in the children's very own pantomime the wicked uncles slink on and sing most villainously.

Of course they don't commit the obvious sort of crime nowadays. They do not snatch our infants from us and abandon them in a forest. The modern uncle finds an outlet for his criminal tendencies in giving presents. A lot can be done by the cunning selection of seasonal and birthday gifts.

They begin with a gift of a toy-trumpet "to keep the little beggar quiet," but of course they don't stay to hear the little beggar being quiet with a new toy-trumpet. A toy-trumpet is a nasty insidious gift.

Consider the effect of a toy-trumpet on a child's psychology. If we take his trumpet away (as we probably shall) we are filling him full of inhibitions and suppressed complexes. A sense of frustration will poison his mind. In later years he will suffer loss of memory and will-power, and he will probably end as a member of the criminal classes. And all because we have (purely in self-defence) taken away the little trumpet which a wicked uncle gave him.

On the other hand, if we don't take it away, he may grow up with a trumpet complex. He may join a brass band and make depressing noises outside respectable houses on Christmas-Eve. But more probably he will play a saxophone at the local Palais de Danse. This, you must admit, is serious.

Of course it may not be a toy-trumpet. It may be a camera. With this the innocent small boy learns to produce pictures of headless men, recumbent ladies with any amount of foreshortened legs, cows browsing quietly on the roof of the church, and all those freaks which can be produced with a small camera. A lad trained to use a camera like this is quite likely to end up at Chelsea, where he would produce green men with legs like pillow-cases, one-eyed ladies and four-dimensional cows.

Or, again, the wicked uncle, assuming the mantle of the author of *Self-Help* to conceal his guile, may buy his innocent victim a money-box. This will not make him grow up into the cashier of a bank. On the contrary. A money-box is an outrage on a child's sense of justice. He puts in a penny and nothing happens; not even a piece of damp chocolate comes out. He has been robbed. The problem occupies his mind for days, and in the end he steals a knife from the kitchen and burgles his own money-box. By this time his character is ruined. The world is full of beach-combers and remittance-men whose characters were ruined by the present of a money-box.

But of all the appalling gifts the worst is the scooter. Not much harm in a scooter, you will say. Yet it is full of guile. It contains the germ of mechanical locomotion.

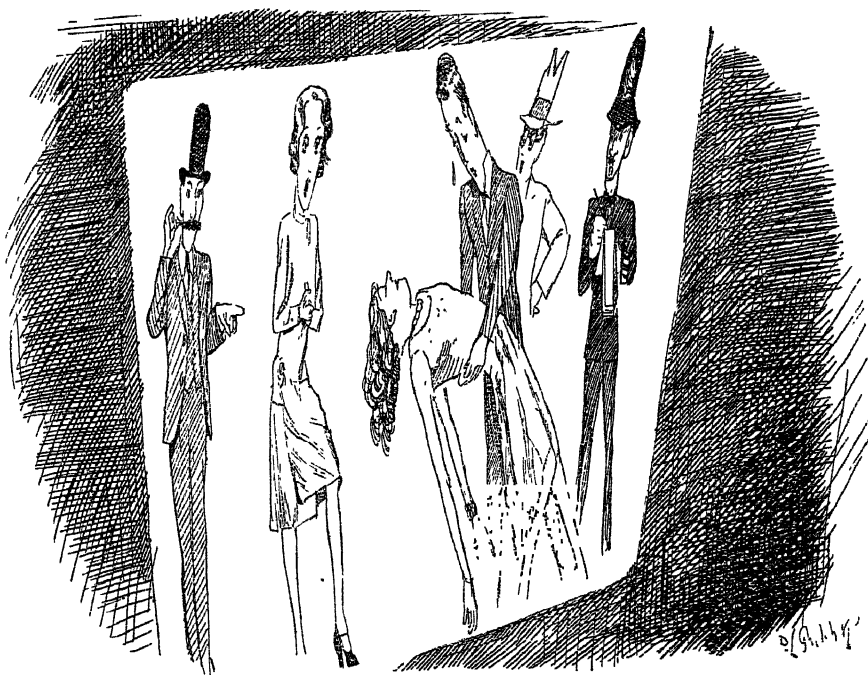
The business doesn't stop at an ordinary scooter. There are super-scooters with f.w.b. and cellulose finish, and no modern youngster will be contented to propel a painted wooden scooter, sticky with varnish, without demanding a new model with all sorts of gadgets.

The super-scooter will not satisfy any healthy child long. A child's bicycle is the next step, and before many months have passed we shall have to buy him a real bicycle. And you know where that will lead.

END SEATS AND ANGLES.



THE VIEW FROM AN END SEAT AT THE THEATRE CAN BE DEVASTATING ENOUGH—



BUT AT THE PICTURES . . . !

All these young men in greasy overalls who tear along arterial roads with the throttle open, carrying on their grids fluffy young things in synthetic silk stockings, were once nice little boys in sailor suits to whom uncle gave a red-and-yellow wooden scooter.

We don't want Peter to grow like that. We don't want to wait in fear and trembling for a call from the hospital summoning us to his bed, or even to that of a pedestrian that he has mangled. We don't want to see him in court getting his licence endorsed, and most certainly we couldn't contemplate one of those fluffy young things as a daughter-in-law.

Peter has four uncles and only one

birthday a year. You'd think one of them would have given him a useful present. A cricket bat, for instance. They must surely realise that bats get broken.

But no, uncles must work off their wickedness complex, and Peter must have his character ruined by toy-trumpets, cameras, money-boxes and scooters, when he might have learned to put his leg well across and play a straight bat. W. E. R.

"The police are now searching for a tall man with tapered fingers, ambidextrous, and possibly with only one arm."—*Daily Paper*.
The two hands on this arm ought to be a kind of clue.



Ticket-Inspector (severely). "THIS TICKET IS TWO DAYS OLD."

Brazen-faced Passenger "AND I DARESAY IT 'LL BE A MONTH OLD BEFORE THIS WRETCHED TRAIN GETS ANYWHERE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It strikes me as a little early in the day to tackle *The Life of George Meredith* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) in the *déjà* modern manner; and Mr. R. E. SENCOURT has my sympathy in his attempt to approach a more or less official biography on the strategic lines of M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS' *Ariel*. On the official side he is, I think, the right man for the task. He shares to an adequate extent MEREDITH's opinion and the opinion of MEREDITH's circle on MEREDITH, and, though he tempers this with critical reservations of his own—their penetration and efficacy increase as the study proceeds—he apparently finds no hardship in conceding to the stature and solemnity of his subject all that Victorian piety could have demanded. Fortunate and wise in his acquisition and use of new material, he admirably depicts the novelist's conquest of "the world of elegance," that verdant and leisured *terrain* on which the author of *The Egoist* and *Richard Feverel* surveyed the interminable manoeuvres of upper-middle-class passions. Side by side with the accomplished and analytic MEREDITH, he portrays MEREDITH the poet, MEREDITH the lover of nature, maintaining a difficult equilibrium. Mr. SENCOURT is soundly appreciative of his hero's early verse; and here again, as with letters, essays in criticism and the personal confidences of friends, he is lavish with new material. He notes that MEREDITH "attempted to infuse prose with the subtler aroma of poetry," and appraises with delicacy and discernment the result for good and evil on MEREDITH's work. But he has not, I feel (and here he falls short of his master, M. MAUROIS), taken sufficient advantage of the natural pattern which this conflict of poet and man-of-the-world provides to unify a study more valuable for facts and judgments than for vision.

The Man in the Street, unless he happens to have moved in financial circles, may very possibly never have heard so much as the name of Mr. H. OSBORNE O'HAGAN, whose *Leaves from my Life*, in two stout volumes, has just been issued from the Bodley Head by the house of JOHN LANE. Nevertheless in the City his name in pre-War days was one with which one might perform miracles; and who shall say that these stray notes from an active and successful life are not as well worth reading as the memories of most admirals, generals or men of letters? Indeed, the making of money is to most of us a more entrancing business than the pursuit of science or art. What can be more fascinating than to learn how one reaches those Olympian heights where thousand-pound notes seem to drop from the skies into the lap of any stray gentleman who happens to effect an introduction or who may have been considered hardly treated? In such circles young O'HAGAN seems to have obtained a footing quite early in life and to have attained a remarkable popularity. The amount of arbitration he was asked to carry out between rival companies and others is amazing. Whenever any dispute arose his name rose at once to the lips of either side. And all this arose from a berth as junior clerk in a civil engineer's office at the magnificent salary of ten shillings a week and the habit, formed young, of reading *The Times* right through every day. Thus, he says, may a strenuous youth correct any lapse in his education and rise from small beginnings to the giddy height of a financier to whom the most far-reaching schemes are brought day by day for his kindly consideration. Mr. O'HAGAN has jotted down, without much arrangement, a lot of interesting material. Personally I enjoyed parts of his scattered *Leaves*. He met many interesting figures and gives his opinion of them very frankly. He is equally open about his own failures, for he

had a few, and about his "medical" life, as he calls it: how he wrestled with and more or less overcame gout, biliousness and other such enemies that assail the business man. On the whole he has written a not uninteresting book, but surely rather longer than it need have been.

Fifty Years with the Rod, by JOHN STIRLING,

Is for wranglers of anglers who are
Out for salmon and sea-trout and
herling

And bulltrout and brown trout and
char

In the Highlands, and for these pro-
fessors

JOHN would safeguard the fish where
they go;

And his book has been published by
Messrs.

P. ALLAN AND CO.

Our author's the Trout's politician,

The Member for Salmon, who will

Speak up at a Royal Commission

Or draft you a Parliament Bill;

Yet he knows of technique and of outfit,

He knows of the time and the place,

And he knows how to catch you a
trout fit

To fill a glass-case.

With a couple of excellent papers

On the salmon's, the sea-trout's
strange lives,

Here's the book of the greenheart that
tapers,

Here's the book of the lure that
contrives

The trick that's straightforward or
ruseful—

In short, JOHN has got me in debt

With a work that's as varied and
useful

As any I've met.



Raw Servant (ushering couple into room). "MR. AND MRS. BENNETT, MUM, AN' WE'RE RIGHT OUT OF BUTTER!"

Black Roses (HEINEMANN) is the symbolic title which Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG has given to a story of tragic love set in the Naples of forty years ago. *Paul Ritchie* or, from another point of view, *Paolo Ricci*—the son of an eccentric Englishman who had wandered for no apparent reason into southern Italy, married a daughter of that land and departed as abruptly as he had arrived—goes to the city of beauty and odours to seek his fortune as a painter. He experiences all the traditional vicissitudes of the artistic aspirant, hacking for rascally dealers and the like; and he falls in love with the rather enigmatic young woman who tends his humble lodging. It is the awakening and progress of that love, under the shadow of two menaces, to a terrible conclusion which is Mr. BRETT YOUNG's main theme, and, though this may not be one of its author's major works, lacking the satisfying spaciousness which makes *Portrait of Clare* and *My Brother Jonathan* so notable, it entirely justifies the high opinion which all good critics had formed of him long ere he wrote those masterpieces. The story takes an immediate and certain hold on our interest and advances with a steady crescendo of intensity which does not preclude a delicate

play of humour; and its few figures are very clearly seen, albeit through an envelope of glamour which one hesitates to call poetic only because it is so essential a quality of an admirable prose style. The simple device by which we are made to witness a boy's tragedy through the perspective of an elderly man's memory heightens the effect of a tale of "old, unhappy, far-off things."

It is difficult and to my mind unpleasant to imagine a country whose brightest young things are not only film-fans but creators, actors and producers of films into the bargain. If England is going to dabble in this dire extension of the cult, I devoutly hope it will be in the unambitious fashion once presented by Mr. Punch, whose "Hostess Showing Home-made Film" forms the frontispiece of *Scenario Writing and Producing for the Amateur* (AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC PUBLISHING Co.). Nothing however is further from Miss MARION NORRIS GLEASON's aim than to bestow her benediction on the animated domestic snapshot. She is out to conduct the amateur as near to Hollywood as he can get for tuppence, and I am bound to admit that she does her job extremely well. Photographic technique is

not her affair—that has been sufficiently dealt with. The standard of the professional scenario is dolefully below standards of mechanism and interpretation—what hinders amateurs from providing something more attractive? The answer is not far to seek. I note that while Miss GLEASON's chapter on the "Dramatic Construction of a Scenario" is a fascinating piece of exposition, her actual scenarios—a score of them—are entirely undistinguished. The discrepancy does not arise, I feel, from any shortcoming on Miss GLEASON's part. It arises from the fact that her principles are largely the principles of dramatic narrative in general; applied to the cutting of the film cloth, they produce the inevitable reach-me-down. I did not discover until her last chapter but one that she regards cinematography as having established its claim to be considered "an art." I should have thought her preliminary admission that it can deal with emotions but not ideas would have definitely relegated it to a more sub-human level.

Miss ANNE CORNER's novel, *Deeper Yet* (LONGMANS), is well worth reading, in spite of a touch of amateurishness here and there, because the problem with which it deals is, in various forms, a common one and not often approached from quite the angle she has chosen. The fighting-men broken in our late war were broken in many different ways, not always obvious to the casual glance. *Jack Chalmers*, Miss CORNER's hero, had become a victim to a drug, but the underlying reason for that was a form of shell-shock. Now women too were broken by the abnormal conditions of the war years, and *Pauline*, his wife, apparently quite sound, was yet unable to face his trouble with him, as an unhurt woman might have, simply with love and comradeship. So when things became very bad she pretended to be about to become a mother, with the hope of giving him an incentive to resist temptation long enough to get the drug out of his system; and *Jack*, aware that she was lying and horribly upset about it, went to a man-friend and found just the help he needed. In spite of their mistakes both husband and wife are attractive characters, as far as the author sketches them in, and I was glad when, after a period when each seemed to sink the other *Deeper Yet* in trouble, their marriage became a truly happy one. Miss CORNER sends *Pauline* to the Basque country for a rest-cure and takes the opportunity to write some charming descriptions of it. Her characterisation, though slight, is pleasantly diversified, but I am inclined to think that she has invented *Jack's* drug to suit his circumstances. Are drugs often, I wonder, in real life quite so regular and obliging in their habits?

On a summer day of 1886 "four gentlemen alarmed for the future of the race" arrived at Trent and chose a site for a school. This quartet was an advance party "seeking

where a stronghold might be planted in the country of the enemy." The enemy was the Oxford Movement as embodied in Dr. WOODWARD and the schools which his influence created. Two years later the "stronghold" was ready to receive boys, and in *Trent College, 1868-1927* (BELL), Mr. M. A. J. TARVER tells us of the victorious struggle which the enterprise of those enthusiasts entailed. At first all went well with the new school, but misfortunes followed and Trent, though it did not reach its last case, was in grave danger of doing so. Then J. S. TUCKER, at the age of twenty-seven, came to the rescue, and Mr. TARVER clearly shows how liberally this young man possessed the vital qualities that Trent in its years of crisis required. Mr. TUCKER emerges from this book a fearless leader, and the tribute paid to him makes a deeper impression because it is written by one who fully realises that even headmasters have their failings. A graceful style and a happy sense of proportion and of humour combine to make Mr. TARVER an admirable historian.

Although Mr. WESTON MARTYR, in *Not Without Dust and Heat* (BLACKWOOD), is

mainly concerned with the sea and with those who go down to it in ships, you will find his thirteen stories both a varied and a choice collection. Beginning with "A Sleeping Draught," in which the skipper of "a strictly utilitarian and economical tramp" tells an exciting and pathetic yarn, Mr. MARTYR proceeds, in "A Little Sail," to show a delightfully restrained and quiet humour. But the stories which prove him to be an original and remarkable teller of tales are "White Poison," "Sparring Partners" and "A Contact with Reality," all of which



"WHIT WAY HAVE YE NO FINISHED YOUR COUGH-MIXTURE, SANDY?"
 "AH DINNA NEED TAE, FAITHER; MA CAULD 'S BETTER."
 "WEEL, YE HAD BETTER GANG OOT AGAIN AND GET YOUR FEET WET."

are told with an admirable economy of words and the nicest sense of values. I have not read *The Southseaman*, Mr. MARTYR's previous book, but these tales incline me to believe that its publishers are justified in calling it a "classic."

Mr. Punch gives this short but cordial greeting to the reprinted work of three of his contributors: *Blue Feathers*, by E. V. KNOX, illustrated by G. L. STAMPA (CHATTO AND WINDUS); *If Dogs Could Write*, by E. V. LUCAS (METHUEN); and *Gay Go Up*, by Miss ROSE FYLEMAN (METHUEN).

JOHN PEEL.

(A Centenary Tribute).

THOSE who have bartered their load of care
 For a glorious draught of the open air
 Have never regretted the deal,
 And as long as a hunting lilt is sung,
 As long as a bright-eyed partner's swung,
 As long as a feathering hound gives tongue
 And a spur is hung on the heel,
 So long shall a company old and young
 Keep living your fame, JOHN PEEL! W. H. O.

CHARIVARIA.

"Not often do you see two world figures like ARNOLD BENNETT and H. G. WELLS at the same first night," says a writer of theatrical gossip. The mere possibility of such a treat, however, sustains the queues.

The Zoo has acquired two aye-ayes. When asked for their name the keeper replies that the answer is in the affirmative.

Five pounds' worth of damage is said to have been charged to the members of a London club who threw everything they could reach at a mouse which appeared in the dining-room. The more correct procedure is to notify the secretary, who will then summon the club cat.

The latest crank is the man who is going about boasting that he continued to have his hot bath all through the heat wave.

Addressing the Celtic Congress on the subject of folk-song in the Western Isles, the Rev. KENNETH MACLEOD said that when he heard unaccompanied songs in a city hall he often wished that someone behind the scenes would turn on a water-tap to simulate the sound of the sea and the hill-streams. Try folk-songs of the Western Isles in your bath.

One theory with regard to the enormous footprint of early man which has been discovered on the Limpopo River is that it is that of a direct ancestor of the man who arrives late at theatres.

An actress recently stated that she had not read *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Other actresses are sorry they did not think of not reading *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

In being measured for his new car a well-known racing motorist has set a good example. Ready-to-wear cars are apt to be too tight across the chest.

"Eyebrows can be trained," we read. Mr. GEORGE ROBEY will agree that it is all done by kindness.

As an instance of the danger of read-

ing morbid books, a medical writer tells of a young girl addicted to this type of literature who went into uncontrollable hysterics on hearing a funny story. We regard it rather as an instance of the danger of telling funny stories.

In including the GLADSTONE statue, in the Strand, in his latest "round-about" schemes, the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT is believed to have been actuated by a desire to commemorate appropriately a master of circumlocution.

Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE declares that he cannot see any moral distinction between the person who takes too much steak-and-kidney pudding and the one who drinks too large a quantity of whisky or champagne. As yet, however, social reformers have shirked the

marriage, has caused a widespread feeling of relief in business circles.

A famous soprano has told an interviewer that she has had the waist-line of her dresses raised. Contraltos, of course, have to be careful to avoid singing below the belt.

Sir RICHARD TERRY describes the quiet of his voyage in the Arctic seas as ideal for his purpose of harmonising a psalter. The conditions would assist him to put the "psalt" into psalter.

Our feeling with reference to the installation of telephones in schools at Newport (Mon.), with the object of interesting the children in their use, is that a grave responsibility will rest upon the authorities if these youngsters become confirmed telephonists.

I can never roll my umbrella with anything like the professional neatness, says a gossip-writer in *The Evening News*. Even gossip-writers have their limitations.

An engineer declares that even the ringing of a small bell causes thousands of wireless waves. Then we know a lot of waitresses who are rotten receivers.

According to a woman writer, in Society circles there is a new theory

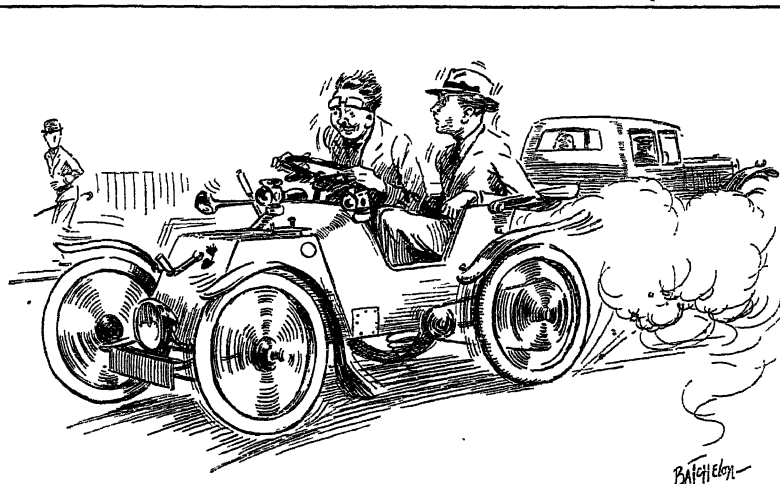
that a marriage will be successful if a pet dog is taken to the wedding. A similar superstition has long existed with regard to taking a bridegroom.

Mr. GORDON RICHARDS, the flat-racing jockey, rode his one-hundredth winner of the season at Birmingham. It is a bit of a surprise to us to know that there are winners nowadays.

A post-office official tells us that all the ink supplied for the use of customers is made in England. So it is ink, is it?

"It is no use letting yourself get rattled at the telephone," says a writer. We always rattle that little hook thing instead.

A Kansas City woman is reported to have shot her husband because of his bad play during a game of bridge. If we are ever killed that way, we should like to be buried with simple honours.



Friend. "AND YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU MADE THIS CAR YOURSELF? WHY, IT GOES LIKE CLOCKWORK."

Proud Owner. "OF COURSE IT DOES. THAT'S WHAT IT GOES BY."

problem of the steak-and-kidney pudding addict.

Stringent orders for the suppression of noise are issued in Budapest, but it is understood that a lenient view would be taken of discussions of the Treaty of Trianon.

Motorists near Nairobi are reported to have been held up by a "pride" of sixteen lions. It would, of course, be a terminological error to speak of a "pride" of pedestrians.

A new club, limited to fifty members, has been formed for milk-roundsmen in West London, but they have still to decide upon a distinctive yodel.

Judge TURNER, at Westminster County Court, by pointing out that love-letters written by a man on his firm's notepaper would not render the firm liable for breach of promise of

ODE

IN A SOMEWHAT STILTED AND ARCHAIC MANNER ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, NOW IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

O first, unless I have been misinformed
(And that I rarely am),
Of English Premiers to breast the brine
To the great land of Freedom and No Wine

(PITT never did, nor PAM),
By sweetest impulse warmed
To make the *Berengaria*, Cunard Line,
Another *Argo* of more rich design,
And bring like Jason back the Golden Fleece

Of Universal Peace.

RAMSAY—say! RAM,

Here where the autumn leaves are falling now

On to the street from many a plane-tree bough,

Messing the people's boots,
And the mild sun yet lingers in a year
Goodish for corn, though bad for roots—

(Meat will be also dear,

But not plum-jam;

There is a glut of fruits)—

Here on the wet side of the Atlantic foam

I from my simple home

Send out my blessings and a wafted kiss,

Hoping they will not come amiss;

Send out my fond salutes

To Thee and Uncle Sam!

Good hunting and good spoil!

Let calm Minerva with the steadfast gaze,

Companion of thy Days,

Bealways with thee on Columbia's soil,
And Vulcan, God of Toil,

Whose wont it ever was to hate the braggart Mars

That bore away his Queen,

Sit ever in thy cars

ISHBEL and thee between;

And Hermes, Lord of Counsel, with the winged feet

Also reserve a seat,

However much the Party may surprise
HOOVER's expectant eyes

When it rolls down the street!

Let Prudence on thy head

Shower blessings but not pride,

And Rare Aplomb that this and that way turns,

Whilst thou art overfed

With peaches and ice-cream and terrapin

Till Curved Satiety distends the skin,

With Caution be allied,

And Rhetoric with large mellifluous urns

Be constant at thy side!

Yield not too much, nor take,

In the effusive pouring of goodwill,
Whether or no the cocktails shake,
Or only the strange chill
Of woollier drinks, that cause the front to ache,

Thy banquet Bumpers fill:
Push with unsparing Hand
Behind thee like the deuce
Publicity's inexorable Pen,
Yet not too rudely, knowing how and when

All that stuff should be canned
And where it has its use.

Till, in her dismal den
Bellona howling for a ruined Trade
Writhen amidst her Coil of Snakes is laid,

Nursing a broken cruiser for a toy;
And none but SHEARER there
To fondle her cold hair.

But thou, O Boy,

Parting from HOOVER with a perfect Press,

With Unity and Unvaingloriousness,
And sped by halcyon airs

Bringing, besides the Tourists named above,

The nymph Disarmament, soft child of love,

And Sound Economy, her Sister neat,
And Friendship, whom we sure are pleased to meet,

Return anon!

Step up the cabin stairs

From thy imperial suite,

Shake THOMAS by the hand.

Shake ARTHUR HENDERSON. Shake SNOWDEN. Land.

Then let us all get on

With Home Affairs.

EVOR.

MERRIE ENGLAND.

["The country fair is still one of the charms of rural England. . . the old Widecombe Fair on Dartmoor attracted a very large number of visitors. . . I heard Italian, French and the typical Yankee twang mingle with the Devon, Cornish and Somerset dialects."—*Daily Paper*.]

NEXT YEAR'S FORECAST.

(Overheard on Dartmoor.)

Voice. Molto piacevole, questo Vidi-combo!

Voice. Tiens, Maman, regarde-moi donc la jument grise qui porte les sept vieillards! C'est épatant! Et comme elles sont minces, les hanches! On dirait un revenant.

Voice. Donne-moi la programme . . . ils s'appellent Jean Stuar, Pierre de Gurnay, Danielle Viton, Arré Arque et son oncle, Thomas Coblé . . . Tiens, tiens, tiens . . . mais que ça veut dire "an' all"? Peut-être un âne, mais je ne le vois pas.

Voice. Re-markable spectacle, Mame. I'm glad we done these tors before we hit the breeze for home.

Voice. Betcha, Pop. What's a tor, anyway?

Voice. It's what we come to see. Guess them things on the skyline's the ones.

Voice. They're vurry, vurry small. Don't look half the height of the Singer building.

Voice (to Local Ancient). Pardon, Monsieur, mais auriez-vous la bonté de m'indiquer—

Local Ancient. Eh?

Yokel. Haw, haw, haw!

Local A. I hate them dratted furrineers.

His Grand-daughter. Come your ways, my deaur life, do 'ee now.

Voice. Pardon, Mademoiselle—

Local A. Leave the maiden bide, yu bitter old weed!

Voice. Ohé, Luigi! Com'è bellissima la piccola!

Luigi (fervently). Sicuro!

Local A. Drabbit it, I'll throw 'ee in vuzzen!

Voice. Aw, get off your foot; you're standin' on it, Grand-dad. The guy don't mean nothing.

Local A. Who 'ee calling "Grand-dad"? Where be tu? I'll bash 'ee!

Yokel (delighted). There's zummat oop, Garge!

Local A. 'Tis them from down-along. Main an' queasy my innards du be at sight of 'un.

Voice (Shropshire). I partly wish, in all good sadness, 'twere time for a bite.

Voice (Hamburg). Aber, Trudi, mein Magen knurrt.

Voice (Oldham). I said to landlord, "'Tis a mucky trade th'art doing, drawing beer for Frenchies," I did, an' all.

Local Bigwig (opening Fair). . . and it is a happy augury that to-day, surrounded by our well-loved tors, we should be joined by those from other lands—from France, from Italy, from America, from (pausing) Germany—united in the common bond of pleasure, learning in laughter to understand each other as perhaps no—

Voice. Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?

Voice. Aw, shut up an' let the poor dub throw his mouth.

Local A. Fair make me bile boil, them furrineers du! RACHEL.

Vulpine Amenities.

"Early morning fox was widespread, particularly in Central Europe."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

So they've started cubbing there too.

"Vacant, through Talkies."

Advt. in Manchester Paper.

We have suspected for some time that a good many talkie fans were slightly "mental."



A SYMPATHETIC GALLERY.

MR. BALDWIN. "HULLO! WHEN DO YOU EXPECT TO GET OUT OF THAT?"

MR. THOMAS. "OH, ABOUT NEXT FEBRUARY."

MR. BALDWIN. "WELL, GOOD LUCK! I WAS THERE FOR YEARS AND NEVER GOT OUT."



Facetious Captain of Local Side. "'AIN'T FORGOT YER WHISTLE, I 'OPES?"
Constable (kindly going to referee). "No, NOR ME TRUNCHEON NEITHER."

THIS WEIGHT BUSINESS.

FRANCES told me I was looking very thin and that I must go and weigh myself.

I said I had and that I was eleven stone ten; but as that had been a long while ago she refused to pass it as stop-press.

"I'm sure you've gone down a lot since then," she continued, and added: "And mind you weigh yourself on the same machine, because they vary."

"Will you come and watch me do it?" I asked shrewdly.

"Of course not, silly."

"Good! I'd better make it a week-end then. I expect the Withingtons will put me up."

"What on earth do you mean?"

I explained. I had recollected—as Frances evidently had not—that the last time I weighed myself was on the platform of a railway-station in Kirkcudbrightshire, when I was staying with a certain Mrs. Withington. I had also recollected—and this time Frances evidently had too—that Mrs. Withington's daughter June was a most attractive girl. Taking it all round it seemed a good excuse. "Dear Mrs. Withington, I shall be in your neighbourhood weighing myself next Friday and should love to drop in if I may—"

"You'd better start afresh," said Frances, with a touch of frost. "Go and weigh yourself at your club and then you can make a record of it."

I sighed. I had once told Frances that there was in my club attached to the weighing-machine a book for members to note down their weights. I remember I had laughed heartily at the idea at the time. Little did I think that one day I too should be thus brazenly flaunting my fluctuating avoirdupois before the curious eyes of my fellow-members.

So just before lunch the next day I strolled up to the club weighing-machine in a shamefaced manner. It was not in the least like the machines I knew, for it had a padded seat, a notched rail and weights like enormous brass coins. I crept into the armchair and picked up a thing like an overfed *kiliostrom*. It was marked "8 stone," but I'll swear it wasn't as much as that really, because I lifted it quite easily. Then I took some small change marked "2 stone" and "1 stone." After a quarter-of-an-hour I established the fact that I was more than eleven stone and less than twelve, and was going to leave it at that when an interested page-boy pointed out that there was a blob of brass on a hook which ran along the rail and marked the pounds. Between

us in a tense hush we got my weight to eleven stone five pounds. Not a bad hour's work. I broke off for the lunch interval.

After lunch I came back and solemnly entered it up in the book. At this point my pride was rather dashed by finding that the entry just ahead of me was "Lieutenant-Colonel Able-Corpusty—16st. 0½lb." Though personally I should have called it sixteen stone without boasting, I confess I admired the spirit of that "0½lb." It showed that he was evidently a stickler for detail. However, I couldn't compete with that. I put down my modest score of "11st. 5lb." and added "Not out" in brackets to intimate that I was a trier.

I broke the news to Frances, waited breathlessly for a week and tried again. This time I was eleven stone seven. Colonel Able-Corpusty had dropped to sixteen stone, and I wondered if he were ill. I entered up my improved score with a pardonable flourish of triumph.

Frances, however, rather damped me. She said, "But of course you were still wearing your summer underclothes the previous week. This time you had your winter ones."

I hadn't thought of that and we debated the matter. As I obviously could not take a set of undergarments down to the club to weigh them by themselves,

we decided that it would be best for me to put on summer things again next day, before either my weight or the weather had altered very much, and go and see what I made myself then.

I did. I made myself, first, darned cold, and, secondly, eleven stone seven—exactly the same as before. This, as you will admit, was puzzling. The mystery was not solved till I remembered that on the former occasion I had weighed myself before lunch, but that now the ceremony had taken place after a heavy meal. A new factor had entered into this weight business; in short, it was not half so easy as it looked. However, I noted in brackets after my three entries whether it was with summer or winter underclothing and before or after lunch, took a copy of the figures and went home to work it out.

By the middle of the afternoon I was regretting I had not paid more attention to Quadratic Equations when at school. By tea-time I had discovered that my equations seemed to be quintatic rather than quadratic. The only point that emerged clearly was that I should have to go down again the next day *before* lunch and again with summer underclothing.

This, however, proved impossible because, owing to a severe cold, I had to stay indoors. I did not visit the club for five days, and by then I had adopted winter underclothing for good. But with consummate shrewdness I weighed myself before and after lunch and entered both results in the book with a note to that effect. To be precise, I weighed myself twice before lunch, because the first time I found that the record book was inadvertently on the seat with me. It weighed about three-quarters of a pound; but that is neither here nor there.

I then settled down in the club silence-room with paper and a pencil. I had now the following six equations:—

	st. lbs.
(1) $w_1 + s$ (summer underclothing) = 11	5
(2) $w_2 + w$ (winter underclothing) = 11	7
(3) $w_2 + s + l$ (lunch)	11 7
(4) $w_2 + w + b$ (book)	11 7½
(5) $w_3 + w$	11 6½
(6) $w_3 + w + l$	11 7½

Almost immediately I discovered with pride that my lunch weighed one pound; but by four-fifteen it had been borne in upon me that not even yet had I got enough equations to give me my weight. Evidently I needed two spare sets of underclothing and the assistance of a chartered accountant. . . .

At five-twenty, however, I got a brief note from the secretary asking me to desist in future from using the Weight Book for private remarks and calculations, as members had complained. . . .



Grandmother (to flapper just returned from a wedding). "WELL, MY DEAR, WHAT SORT OF WEDDING WAS IT?"

Flapper. "OH, A PRETTY BINDING SORT, I SHOULD THINK. THE JOLLY OLD BISH DID IT HIMSELF."

That was Colonel Able-Corpusty, I bet, the spoil-sport! I now abstain from the book myself but I watch his record carefully, and I rejoice to see he is practically fading away, for he was only 15 st. 13½ lbs. this week. In the meantime I weigh myself on a Tubestation machine while waiting for the Highbate trains to whizz past, and my weight varies as usual—that is to say, sometimes I am wearing a great-coat or carrying a parcel, and sometimes Frances has a foot on behind me for a joke.

Muscular Christianity.

"Near the line he passed to Heaven, who scored, for Parsons to convert."

Birmingham Paper.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Courteously.

"Young woman working as governess in Ireland would like to meet some intelligent people."—*Weekly Paper.*

No Man is always Wise.

"Reuter telegraphs that in their message published on page 4, Naval Inquiry in Washington, the name of Sir William Weismann should have been spelled Wiseman."

Sir William Wisman denies that he either wrote or caused the letter (referred to at the inquiry) to be written."—*Manchester Paper.*

"The buying and selling of children of parents in indigenous circumstances is nothing surprising in itself—it is a custom as old as China."—*Hong Kong Paper.*

Indigence is, of course, indigenous in China.

MR. PUNCH'S TALKS.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

(Resuming our series of Talks on Music, Mr. Haddock, who has been studying in Paris, is now going to give you a talk on Chamber Music; after which we go over to Birmingham for the whippet races. Good afternoon, everybody, good afternoon.)

ONE reason why I am going to talk to you to-day about Chamber Music is that I have received a charming present, being Vol. I. (A-H) of *Cobbett's Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music*, edited by W. W. COBBETT and published by the OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS. This is a large and handsome book, bound in blue. It is not often that I receive so handsome a present, and if anyone will give me a Rolls-Royce or a copy of the *New Encyclopædia Britannica* I will talk about them too.

Mr. W. W. COBBETT, whose acquaintance I have the honour to enjoy, is a well-known and munificent "amateur" of music. The marks of his charming and cultivated personality are plainly visible upon *Cobbett's Cyclopedic Survey*. The frontispiece is a picture of Mr. W. W. COBBETT playing the violin among some very beautiful ladies, who are playing other instruments or gazing at Mr. W. W. COBBETT. There is an article on Mr. W. W. COBBETT by Mr. W. W. COBBETT. The editor, Mr. W. W. COBBETT, has written on the COBBETT Competitions and Commissions; and there is a short note on the COBBETT Free Libraries by the same author. The COBBETT Lectures, the COBBETT Medal and the COBBETT Prizes at the Royal College of Music are modestly dealt with; while in the article on W. W. COBBETT Mr. W. W. COBBETT expresses his reluctance to discuss the life of Mr. W. W. COBBETT on the ground that it has already been touched upon in the articles by Mr. COBBETT on "Chamber Music Life," "Phantasy" and "Violin" (q.v.).

But the work also contains many references to Chamber Music, as such; and that is the topic of this talk. As Mr. DONALD F. TOVEY says in his scholarly "General Survey," "Chamber Music has meant different things at different periods." Originally, of course, Chamber Music meant the kind of music which no one would venture to commit except in the privacy of his, or her, own chamber or home. (In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was known as "Private Music.") It was among the vices of dissolute monarchs, and, as Mr. EDWARD J. DENT writes in his fascinating article, "Beginnings," it came to mean "the music belonging to the household of a prince, as opposed to the music of a church or a theatre."

In these free days, of course, the thing has come out into the open, and now, for you and me, there is no doubt about the significance of the term. Chamber Music is the kind of music which has to be suffered at very classy parties before one can get to the buffet. Chamber Music nearly always means a white tie and gilt chairs. The company, as a rule, tends definitely towards the mediocre, for at these parties the hostess likes to work off those of her friends who are too refined, immobile or advanced in years for a young people's dance; while few of the younger generation can be persuaded to sit still and



The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street (to Mr. SNOWDEN). "GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE NO OBJECTION TO SAFEGUARDING ME!"

listen to sonatas and that sort of muck. A good Chamber Quartet is much less expensive than a good Jazz Band, I believe (I can find nothing about prices in *The Cyclopedic Survey*), and does not go on for so long. With careful handling therefore a clever hostess can get her guests out of the house by eleven or half-past and save a sit-down supper.

Further, there must be a reverent hush during good Chamber Music; so that for long periods both hostess and guests are spared the strain of conversation. These parties therefore become increasingly popular towards the end of the Season, and during the month of July many jaded pleasure-seekers in Society get their only sleep during the lengthier sonatas and concerti grossi.

The procedure at such a party is as follows: The string quartet is placed under a bright light in the big drawing-room and surrounded by gilt chairs from Harridge's. (The string quartet for two violins, viola and 'cello has been said to provide the purest and most spiritual revelation of Chamber Music and perhaps of all music; but nobody would guess this by looking at the players. This is because, although Britons born and bred, they are generally made up to look like delicate but unscrupulous foreigners; for this, they have found, exacts respect. Indeed, a regrettable strain of foreign influence runs through the whole of Chamber Music, and many of the best-known sonatas were written by Italians. Certain renegade Englishmen have written sonatas too; but these are kept in the British Museum, while their composers give music-lessons.)

The largest footman is posted at the buffet door with a programme of the music and orders to admit no one until the last note of the last movement of Mr. SCARLATTI's Op. 10 in A flat minor is sounded. The first guests to arrive are hustled as near to the quartet as they will go, where they are placed bolt-upright on the gilt chairs and told not to smoke. There is always a tendency to cluster near the door, and old hands have been known to slip out at the end of the first movement of a sonata, clapping loudly and pretending that they think the sonata is ended, though they know very well that there are probably some fifteen movements to come. The host, therefore, who does not pretend to be musical, is generally posted at the door to shoo back any bolters; also to lure or bully into the room those late-comers who modestly linger on the landing outside (and smoke).

All this agony escapes the notice of the arch-fiends in the middle, who sit there fiddling away while smart London is burning, or, at any rate, very hot. They do not wear stiff shirts and white ties; they do not have to sit perfectly still on gilt chairs; they have a sensible costume, can move freely about on their axes and thoroughly enjoy themselves. No wonder Mr. W. W. COBBETT, in his charming and philosophical article on "The Chamber Music Life," says "Chamber Music makes for happiness." Ah, but whose?

So much for the procedure of these parties. As for the substance—well, I can only repeat that my impression is that nearly all Chamber Music was written by aliens, particularly a man called SCARLATTI. I await with interest the second volume of the *Survey* (I-S), when I shall be able to confirm my

suspensions. A composer with the un-English name of BRAHMS seems also to be mixed up in the business; indeed I find that no fewer than twenty-seven closely-written pages are devoted to this man, who has for many years been wanted by the Whitechapel police.

This volume, by the way, consists of five-hundred-and-eighty-five two-column pages, which will, I think, surprise many subscribers to these Talks when they remember that it covers only half the alphabet. Who would have thought there was so much to be said about Chamber Music? However distasteful the activities which it records, one has to confess that it is a monumental work, and does credit to the energy and enterprise of Mr. COBBETT, who is now eighty-one. Those, in these days not numerous, citizens who can endure the sound of stringed instruments played in concert without the assistance of saxophones, coal-scuttles or bowler-hats will find this volume full of interest, information and delight. One of the endearing qualities of Mr. COBBETT is a sense of humour, which generously peppers the most an-

dante pages. He actually has an article on Humour in Chamber Music, a notion which I confess had not occurred to me. "I have been surprised," the Editor writes, "to find how many composers have made humour a feature of their musical programme," and he gives a list of "*soi-disant* humorous works," some of which I should very much like to hear at the next musical party I am invited to (if any); for instance:—

GRAF (or GRAUF), CARL FRIEDRICH: Economical duet for two performers on one violin. Op. 27.

NEUMANN, A.: Comic Quartet. 3 v. v.

RICHTER, AUG.: Humorous string quartet.

SECHTER, SIMON: Musical pleasantry for string quartet, Op. 6.

WETZEL, HERMANN: Humorous Serenade.

HERMANN, A.: Duet, 2 v., *Duo Comique*. No. 1 starts at the beginning and No. 2 at the same time at the end, playing the same part reversed.

And then they say that Germany is not a humorous nation!

This Talk, by the way, may be quoted as Op. 65,481. Good afternoon, everyone—good afternoon. A. P. H.

Our Hardy Septingentarians.

"Dressed only in pyjamas and a singlet, a man about 700 years of age wandered along the streets of Goulburn early this morning in the rain and cold."—*Sydney Paper*.

"She confessed afterwards that she was really very nervous, but she sat with her sister in the front row, wearing a bright blue frock, without a quiver."—*Daily Paper*.

Which raises the question, Do toxophilists use caddies?

"A splendid feat of aviation was performed by Mrs. William —, when she reached a height of 95,000 feet in the Hawke's Bay Aero Club's de Havilland Moth."

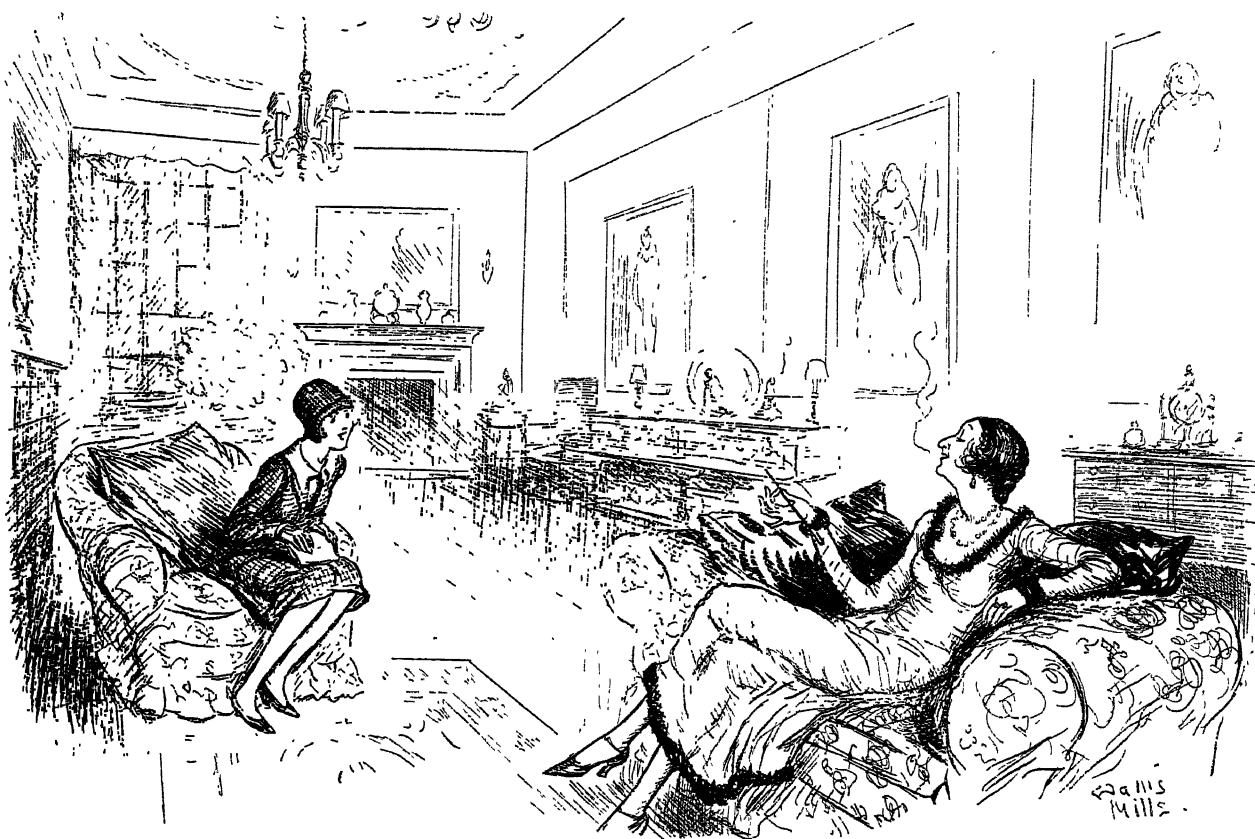
New Zealand Paper.

Mr. Punch earnestly hopes that the Puffin Island Helicopter Circle will not disregard this challenge.

"The supply of dentures to British and Indian ranks is only warranted when definite military inefficiency is caused by the loss of teeth. The loss of teeth in itself does not justify the supply. This is specially applicable in those cases falling under sub-paragraph (c) (i) of both paragraphs, when front teeth only are knocked out in organised games."

From Indian Army Orders.

Thith theemth grothly unfair.



Vicar's Daughter. "I wonder if you could let us have some cast-off clothes for our jumble sale—or anything else you don't want."

Very Rich Person. "I am afraid my maid gets all my clothes; but I am sure Julius would let you have two or three of our cast-off cars."

ONE DAY IN MANY LIVES.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Express.")

A DOMESTIC SERVANT (NOT OURS).

WHEN I rise in the morning at six o'clock and fling open my window to the morning sun I feel a rapturous content. All is peaceful. I share the world with a fleeting milkman or two. I stand for a few moments in quiet contemplation. . . .

My day? It is a busy one, and includes the cleaning of rooms, the cooking of meals, the answering of doors and affectionate attendance upon my mistress. Already, as I rapidly clothe myself, my mind is upon my duties. I descend and open the door to let in the cat. It purrs and rubs itself against me. I stoop to stroke the gentle feline creature.

And now, as I stand over the stove cooking the breakfast, I meditate upon my employers, those inscrutable people who govern my career. Of what do they think? What is their ultimate destiny? In a small way I too am bound up in that destiny, for I have been designed to serve them, to minister to their comfort, to— Alas! the bacon is burnt. . . it has even caught fire. I shall replace the loss out of my own pocket. . . .

A POPULAR STAR OF THE STAGE.

I spring up at the first shrill call of the alarm-clock, for there is much to be done before breakfast. My room must be dusted and set in order, for I do not demand that others shall perform these menial duties for me.

And now a little reading that will improve the mind. . . . JOHNSON'S *Lives of the Poets* or the fair prose of CARLYLE is my delight. Next, I go through my morning's mail diligently and, I hope, conscientiously. Many budding authors send their efforts to me and, though their plays lack all merit, I do not like to discourage these apparently youthful writers. I reply to them all individually.

Breakfast over, I may repair to the theatre for a rehearsal, which I welcome, for perfection in one's art—of the theatre at all events—is only attained by constant rehearsals.

I am careful to arrive early. I have observed that a great deal of inconvenience and annoyance can be caused when the leading lady is not punctual.

The afternoon I usually devote to visiting the sick or some obscure relatives who live, rather unfortunately, in Willesden, for this suburb is so far away from the West-End it often means a rush to get to the theatre in time. . . . My dresser comes forward . . . hastily I begin to put on my make-up. . . . Outside is the monotonous cry of the call-

boy, "Beginners all ready, please." . . . I go on the stage . . . the plaudits of the multitude are in my ears. . . . At last the curtain descends. I am free to go to my waiting car. As I pass the stage door-keeper he humbly touches his cap.

"Good-night, George."

"Good-night, Miss."

And so another day has ended.

A RAILWAY-PORTER.

Although my duties are simple, my day is packed with interest and, I might even add, amusement. I am employed in the small station of a country village, but often I dream of the possibilities of being transferred to one of the great London termini.

In the meantime I pay most careful attention to my duties, which begin with the 5.30 milk-train to Vauxhall. Although we have only four trains a day, every passenger who ascends from or alights on our platform is of paramount importance to me. Many of them who live in the district know me and exchange a few words or a friendly nod. Others to whom I may give assistance with their baggage often press upon me a coin of the realm. I am grateful for this. The lighter side of my calling evinces itself when passengers—often elderly ladies—get into the wrong train or when luggage, flung too urgently out of the van, bursts open on the platform. . . .

The 9.30 P.M. down train, which stops at all stations, is drawing in. . . . Slowly, almost imperceptibly it draws nearer. . . . Yes, it is advancing. . . . Slowly, slowly it pulls into the station, and with what sounds like a great sigh it stands at rest.

One passenger descends. I step forward and take his ticket. There is a long pause. Slowly, as if gathering its forces for the onward journey, the train begins to move. It drifts out of the station. . . . the red tail-light winks at me.

It is the last train of the day and time for me to go home.

THE EDITOR OF A HUMOROUS PUBLICATION.

My real day commences when I am seated at my desk contemplating the pile of manuscript that is awaiting my attention. The pile is vast, for most people who strive to appear in print believe that they can write humour—because it is so easy. I turn to my task with joy—

[Who told you that?—Ed.]

F. A. K.

"TEACHERS WANT CORPORAL PUNISHMENT."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

Smith Minor assures us that he would be very glad to oblige them.

ON WHITE HORSE HILL.

HE strides across the stark shire,
The Horse that's old indeed,
The old White Horse of Berkshire,
The old white Berkshire steed;
Could she be better palfreyed,
Our maid Romance, than by
This old White Horse of ALFRED
Who threw the Dane a die?

KING ALFRED by the ing'e
He dreamed for English sakes;
That night he gave no single
Concern about the cakes;
KING ALFRED, come the morning,
He cooked the Danes a course,
And for the day's adorning
He carved the old White Horse.

The wise chalk he did delve it
With mighty rune and rhyme,
And stalled our Steed in velvet
Of sacred turf and thyme;
He looked across the valley
And eve was gold, yet he
Sat down and dreamed a tally
Of golder morns to be.

He dreamed of bells in steeples,
Of conquerors and kings,
Of parsons and of peoples
And peace and happy things;
He dreamed them all to credit
Of old White Horse that (oh!)
He stood him up and said it)
To grass shall never go.

And true he dreamed his dreaming,
And true we'll see it still
While shadow shapes go streaming
From hill to quiet hill;
And, while their skylarks shall up
In song for you and me,
Shall old White Horse go gallop
To all eternity.

P. R. C.

Our Benevolent Butchers.

"—"
Purveyor Best English Meats.
HUMANE SLAUGHTERING.
A TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED."
Advt. in Parish Magazine.

Winds that Back in the Night.

"The hurricane arrived there on Friday afternoon from the west, and the wind blew with great violence until the middle of the evening. There was then a four hours' lull. At midnight the wind blew more violently than ever and continued to blow hard throughout Thursday."—*Daily Paper*.

It seems to have blown even the week inside out.

"Mr. A. J. —, the Hon. Secretary, reported that a Kawdana taxpayers' assessment, which had been suddenly raised to ten times the amount (owing perhaps to a clerical terror), had been reduced to the old amount."

Ceylon Paper.

Our curate, on the other hand, is quite a good chap.



George B. Green

"AND WHAT'S MORE, 'E CAN'T GIT OUT OF IT, MRS. GREEN. 'E 'ASN'T GOT A LOOP-OLE TO STAND ON."

A FUNERAL.

I SOMETIMES wonder what ought to be done with a fire; whether, for instance, it should be cleaned and dusted from week to week and have those parts of it that are not properly fire taken away from it.

Often as I lie awake in the morning I hear a sound of aeroplanes circling very low and swift above the roof of my house. It is not aeroplanes. It is the vacuum-sweeper sweeping the floor of my study; but it never tries to sweep my study fire. There is no vacuum-sweeper, I imagine, so rapacious and so strong that it could be turned on to

my fire without destroying its digestive machinery.

1929, of course, has not been an ordinary year. In most years there have been days in June and even in July, miserable rainy days, when they have said to me, "Don't you want the fire in your study this morning?" In September too there have been such days.

But this year my fire has not suffered from being wanted at all. Month after month its full rich life has gone on increasing, adding to itself bud and blossom unnoticed and undisturbed.

There must be more than a thousand half-matches in my fire, many of them dating from the early spring. At about

the time of the nesting of birds, I suppose, my fire was laid, though I do not remember that any birds actually nested in it. But pieces of crumpled paper, torn invitation cards and programmes, and a pencil (is it a pencil?) and some cotton-wool and a cork, and a little box which may have had pen-nibs in it—these and many other things are there. It is not so much a fire as an autobiography.

"I wish you wouldn't throw things into your fire," they have said to me every now and then during the past five months. "You have a waste-paper basket and you have ash-trays."

No doubt I have. But it has always

seemed to me to be one of the natural instincts of man, dating probably from the cave period, to throw things in the fire. The fire is the heart of the home, the very centre and hub of civilisation, the place to which all things spent and weary most naturally gravitate, and an easier shot, in most cases, from the armchair. I am told of men who have been trained by kindness not to throw things into the fire during the summer time, but they must be a poor and thin-spirited kind of men. From such, I feel, will come the Decadence and the Decline.

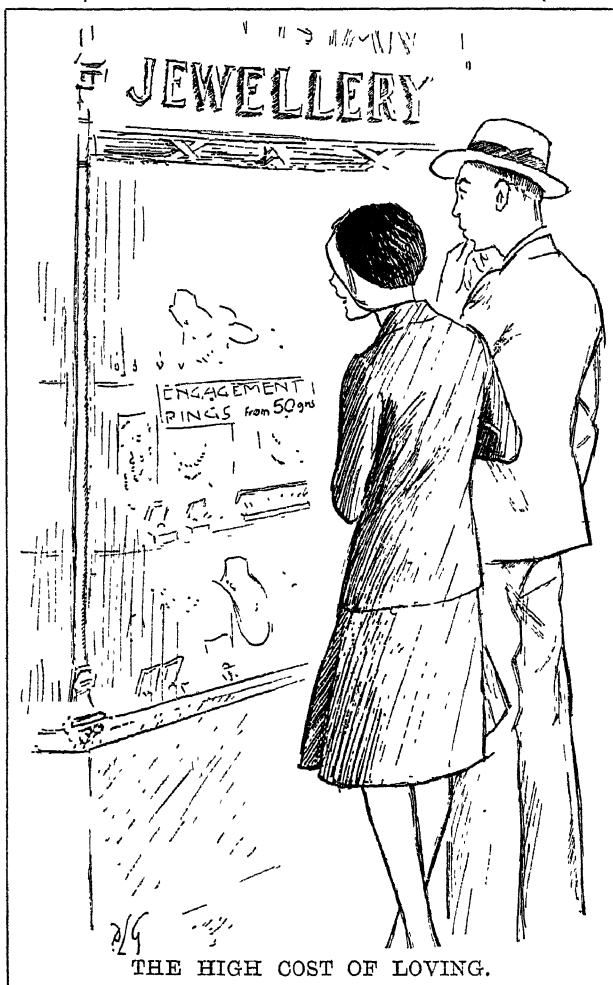
There is, on the other hand, a kind of house where no fire at all is laid in the summer time, so that nothing can be thrown into the fireplace without becoming conspicuous and the subject of constant rebuke. And there is a still worse kind of house where the fire is turned suddenly on by means of a switch, and the coal is made of black glass or some other irregular material—a dastardly piece of deceit only suitable to those whose oak panelling is made of *papier-maché* and for whom the works of SHAKESPEARE or the *Confessions* of ST. AUGUSTINE contain a portable wireless set.

But for good or evil my fire has seen spring pass to summer, and summer in turn fade away into autumn and there are match-stalks and pieces of manuscript and cigarette-ends in it, fraught with I know not how much emotional value, if I could only retrace the story of them all.

One is familiar, almost too familiar, with the detective of fiction. How eagerly, when brought into the room containing the corpse, he runs to the fireplace to look for the fatal letter of the blackmailer, or the charred remnants of the will. If I were a corpse in my room now, and no more immediate motive for my murder could be discovered on the writing-desk—there is a good deal on the writing-desk—I can well believe that the detective would have a lively and congenial task before him in sifting the contents of my fire. Carefully he would separate the cigarette-ends of April from the cigarette-ends of May, and the bills and correspondence of June from those of July. What records of hope, anger and fear would he not discover in this mute receptacle for all the orts and *débris* of a generous and noble life!

It would be a rather messy business. . . .

I am told now that the different strata of my fire *have* been partially excavated at various moments during the past five months, and there would thus be large gaps in the great detective's chain of reasoning. But many links nevertheless in the sequence of events must have settled down so completely between paper and wood, between this coal and that coal, as to provide ample scope for his famous inductive powers. Why was this card so hurriedly torn, yet not completely torn in half? How came it that five-



THE HIGH COST OF LOVING.

hundred-and-sixty matches were only burnt a quarter of an inch below the head, and some three hundred others consumed almost to the base? There is that single scrap of paper with the sole word *Angela* on it. Where is the rest? How did that other letter continue, the letter which begins:—

DEAR SIR,—In further pursuance of our telephone conversation yesterday afternoon—?

Is there some sinister meaning about the little box containing probably, but not certainly, pen-nibs? And the cotton-wool? I feel that the cotton-wool would be a very mysterious clue.

The grapes are gathered. The corn has come home to garner. All good things must have an end. My fire behind its little screen, my fire so full of random notes and *obiter dicta*, my secretarial fire, must perish also. It seems a pity. I find that the newspaper with which in early childhood it was laid is full of political forecasts about the General Election, and has an article also on the coming cricket season of 1929. On this frail basis it has continued to support not only the bones of wood and the body of coal, but all the gradually heaped *detritus* of a drouthy year. It has seen the Labour Government in. It has seen the South Africans play. The beginning and the end of the London Season have meant no more to it than a little falling of soot, a few more cigarette-ends, a green artificial flower (I had not noticed that before), an invitation to dine.

It has been the custom of writers and essayists to brood ponderously over a lighted fire, to see faces and fantasies in the glowing embers, to be plunged into sad reveries when they watch the vivid tongues of flame or hear the falling of a coal. It has been left to me, I think, to write so much (and so tenderly) about a fire which has never been lighted at all.

Never, alas! until now. Here will be a bonfire of dreams, a holocaust of memories. Farewell matches; farewell cotton-wool! And you, little scraps of correspondence; and you, Angela; and you, last menu card of the Skelton Society, that have been with me so long! Flare up, little pen-nib box! It is autumn. Your hour has come.

* * *

F-f-f-f!

EVOE.

The Emperor's Old Clothes.

(A New Fairy Tale.)

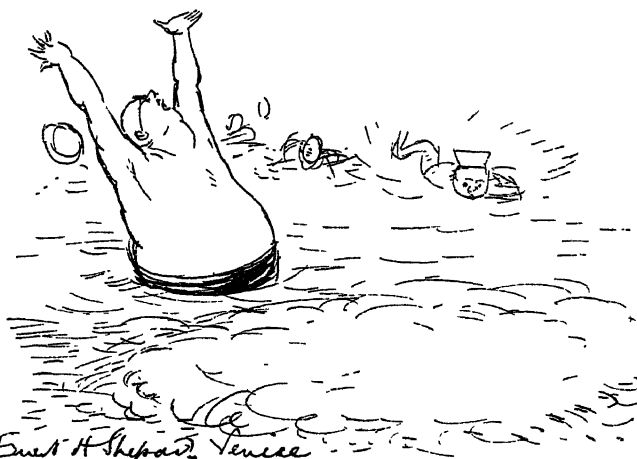
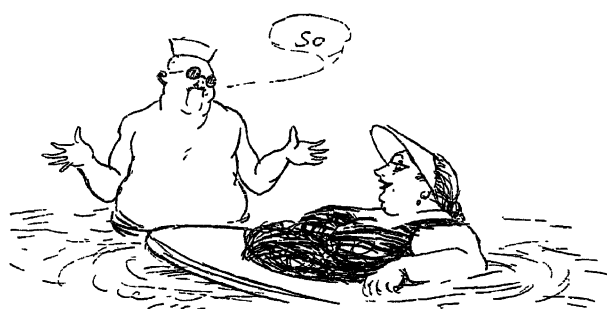
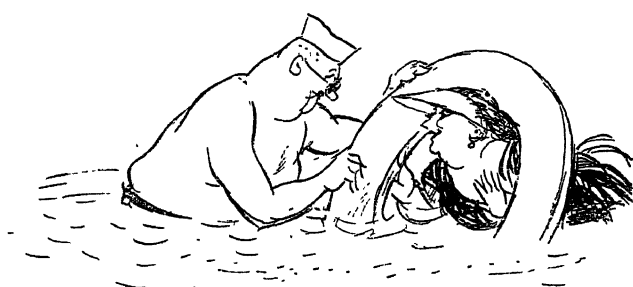
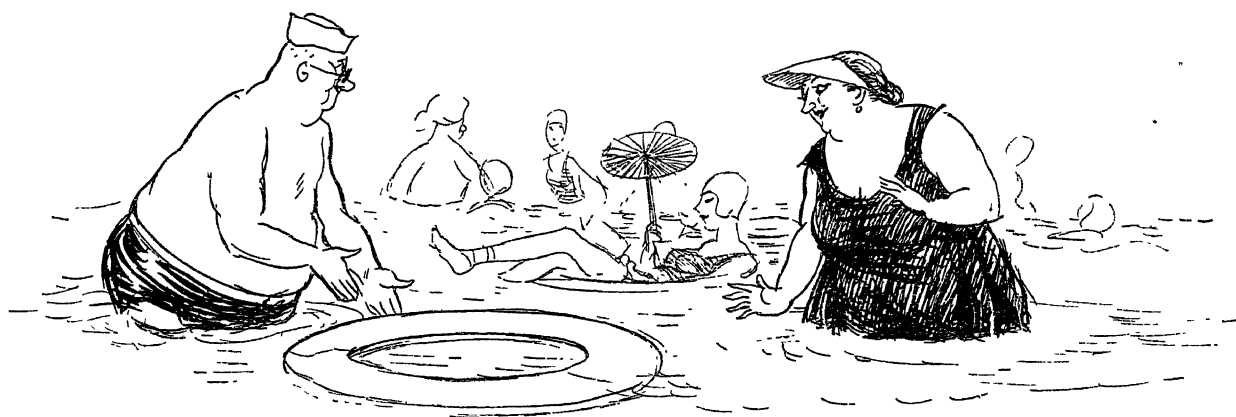
"Mr. MacDonald will occupy part of the suit which was intended for the ex-Kaiser before the war, when the Berengaria was a German vessel."—*Daily Paper*.

And yet Mr. MACDONALD declares that there is nothing spectacular about his visit to America.

Another Impending Apology.

"Yesterday I received an invitation to Miss Eileen Bennett's wedding on November 19.

It is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the old church is likely to see more tennis stars than have ever congregated there before. That should indeed be a busy day for the police."—*Daily Paper*.



Ernest H. Shepard. Venice

"SUNK WITHOUT TRACE": A LIDO TRAGEDY.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

THE BEE-KEEPERS.

THE trouble began when a swarm of wild bees invaded the Nukuku Mess at breakfast-time and attached themselves, after several preliminary and alarming feints, to a rafter. Personally I distrust bees, and when the commotion had subsided a little and George had emerged from under the table, I issued orders through the window that he was to organise a counter-attack, under cover of a smoke-screen if necessary.

I had to leave it to George because I had just remembered that some urgent correspondence demanded my immediate presence in the orderly-room; but an hour or so later, the camp being uncannily quiet, I reconnoitred the position, half expecting to find that George had either smoked himself into unconsciousness or been stung to death. Instead I found him superintending the construction of a large beehive in what I could only consider dangerous proximity to my own quarters, whilst his batman, Private Ali, was standing by complacently, almost hidden under a loathsome mass of bees, which he subsequently inveigled into entering George's home-made hive.

It appeared a perfectly peaceful proceeding, and George, reporting the bloodless capture of the entire invading force, was lyrical on the subject. It seems that an uncle of his had once kept bees, whilst Private Ali had been practically brought up in a hive. Honey, as George emphasised, was too good a thing to be turned away when it fell on us from the skies, and he thought we ought to make the most of it.

I had my doubts, confirmed later by an unfortunate encounter with a straggler from the hive who objected to my sitting on the chair he was occupying; but George won his way and the bees were duly taken on the strength. I must admit that they behaved very reasonably, beyond showing a disturbing partiality for the jam on the Mess table and my particular brand of brilliantine.

George and Private Ali enjoyed themselves hugely. They were for ever investigating the domestic secrets of the hive, George attractively draped in a mosquito-net, which cascaded from his

helmet and over his shoulders, to be caught up at the waist with a neat leather belt. Private Ali scorned any such concession to the principles of Safety First and handled those bees with entire unconcern, pulling and pushing them about in a way that made my blood run cold. Personally I was content to look on from a distance, and the rest of the half-company seemed to feel as I did about it.

There were one or two regrettable incidents, notably when a morose bee—probably smarting under a sense of injustice at having been reprimanded

touching the ground, an acrobatic feat I never hope to see equalled. But since subsequent investigation disclosed the presence of a gramophone-needle in the canvas of the chair the affair cannot properly be laid at the door of the hive.

Had things gone as George led me to believe they would, we should now be consuming quantities of honey—George even went so far as to speculate on the possibilities of making a polish out of the bees-wax and issuing it to the troops—but events turned out very differently.

One hot morning I was watching Sergeant Karoga as he crossed the square on his way back to the orderly-room, when he executed a little leap into the air. Now Sergeant Karoga is a model of military deportment and would no more think of skipping across the square than he would of saluting with both hands at once. But on this occasion he gave a whole series of skittish little jumps, and then broke into a trot, which rapidly developed into a hand-gallop, whilst as he went he slapped alternately at his head and his ankles. Finally he flung discipline to the winds, let out a yell of anguish and fairly bolted in the direction of the Askari lines, his knees almost touching his chin as he went.

This was not all. While I still gaped in amazement, an assorted group, composed of the Mess-waiters, the cook and a couple of unattached piccanins, broke cover from the neighbourhood of the kitchen and, heading east in a body, shot across my horizon like a comet. They

were closely followed by Private Ali, travelling solo and moving at a rate of which I had never believed him capable, but which was leisurely compared to the speed of a stray Kaffir dog, which overtook him in a dozen yards and vanished, yelping, in a cloud of dust long before Ali had dived head-first into the nearest hut.

About this time I was becoming conscious of an ominous droning noise, punctuated by shrill cries from the Askari lines, when a sharp stab on the back of my neck emphasised the desirability of retreat. I had just time to barricade the orderly-room before the storm broke, and the triumphant bee hordes occupied Nukuku without a struggle.



"A GHASTLY SHEETED APPARITION EMERGED."

by the O.C. Hive for not pulling his proper weight of pollen, or failing to burnish his sting, or something—vented his spleen on our Mess-waiter as he was bringing in lunch, and we were reduced to bread-and-cheese.

Then there was the occasion when George's pet monkey stuck an inquisitive paw into the hive entrance, and the quarter-guard promptly turned out in force. That monkey was last seen travelling due west at incredible speed, and, since it never returned to camp, George reluctantly struck it off the strength as missing, believed killed. There was too the time when George, collapsing exhaustedly into a deck-chair, shot up almost to the roof of the Mess and bounded out of the door without



Indignant Lady (exhibiting grimy hand). "JUST LOOK WHAT ONE OF YOUR CARRIAGE DOOR HANDLES HAS DONE!"
Stationmaster. "UM—SHOW US T'OTHER ONE."

For two hours I gazed from my window on a deserted camp. Nothing stirred, and only the steady buzzing of the bees broke the stillness. I was beginning to wonder whether there were any other survivors when I observed Sergeant Karoga cautiously peering from a hut, after which he stole gingerly into the open. Seeing that he remained immune, I joined him, and we set out to ascertain the damage. The bees had evidently gone, and as the Sergeant and I strode unharmed through the danger zone black heads popped nervously out of hut doors and the skaken Askari crept out to join us.

At the sound of our voices the door of the Mess opened very slowly and a ghastly sheeted apparition emerged and shuffled awkwardly towards us, squeaking and gibbering as it came. It was George, closely wrapped in a mosquito-net, apparently on the verge of suffocation and manifestly unnerved.

I unwound him, whilst he huskily related how he had inadvertently upset the entire hive when engaged in checking the supplies of honey on hand, or something equally futile (George has the soul of a quartermaster). His face yielded to treatment and eventually

resumed its normal shape; but we have never seen a bee since, nor shall we encourage it if we do, and as a honey-producing organisation George and Private Ali have gone out of business.

SAFETY FIRST IN THE JUNGLE.

A MOTOR-CAR charged three full-grown tigers near Ootacamund the other day. One tiger was laid out. At about the same time a motorist near Nairobi charged a party of ten lions, striking two of them. In the Nairobi district, it is said, lions are so approachable that motoring parties go out to watch them at their play, some pelting them with missiles to stir them into greater activity.

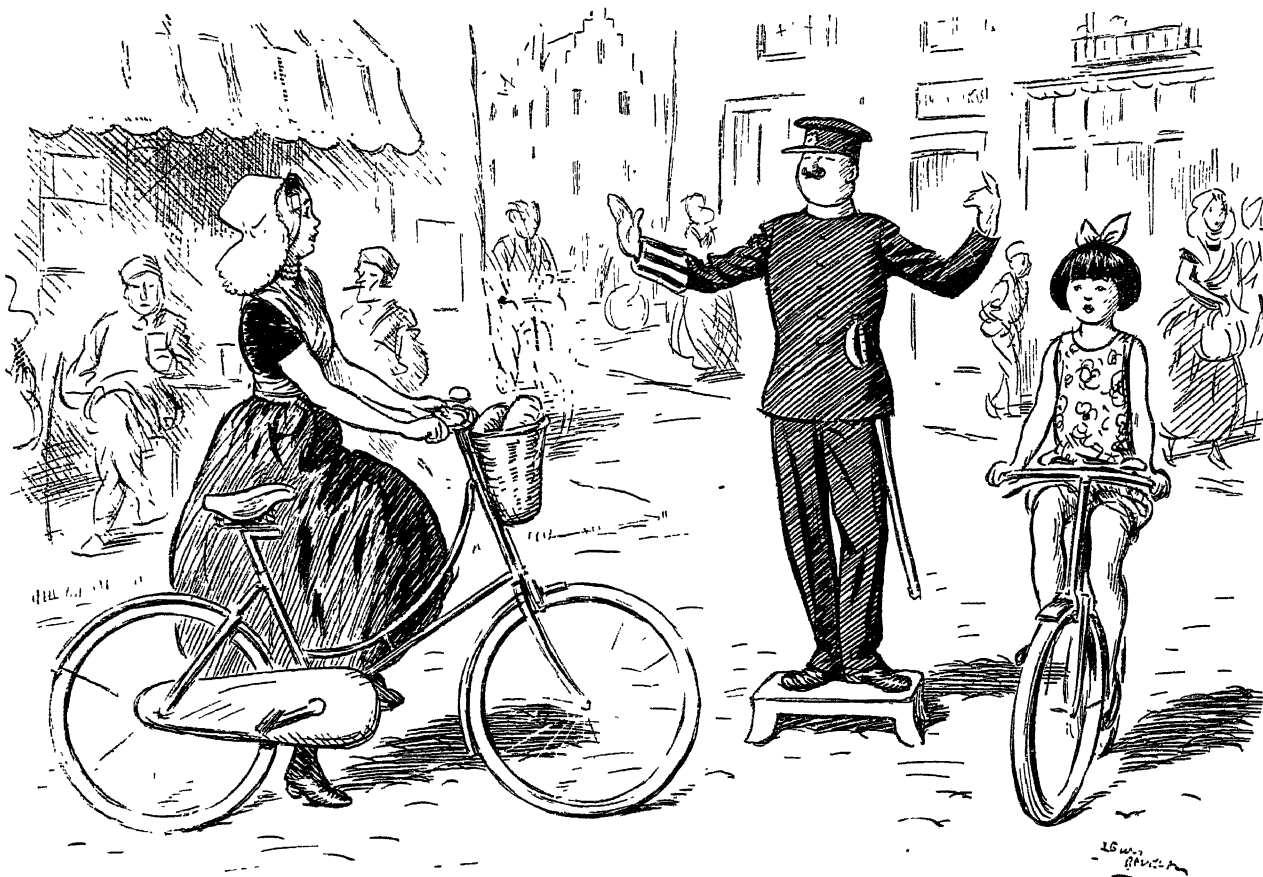
The question is, Do these pebble-throwing parties and lion-charging enthusiasts go properly equipped for such amusements? The average car is not strong enough, in our opinion. With the exception of a few creditable examples among the charabanc type of vehicle, which are capable of colliding with the heaviest pedestrian without suffering serious damage, hardly a car on the road to-day could cope with the more massive fauna of far-distant lands.

Hill-climbing tests are all very well; but the time has now come for elephant-climbing tests. Fifty miles to the gallon is little protection against a couple of galloping lions which are really hungry. What is the use of a Buskin Seven in the bush unless it is guaranteed to come to earth wheels first and intact after being tossed by a water-buffalo? What is wanted is a car with panels that will not yield to the horn of the rhinoceros, with a bonnet that will not be knocked awry by the trunk of any passing elephant, with tyres that are proof against the gnawings of the famished hyena.

Our jungle motorists must be protected. Yet in the forthcoming Motor Show shall we find a single make of car whose bodywork will stand up to the grizzly bear, whose upholstery will defy the leopard's claws, whose framework will hold out against the embraces of the python or the anaconda, and whose radiator is guaranteed to leave an impression of its pattern on the hide of a hippopotamus?

Another Impending Apology.

"MR. T. SHAW'S LOST WATCH.
 MISSED AFTER SEEING PREMIER OFF."
Sunday Paper.



THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.
A SKETCH IN A SMALL DUTCH TOWN.

A DEAD BADGER.

TORN from your abode obscenely,
Thrust upon the public eye
(Which would have annoyed you
keenly),
Slaughtered badger, here you lie.

Just a spent and piteous figure
Done to death before your time
By an irritated digger
For a virtue, not a crime.

All you asked was peace and quiet,
To support yourself and cubs
On an inoffensive diet
With a useful turn for grubs.

In this earth whereon you lavished
Careful heather for your bed
(Now, alas, exposed and ravished)
You reposed till day had fled.

Only when the sun's diurnal
Course was finished, you would fare
Forth on wanderings nocturnal
For a spot of food, and air.

Badger, gentle-hearted badger,
Lying in such evil plight,
Though you wouldn't hurt a spadger
(Granting you've a healthy bite),

E'en to you there came disaster
By a wholly sporting deed
Which upset our worthy Master,
Though it served another's need.

For to-day the hounds were running
And the fox, no little done,
Settled, with his usual cunning,
That he'd had enough, for one.

Accident, which brought him your way,
Drew him, slack of brush and limb,
To your hospitable doorway
As the very place for him.

Did you, though he brought you danger,
Though a beast of naughty fame,
Spurn him as a total stranger,
Shoo him out the way he came?

No. However uninvited
And unwelcome as a guest,
You expressed yourself delighted,
Took him in, and bade him rest.

But his powerful scent betrayed him,
And the baffled hunt came round,
All uniting to upbraid him
For his having gone to ground.

And—but why prolong the story?
Cruel hands with pick and spade

Dug you out to share the gory
Fate of him you thought to aid.

He, no doubt, had been a sinner
In a comprehensive way;
Liked a chicken for his dinner;
Good at poaching too, they say;

Thus, regarded as a quarry,
He had asked for what he got;
But in your case—were they sorry
For the murder? They were not.

Never paused to think how kindly
Was the act that gave offence;
Simply did you in for blindly
Causing trouble and expense.

Badger, hospitable badger,
Fox and man have wrought your end,
Man the slayer, fox the cadger—
You're the gentleman, my friend.
DUM-DUM.

A writer in a daily paper points out that the seafarer has a clearer mind than the landsman, and that he also differs from the latter in having no daily paper. One theory of course is that the mariner's unclouded faculties are directly due to the fact that he suffers no *Mail de mer*.



HIS FURRY FRIEND.

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON. "IF I'M TO LET YOU HUG ME, YOU MUST FIRST PROMISE NOT TO SQUEEZE."

SOVIET BEAR. "LET ME HUG YOU FIRST AND WE'LL DISCUSS THE OTHER MATTER AFTERWARDS."

A PSEUDO-BROWN STUDY.

(With apologies to Mr. Ivor Brown.)

YESTERDAY I went for the first time since its renovation to the — Theatre and came away disappointed in more ways than one. The arrangement of the auditorium has been changed, I think, for the worse. In both the stalls and the circle the gentle slopes and easy inclinations, so grateful and comforting to the feet of the tired and replete business man, have given place to a succession of high steps; in short, the whole place seems to have burst into tiers. Nor was the play good. The —, hitherto a positive stronghold of reticent and powerful he-masculinity, has reopened with a somewhat watery melodrama which is continually striving to be a philosophical problem-play. The result is curious.

The principal character is a General, who opens the ball by telling us the story of his life. When he was a boy his father, it appears, wanted him to go to Cambridge, and afterwards to take Orders, because there had always been a clergyman in the family. The boy preferred, however, to cut Cambridge and enter the Army, thus, as he does not appear to have noticed, beginning to take orders far sooner than he would have done otherwise.

This first scene is full of talk, none of which has any bearing on the play as a whole. The General has no illusions about his calling. You can lead a force to the slaughter (he says in effect), but you mustn't let it think. An American, a timid and ineffectual man (I doubt whether he could say "say, bo" to a goose), nevertheless disagrees with this, and, gaining confidence, releases a flood of uninformed philosophical jargon about the plurality of existences, all of which of course is so much caviare to the General. No conclusion, so far as I can make out, is reached.

The second scene is at an inn, where we are introduced to an entirely new set of characters. Two agricultural labourers are seated at a table with pint-mugs of beer, while a soft-voiced Chinese gentleman talks to them about the General's lurid past. He talks a great deal, and we gather that he dislikes the General very much; but before very long he leaves the inn, and for all we know returns to his native Peke district, for he does not appear again. The labourers are left staring a little disappointedly at their mugs: two hinds with but a single quart. Nevertheless the Chinese gentleman's words would seem to have sunk in, for in the next two Acts things become very hot for the General in the best elephantine manner; but the General does not complain. Old soldiers



Actor (asked to admire landlady's goldfish). "YES, JOLLY LITTLE THINGS, AND OF COURSE FRIGHTFULLY FAITHFUL."

never sigh. The American does the complaining, loudly and incessantly bewailing the fact that he has been drawn into this unnerving business merely because he is staying at the General's house. There is also an intolerably facetious parson who starts philosophical discussions with the American at moments when the General is in most need of their help. "What is truth?" asks this jesting sky-pilot chattily, while the General is being shot at two miles away. The American, that ever-present yelp in time of trouble, makes no answer, and so the parson tells us.

Naturally it all comes right in the end. The General marries a young woman from London, whom we meet for the

first time at the end of the second Act, and eventually settles down with her, after retiring from the Army, in respectable suburbanity. *Per ardua ad aspidistra.*

"DIVIDEND OF 25 PER CENT.

D. Gestetner, the office printing and duplicating machinery manufacturers, whose business was converted into a public company in March last, is able to report a net profit for the year to August, 1929."—*Sunday Paper.*

Vive la compagnie!

"Ship required to moor Thames-side as club: engineless, roomy, hulk perhaps."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

We should insist on the hulk being a certainty.

HUMAN AND ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE Alwin, Leonie's young brother and my young brother-in-law, has taken to the study of science in his spare time, the conversation in the home circle when he is with us often reaches a high standard.

The other day, for instance, the talk had turned on the question, "Do birds think?" Alwin maintained warmly and at some length that they did; he said that he had observed them doing it, and that the only difference between birds and human beings was that the former did it from below upwards, and the latter from the top downwards. Leonie said that his argument was very interesting and she was inclined to agree with it. Personally I found it a trifle obscure; that is until Alwin explained that he had understood the question to be "Do birds blink?" After that it was as clear as daylight. Leonie suddenly appeared to lose interest in the conversation and confined her attention to a punctured stocking.

From the blinking and the thinking of birds the discourse turned, as scientific talk will, to the intelligence of animals in general, and Fosby, a neighbour who had looked in for the evening, contributed to the debate for the first time.

"I once had a cat," said Fosby, "which before the incident I am about to relate had never shown signs of unusual intelligence. He had never caught a mouse, nor anything else for that matter, nor, as far as my wife or myself had observed, had he ever attempted to do so. And then one evening he walked calmly into the room in which we were sitting with a full-fledged cock-pheasant in his mouth.

"The same evening I was sitting reading the paper when my wife remarked, 'You know, I think Larkspur must be quite a clever cat after all.'

"Oh, yes," I replied rather shortly, for I was naturally horrified at the crime the animal had committed.

"I found him this morning," she continued, 'lying in the attitude of a LANDSEER lion on the picture page of the paper you're reading. He was looking down for all the world as though he was studying the pictures.'

"Ha, ha!" I laughed, more by way

of politeness than amusement, and continued reading.

"Have a look at the picture page," she continued, 'and see if you don't agree with me.'

"I looked at the picture page and put the paper down with a low whistle. Across the top was written—

'PHEASANTS ELIGIBLE FOR THE MENU FROM TO-DAY,'

and underneath was a large photograph of one of these birds in its natural setting. For the date of the paper and the date upon which these incidents occurred was October the First."

What Leonie and I would have made of this story I don't know, had not Alwin hastened to explain (laying peculiar stress on the words in italics) that it is a common error in science to confuse



Small Boy (after being refused more jam by elder sister). "HUH! AND TO THINK THAT YOU 'LL BE SOME POOR BEGGAR'S MOTHER PROBABLY SOME DAY."

cause with mere chance circumstance. He said that Fosby's story illustrated this well, for he had no hesitation in saying that it would be dangerous to deduce, for there was no *proof*, that the capture of the pheasant was the *result* of the way in which Larkspur had spent his morning. After that we didn't attempt to deduce anything of the kind, of course.

Fosby merely laughed, and said that what struck him as extraordinary was that a cat could catch and kill a full-sized pheasant. He would never, he said, have believed it. And he laughed again.

I'm not quite certain that he believes it now. I'm not sure that there's not more in Fosby than strikes the ear. Alwin thinks that there's not quite so much, for he intimated to me afterwards that he thought him rather stupid. But then Alwin's is a high standard, the standard of one who, as I say, has lately devoted much of his time—his spare time—to the study of science. C. B.

PHARMACY WEEK.

OCTOBER 12th—19th is Pharmacy Week, "the chemists' first essay at national advertising." And "the public are to be invited to take part in a competition for a national motto for chemists."

It saddens me a little to see so level-headed a body of men descending to the common craze for slogans. Are not their jolly miscellaneous shops and windows the best possible inducements to trade? I never go into a chemist's without wanting to buy the whole shop. And if only more of them would decorate their windows with those large and lovely red and green bottles, so rarely seen to-day, I should always be ill. Years ago I wrote a song about those chemist's bottles, in which the mystery of their being was solved at last:—

"But if the truth is
what you want
The truth is sweet
and short,
For one of them is
Crème de Menthe,
The other one is
Port.

At even, when he feels
like sin,
He takes them from
the shelf,
He asks the naughty
doctor in
And just enjoys him-
self.

He fills a bumper to
the brim,
He lights a huge
Havana

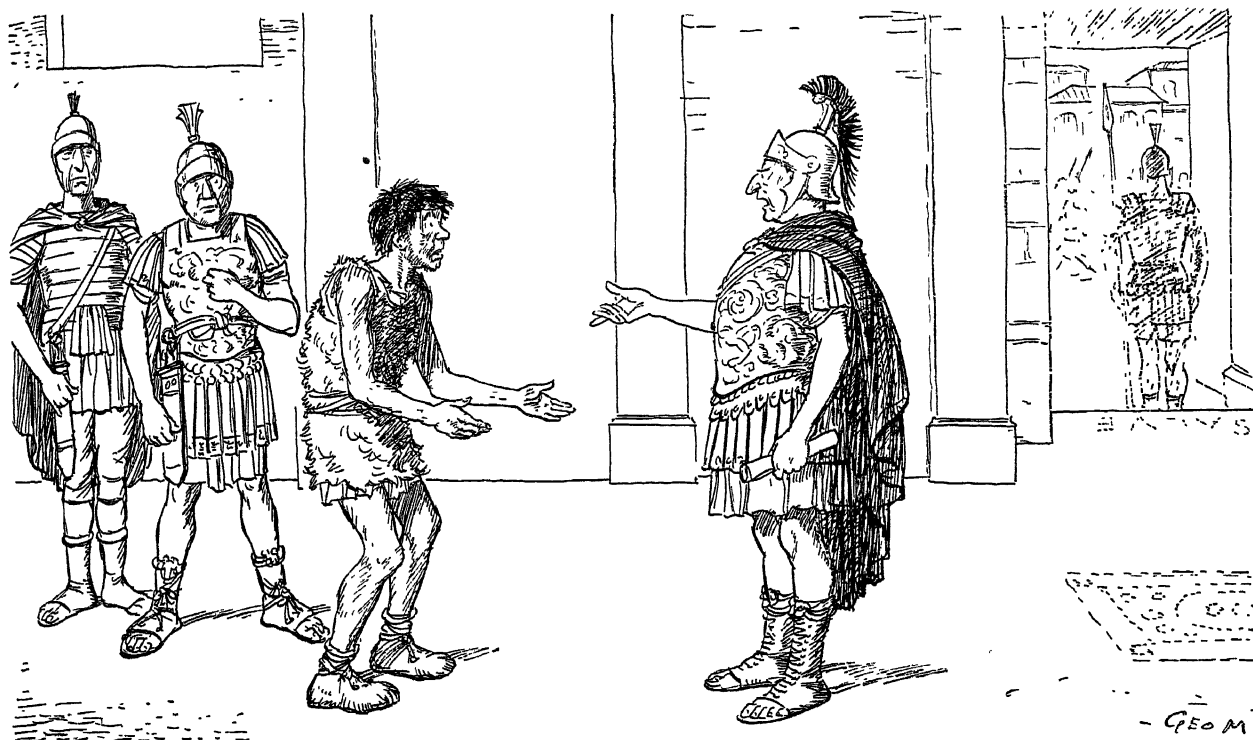
And bawls the rude barbaric hymn
To Ipecacuanha.

All night they hold those hideous larks
And horribly the street
With pharmaceutical remarks
Which I must not repeat."

And so on. Well, they are an ungrateful profession. Four years ago also I wrote another song which is one long slogan, battle-cry and advertisement for the chemists. Perhaps the pharmaceutical world thought it flippant, for I see that "flippant suggestions will be turned down." So I have brought my song up-to-date and made it serious. In my judgment it bristles with slogans, and I wish to enter them all for the competition. Let the anti-toxin sound!

THE CHEMIST'S SONG.

Pause, passer-by, and softly say
"Well, am I quite the thing to-day?"
The human race is far from strong,
And most of us have something wrong—
TAKE IT IN TIME!



IN OLD LONDINIUM.

Incensed Roman Official (to native servant). "DID I NOT ORDER YOU TO HAVE A BATH?"

Servant. "I HAVE HAD IT, YOUR EXCELLENCY."

Incensed Roman Official. "WELL, YOU'RE NOT NEARLY CLEAN YET."

Servant. "MAY I REMIND YOUR EXCELLENCY OF THAT PITHY PROVERB, SO OFTEN ON YOUR EXCELLENCY'S LIPS: 'ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY'?"

Are you as well as you suppose?
There is a pimple on your nose;
And many a spot that size, my friend,
Becomes an abscess in the end—
TAKE IT IN TIME!

That little cough which you neglect
Will mean pneumonia, I expect;
While Pyorrhœa lurks beneath
Four out of five of Britain's teeth—
TAKE IT IN TIME!

There are complaints which, if ignored,
Attack at last the spinal cord;
And woe betide the child who scorns
Our cure for Chilblains, Chaps and
Corns—
TAKE IT IN TIME!

You would not wish to see your wife
Dissected by the surgeon's knife;
But that is what will happen if
She don't correct that tiresome sniff—
TAKE IT IN TIME!

I knew a man whose horrid breath
Untimely drove him to his death;
So I should gargle, Sir, with this
Extremely pleasant dentifrice—
TAKE IT IN TIME!

One moment, Madam! Try your weight.
Ah! seven stone. You should be eight.
But we've a tonic, Ma'am, which may
Prevent your wasting quite away—
TAKE IT IN TIME!

Then 'tis impossible to tell
If the inside is working well;
You would be safer if you chewed
These little tablets after food—
TAKE IT IN TIME!

Gold is a curse, we all admit,
But you have not too much of it.
Why waste it then on doctors' bills?
You have the pains and we the pills—
TAKE BOTH IN TIME.

*For nervousness, lassitude, debility,
anæmia,
Quinsy, sciatica, diseases of the skin,
Rheumatism, dandruff, acute septi-
cæmia,*

*The colic and the croup
The shingles and the stoop,
Melancholy, flatulence—walk right
in!
Don't shut the door when the horse is
stolen!*

*Don't sit and wonder why the gums are
swollen!*

*We have the one and only proved
panacea*

*For Sore Throat, Backache, Asthma,
Pyorrhœa;*

*We sell Face-Creams, Shaving-Brushes,
Soap,
Scents and Sponges, Hot-water-bottles,
Hope.*

*We'll keep you thin,
Adiposity's a sin;*

*Or we'll keep you fat
If you fancy that.
Walk in, walk in! One penny pill
Saves you a pound on the doctor's bill.
Something's wrong, though you don't
LOOK ill—*

TAKE IT IN TIME! A. P. H.

Anti-Feminism in the Free State.

"Choice Damsels, 4d. per lb."
Advt. in Dublin Paper.

"Campolo landed a hard right to the ear,
but was cautioned for hitting low."
Scots Paper.

It sounds like a spaniel's ear—one of
those that trail on the ground.

"Order has been restored after the rioting
at Argos between the opposing factions."
Evening Paper.

It is understood that no quarter was
given.

"Sculcoates (Hull) Guardians have decided
to give tickets for bags of goals each week to
necessitous cases over 60 years of age."
Scots Paper.

Old Garge, who plays centre-forward for
our village, crowed when he heard this.

"I do exercises twice daily. Ten minutes
when I come from my bath, ten minutes at
night before going to bed, and then I play
tennis."—*From interview with noted singer in
Evening Paper.*

This is what is known as Soft-Court
Tennis.

AT THE PICTURES.

MELODRAMA AND THE SOUTH SEAS.

It is becoming increasingly clear that preliminary thought is insufficiently taken in the big movie studios. Grey matter is being shelved. For an instance of this want of due consideration I would cite Mr. SAX ROHMER's *Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu* at the Plaza. If ever there was a series of incidents that should have had free untrammelled play, they are here. They clamour for brisk action and captions; but the story having come under the producer's eye after the talkie fashion had set in and not before, they have been cramped and confused by the conditions of the new invention. Even though every cinema theatre in the world were fitted



Host. "WOULD YOU LIKE A NICE POISONED CUP OF TEA, DART, DAGGER OR FUMES; OR A QUICKLIME BATH?"

Dr. Fu Manchu . . . MR. WARNER OLAND.
Dr. Jack Petrie . . . MR. NEIL HAMILTON.

with the latest speaking apparatus, there would still be just as much material for the silent screen as ever there was; and, if the right treatment is given by the silent screen, as in the case, say, of *The Four Feathers*, the public will crowd to the result, as they are crowding to that, and forget that talkies exist.

In my opinion the ample riches of *The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu* were thrown away directly it was decided to make it vocal. The dialogue is not good enough to compensate the audience for the loss of thrills caused by restriction of space and indifferent lighting. The screen performer who talks is seldom free in his movements. Also it reminded us of the loss the English stage suffered when that subtle and distinguished actor, Mr. O. P. HEGGIE, left this country for other shores, to settle

eventually at Hollywood; for it is he who plays the part of *Nayland Smith*, the detective who at last brings *Fu*



Dr. Fu (having taken poison). "I'M ANOTHER OF LIFE'S FAILURES—ONLY GOT FOURTEEN OUT OF MY FIFTEEN INTENDED VICTIMS."

Manchu's career of malignant hypnotism and lurid crime to a close. That it should end was, to me, a source of regret, for the wicked Chinese doctor is far more interesting and valuable than



"SO THESE ARE COKERNUTS!"

AN UNRECORDED MOMENT IN THE EDUCATION OF THE NAÏVE OWNER OF THE PLANTATION.

Joranson . . . MR. DONALD CRISP.
Henry Shoesmith . . . MR. RAMON NOVARRO.

the fussy Englishmen with American voices, in an incredible pasteboard seaside castle, whom he is stealthily pursuing and doing in. As for the little girl, daughter of a British officer in Peking during the Boxer riots, who

grows up into the heroine, living either under the Doctor's care in China or in Limehouse—she develops a voice even more American still, although her so-called protector, played by Mr. WARNER OLAND, intones with the Oriental gravity proper to religious revenge and meticulous turpitude.

The inclusion of a funny man, externally imbecile, in this kind of thriller seems now to be an established rule. There is one in *Bulldog Drummond* at the Tivoli, and here, amid Mr. SAX ROHMER's sensationalism, is another, played by Mr. WILLIAM AUSTIN in the same manner, and equally acceptable to the audience. Mr. TOM WALLS, stepping out of *A Cup of Kindness* at the Aldwych, might have something



SHADY SHADES.

Villain of "*The Pagan*" (crossing the *Styx*, to *Dr. Fu Manchu*). "WELL, CHUM, THEY'VE DONE US IN AS USUAL, BUT IN OUR OWN LITTLE WAYS WE WERE A COUPLE OF THE LADS!"

pertinent to say about Mr. AUSTIN's most successful joke.

If *The Pagan* is still in the programme at the Empire I strongly advise you to see it. The setting is Hawaii or a neighbouring paradise of waving palms; the central figure is the comely RAMON NOVARRO, a lotus-eating, half-caste, three-quarters-naked youth, who owns most of the island but is so careless of his possessions and so much fonder of idling than responsibility that he signs a document giving to a white trader in a pith helmet (the unfailing type) all his copra rights for nothing. An improbable incident, especially as only the day before the trader had kicked him off his yacht and called him foul names. The two other characters in this glamorous and romantic play are *Tito*, the trader's ward, also voluptuous and half-caste and very charmingly im-



Mistress. "WHOSE WAS THAT MAN'S VOICE I HEARD IN THE KITCHEN?"

Maid. "OH—'M—MY BROTHER—'M."

Mistress. "WHAT IS HIS NAME?"

Maid. "ER—I THINK IT'S 'ERBERT, 'M."

personated by Miss DOROTHY JANIS; and *Madge*, a white woman with doubtful antecedents who acts as goddess out of the machine. The story is skilfully balanced between South Sea raptures and European avarice, the idyllic passages among the waving palms, only a few yards from buses and evening newspapers, being almost unbearably alluring. Nothing could be prettier than these two children—they are hardly more—in their unconscious courtship, with the "Pagan Love Song," which all London will soon be whistling and humming, as an accompaniment. For, though the story is silent, depending upon the good old-fashioned captions, it has the advantage of sound, and the singing of this song will perhaps be its greatest attraction. I will not unfold the plot, merely saying that the film gets more and more exciting and not less so, and that we come away envious as well as happy, and thinking of the shark as one of the most blessed of God's creatures. E. V. L.

PLUS-FOURS.

THE prophets extolled
Man's pride in his legs
When of muscular mould;
Not like *Mr. Wegg's*,
Not shrunk to the semblance of
spindles,
The sorry dimensions of pegs.

Oh, well may the maid
Of Phillistia laugh
At Samson afraid
Of revealing his calf,
When his new and ridiculous raiment
Hides up its most opulent half.

They may have been planned
By the French or the Yanks,
But I fearlessly brand
Their creators as cranks
For reducing us all to the level
Of weaklings with skeleton
shanks.

They're the foe of all sports
For the young and the strong,

By discouraging "shorts"
And assuming it's wrong
To refuse to play games in a garment
That's floppy and sloppy and long.

I am frugal of hate,
But I own there are scores
Of people of weight
Whom my spirit abhors,
And I hold in especial abhorrence
The man who invented plus-fours.

A Comprehensive Policy at Last?

"Insurance.—Insurance against thirty-party risks should be a condition of a vehicle being licensed."—From article in *Daily Paper*.

Anticipation's Artless Aid.

"JERSEY JOURNALISM IN 1809.

The newspaper in question which is a modest four-page journal, while folded measures 13 inches by 9, and nominally printed in the French language, there are a percentage of notices and paragraphs in English, several of which read rather quaintly to we of the twenty-first century."—*Jersey Paper*.

Us of the twentieth is also struck by the quaintness.

AT THE PLAY.

"HAPPY FAMILIES" (GARRICK).

THE MISSES AUDRY CARTEN, WAVENEY CARTEN and JANE ROSS who are responsible for *Happy Families*, are adroit manufacturers of bright lines and swift-running dialogue of a familiar semi-incoherent character all very true to life. If some of the lines, as for instance, *à propos* of wills, "It's so easy for a man to die and so difficult for a woman to live," and "Where there's a will there's no way—unless you're in it," have rather a spurious sort of sparkle, others are of the true metal for light empty comedy, and till the middle of the second Act we all felt, I think, that the play was going well. We didn't quite realise till then that this was meant to be a tragedy, with grim skeletons grinning from the cupboards in three apparently happy families and that we were to be shown a new technique of indignation in the virtuous heroine, very enlightened and late Georgian.

There is first the *Beresford* family—widowed father and two daughters. *Oscar Beresford* is an adventurous financier who sails dangerously near the wind in the City, and at home talks very heavily of his honour, insists that his daughter *Daphne* shall never again see the young married man whom she loves intensely but with due and honest observance of the letter of the law; moreover threatens to drive her forth penniless into the world if she does not do his bidding. Point is added to his homilies by the fact (which we know, while his daughters for the moment do not) that he has long been carrying on an intrigue with his best friend's wife and has only escaped the Guildhall dock through the convenient suicide in prison of the one man who can give evidence against him. While he is still ignorant of his guilty accomplice's death he proposes to look after the poor man's wife and family while he is in prison, and make it worth while for him to keep silence. When he learns that this sportsman has not only conveniently removed himself but destroyed all incriminating evidence, with sound business instinct the shrewd fellow thinks better of it. He is in fact a peculiarly disgusting person.

His daughter *Fay* has married a surgeon of so unlikely an aspect and of so dull a wit that nobody could ever, except by inadvertence, entrust him with even a minor operation. He does indeed promptly slay the only patient that we know, on indirect evidence, to have fallen

practically, in the only way intelligible and convenient? Certainly, says *Daphne*, but you must announce our liaison in *The Times*—or words to that general effect. This is, as he points out, a course commonly discouraged in under-secretaries. Why not be discreet

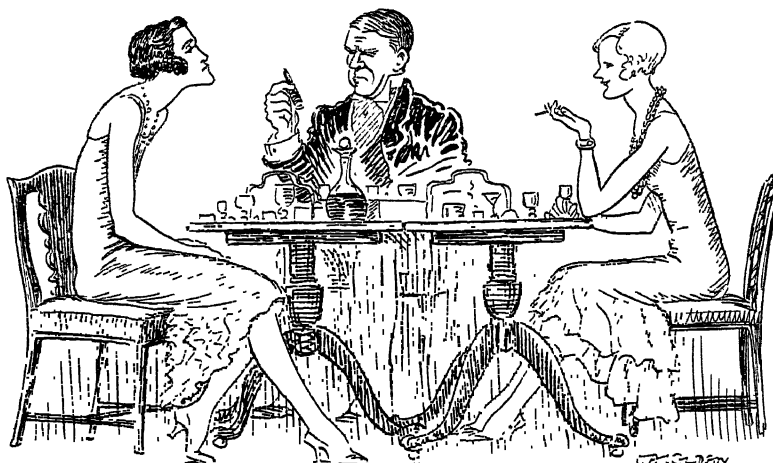
—like your father, for instance? We began to dislike this young man. As for *Daphne*, she upbraided him passionately in open lounge and noisily bade him go out of her life for ever and ever, as she was not that sort of girl. After all she has an abjectly devoted young baronet to fall back upon, a handsome guileless youth, who does not ask for love, but only to be allowed to take care of her. Though a little irresolute and apprehensive on the eve of her wedding-day she still persists, to his naïve surprise, in marrying him, even though her brother-in-law's ready

knife has removed the legal obstacle to her union with the under-secretary.

It is never quite fair perhaps to give so flippant an account of serious plots. But to tell truth it isn't really serious. Time that should have been taken (and there is never much time to spare) in making us understand the characters was wasted in idle, if engaging, chatter. I think these young ladies capable of giving us something very good in the way of very light comedy. The trouble is that they try to carry too much sail, and founder.

The New York Theatre Guild recently exhibited to us a dangerous but diverting trick of lively production—duologues where both characters talk at the same time. But they used the device with extreme discretion. Here we were offered long passages in which two or more of the characters were briskly trying to blanket each other's wit at the bridge-table while two others were singing at the piano. All very natural and for all I know the practice at a hundred bridge parlours in the town. But art, as artists are always telling us—though we have no ears to hear—has nothing essentially to do with imitation—no, not even the art of the actor.

Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER's sketch of the motivelessly malicious mistress of the heavy father was excellent. Mr. ALLAN JEAYES found Mr. *Oscar Beresford* a little too much for him—which was honestly not his fault. Mr. JAMES



Father of Happy Family. "WHILE YOU'RE UNDER MY ROOF I WILL NOT HAVE YOU COPYING MY MORALS."

Daphne Beresford MISS AUDRY CARTEN.
Oscar Beresford MR. ALLAN JEAYES.
Fay Willoughby MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN.

into his hands. *Fay* is also carrying on an intrigue with her best friend's husband in her best friend's house. We are inclined to make every excuse for the poor girl.

Daphne's passionate friendship is for a brilliant young politician who has just secured an under-secretaryship. He presses his claim with ardour. Will *Daphne* not prove her love for him



JULIA HURST (MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER)
 PLAYS HAPPY FAMILY BRIDGE.

RAGLAN put a very real sincerity into a brief final passage with his beloved and got laughed at for his pains—which should learn him. And Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON won merit as a rather downright, eccentric parlourmaid. Miss AUDRY CARTEN, who played the serious heroine with evident sincerity, acknowledged on behalf of the syndicate of young authors the audience's friendly call. T.

"SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLED"
(ST. MARTIN'S).

That experienced mystery-monger and sound stage-craftsman, Mr. WALTER HACKETT, gives us a most ingeniously contrived puzzle in *Sorry You've Been Troubled*, and works it out with no failure of plausibility until perhaps just near the very end.

Ridgeway Emsworth, traveller, epicure and squire of dames, returned to London after long absence, has settled his baggage in Room 502 in the Grand Hotel and comes down to the telephone-lobby, where that admirable young woman, *Miss Phæbe Selsey*, is presiding at the busy switchboard with unruffled courtesy and unfailing discretion. A table for two is engaged at the restaurant of the moment. Alas! all his old adventurous companions, rung up one after another by the discreet *Phæbe*, have ranged themselves. There is nothing doing. The disconsolate *Emsworth* returns to Room 502.

Phæbe, whom nobody ever takes out to supper, not, we guess, because she wouldn't be an excellent companion but because she has too much self-respect or is too shy to fly those signals which the more enterprising of her sisters know so well how to display to their pleasure and profit, often dreams a foolish dream that one of these days just such a man as this kindly lonely *Emsworth* will come from the ends of the earth and the romance of her life will begin. But naturally, if you not only are but look respectable and perhaps just a little dowdy, these things don't happen. She turns wistfully to her flexes and plugs, and *Emsworth* meanwhile arrives in 502 to find the door open between his room and the next, and through the door sees the dead body of a man.

We, who know more than the returned traveller, for there have been busy goings and comings of various characters, beautiful women, agitated and seemingly unsatisfactory men—we too assume there

has been foul play. *Emsworth* retains this view, even when he has been informed by the manager that he is mistaken and probably drunk; when moreover a personable but rather sinister-looking young man explains (as to a man of the world who wouldn't spoil sport) that as a matter of fact there is a fair friend of his own in 503, and—well, need he go on? Dissembling, *Emsworth* assures him that he needn't, and sets his wits, which are not of a very high order, against the evidently desperate criminals by whom he is surrounded.

But why (we begin to wonder) should the admirable *Miss Selsey* be so de-

not guessed from the first. I cannot obviously say more about the matter without betraying the author and anyone who will take my advice and go and see this excellent show—and that would be unpardonable. The only flaw I could find was that what the financier's secretary did with the revolver would not obviously have deceived our expert medico-criminologists—as he very well knows.

Miss MARION LORNE (*Miss Phæbe Selsey*) is always interesting to watch. She has a great sense of character and a genuine sense of comedy. Her quiet smile and her quiet effortless method generally are most effective. *Miss Selsey* is in fact a genuinely lovable young woman. The part of *Ridgeway Emsworth* (Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD) fits the agreeable WAKEFIELD formula. If Mr. ROBERT HOLMES hadn't been so skilful we should have missed much of the pleasure of suspense in this business. And I thought Miss DIANA WYNARD made of *Lady Sheridan* a most attractive and credible young woman. I can commend this affair unreservedly to both simple and complex persons. T.



THE MAN WITH THE TELEPHONE COMPLEX.

Phæbe Selsey Miss MARION LORNE.

Ridgeway Emsworth Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD.

finately bent on thwarting him—so blandly and so skilfully? The dead man we now know is a financier. Is there some dastardly money plot and is this shy smooth-tongued girl in it? Then surely no one can ever read character from face and voice again.

With remarkable ingenuity and with the praiseworthy co-operation of the players who infect us with just the right amount of suspicion as to their motives, Mr. HACKETT lays his false trails and in the best spirit of this game plays fair with us. It may be a little ingenuous of me, but I confess I sat really absorbed in the puzzle, and not till near the end had I a suspicion of the real solution, which was none the worse for being simple and much the better for having been guessable yet

under the immediate patronage of Princess LOUISE, Duchess of Argyll. Tickets may be obtained from Queen's Hall, or from the Surgical Supply Depot, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, W.8.

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY.

THE growing tendency to telephone rather than to write a letter is going to make a great difference to biographies of the eminent; and such of us as are so old-fashioned as to like the leisurely perusal of personal correspondence are destined to a thin time. A foretaste of our frustration will be found in the slender volume entitled *The Life and Telephone Messages of Sir William Livewire, K.B.E.*, which Messrs. Knewstyle and Rush have just published,

where machinery plays a part hitherto unknown in such works. The messages, I may say, have been collected with the greatest pains by Sir William's very capable and assiduous biographer, who has interviewed scores and scores of the dead man's friends in the search for conversations over the wire worthy of perpetuation. But for their co-operation the book would be slim indeed.

Into the details of Sir William's rapid rise from obscurity to power and wealth there is no need to enter. It is all too recent history. But he had his private life as well, as this fascinating work brings out. For instance there is his radiant domesticity. Although his widow could produce no example of the written word, her memory was exact as to the charm of his messages, for even during his courtship this remarkable man, this typical modern, preferred the telephone to the pen. "He would ring me up several times a day," she said, "to assure me of his affection. 'I love you, Kid,' was his favourite formula."

Business was indeed far from being all. Sir William was glad to turn aside now and then from the rigours of finance to the alleviations of literature. It was on the morning after listening-in to Mr. EDGAR WALLACE that, his secretary records, he ordered all Mr. WALLACE's works on the lowest possible terms. Speaking on the telephone later to his sister, he said, "I've bought all WALLACE. A great fellow. When I've got time I'm going to read him." Alas, this treat was not to be. Before that eagerly-looked-for leisure could arrive the blow fell.

It is doubtful if Sir William Livewire would ever have been a great letter-writer in the sense in which we apply the term to Madame DE SÉVIGNÉ, to WALPOLE, to GRAY, to LAMB, to FITZGERALD. But this we shall never know, because he never tried. What we do know is that he was a great telephonist. "It is probable," says one of his assistants, "that no one could rebuke an exchange attendant so effectively as he or get better attention."

Let me quote an illustrative passage or two to show what may be in store for readers of biographies of the future:—

"One of the most significant of Sir William's telephone messages was uttered on the occasion of his elevation to the status of a K.B.E., surely a moment of terrific import in any career. The reader might suppose that then, at any rate, he would reply to the official letter with his own hand. But no, he was too busy; it was at a moment when the fate of cart-grease was in the balance and the market had to be watched day and night. The patronage secretary of the Prime Minister of the day remembers clearly

how he was rung up the next morning. 'Livewire speaking,' came the words; 'glad to accept honour.' No more. And then, on the 31st of December, he seems to have rung up again. 'Livewire speaking. Please tell me if I am Sir from first thing to-morrow morning or if I have to wait till the investiture. *I should not like to make a bloomer.*' How characteristic is that last remark, which has been thrown into italics! There you get the man, so direct, so forceful, so one-ideal, and yet so punctilious."

And again:—

"Beautiful as are many of the letters of condolence with which readers of the biographies of the past are familiar, I doubt if any carefully-composed screed, howsoever sympathetic in tone, could be more eloquent than Sir William's telephone message to his old friend, Sir Pompey Blow, on hearing that his wife had been knocked down and killed by a motor-car. 'That you, Blow?' he said, and it is noteworthy that on this occasion, much against his natural inclination, he himself rang up, and did not delegate the task to an employé—'That you, Blow? I couldn't be sorrier if it were my own missis!' Terse, but how fraught with sincerity and tears!"

Oddly enough Sir William's untimely death was in a way due to the service upon which he had relied for so long; resulting, it is conjectured by his medical advisers, from the failure of his unaided efforts to get a number on one of the new automatic machines, where the subscriber has to do all the work. The unfortunate man was found next morning dead of apoplexy. E. V. L.

THE UNDAUNTED FISHERMAN.

A REUTER cable from Avalon, which is on Santa Catalina Island, California, tells that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who is on a visit there, has caught a sword-fish weighing one-hundred-and-eighty-eight pounds.

We regard this spoiling of fishing stories by Reuter as a disquieting phase of news-gathering. After all these years, during which Reuter could have gone up the Thames and visited other popular waters of this country, it is a little hard that he should open his campaign of disillusionment in a remote place like Santa Catalina, where a fisherman might well expect to be allowed to gather uninterrupted the material for the recreation he loves so well. It is not fair to Mr. CHURCHILL that on his return he will find an audience prepared with exact facts to listen intelligently and even critically to his holiday experiences. As it is, his friends are well aware that a fish of one-hundred-and-eighty-eight pounds is of no greater size than can be illustrated by the dimensions of an ordinary smoke-room and is not so heavy as a small bullock.

The story must lose much in the telling.

But has Reuter told us all? While the correspondent was hastening to the post-office with his cable, did he leave behind a competent deputy to take note of any further achievements of Mr. CHURCHILL? We believe not; at all events we have ground for the opinion that Mr. CHURCHILL will have an amazing story to tell after all.

"Darkness was falling," we can imagine him saying to his attentive circle, "and soon we should have had to return to shore. I determined to make one more attempt. I impaled a fresh worm on my hook and cast it far into the leaden-coloured waters of the bay. The sun had gone. Little stars peeped out one by one. Then I felt a tug at the line. Immediately the silence of that peaceful scene was broken by the whirr of the wheel of my rod and the voice of my host saying, 'There is something big at the end of that line.' Swiftly I replied, 'I know there is; but what sort of fish, I wonder, is at the other end?'" He will tell of the boat being drawn rapidly out to sea for mile after mile; of the blanched faces of his companions; of the relief when at last the hidden monster was exhausted. "Hand over hand we hauled it in, until a shadowy form, immense, appalling, appeared," he will continue. "We lashed it to the side of the boat, and only after herculean efforts were we able to bring it to the beach, where I paced out its length. It was a good long walk from sword-tip to tail-end. And when we got it on the scales we found it weighed over five hundred pounds."

Then some student of Reuter will drop his brick. "But the papers say it was one-hundred-and-eighty-eight pounds," he will remark easily.

But WINSTON can manage bricks. We can hear him reply: "Oh, that one! I threw that one back again."

"REDDISH STRIKE."—*Daily Paper.*

Go on hoping, Mr. MAXTON.

"Mr. Solly Joel's grey beard moved quickly about the enclosure."—*Daily Paper.*

We understand that Mr. JOEL himself was in close attendance.

"I was on the set at 9.30 a.m. and went on, with brief intervals, until 11 o'clock midnight."—*Evening Paper.*

Said he, changing with ease from Summer Time to Greenwich Time.

"It had been found that on the Sun's surface there were spots, called sun spots."

East African Paper,

We often wondered where they got their name from.



MR. H. D. GILLIES.

*For Cambridge (nineteen-four) he rowed,
Appearing from an Antipode ;
At golf he's plus-I-don't-know-what,
And won St. George's Challenge Pot ;*

*When the soft turf his niblick hews,
Defly the divot he replaces ;
And the same plastic art renews
The natural form of wounded faces.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—CV.



Grandma (perturbed by the latest financial scandal). "I THINK I SHALL SELL OUT ALL MY SHARES AND PUT MY MONEY IN AN OLD STOCKING."
Joyce. "BUT, GRANDMA, IT ISN'T NEARLY CHRISTMAS-TIME YET."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"THE page of human life is quickly read and one does not care to dwell on it unless it touches the heart"—so DISRAELI from Hughenden the year after his wife's death to the woman who could not fill her place but saved him from the incessant contemplation of its emptiness. *The Letters of Disraeli to Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield* (BENN) are, during six out of the eight years they cover, the letters of a Prime Minister. They deal intimately with public affairs and their circumstantial glamour is undeniable. But it is for their intimate and touching portrait of "a heart that will not grow old" that they will be read and re-read with tenderness. Undoubtedly they have their humours, discretionary and involuntary. The situation that begot them was itself a whimsical one. The first place in DISRAELI's heart was given to SELINA, Lady BRADFORD, though, SELINA being out of reach, he proposed to her sister ANNE; and from the more sociable and (one gathers) more towardly ANNE he exacted tidings of his "dear darling reclusé," his "peerless matron," "the dear being who is driving with you"—and so forth—which the dear being herself was too aloof to provide. To SELINA is undoubtedly addressed the cream of the correspondence, the pick of whose more than sixteen hundred letters and "scribblements" has been admirably edited by the Marquis of ZETLAND here. The great Suez Canal coup is confided to SELINA; her BEACONSFIELD scribbles "Adieu" with the carriage at the door on his way to the Congress of Berlin;

her letters are more precious than "loud huzzas," her portrait than "stars and garters," and "except that I shall rarely see you when my reign is over, the loss of my sceptre would not break my heart."

Those who have witnessed the screening of an Indian film made in Hollywood will find themselves very much at home in *The Web*, by HUGH STEWART (HURST AND BLACKETT), for herein are exhibited all the conventional properties of India, together with appropriate captions. The hero, an Indian Prince named *Pertab*, becomes transformed by a course at the Rajkumar College from a palace lizard into a real English gentleman with a talent for saying things like "I swear that I am innocent and with God's help I will prove myself worthy of your trust." The other characters talk in the same strain without much provocation. These persons are all clearly distinguished by name, with the exception of the Princess-heroine, who appears to be a vicar's daughter escaped from some other book. There is a widowed Maharani with the vocabulary of a fishwife who vamps every male she meets by "exhibiting the contours of a goddess." There is an English trainer of racehorses who provides some quite superfluous comic relief. There are three European officials who make one marvel how such people could control their charges for a day. There is a holy man who gets the author out of a hopeless tangle by means of "spiritual insight." And there is a Pathan who is a hundred per cent more fanatical than the Wahabis. But the author's greatest creation is *Sajjan Singh*. "He belonged to that race of human weeds—the bastards. In his blood the fire

of a long line of warrior princes mingled and sputtered, choked by the viscid emanations of generations of cringing serfs." With all this going on inside him we are hardly surprised to find him "tossing in a cyclone of corroding hate," committing crimes and finally becoming insane. Those who acclaim the boon of cheap printing may derive pleasure from the thought that a copy of this novel is being stored in the British Museum for the benefit of posterity.

This, the latest tale which G. D.

H. and M. COLE jointly write,
Mystery-lovers who are greedy
For a fairly sleepless night
Ought, unless I'm much mistaken,
to receive with grim delight.

Poison—thus they name the thriller—
In the Garden Suburb shows
(COLLINS aiding) how a killer
Does away with one who goes
Metaphorically treading on an un-
known rival's toes.

In the midst of an oration
At a sort of highbrow hop
There's a sudden break (sensation)
And the speaker does a flop,
Having previously swallowed strychnine
in his ginger-pop.

Who it was that doped the potion,
How and when and where and why,
No one seems to have a notion
Till the final scene; and I
Found myself completely baffled and
confess the same hereby.

There is a sort of clarity you get in most French art—literary, culinary, no matter what—which consists in letting one principal but not necessarily pretentious flavour have its way, and taking care that no enrichment however in itself attractive should confuse the issue. In his earlier and shorter stories Mr. JOHN BUCHAN approached this ideal. In *The Courts of the Morning* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON) he seems to have fallen into the common Anglo-Saxon error of employing a profusion of good material and hoping for the best. His plot has fine possibilities of development, but these are swamped in a series of thrilling but unproductive episodes. Characters enter like wasps at a picnic and exeunt with equal reluctance. The greater part are punctiliously named and dated, but I remember them not as single spies but as battalions. There is a middle-aged band of Anglo-American paladins gradually entangled in the fortunes of a South American republic. There is a cohort of bright young Yankees equally but not so obviously enmeshed. There is the staff of the South American (Olifant) Government—amiable officials of a velvet-sheathed commercial tyranny. There is the personnel of Olifa's closely-guarded mining districts—engineering adventurers, helot miners and a Foreign Legion of European wastrels for the dragooning of the rest. Over a full-length portrait of the *Gobernador Castor* Mr. BUCHAN has lavished well-rewarded pains; but even *Castor* is



Publisher (to Partner). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED, HAROLD, BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND A GENIUS FOR A FORTNIGHT."

ultimately sacrificed to his creator's gift for heroic grouping. *Castor*, as far as he goes; some delightful composite South American scenery, and a few incidental glances at current world problems are the adult reader's compensations here. For the young there is a glorious over-plus of kidnappings and escapes, poison valleys and broken bridges, fair women, brave men and scoundrels mitigated and unmitigated.

There is an air of uneasy constraint about Mr. J. F. MOYLAN's account of the Metropolitan Police Force—*Scotland Yard* (PUTNAM). He seems throughout to be subdued by the memory of the seven Parliamentary inquiries that brought the "Peeler" into being just a hundred years ago, and of the innumerable Committees that have sat upon him since, and labours to repel charges which I for one should resent on his behalf. In 1780, at the time of the Gordon Riots, only six constables, it seems, were to be found, and they were shut up in the Guildhall to keep them safe. In its centenary year the force numbers about twenty thou-

sand, and is so popular in its ways and so efficient in the prevention of crime that fewer arrests are necessary to-day than ever. Mr. MOYLAN's only thrilling passage is a notice in an appendix—which I expect you will read first—of the methods used in the GUTTERIDGE case, given as a sample of modern scientific investigation; and for the rest his book is rather a ponderous structure in a sound cloth cover and water-tight boots, stuffed with facts which can be delivered on oath, proceeding from street corner to street corner, from Methods of Recruiting to Crime Index, and from Night Clubs to Traffic Control, at a regulation pace of two-and-a-half miles per hour. Generally the thrill has a little bit died down from an episode before the story quite gets there. One feels that the author may have rather let slip a priceless opportunity for getting back once and for all on the miraculous private detective of fiction, and, though he has the methods and the triumphs of the Criminal Investigation Department in his fingerprints, so to speak, he has no conception of the C.I.D. as the modern Knight of Spain.

Few country towns in England retain the individuality of the Oxfordshire Burford, few extend their present amenities to dwellers so capable of appreciating their past; and fewer still, I think, have found so sympathetic a chronicler as *Burford Past and Present* (SECKER) has found in Mrs. R. H. GRETTON. A reprint of this scholarly and charming little volume—which the late Dr. WARDE FOWLER acclaimed as a model of perfection in guide-books—has been long overdue, and the new edition, amplified and largely re-written, is even better worth possessing than the old. So much social and political history has been enacted on Burford's miniature stage that the story is on its own merits a fascinating one. Burford was never overshadowed by a squirearchy, and its sturdy community of small "master-men" has attracted of late years a kindred company of brainworkers. Burford was the "Wychford" of COMPTON MACKENZIE's *Guy and Pauline* and the last home of C. E. MONTAGUE. A noble letter of the latter's, written to the author, heightens the dignity of her moving account of Burford overtaken by the War.

The reminiscences of Lieut.-Commander DOUGLAS FAIRBARN, which with becoming modesty he elects to describe as *The Narrative of a Naval Nobody* (MURRAY), give a readable and fairly detailed account of the daily life of an officer in the Senior Service immediately before, during and after the Great War. The author's experiences have been extremely varied, the peace-time routine of training cruises and manœuvres with which the book opens contrasting sharply with the serious business of war at sea in more than one of its aspects. Among the latter are included life with the Grand Fleet at Scapa, patrol and escort work in

the Ægean and off the coast of Palestine, where his ship was sunk by a torpedo; a raid into the Heligoland Bight and the surrender of the German U-boats; and some post-war glimpses of the Baltic, Spain and Constantinople bring the narrative to an end. It has no great literary pretensions, nor does it deal in profound reflections on tactics; but, as "BARTIMEUS" in his preface suggests, it is distinctly the kind of book which the historian of the future may well find useful as a straightforward account from its own special angle of the naval life of the period.

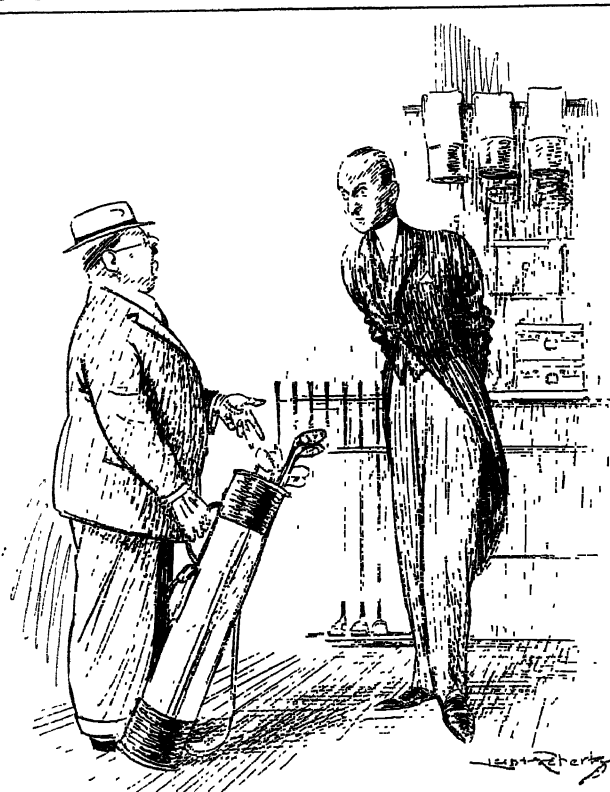
The impression that *An Expert in the Service of the Soviet* (BENN) leaves behind it is fortified by the restrained manner in which this book of revelations is written. M. J. LARSONS, though he did not belong to the Communist

party, was employed by the Soviet Government in various capacities. He assisted, for instance, in organising the first State bank, and later on, when he was in charge of the Currency Commission, his duties included the inspection and sorting of the enormous amount of treasure that had been confiscated. Thoroughly interested in his work he served the Government with skill and loyalty; the fact, however, that he was not a Communist rendered him anything but a *persona grata* to the Soviet authorities, and eventually he found it as impossible as it was dangerous to co-operate with them. In his concluding chapters M. LARSONS shows clearly the reasons why Soviet Russia has been called "the country of unlimited impossibilities." Admirably translated by Dr. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT, this informing book should attract the widest attention.

Mr. DENIS MACKAIL in a mild way is a national boon. Without placing the smallest strain upon the intellects of

his readers, he is equipped to provide them with an entertainment that is as abundant as it is diverting. No fewer than thirty stories can be found in *How Amusing!* (HEINEMANN), a generous measure even when it is admitted that some of them are the airiest of trifles. But Mr. MACKAIL in his flimsiest mood is seldom dull, and several of these tales, notably "The Discoveries of Buz," "Nana Sahib" and "Pigs after Sunset" have the merits that come from real observation and a pleasantly ironical outlook upon the frailties and follies of human nature.

Mr. Punch gives a warm welcome to the late R. C. LEHMANN's *Selected Verse* (BLACKWOOD), a delightful volume containing many poems familiar to the readers of *Punch*. Mr. ALFRED NOYES has written for it a delicately appreciative introduction. Mr. Punch also takes a personal interest in the appearance of another book of verses, all taken from his pages—*Interludes of an Editor* (CONSTABLE), by OWEN SEAMAN.



Novice. "I'VE BROUGHT BACK THIS SET OF CLUBS YOU SOLD ME. THEY'RE PERFECTLY HOPELESS. THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY IDEA OF THE GAME."

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the agitation about pylons on the Downs, an old lady writes to us suggesting that these dangerous reptiles may have escaped from a travelling menagerie or private Zoo.

A clerical correspondent of *The Times* points out the similarity of the human skull to a common walnut. We ourselves have often been struck by this in the course of conversation.

"Yesterday my first appointment was not until half-past eleven," says a gossip-writer. So much for the belief that gossip-writers have to clock on at nine.

The large flocks of starlings which have been observed in the neighbourhood of Somerset House are connected by local superstition with the souls of departed civil servants.

Mr. HOOVER's action in taking Mr. MACDONALD to a shack in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia is regarded by some song-writers as a gesture of goodwill to their profession.

The report that Mrs Hoover and Miss ISHBEL MACDONALD have been out riding at Rapidan on horses from the neighbouring Marine camp is regarded as justifying confidence that the discussions on Naval reductions do not include the question of disbanding the Horse Marines.

In connection with Mr. J. H. THOMAS's claim to have transformed coal into Canadian corn, a political writer describes him as the new MASKELYNE. Nothing is said about a new COOK.

From a review of a book on sailors' superstitions we learn that it is considered unlucky even to mention the name of a tailor on board a ship. This would seem to be the explanation of the uneasiness of the fo'c'stle when the conversation turns upon Savile Row.

In obtaining exceptionally high prices for a pen of young pigs at Tonbridge market Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has provided yet another piece of evidence that the pen is more profitable than the sword.

Although the recent marriage of a Channel swimmer took place in secret, it is understood to have been attested by competent witnesses.

The revelation that "Red" influences were responsible for the Barking bus strike supports the belief that the decision to modify the colour-scheme of the L.G.O.C. vehicles was actuated by political considerations.

Lord ROTHERMERE's position in suggesting that Great Britain should return the Cameroons and Togoland to Germany is strengthened by the fact that under the Treaty of Versailles no German possessions were ceded to Thanet.

In a contest arranged for Italian

development, will make the Scot sturdier and more independent. At first he may be a little saxe-pence-shy.

A doctor says there is no special virtue in early rising. Almost anybody would have faith in a doctor like that.

"British humour is very strange," says a Frenchman. He would probably see nothing funny in an Aberdonian plumber eating railway buns with his mother-in-law at Wigan.

An expert says that a wireless talk broadcast from America could be heard at the bottom of the North Sea. A new terror is added to Davy Jones's locker.

"Many people know nothing about styles in furniture," says an expert. But few are as ignorant as the man who thought period furniture was furniture bought on the instalment system.

A man has been fined for travelling on the railway with only a platform ticket. He seems to have had ideas beyond his station.

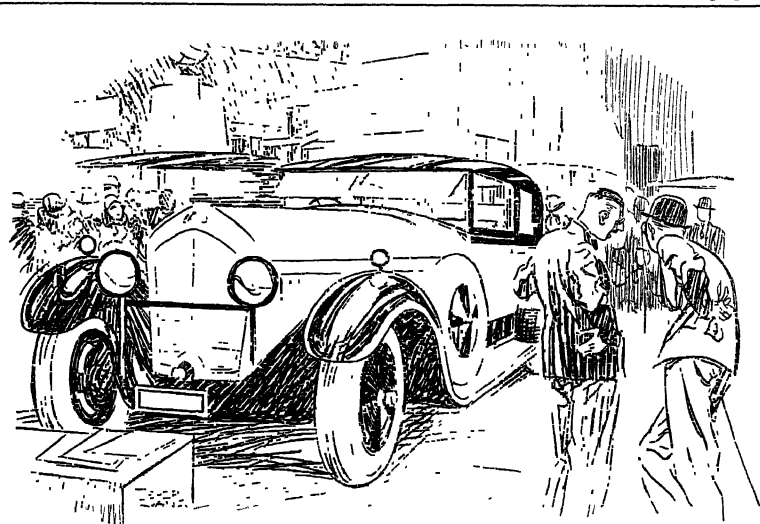
An English jeweller has just returned to Hull after having made a fortune in Hollywood. It is thought that he must have specialised in wedding-rings.

A doctor informs us that people often suffer from nerves because they cannot get just what they want. Lord WOLMER is of the opinion that a P.M.G. who knew his business would supply bromide for wrong numbers.

A motor-car first used in 1895 is to take part in the "Old Crocks' Run to Brighton" on October 20th. Efforts to trace a pedestrian dating back to that year have so far proved unavailing.

An income-tax official declares that people are beginning to understand better how to fill in their forms. This should put the authorities on their mettle.

An evening paper mentions a well-known M.P. who has built up an extensive library out of money saved by abstaining from alcohol and tobacco. Naturally some can save more than others in this way.



AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

Salesman. "I'M AFRAID THIS ONE WILL RUN INTO FOUR FIGURES."

Inquirer. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT; MY LAST ONE DID THAT—THREE HUMAN AND ONE PIG"

journalists they had to try to hit a target with Press messages dropped from aeroplanes. This of course is merely a variation of the usual method of getting a message on to the "Stop Press" column.

The publication of a photograph of Mr. LANSBURY on a swing will almost certainly create a demand for a companion picture of the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT on a roundabout.

At a billiards match a paragraphist noticed that among the spectators was a clergyman who was listening to the click of the balls with his eyes closed. This is how many people listen to sermons.

A contemporary predicts that an annual stream of sightseers and money flowing through the Highlands, as the result of the Government's scheme of

THE POST-MORTEM REWARD OF THRIFT.

A PARENT'S ADVICE TO HIS INFANT SON.

[In Mr. SNOWDEN's recent advocacy of Thrift, by which the Capital essential to trade is accumulated, he made no reference to a book that he wrote nine years ago—*Labour and National Finance*—where, in the chapter on "Limitation of Inheritance," he says: "The only just claim which a democratic State can recognise to the possession of wealth is that the wealth has been created by the self-effort of the possessor. . . . The dead person has no rights."]

If, as I trust, it is your wish, my boy,
To be your father's constant fount of joy,
And, in addition to this filial piety,
Prop the financial fabric of society,
You can't do better than imbibe the drift
Of Mr. SNOWDEN's late remarks on Thrift.
There you will see, expressed with genial *bonhomie*,
How priceless is the virtue of economy.
At first 'tis not apparent; yet, if you
Daily forgo a chocolate or two
(A taste that anyhow should be denied,
Because the stuff is bad for your inside),
You'll come—in time—to purchase shares and stocks
Through putting pennies in your money-box,
And so, as every little patriot should,
Make contribution to the general good,
Lending to trade that Capital which is
The basic essence of our industries.

But here I raise a warning note about
Your sons (if any) when you peter out.
You save your profits, painfully increase 'em—
What of your children, should you predecease 'em?
Assuming, when you pour your manhood's sweat
To gather all the wealth that you can get,
This noble purpose in your heart you'll cherish—
To leave it to your offspring when you perish,
My solemn duty is to bid you glance
At Mr. SNOWDEN's book upon Finance—
See "Limitation of Inheritance."

There on the orphan's claims he sets his ban,
Requiring each to be a self-made man.
When you have agonised to save and save
(Thus speeding up your passage to the grave)
Just for your sons' sake, in your dying ear
These words will ring by way of parting cheer—
(They're SNOWDEN's notion and should make it plain
That you have lived your silly life in vain):—
"No heir shall get from you the wherewithal
To grind the features of the humble thrall."

So, if you'd choose, my boy, the safer way,
Make all you can, but spend it while you may;
Because, unless the fellow's changed his mind,
You've little hope of leaving it behind. O. S.

From the Back-Wash Blocks.

"WATER SHORTAGE."

The Mayor said he would like to draw attention to the fact that the water in the reservoir was very low at present.

Councillor —. We ought to ask the people who wash their fronts to stop it."—*Irish Paper*.

Porcine Amenities.

"The welcome by the Mayor of New York (Mr. Walker), and the reading of the scroll presented with the freedom of New York, indicated in well-chosen phraseology the sincerity of the city of New York in greeting the Premier and his entourage."—*West-Country Paper*.

We hope that on his return Mr. MACDONALD will be presented with the freedom of Oldham.

THE BUSY BEES.

Mr. Bevil Bean, the well-known impresario, has just returned from a six months' stay at Hollywood, where he has been studying American methods of film-production. In an interview yesterday he said:—

"American methods are stupendous. In this country we have nothing to touch them. The studios are very large and full of clever men. England is twenty years behind Hollywood. We have no authors, we have no ideas, we have no machinery, mountains or waterfalls. As to my plans, I can say little at present, but I have several exceptionally big schemes maturing. I have seen things in America which will revolutionise the entertainment world. I am forming a syndicate from which big things may be expected. The theatre is dead."

All this would be more impressive if one did not remember that about three years ago Mr. Bevil Bean made a trip to Germany, on his return from which he said in an interview:—

"The German theatre is marvellous. We have nothing in this country to touch it. Our lighting systems are fifty years behind the times. The Schweit-Schwitze Lighting System will revolutionise the entertainment world. With this system the nature and subject of the play become immaterial. I have seen vast audiences in Berlin so enthralled by the lighting that they did not look at the actors. There is no scenery; just light. As to my plans, I intend to produce SHAW and SHAKESPEARE under the Schweit-Schwitze system. I am forming a syndicate."

Mr. Bean then left the country for Russia. (The Schweit-Schwitze System, it will be remembered, was tried twice in London and has never been heard of again.)

On his return Mr. Bean, in an interview, said:—

"The Russian drama is staggering. I saw things in Moscow which will revolutionise the European theatre. This country is centuries out of date. We have no ideas. In the great State Theatre at Leningrad I saw a vast audience held spell-bound by a play in which there is no scenery, no lighting and no music. Pure drama. Actors have been dispensed with. The play is read out from the prompter's box by the fireman. At Stanislas even the reader has been dispensed with. The audience sits in silence and *thinks* the drama for itself. The effect is electrifying. As to my plans, I hope to produce several of these Russian plays without words, and in December I shall startle London with a new work by Serge, the Cossack half-wit. The theatre is dead."

The following spring Mr. Bean paid a visit to Lapland. On his return from Lapland he said in an interview:—

"The theatre is dead, as we understand it. The Lapps are decades ahead of us. In Lapland I saw things which will revolutionise the entertainment world. There are no theatres. The Lapps huddle in their own huts and play Dumb Crambo during the long winter evenings, which in Lapland last for months. Thus you get the pure native drama, redolent of the soil, free of all artificiality. Some of the Dumb Crambo sagas go on for years. As to my plans, I propose to build a Dumb Crambo theatre in the West End, and in August, when the ice breaks, I shall bring over M. Schktov's famous troupe of Lapps, who play Dumb Crambo in the dark. I am full of big ideas."

This morning, in an interview, Mr. Bean said:—"The theatre is dead. I am going to Tierra del Fuego to look for a good British play." A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"Made in the new Uncrushable Artificial Silk Marocain, the deep hem of plain marocain makes a very smart garment which has actually been selling at 39/11. Actually worth 30/-."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.



THE PERILS OF VIRTUE.

MASTER BULL (to Mr. SNOWDEN). "I SEE, SIR, THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ADVOCATING THE PRACTICE OF THRIFT. I SHOULD LIKE YOUR ASSURANCE THAT, IF I FOLLOW YOUR ADVICE, I SHALL NOT BE REGARDED AS A BLOATED CAPITALIST AND BLED ACCORDINGLY."



Hostess of Public Ball (to lady wearing great array of jewellery). "YOU WOULD PREFER TO DANCE WITH THE DETECTIVE, I FEEL SURE."

INTERLUDE IN EL VADA.

"Yes," said David, "living is expensive out there. One seems to be let in for money so unexpectedly. . . ." (David has just returned from Santarica, one of those Latin Republics in Central America.) "I once went inland to see a man at El Vada on business. El Vada is a town which experiences alternate waves of civilisation and civil war, and suffers from both. The train arrived at the siesta hour, and so I was outside the station with my suitcase long before the somnolent porter reached me. He seemed annoyed; my relatively rapid movements had not only done him out of a job but out of his nap as well. He consoled himself by leaning restfully against a pillar a few feet away and scowling sideways under his hat, like the first act of a vendetta.

"Under the menace of this 'slumbrous hate' I hardly dared turn my back to walk away, and so took a taxi, of which the driver—sleep apparently being difficult for the moment owing to the noise of the departing train—had noticed and hailed me. Or more likely he had had a touch of insomnia.

"I clambered in, hooked the door back again by its string, retied the window-frame and propped the broken seat with my suitcase. We then drove off. Nature's soft nurse had already

reclaimed the porter in an upright position.

"Once really awake, the Santaricans make up galvanically for lost time. Probably sleep is the basic cause of their many revolutions. Rattling like a load of scrap-iron the taxi went off down the street in the manner of a rocket with four tin-cans on its tail. Luckily I went with it; I very nearly didn't. Onlookers actually stirred in their slumbers as we rounded corners on two wheels, while stray bits of metal dropped off the vehicle in showers.

"On the last corner our mudguard brushed the trouser-leg of a dark-skinned gentleman who with unparalleled activity was attempting to cross the street while dozing the other way. It was a near shave, but no harm was done, and we were gone before he could wake up and protest.

"We reached our destination a little further on, and to my amazement I was asked an exorbitant sum by the taxi-driver. He seemed to think he had a right to charge double fare for getting me to the place in time for me to have a short siesta. The meter, which stood at eight-and-a-half dollars whether the flag was up or down, was no help. We argued heatedly, and in the middle of it there arrived the dark gentleman whom we had just missed running over. He had pursued us at a smart stroll.

He instantly opened a passionate harangue directed at the driver, by whose recklessness, he affirmed, he had nearly lost his life. The driver explained in a masterly fashion that it was my base desire to complete my journey in time for a nap that was responsible, and thus diverted the wrath on to me.

"At once the stricken man twirled his moustaches in my face, indicated his trouser-leg, where was a faint smear of dust, which might or might not have been caused by our vehicle, and told me he would need a new suit. He then exposed the leg underneath, which was suffering from nothing except its natural dirt, and intimated that he would have to go to hospital and that he would be lucky if his leg were not amputated. In a magnificently emotional peroration he estimated his new suit and presumably his wooden leg at ten dollars.

"The taxi-man here interposed. He obviously didn't think I was good for so much as ten dollars and intimated his prior right to the amount of his fare, after which the wounded hero might take what was left. I lost my temper and called an adjacent policeman, rousing him from slumber.

"Without any knowledge whatsoever of the facts he came into the fray like a tornado. He drew an enormous loaded revolver and slated the taxi-driver for about ten minutes with the most gor-

geous invective, simile and metaphor I have ever heard. He then asked what the trouble was. The taxi-man (who knew policemen) told him, but mentioned an amount greater by a dollar than what he had demanded. In a lordly manner the policeman (who knew taxi-drivers) told him he was the illegitimate son of two kinds of thief and divided the amount by two. This, he suggested to me, the *señor* might pay; and, though it was still about fifty per cent above the correct fare, I thought it better to do so. The taxi-man thereupon smiled at me like a brother, insisted on shaking hands, raised his hat, bowed and departed.

"A thundercloud, however, remained—the victim of my reckless desire for a siesta.

"We haggled, the policeman listening interestedly and now and then picking his front teeth with the fore-sight of his loaded revolver. He soon reduced his demand to seven and then to six dollars. Finally, at the policeman's suggestion that it would perhaps save trouble in the end if I settled somehow, he accepted four-and-a-half-dollars with the utmost gratitude and geniality. After all, I felt that perhaps he was hard up and it was merely charity. He also shook hands, tried to kiss me on both cheeks and departed.

"I then thanked the policeman, who at once told me that times were bad in between revolutions, that he had a wife and five children to support and that his pay was poor. He added that he had a hard life of it and that his one pleasure lay in helping foreigners out of difficulties. . . .

"I did what was expected. He too bowed and shook hands, thoughtfully putting the revolver away first. He then carried my bag across the courtyard and up to the house for me. This, he explained, he did, not as a policeman who helped foreigners, but as a casual porter whose fee would be whatever the *señor* cared to give. . . .

"Before he left he explained that I had been wise to accept his mediation in the street accident affair or I might have found myself in real trouble; for the gentleman concerned was no less a person than Colonel Pedro Marvelloso Y Notabillara-Pizarro, Second in Command of all the troops at El Vada. . . .

"Yes, living's expensive out there. I'm only glad it wasn't the General Commanding" A. A.

A PROMISING SIGN.

My hopes are burgeoning anew
That once were nearly dead;
The happy day comes into view
Not very far ahead



Knowledgeable Lascar (to Officer). "SEE, SAHIB—ONE STEAM-CHICKEN WALLA."

When I at last shall realise
The object of my dreams,
A guerdon gained for prophecies
Concerning football teams.
'Tis true that, in the most inspired
Predictions I have sent,
My perspicacity's misfired
At least in one event
So oft that, to my deep distress,
The fear I've had to face

That as a seer I'd never guess
Aright in every case.
But now that notion I can treat
As groundless and dismiss,
For I have just performed a feat
As difficult as this;
There really seems no reason why
I shan't succeed ere long
Since (equally unlikely) I
Have had the whole lot wrong.

SPECIMANIA.

"WOULD you mind sitting out this set?" said my hostess, one of those fierce female players whose husbands do not play at all.

"Not in the least," I replied politely. But before I could sit down my host had approached me. I had felt his eye on me the whole afternoon. In some uncanny way he realised that I had a kind heart.

"Perhaps," he said, plucking nervously at his chin, "you would allow me to show you my Alpines? That is," he added diffidently, "if rock-gardens interest you."

In that moment I knew that his life consisted of one long search for kind hearts interested in rock-gardens.

"Few things appeal to me more," I replied untruthfully. His sal-low face suffused with pleasure.

"Come, then," he said, "I shall surprise you."

"I'm sure you will," I said, and meant it.

"Of course," he remarked chattily as we came in sight of our objective, "you know G. F. Wilson, don't you?"

"Very slightly," I replied; "my wife has called, but——"

"I was alluding," he said stiffly, "to the Campanula of that name. A plant, not a man."

It was a ticklish moment, but the way I

laughed at my own absentmindedness finally disarmed his suspicions. He hurried me on and pointed to what looked like a dead fern nestling behind a stone.

"You'll never guess what that is," he said.

"Wait a minute," I begged. "It's a—it's a——"

I assumed the attitude of a man who knows but can't say and moved my lips to complete the illusion.

"You're wrong," he piped, "absolutely wrong! It's *Polystichum angulare divisilobum plumosum densum dissectum*—Perry."

I turned and regarded him with a new-born admiration.

"Extraordinary how easily one can be mistaken, isn't it?" he said affably.

"Amazing," I said.

"You thought it was an *Aculeatum*, didn't you? Now be honest! You did—didn't you?"

"Well—I—er——"

"I knew it," he chuckled, slapping his lean thighs.

I was relieved that he knew it.

"Now," he proceeded, "I must show you my ravine." He led me to the top of a small path which sloped gently downwards between the stones.

"There!" he exclaimed proudly.

"Where?" I asked thoughtlessly.

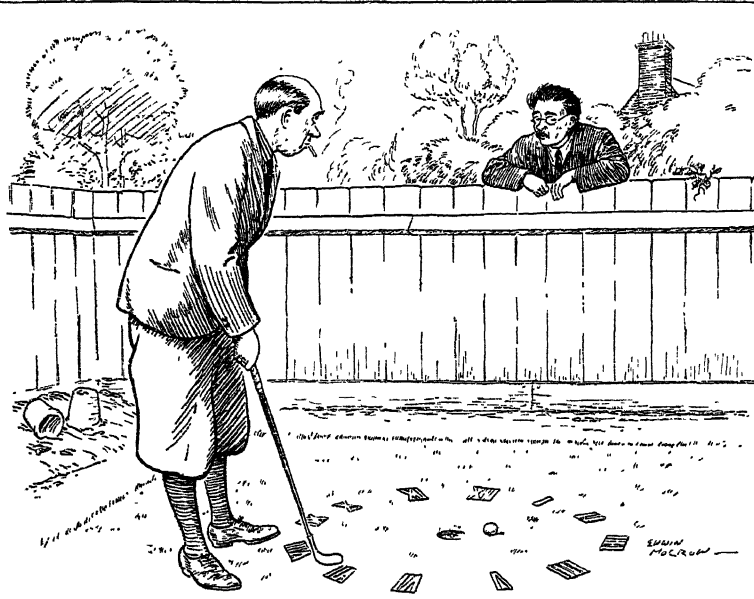
"Why, here."

"Oh—oh! I see. Of course—this is your ravine—just so—charming—quite charming."

"And I have my moraine this side."

"Yes, yes, so I see."

I looked desperately in the direction of the growth to which I imagined he was referring.



Neighbour. "YOU SURELY DON'T CALL THAT A CLOCK-GOLF COURSE?"

Smith. "THEN WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?"

Neighbour. "LOOKS MORE TO ME LIKE A WRIST-WATCH-GOLF COURSE"

"I always love moraines," I said enthusiastically; "they give such a——"

"Sharp drainage," he interposed unexpectedly.

"Exactly," I gulped, swallowing the word I had intended to use.

We sauntered down the ravine.

"That's pretty," I said, pointing vaguely at a collection of plants which had broken into a miserable bloom.

"Which do you mean," he asked, "the *Lithospermum prostratum* or the *Hypsella longiflora*?"

"The—er—sort of long flower," I said wildly.

He looked at me so sharply that I felt that something was needed to re-establish my prestige.

"I suppose," I remarked casually, "your wife knows where we are in case she wants me for another set?"

"Oh, dear!" he said nervously, "I had forgotten all about the tennis. I

had better just go and see how they are getting on."

I made full use of his absence.

"It's all right," he panted, having trotted there and back; "we have a few more minutes."

"Good!" I said. "Lovely thing that *Potentilla fruticosa mandschurica*," I went on grandly, pointing directly at it.

"Isn't it?" he said; "but I'm not sure that I don't prefer the *Farreri*."

There was a note of real comradeship in his voice.

"Well, well," I laughed, "I suppose we all have our pets. I see you have a fine specimen of another of mine there—that *Achillea Kellerei*."

He beamed at me, so I knew that I must have pronounced it correctly.

"Yes," he said; "but have you noticed the *Adenophora megalantha* and my *Chrysogonum virginianum*?"

I hadn't, but he never knew.

"Have you ever had a failure?" I asked with just that trace of jealousy which I knew he would appreciate.

"Yes, I have," he muttered and bowed his head.

"*Polystichum aculeatum honorabile cristatum*," he whispered.

"*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*," I echoed. But he cannot have heard me, for he continued as though I had not spoken.

"I lost it last winter because — because I never studied its habit."

"Ah! these habits of a lifetime!" I sighed.

"I lost my *Linum arboreum* cutting too," he went on unheeding, "because I didn't strike it in sand."

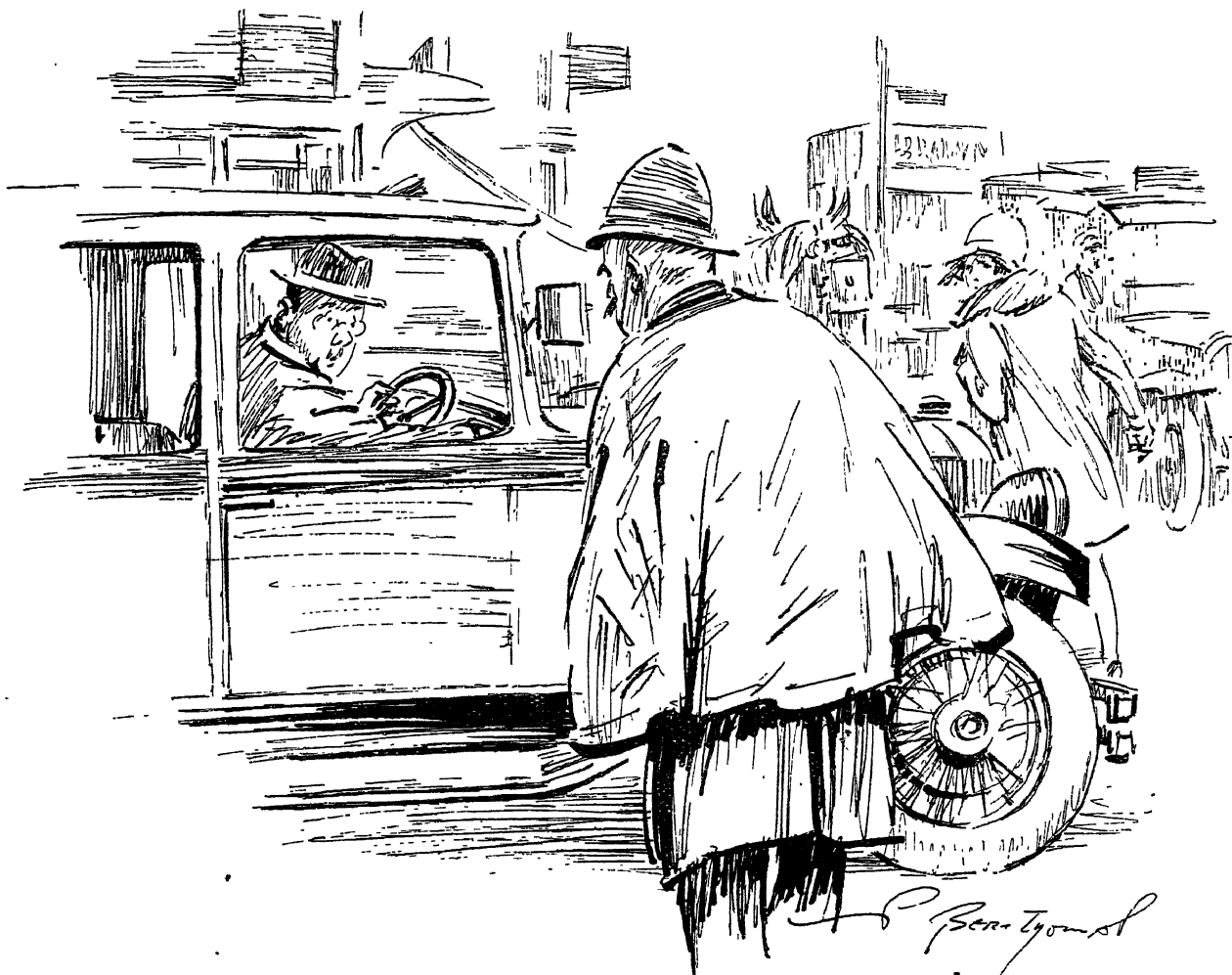
For a moment there was silence, broken only by the sound of the *Gentiana Przewalskii* being attacked by a bee. Suddenly he turned, laid his hand on my shoulder and looked deep into my soul.

"If you ever want to strike," he said passionately, "STRIKE IN SAND."

"I will," I promised, and led him back gently towards the tennis-court. At the bend in the garden-path which took us out of sight of the rock-garden he made me turn and have one last look.

"It's effective against that background, isn't it?" he said.

"Most effective," I replied kindly, "especially for the time of year."



Policeman. "SOUNDING YOUR HORN A LOT, AREN'T YER?"

New Owner. "WELL, IT'S THE ONLY BIT THAT REALLY BELONGS TO ME."

"Yes," he murmured, "it's the Filix-mas."

But he was wrong there, because I knew for a fact that it was the twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

"Bos (Hibernicus) Locutus Est."

"It is not, I fear, a pleasant picture that is here sketched, and if we are to pin our faith to milk, instead of beef, as has been the tendency of late, we can hardly expect to make the best of both worlds. At all events, we are now reaping the fruits of our policy in allowing the cream of our beef bulls to be sent across the Atlantic."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

"The article next week will be on 'Accountancy and Baking as a Career for Boys.'"

New Zealand Paper.

To be followed, we hope, by one on those other closely allied careers, Butchery and Banking.

According to a contemporary a Professor of Vienna University, in a suit in the Court against his wife, has "pleaded that she would not cook or keep accounts." What does he want her to do? Keep accounts and cook them?

A STOUT LAD.

(From a Press Report.)

SING hey the boy of Becontree,
Who has a solid claim,
Though but thirteen in years, to be
Stuck on the scroll of fame,
A radiant youth who stands alone,
A noble mass of flesh and bone
That turns the scale at fifteen
stone;
I wish I knew his name.

The young of that attractive
spot,
Though sound in health and limb,
Confess that locally there's not
Anything touching him;
And, if you searched throughout the
land

In a wild hope to bring to hand
One so majestically planned,
Your chances would be dim.

Even in those of riper years,
Though there are doubtless found
Plethoric men, who own with tears
That they are still more round,

You'd find them eager to discard
Starch, fluids, frying-pans and lard
And generally working hard
To shed a careful pound.

But let him crumpets eat, and cake,
New bread, with all the crumb,
Butter and sweets, and all that make
A noble form and tum;
Let him grow tall, and deep and wide,
Till he can boast with natural pride
That none could pinch him if he tried
With finger and with thumb.

May he do this and greatly thrive,
Until at last we see
Not fifteen stone but thirty-five
Before he's twenty-three;
ORPEN shall paint him in that day;
EPSTEIN shall fashion him in clay;
And ELGAR write a chorus, "Hey
The Boy of Becontree." DUM-DUM.

Another Impending Apology.

"The car took fire and was immediately ablaze. Commander — lifted his bride clear of the flames and saved the baggage."

Manchester Paper.

THOSE LITTLE PLANS.

In my early days as a student of detective fiction I often used to have a good deal of trouble in visualising the scene of the crime. Huskett Transom (investigator) would say to his friend—

"No doubt the outlines of the case are already familiar to you."

And the great man's friend, knowing his cue, would answer—

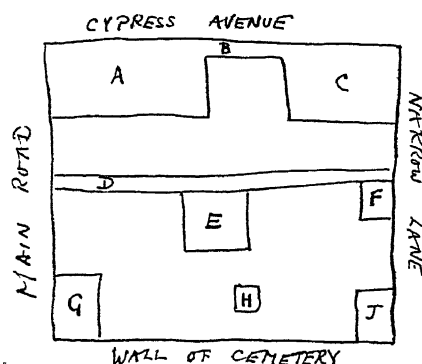
"I have but a hazy recollection of them."

"George Bagley," the detective would then begin without any further mystification, "financier and philatelist, was found dead on the night of the 16th of October in his own large residence at Muswell Hill. He was lying under a bureau with his head in a waste-paper basket, pierced to the heart with an assegai, the position of the weapon making it practically impossible to suppose that the blow was struck by his own hand. The room in which he was found was a library, separated from the rest of the house by a corridor, and formed part of a small suite consisting of this room, a bedroom, a bathroom, and a boxroom used for bonds, securities, wills, etc., and containing a large aluminium safe. The construction of this suite was peculiar, inasmuch as the window of the boxroom overlooked the French windows on the north side of the library, while those of the bathroom were similarly situated with regard to the English windows on the south side of the library. All the rooms led into each other. The door of the bedroom was found half open, and the door of the boxroom half shut. The papers in the boxroom were in the utmost disorder, and a large red arrow had been smeared, apparently with blood, but perhaps with lipstick, on the wall furthest from the library. All the windows were closed and bolted except the top left-hand window of the bedroom, through which a strong draught blew. There was a small circular hole, however, through one of the upper panes of the third window from the left on the south side of the library. On the floor of the bathroom was found a woman's handkerchief, a broken phial of prussic acid, and a life-preserver. The door leading from the library to the corridor was bolted on the inside, and the clock on the mantelpiece to the right of it had stopped at seventeen minutes past nine. The door leading from the house to the corridor had been taken off its hinges and thrown on to the lawn. The watch in the dead man's pocket had stopped at seven minutes to ten. A stamp album open at Egypt lay on the library floor. Coffee or some other dark liquid

had been spilled on the Turkey carpet close to the second French window from the right, and on the table in the centre of the room stood a decanter half-full of whisky, with two half-empty glasses, and a quite empty siphon, which according to the police theory had held soda-water. Traces of veronal have been found in both tumblers, and finger-prints apparently belonging to a large left-handed man wearing a straw-hat have been daubed about practically everywhere."

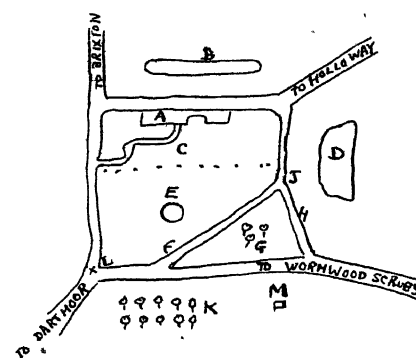
By the time Huskett had got me as far as this I had begun to get a little out of my depth regarding the geography of the affair. Which window looked what way? How exactly did the corridor come in? Where was the mantelpiece? What sort of an architect built this ridiculous house at Muswell Hill, and why? My only consolation was that the whole thing took place on the ground-floor. No author worthy of his salt ever kills a financier or a philatelist or even a publisher upstairs. But even so my heart had begun to hunger for a diagram.

Writers began to tumble to this after a time, and as I pursued my studies a little chart, occurring about page 4, became refreshingly common. Sometimes it was a chart of the library suite. (What on earth, by the way, these elderly unmarried financiers did with the rest of their house I never knew, except that the whole of the west wing was usually devoted to servants' quarters, situated in such a way that no shots could be heard from the library itself.) Sometimes it would be a chart of an outdoor scene, the financier meeting his death on a chair in the rose-garden. Somewhat after this manner:—



- A House.
- B Corridor leading to library.
- C Library suite.
- D Gravel path on which traces of crippled man running were found.
- E Rose-garden where corpse lay.
- F Gazebo overlooking both library suite and rose-garden.
- G Potting-shed where puma was kept.
- H Well in which will was discovered.
- J Garage used by butler for developing photographs.

By frequent reference to this plan I was greatly assisted in subsequent stages of the story. Indeed, I often used to make a little tracing of it, so as to save myself the trouble of perpetually turning back to see whether the gazebo was within blow-pipe range of the rose-garden or not. But there is moderation in all things, and I am beginning to wonder whether nowadays this business of the reference map in detective romances is not being slightly overdone. There is a tendency, I find, for authors to think that so long as they supply a diagram they can complicate the story and confuse the issues and mystify the reader and vary the trend of suspicion as much and as often as they please. Motor-cars have superseded to tangle the problem and baffle the mind as to distance and dates. It becomes almost impossible to pursue Huskett Transom and his friend the author through their own maze of topography and pin them down and strangle them on any point whatever. Contemptuously, about half-way through Chapter I. they throw at me a whole section of the countryside and leave me to pant from sign-post to sign-post, from field to field, in vain pursuit of them. Heaven only knows in what circumstances George Bagley died when half the roads of England were open to his enemies. Almost I begin to feel that I do not care. Even the butler may have had a motor-bicycle concealed in the servants' wing. The plan or sketch-map goes something like this:—



- A House, corridor and library suite.
- B Ornamental water, into which safe was thrown.
- C Garden.
- D Cattle-pond, where machine-gun was discovered.
- E Disused waterworks, containing forger's plant.
- F Lane up which Chinaman ran.
- G Quince-orchard, where butler died.
- H Byway strewn with bottle glass.
- J Road junction at which Huskett Transom found elastic-sided boot.
- K Cucumber plantation.
- L Point where crushed body of George Bagley lay, with marks of motor-tyre on face.
- M Bloodhound-kennel.



Sir Bruce

First Actor. "HOW'S THE GAME, OLD MAN?"

Second Ditto. "WELL, I'M BUSY REHEARSING FOR A PLAY THAT'S SHORTLY COMING OFF."

I grow fatigued by these windy chases from B to E and J to L, and cannot remember what the Chinaman was doing in the *curare* grove, or why the second-housemaid ran so swiftly on the night of the murder from the quince-orchard to the ornamental lake. How I long for the snugness and comfort of the dear old library again! EVOE.

The Thirst for Learning at Hull.

"Swill for disposal; prices required.—For further particulars apply The Director of Education, Guildhall, Hull."—*Local Paper.* The new Hull university is already making its presence felt.

MR. PUNCH PEEPING.

A FIRST NIGHT.

(Encouraged by the success of his young contemporary, the B.B.C., Mr. Punch begins to-day a series of experimental descriptive broadcasts of scenes of interest in London life. To-day he will take you to a First Night at the New Imperial Theatre, which will be described by Mr. Mervyn Flute.)

"THIS is Mr. Mervyn Flute speaking. I am at the microphone in the foyer of the New Imperial Theatre, London. This is the New Imperial Theatre, London, and I am Mr. Mervyn Flute;

I am in the foyer of the New Imperial Theatre on this occasion, which is the occasion of the First Night of the musical comedy, *Say When!* Those listeners who have never attended a First Night would perhaps like me to explain that a First Night means the first performance of a new play, and naturally that is an occasion which is attended with a great deal of interest by all those concerned and which even some of those who are not— Well, here I am, Mr. Mervyn Flute, in the foyer of the New Imperial Theatre; and I am going to try to describe to listeners some of the things I can see

on this most interesting occasion, which, as I have said, is the first performance of *Say When!* at the New Imperial Theatre, and which—

"Perhaps, however, before I begin describing this scene, which is really very interesting and full of interest—and really I feel very doubtful indeed whether I shall be able to convey to listeners any real idea of this interesting scene, because, as you all know, it is one thing to see a thing and another thing to put that thing into words; however I mean to do my best—but perhaps for the benefit of listeners who have only just oozed in I had better explain that I am Mr. Mervyn Flute and I am at the microphone which has been placed in the foyer of the New Imperial Theatre on the occasion of the first performance of the Musical Comedy, *Say When!*

"When I say 'first performance,' I mean, of course, the 'first public performance,' because no doubt the play has been performed in private before, and as a matter of fact one can see at once that it must have been rehearsed several times.

"Well, the first two Acts of this play have passed off without civil war, and the audience are stretching their legs, if I may use such an expression of such distinguished ladies and gentlemen, in the interval before the Third and last Act. I daresay listeners can hear the animated conversation of the gentlemen as they rush past into the bar and the curious shuffle of the dramatic critics. Some of the dresses are really very beautiful, and I wish you could see Lady COLEFAX's dazzling silver dress, which I am sorry to say I cannot tell you what it is made of. I can see a number of well-known men and women. Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE and Mr. AGATE are chatting merrily together about the play. I can see Lord MELCHETT. I can see Mr. EDWARD MARSH, who is a distinguished civil servant, enjoying one of his rare evenings off duty at the theatre. I can see Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER exchanging quips with Mr. GALSWORTHY, whose name by the way is also John. I can see Mr. HUBERT GRIFFITH, who is being ejected by the management. Lady ASTOR and Mr. BERNARD SHAW are standing silently in a corner, reluctant to attract attention. Now Mr. SWAFFER is passing by. I don't know whether listeners heard that—a rather

peculiar sound, a sort of explosive snort. That was Mr. SWAFFER's opinion of the play. I am told by a bystander that the management put on this play without consulting him, which, as some of you may know, is a very unusual step. I can see Mr. Albert Haddock, the well-known publicist. He is earnestly supporting his favourite thesis, that women are an over-rated sex. Lady ASTOR is listening attentively.

"Now Mr. EDWARD MARSH is knocking out his pipe. Mr. ERVINE has thrown away his cheroot. The Bishop of LONDON has just come out of the refreshment-room. Most people are going back to

formed to-night for the first time at the New Imperial Theatre, and which—Two minutes, please.

"That was Mr. Albert Haddock, who has just fallen over a lady and gentleman as he groped his way to his seat in the stalls. I don't know whether listeners heard what the gentleman said. From where I sit it is difficult to identify the lady and gentleman, but they look to me like Miss MAISIE GAY and the Editor of *The Times*. Viscount CASTLEROSSE is on their right, fast asleep. The Third Act is well on its way, and I expect listeners can hear some of the conversation in the stalls. Many of the audience, I am sorry to say, are asleep, and several have bad coughs. Mr. BERNARD SHAW is eating an orange. It is a little difficult to tell you what the play is about, partly because it does not seem to be about anything. From where I sit I can see four or five of the authors in their box, although several are hiding behind curtains. Mr. Haddock has just put his head on the shoulder of the lady next to him. She is Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE and she is speaking earnestly to Mr. Haddock. Now there are forty-eight young women on the stage. They are all waving cricket-bats and they are singing what is called the theme-song in the sound-pictures, 'My Baby is a Bee—I'll Say She's Honey.' Mr. Haddock has woken up and is admiring the fourth young lady from the left in the front row. Mr. NOEL COWARD is jotting down a new play. The Bishop of LONDON is going out. Mr.



"I MUST SAY YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A GARDENER."

"NO, MADAM, I AM AN EYEBROW-PLUCKER BY PROFESSION, BUT, NOW THE FASHION IS GOING OUT, I THOUGHT I'D TURN MY HAND TO A BIT OF WEEDING."

their seats. The rest are stealing out with their hats and coats. Here comes Mr. Albert Haddock, arm-in-arm with the Mayor of EASTBOURNE. Mr. Haddock is in trouble with his stud, which looks like falling out. There are some of the SITWELLS, I do not know which. Now I am going back to my box, where a microphone has been installed, and I hope to be able to give you some idea of the conclusion of this most interesting evening, which is the first performance of the musical comedy, *Say When!* at the New Imperial Theatre. It is Mr. Mervyn Flute speaking, and I am now going to my box at the New Imperial Theatre, where, if you will wait a few minutes, I hope to give you some idea of the Third Act of *Say When!* the new musical comedy which is being per-

ARNOLD BENNETT is shouting 'Bravo!' "Now the hero and the heroine of this play are singing a duet. I am Mr. Mervyn Flute and I am speaking from a box at the New Imperial Theatre on the occasion of the first performance of the musical 'comedy, *Say When!* during the Third Act of which play the hero and heroine are now singing a duet. Miss Star Bright, who plays the heroine, is wearing a bathing-dress; the hero, Mr. Mollop, is in flying costume. Mr. PETER PAGE has come in. Probably listeners will not be able to hear Miss Bright's voice, but the song is called 'I am Blue for You.' This is a duet called, 'I am Blue for You' which is now being sung by Miss Star Bright and Mr. Mollop in the Third Act of *Say When!* Mr. E. V. LUCAS has



Old Lady (being shown round big-game hunter's mansion). "HOW TERRIBLE IT MUST HAVE BEEN FOR HIS LORDSHIP TO LOSE ALL THESE PETS!"

gone out. Mr. ERVINE is still in. Mr. SWAFFER has carried out his hat. Many people have contracted bad coughs since the interval. The gallery are becoming what is called 'restless.' That is to say, they are standing up and shouting angrily. I expect listeners can hear them. A bowler-hat has just fallen from the dress-circle. Mr. EDWARD MARSH seems to be enjoying the play. Mr. Haddock has lost his dress-stud and is crawling about the stalls on his hands and knees. Three of the authors have gone out. On the other hand a party of well-dressed young men have just taken their seats.

"Now the unfortunate misunderstanding between the hero and the heroine has been cleared up and the chorus are coming on to the stage for the finale. Mr. Haddock has found his stud and is writing a note—I expect about supper. I am afraid it may be difficult for listeners to hear me owing to the coughing and the restlessness in the gallery, but this is the Third Act of *Say When!* in which the hero has just explained to the heroine that the lady with whom he was dancing

at midnight was his twin-sister. Dean INGE has woken up. The chorus are now singing; perhaps listeners can hear them. The ladies are dressed like tropical birds. The gentlemen are in polo costume. Now the curtain is falling, and perhaps listeners can hear the storm of applause. No, that is the gallery. The authors' box is empty—no, there is still one gentleman cowering behind the parapet. Now the curtain is up again. Miss Bright is being presented with great masses of flowers and is smiling her thanks. The gallery are throwing onions and other vegetable tributes. More and more flowers. The stalls are putting on their coats. The surviving critics are rushing away. The stage looks like a herbaceous border. Miss Bright is almost crying with happiness. The stage-manager has just brought on to the stage a complete greenhouse, in which are growing a number of superb orchids and hot-house fruits. The generous donor has thrown in a gardener as well, whom I can see smiling in the wings. Miss Bright's many relations are calling 'Speech!' She is pointing modestly

to the hero. He is pointing at the chorus. The chorus are pointing at the conductor. The conductor is pointing at the orchestra. The orchestra with modest shrugs are disclaiming any connection with the performance. The stage-manager is pointing up at the 'flies.' Silence has fallen and Miss Bright is just stepping forward. She is very shy at facing so large an audience, not being used to appearing in public. She has just said, 'From the bottom of my heart I thank you for this wonderful reception—'

"What you heard then was the gallery's reply. The curtain has fallen. That is the National Anthem, the first four bars. That is 'I am Blue for You'; perhaps you recognise the tune. And that is the end of the first night of *Say When!* Good-night, everybody—good-night."

"That was Mr. Mervyn Flute describing the first performance of '*Say When!*' at the New Imperial Theatre. Now we are going over to Kew Gardens for the experimental transmission of smells. Good-night, everybody—cheerio, all!"

A. P. H.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE CHEMIST.

ONCE there was a chemist called Mr. Rainspot who liked making up prescriptions for people, but he didn't quite approve of everything the doctors put into them so he often used to alter them and put in something else instead. And people generally got better from taking the medicine he sent them, and if they didn't he would say to them well I never did think that medicine would do you much good, if you like I will make you up one of my own to try, I don't suppose it will kill you, and if it makes you better you will save having to pay a doctor, because I shan't charge you anything except for the medicine, and if you send back the bottle I will take off twopence.

Well what Mr. Rainspot used to do was to collect all the plants he could and make medicines out of them and see how they acted, and he always tried them on his children's rabbits first, and if the rabbits died then he knew that they were poison, so he didn't use them in the medicines he sent out to people. But if they didn't do the rabbits any harm then he used to try them on different people, and sometimes they felt much better, and then they would tell their friends how good Mr. Rainspot's medicines were.

Well one day Mr. Rainspot was digging in his garden and he saw a weed which he had never noticed before, and he said to himself I think I will make a medicine out of this, it might be quite a good one and I could make plenty of money out of selling it.

So he did that and he gave it first to an old rabbit which rather liked taking medicine and hadn't been poisoned yet by anything he had given it. And the next day the old rabbit was jumping about everywhere and fighting much younger rabbits, and it seemed to be stronger than any of them. So Mr. Rainspot said to himself I am sure I have found out a good medicine at last, who shall I try it on?

Well that afternoon Mrs. Rainspot said to him I don't feel at all well, I suppose it is this heat. I wish you would make me up a tonic or something like that, but I don't want any of your private medicines, it must be something that a good doctor has ordered for somebody else.

So he said oh very well, and he gave

her the same medicine that he had given to the rabbit, because he knew she couldn't tell the difference, and he told her it was something that had been ordered for the wife of a bishop, so she said she supposed it would do and took a good dose of it.

Well the next thing that happened was that Mrs. Rainspot came into the shop, where Mr. Rainspot was arguing with a navvy who said that he had poisoned him with some medicine he had given him for the rheumatism, and it was so strong that it had made his eyes squint, but it hadn't done his rheumatism any good at all. And Mr.

out of the shop, though he was about twice as big as she was, and she said to Mr. Rainspot that tonic you gave me has done me such a lot of good that I feel ten years younger and I must go out for a good long walk, I think you had better come with me because you look rather pale.

So Mr. Rainspot left his assistant in charge of the shop and went with her, because he wanted to see how she would walk which she had never much liked doing before and always took buses if she could. And she walked about ten miles there and back very fast and kept on saying how strong she felt, but Mr. Rainspot didn't feel at all strong and when they got home again he was so done up that he could hardly eat his supper and went to bed directly after it. Still he was very pleased because he knew that it was all because of his new medicine, and he thought he would take a dose of it himself, but then he thought well perhaps I had better try it on somebody else first just to make sure.

So the next day he sent a bottle of it to the bishop's wife instead of the medicine that the doctor had ordered for her. And just at that time the bishop was having a lot of trouble with the inferior order of clergy, but after his wife had taken Mr. Rainspot's new medicine she said oh leave them to me, and she was so strong in what she said to them that the bishop didn't have any more trouble with them and she took him for a motor tour in a two-seater, though they were both quite old.

Well then Mr. Rainspot knew it was all right and he

took some of the medicine himself, and directly he had taken it he felt as if he wanted to break all the bottles in his shop and dance on them. But he knew he would be sorry for it afterwards if he did, so he offered to fight his assistant, who was quite young and strong. And the assistant was glad to fight him because he thought he didn't give him enough money or time off, and it would be nice to give him a black eye. But Mr. Rainspot won the fight quite easily and made the assistant's nose bleed, so then he wasn't so glad, and he said I didn't know you were so strong as that, I suppose it is from one of your private medicines, I wish you would give me some of it. So Mr. Rainspot gave him some, and when he had taken it he wanted to



"SHE TOOK HOLD OF HIM AND TURNED HIM OUT OF THE SHOP"

Rainspot was feeling very uncomfortable about it, because he knew he had made a mistake with that medicine which he had meant to pour down the sink because it hadn't agreed with any of the rabbits and one of them had had convulsions after taking it, and the navvy was so angry that he knew he was going to hit him directly he had finished saying all the rude things he could think of saying.

Well when Mrs. Rainspot came into the shop the navvy was saying something so rude that it wouldn't do to write it down, and she said what is that, how dare you say a thing like that to my husband?

And the navvy said who is going to stop me? and she said why I am, and she took hold of him and turned him

fight him again, but Mr. Rainspot said no once is enough.

Well then Mr. Rainspot knew that he had discovered about the best medicine that had ever been invented, and he confessed it to his wife that it was what he had given her and she forgave him and helped him to pick the weeds that he made it of and put it into bottles. And he put it in the newspapers that he had invented a medicine that would make people feel ten years younger, and they must pay him five pounds a bottle for it, less twopence for sending back the bottle, but if anybody couldn't afford that he could send them a weaker medicine that would make them feel five years younger at half the price.

Well it was a great success, and Mr. and Mrs. Rainspot spent all the time they could spare from going for long walks in making up the medicine, and they made so much money out of it that in about a year Mr. Rainspot was able to retire from being a chemist altogether, and they went to live in Switzerland, where there were plenty of mountains to climb, because they both felt so strong that they liked doing that better than anything. And by that time they had used up all the weeds out of which the medi-

cine was made, and couldn't find any more of them, but that didn't matter because Mr. Rainspot had sold his invention to a large pill-maker, and he didn't have to worry about that.

And after ten years when Mr. and Mrs. Rainspot were feeling about as old as when the medicine was first invented they came back to live in England, because they were tired of climbing mountains by this time and took up reading books instead. And they had a nice house and garden and plenty of money, and their children were all getting on well, so they were quite happy for the rest of their lives. A. M.

THE VOYAGERS.

THE hunting winds holloa
Oh louder, oh stronger,
And never a swallow
Will wait any longer;
They circle and muster
Around the church steeple;
They crouch and they cluster
On roofs of kind people.

I know an old woman—
I'm sure that they find her
As kind as aught human,
If anything, kinder,

For, as true as time-tables,
In the westerly weather
They come to her gables
And perch there together.

And to see 'em sail up hence
Like the leaf that is thinned—oh,
As little as tuppence—
She watches the window;
And to see 'em go flitting,
Oh, as small as say thank'ee,
She puts down her knitting
And waves 'em her hanky,

And says if she *don't* be
Just here to receive 'em,
Come March, that that won't be
A matter need grieve 'em;
For, ere daff can be noddly
Or cowslip can follow,
'Tis everybody
Will welcome a swallow.

London Looks Ahead.

"NEXT WORLD DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE
TO TAKE PLACE IN LONDON."

Headline in Newcastle Paper.

Dancing for the Derailed.

"When an engine left the rails at Farringdon-street Station yesterday trains carrying homeward-bound City workers were delayed for 50 minutes."—Daily Paper.



"I SAY, YOUR COOK DOESN'T LOOK THE SORT OF PERSON ONE CAN GIVE ORDERS TO."

"OH, BUT WE GET ON VERY WELL. I SEE HER FIRST THING EVERY MORNING AND ISSUE MY FERVENT HOPES FOR THE DAY."



Caller. "AND HOW DID YOU GET ON WITH THE HEADMASTER OF THE SCHOOL YOU'RE SENDING YOUR SON TO?"

Hostess. OH, QUITE WELL, THANK YOU, ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T ALTOGETHER AGREE WITH HIS VIEWS ON THE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT OF BOYS."

BOWDLERISING ENGLAND.

A CALL TO ARMS!

[Recent settlers in Bugsworth, Derbyshire, desire to have the name altered to Buxworth, but the older inhabitants resent the idea of any change.]

Now Heaven forfend that England
Should dare to do this wrong
To Bugsworth, tiny Bugsworth,
The home of ancient song!

A thousand years in Bugsworth
Have parsons cried the banns
And yokels born in Bugsworth
Put beer into their cans.

From Bugsworth, tiny Bugsworth,
Where maidens' eyes are blue,
Went yeomen forth to Greycy
And eke to Waterloo.

The Bugsworth village blacksmith
Beneath his chestnut-tree
Has always stated, "Bugsworth
Is good enough for me."

And no inglorious Milton
Nor Cromwell lost to mind
Has mocked the name of Bugsworth
Or called her unrefined.

And shall they change the title
That stood the test of years?
Rise up and fight for Bugsworth,
Ye gentlemen and peers!

Ye villages and townships
Of bright and lovely name,
Stand up in arms for Bugsworth
And burn the beacon's flame!

Let Crawley sound the tocsin;
With pike, with sword and bill
Come Beetley and come Mouldsworth,
Come Scaley and Tickhill!

From Wormit's lordly terraces
The trumpet-blast be pealed;
Rouse up, ye squires of Ratby,
Ye thegns of Itchingfield!

Till all the host of Greasborough
Comes trampling o'er the bridge
To join the men of Snailbeach,
The riders of Foulridge;

Till Scotia's hills are lighted,
And dirk in hose is stuck,
And, pibrochs blown before them,
March out the lords of Muck!

Till the wide seas give answer
And, salt with ocean spray,

Leap back the Pilgrim Fathers
From Grubville, U.S.A.,

Lest this fair queen of hamlets
Should lose her glorious name
While Bugthorpe guards her greatness
And Bugbrooke keeps the same.

By ALFRED's sacred England,
Where still the farmsteads shine
From Frogmore to Todehampton,
From Spital unto Swine,

From where the moons of harvest
On Midgley church look down,
To Hellifield's rude ramparts
And Bloodwell's roaring town,

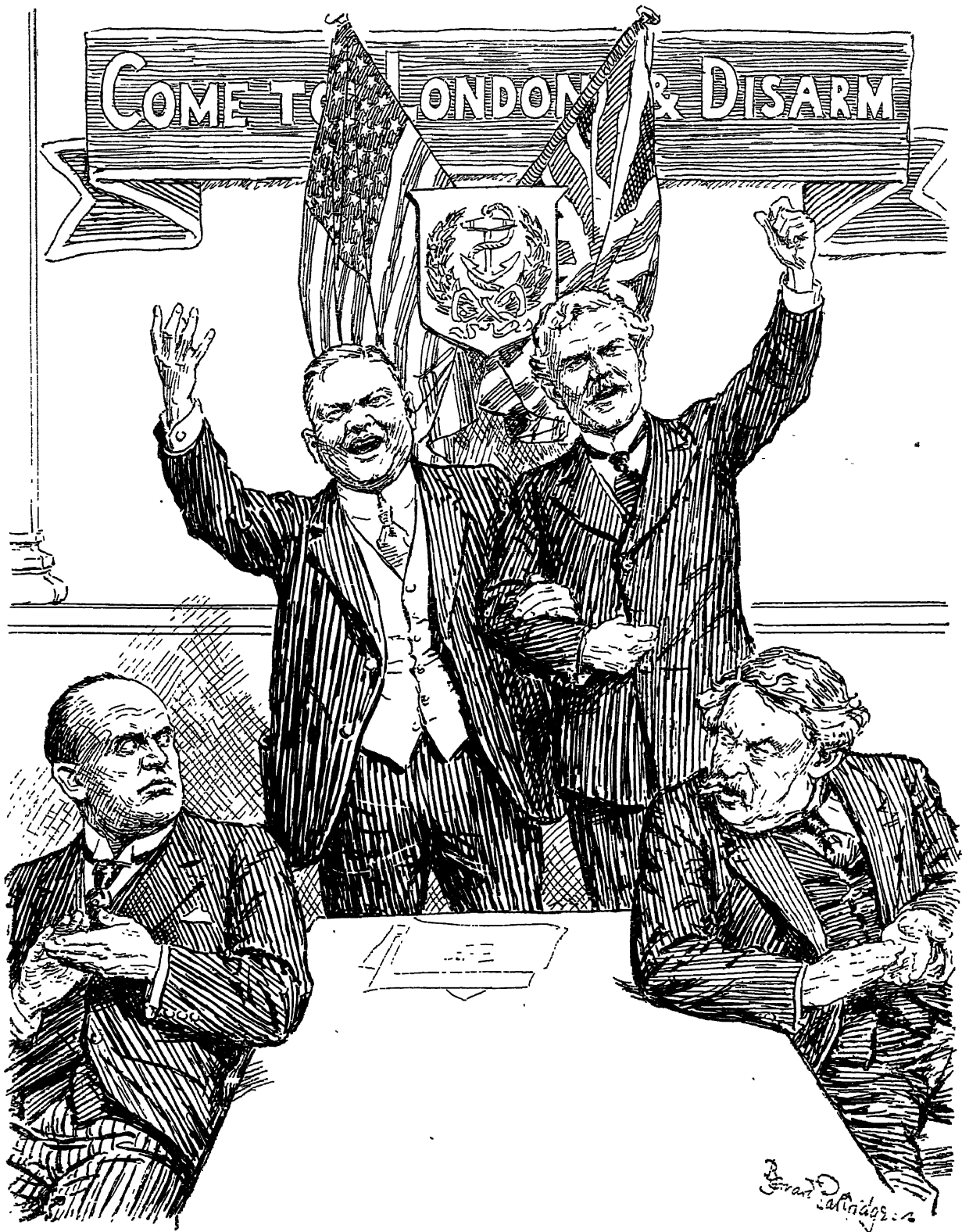
There is no name of beauty,
There is no word of pride
So sweet to me as Bugsworth
In all the *Postal Guide*! *EVOC.*

Fourteen Days: A Unique Opportunity.

"THE NORTHAMPTON PRISON."

Before the prison is demolished, by kind permission of the Northampton Town Council an opportunity will be given to those who desire to do so to visit same for a fortnight, from Wednesday, Oct. 9."

Northampton Paper.



RESTRAINED ENTHUSIASM.

MR. MACDONALD. } "LOUD CHEERS FOR DISARMAMENT! NOW THEN, ALL TOGETHER—
MR. HOOVER. } HIP! HIP! . . ."
M. BRIAND. "TRÈS BIEN."
SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "BRAVO!"



Hostess (at birthday party). "JOHN, WHY DO YOU SAY 'NO, THANK YOU' EVERY TIME YOU HELP YOURSELF TO ANOTHER TART? YOU 'VE SAID IT AT LEAST EIGHT TIMES."

John. "MOTHER WARNED ME TO SAY THAT AFTER THE SECOND ONE, AND I PROMISED HER I WOULD."

TEMPERING THE WIND...

ONCE more, the season having arrived when autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods, woman grows introspective. Her thoughts are set on a new winter coat. It is true that she did not mean to have another one this year, intending to make last season's model serve once again. Women indeed are always striving towards these acts of self-sacrifice, and if the arbiters of fashion determine to thwart us what can we do?

The advent of the new roll collar and barrel cuffs is the cause of our resolutions crashing this year. It led me into the exclusive *atelier* and placed at my temporary disposal the services of a highly-superior being clad in satin *beauté*—and enveloped in an aura of refinement.

"I am going to show you our very latest *modèle*, Madam—it only arrived this morning," she murmured. "Most exclusive."

She then enfolded me in the *modèle*. Certainly it looked rather nice. "What is the trimming?" I inquired.

She gave an enigmatic smile. "That, Madam, is fashion's latest note—shaved lamb."

Shaved lamb! I'd no idea that lambs shaved. And why this perplexing aspect of the resultant trimming,

which was long and straight? Even if you are town-bred you know by sight the close and tight little curls of a lamb's covering. Abandoning this problem, I now inquired, "How does the coat fasten?"

"But, Madam, do you not observe? The *recherchés modèles* this year do not fasten. One holds them together. One clings, you know."

This was disconcerting news. I can only hope the idea won't spread to the rest of our wardrobe. Even with a coat how can one satisfactorily cling to it when standing holding parcels in a crowded tube or running for a bus at the rush hour?

I was careful to hide these squalid thoughts from the assistant, however. With wonderful delicacy she had managed to convey her belief that I had a chauffeur, that whenever I took my jaunts abroad I had at least one hand permanently free to cling, untrammelled even by an umbrella.

"You look superb in that coat, Madam," she said, returning to the attack. "It was built for you. And with the *chic* note of the shaved lamb roll collar . . . Indeed, you will not see another like it. It is unique."

So, it seemed to me, was the price. But what joy it would be to set a new fashion; to belong (if only temporarily)

to the select and leisured class of women who cling to their coats!

I tottered out of the *atelier* on the brink of an overdraft, but content.

* * * * *

"Please, 'm, if it's not troubling you, I'd like to show you my new winter coat," remarked Elizabeth.

I smiled benignly, for I am a believer in a friendly understanding between mistress and maid. And as the good honest creature proudly displayed the garment—of a raw shade of grass green—I managed to repress a shudder and even broke into expressions of admiration.

"It 'asn't got no buttons neither," she explained. "That's the latest ideer. If you want to be chick you just 'ang on to it, it seems. Do you like the new trimmin', 'm?"

Looking closer I now observed that some indefinite brown substance, a sort of combination of seaweed and a woollen mat, was clinging to the collar and cuffs of the unspeakable garment.

"It's the very newest ideer, 'm—a shaved lamb roll collar. At first it sounded to me like something to eat, but the young lady in the shop sed it was fashion's larst word." F. A. K.

"Wanted Agents for Perm. Waving Clubs; gd. com."—*Evening Paper*.
No scratch golfers need apply.

A STATE OF BLISS.

WHEN the Simla season is drawing to a close we begin to dress our windows in Arampur. All the Departments are braced up for possible inspection and their Heads study Parliamentary debates in order to have at their command a selection of meaningless but convincing replies.

The cost of living in Simla is notoriously high, so that the poor fellows who have stayed through the season at that health-resort have to look about for some means to replenish their depleted exchequers. For this purpose there is nothing better than an Inspection Tour. At the worst they are accommodated regally and free of cost at every one of their pitches, while they continue to draw Halting Allowance under the Rules. Generally they do well enough on the Halting Allowances and double first-class fares on the railway; and a man who travels by rail from Simla to Calicut may reasonably be considered to have earned something. But if the inspecting official is really hard up he banks upon making Mileage.

News of the approach of a Mileage-Monger is received in the Free and Independent States with something approaching alarm, because it does not suit the M.-M.'s book to stay in a headquarters' office under a fan and pick holes in registers. He counts upon travelling in somebody else's car as many miles as he can and drawing eight annas per mile for himself. Thus he is sure to choose for inspection some distant police-station or kutcherry. The inspected buildings and offices may usually be trusted to defend themselves, but the roads always give themselves away.

To be candid, the Arampur State roads are not as a rule suitable for motor-traffic. They usually consist of two deep ruts and a young range of mountains between them. No car which has not a four-foot clearance can make any headway along them.

But we have one splendid road, from Arampur to the railway-station. This is the road to which all eminent persons are kept, but it is so short as to be of little use to a Mileage-Monger. It is not easy for him to profess that his duties compel him to traverse this road fifty times a day.

There was something like a panic among us when it became known that

old Bostock, the Lipton of Mileage, was to pay us a visit and that roads were to be his pretext. Fortunately we had a month's notice of his advent, so that the Political Resident and the Dewan had time to put their heads together. When the P.R. and the Dewan are working as a team, MACHIAVELLI and *Iago* are by comparison mental defectives. The rest of us felt that all would be well.

The Director of Public Works, who is primarily responsible for the roads, is an amiable man but unimaginative.



THE PAN-SHAVIAN MOVEMENT.

MR. BERNARD SHAW HAS BEEN VEHEMENTLY DENOUNCING THE SPOILIATION OF THE MALVERN HILLS.

His only idea was to catch an infectious disease just before the inspection. I must say that he has a distinct talent for developing strange symptoms of a distressing kind, but even in deluding people from Simla a little variety is desirable. So the thing simply had to be taken out of his hands.

The Dewan got every able-bodied man in the State on to the work. I never knew what the work was; I trusted the P.R., for I knew he was never mysterious without a reason. It was impossible to repair in a single month the neglect of several generations; there was not enough prepared

road-metal in the world to set the Arampur roads on a sound footing. I heard, moreover, that all the activity was centred on one spot.

The work was finished with three days to spare. Old Bostock was received with full honours, shown the map of the State with the roads boldly marked and asked which he would care to traverse. He announced, as expected, that he would traverse the lot. Two days in the car, the P.R. thought, would do it.

Next morning he started off rather late with the P.R. at his side and returned in the afternoon highly delighted and handing out congratulations to everybody. Next day the programme was repeated. The third day the Mileage-Monger left to continue his inspection elsewhere, after announcing that the Arampur State roads were a model for the whole of, including British, India.

Puzzled, I rode out quietly to view the scene of the crime. I noticed for the first time a new road, leading off the familiar and well-beaten station-road. This led to a bifurcation; I took one of the prongs and was surprised to find that after a quarter-of-a-mile it conducted me back by way of the other prong to the original point of bifurcation. All was revealed to my quick intelligence in a moment. Old Bostock had simply been driven for two days round and round this circle.

I could quite well see the P.R., whenever the M.-M. seemed inclined to examine the landscape, indicating some imaginary position from time to time on the map, or telling him one of his choicer stories. And no doubt after a hundred or so rounds old Bostock would doze a little in the heat and yield to the pleasure of being conveyed smoothly

along an excellent surface at eight annas per mile. Moreover the scenery of the plains is very much the same everywhere and the sun is so high overhead that one ignores one's shadow.

The P.R. met me on my return. His grin showed me that he knew where I had been.

"I've seen your little Brooklands," I remarked.

His grin broadened. I spoke to him as severely as it is possible to speak to one's chief.

"This comes," I observed, "of having been educated at Alexandra Park."

E. P. W.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

HOP-SKIP-AND-JUMP COMPETITION AT THE PEDESTRIANS' CLUB.

AN UNCLE'S PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I must protest against an article appearing in your esteemed paper under the heading, "The Wicked Uncles." I have been an uncle, man and boy, for twenty years. The burden of uncleship, if I may so call it, was laid upon my shoulders in early life. I have groaned beneath it all these years.

The burden is heavy. Some of us can ill afford nephews and nieces. We cannot claim relief from our income-tax in respect of their birthday, christening and wedding presents, for nephews and nieces, I learn with surprise, are not considered officially as "Dependent Relatives." Yet we were prepared to send our neat little brown-paper parcels to an ever-expanding circle until our Last Post. Surely that is not wickedness?

We did not weigh up the pros and cons before deciding to embrace the career of uncleship. We had no say in the matter. A red and spongy bundle was thrust into our arms with the words, "Here's your new nephew."

Considering the casual manner in which uncles are appointed it is inevitable that many square pegs are forced into round holes. No previous experience is demanded of an uncle; he serves no apprenticeship; the secrets of his craft cannot be communicated in twelve correspondence lessons. Without a word of warning he is precipitated into a position which demands charm, patience, affluence and ripe wisdom. If it be wicked to fail in these qualities then those who appoint us so casually should share the blame for our guilt.

It is the fashion to blame uncle for everything. If the young man goes wrong, his false step will be explained by the character of his uncle. It is well known that intelligence and beauty are acquired from parents, but any tendency to dissipation comes from a collateral branch of the family.

If our services give so little satisfaction and if we are to

be attacked in this unseemly fashion in the public Press I for one will not be responsible for any nieces and nephews brought into this world without my knowledge and consent.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
J. ROBINSON-BROWN,
Uncle (retired).

THE TRESPASSER.

TO-DAY I've spent upon the hills, the wind, the rain
and I,
With moving clouds to fill with life the vastness of their
sky;
The noisy streets were far forgot, their clamour and their
throng;
I heard the breeze across the bent, the torrents' ancient
song.

I saw the buzzard soaring high, the kestrel poised in air;
I watched, as up the steep he raced, the gallant mountain
hare;
I heard the roving raven's croak, the curlew's mournful call;
I marvelled at the moss I trod—and, grateful, loved them
all.

Who owns the hills whereon I roamed? I neither know
nor care;
Whoever be the laird by law, I did not find him there;
To me alone they gave their strength, their beauty, gifts
divine;
Alone I shared their mighty moods. To-day the hills
were mine!
W. K. H.

"The Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft of Berlin has secured an order for 100 locomotives from the Roumanian railway authorities. Tenders were submitted by 24 different firms."

Daily Paper.
Engines, however, were what was wanted.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE EMERALD ISLE, BEGORRA!

It would not surprise me if the principal function of the talkies of the near future were found to be the dissemination of catchy tunes. Failing as substitutes for the drama proper, they look very like concentrating on musical comedy or revue, with—as in *The Pagan*, of which I was writing enthusiastically last week, or *Smiling Irish Eyes*, just produced at the Regal—one recurring melody to haunt the ear or torment it, or both. The news that composers are being frantically sought for and secured under long contracts by the big American companies supports this view; and, so long as some conscientious work comparable to that in *The Four Feathers* continues



Kathleen O'Connor (Miss COLLEEN MOORE). "YOU'RE GOING AWAY AND LEAVING ME."

Rory O'More (Mr. JAMES HALL). "WELL, DARLIN', I'VE GOT TO BE VAMPED AND FIND A BARE-LEGGED CHORUS FOR THE THEME-SONG, AND YOU CAN'T DO THAT IN KILLARNEY."

also to be done on the silent screen, I for one do not mind.

But if the new singing films are to succeed it will be necessary for more attention to be paid both to the music and to the story than has been given to *Smiling Irish Eyes*, which is marred by some very noticeable scamping. The charge of never knowing how long a new play was going to last has often been brought against stage-managers, whose opening night can endure till next morning; but it is evident that film-producers are even less conscious of the passage of time. The last few minutes of *Smiling Irish Eyes* form another proof of this, for in them has to be crowded the voyage to New York of the heroine, an Irish peasant girl, to retrieve a neglected lover; her adventures in that city, which are compressed into yet another comic motor ride—a very ancient trick; her discovery that her

lover is, at any rate superficially, untrue; her return to Kerry with a broken heart; his return to Kerry with a fortune (drawn from the "punch" tune)



J.H.D.

MORE NASAL ACCENTS.

Michael O'Connor . . Mr. CLAUDE GILLING-WATER.

Shamus O'Connor . . Mr. ROBERT HOMANS.

and renewed fidelity; and an Irish jig registering reconciliation and joy.

It is obvious that when the story was first photographed there was in these essential scenes much more detail; but so much time had been spent in singing to the guests in the squire's castle and in revelling at the fair that the plot had to be sliced to pieces. "Aw, let it go. Anything Irish will do with COLLEEN MOORE in it!" seems to express the situation. But is it true? I think not. I hope not.

The main idea—to put Ould Oireland, or Erin, as everyone in the play calls



J.H.D.

A DICTATED LOVE-LETTER.

GRANNY O'MORE (Miss AGGIE HERRING) AND KATHLEEN.

it, on the screen—has been relentlessly carried out. We wallow in Hibernicisms. *Kathleen O'Connor* of County Kerry (Miss COLLEEN MOORE) spakes sentences full of "darlin's." When in doubt she

takes counsel with a Wishing Well. Her first song is a duet with a pig. Her lover is named *Rory O'More*, plays the fiddle and refuses to work. His grandmother says "Wheesh!" and smokes a pipe (a dudheen). *Kathleen's* father and uncle, two peculiarly horrible old men (who should have caught the eye of the film-shortener first of all) are always quarrelling, fighting and making it up. The squire is named *Sir Timothy Tyrone* and is played by Mr. ROBERT EMMETT O'CONNOR. He is presented as a typical Irish gentleman, but fails to rise from his chair and book when his old nurse visits him. More typical, I hope, is his omission to fill in the counterfoil when writing her a cheque.

To make everything more Irish still we have a cattle market and fair, culmin-



J.H.D.

AN INCREASING PERIL.

FAN, PLUGGED WITH THE THEME-SONGS OF MANY FILMS, GOES OUT WHISTLING THE WRONG ONE.

ating in the hunt for the greasy pig. This being won, most unconvincingly, by *Kathleen*, the prize of twenty pounds enables her fiddler to go to America (which, from the evidence of his accent in his less guarded moments, one would have thought he already knew well), where, according to one of *Sir Timothy's* American guests, his musical genius will create a riot.

So to America he goes, in a cart drawn by a donkey, with the least possible luggage and the song composed by himself and written by *Kathleen* among her pigs. Something odd having happened to the taste of Broadway, the song goes over big, and, his future being assured, *Rory* can return to Kerry in a well-cut suit and no longer be nervous of letting his brogue revert to nature.

In the crude and mechanical part of *Rory*, Mr. JAMES HALL looks



Motorist (excusing himself for speeding). "I WAS HURRYING TO SEE MY SOLICITOR."
P.C. "WELL, WE SHALL HAVE SOME MORE NEWS FOR HIM NOW."

romantic and handsome, while both *Granny O'More* (Miss AGGIE HERRING) and the pig performer (unnamed) are excellent. But the brunt of the performance is borne by Miss COLLEEN MOORE, who alternates between grave and gay, like an April sky, and is as tearful. Hitherto she has been known and adored as a silent actress. In *Smiling Irish Eyes* she proves very fully that she has a charming voice both for speaking and singing. May she soon have something better to do with it! E. V. L.

THE SILENT TALKIE.

I HAVE had a bright thought about the craze for realism in the talkies. By "craze for realism" I mean all this insistence upon sound effects, the mill-stream roar of the liquor thundering from bottle to glass, the explosion of the lighted match, the clang of the knife and fork on the plate, the crash of the decapitated egg—all these hundred-and-one reproductions of normal everyday life which seem so utterly to enthrall our audiences.

It has occurred to me that, if the

public are prepared (as they apparently are) to relish and appreciate this kind of thing so thoroughly, we might go a little further in the cause of realism.

Accordingly I have thought out rather a strong dramatic situation wherein it has become necessary for Peggy, the heroine, to ring up her lover, whom we will call Bob (*she* of course will call him Barb) and tell him that the police are after him and that his only hope of safety lies in instant flight.

Now I suggest that as, in a crisis, it would very likely take the poor girl quite twenty minutes to obtain the required number in real life, so it shall take her that length of time to obtain it in the talkie, and during this critical period the audience can just jolly well sit there and watch her.

The dramatic tension may or may not be heightened by the suggestion that Bob's life is at stake, that Bob's number is up if unavailable. Anyhow, if it is realism that the audience want, they can enjoy twenty minutes of it in the spectacle of the heroine agonising in the telephone-box, registering anxiety, fear, disappointment, impatience, per-

plexity, anger, suspense, fury and hysteria, these emotions chasing each other across her mobile features, and, as the phrase goes in the homeland of GEORGES WASHINGTON and GERSHWIN, "what do you know about that?"

They can see and hear her footling with Button A, uselessly thumping Button B, dropping the coppers on the floor, rattling the receiver-hook, or, if the telephone is of automatic pattern, they can observe her feverishly dialling O, what time her sensitive nerves are being jangled by the conflicting rhythms of the dialling tone, the low-pitched burr-burr-burr, or the intermittent buzz of the engaged signal. . . .

They can have all that and, if they'll stand it, it seems to me that they'll stand anything. WOON.

A Synthetic Triumph.

"The chancel was filled with gifts of fruit and vegetables made by members of the congregation."—*Suburban Paper*.

"MR. MACDONALD'S AIM.
'TO NARROW THE ATLANTIC.'
Headline in *Weekly Paper*.

Or to widen the Pacific.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RISING SUN" (KINGSWAY).

IT is such rare comfort to the professional playgoer to sit under a play with some real power and seriousness in it that there is perhaps a tendency to over-praise it when it appears—a fault much less objectionable, I take it, than the fault of under-praising.

De Opgaande Zon, by the late HERMAN HEIJERMANS, is concerned with that common tragedy which may be observed in any town or considerable village of our own country—the tragedy of gradual and inevitable failure in business due to the fierce competition of well-financed concerns and a natural inaptitude for business in the struggling small tradesman. The *Strong* family react to the coming catastrophe in their various ways: *Strong* himself pretends to carry it off with a light heart; his daughter (his business-manager and accountant), just near the end of her teens, bravely seconds him, and the two, tied in a deep mutual affection and regard, are agreed to make every possible occasion for laughter; *Strong's* wife, *Anna*, a decent body enough at bottom, becomes hard and nagging; his old father, who has himself been through the agony which honest men suffer in bankruptcy, is in his dotage and easily bluffed into thinking all is well and goes on tinkering at his clocks.

When the hard-faced manager of the new stores, *The Rising Sun*, comes in with a view to buying *Strong's* premises and what remains of his business, the poor man's pride makes him refuse the offer, which is a fair enough one as business ethics go and much better than he is likely to get elsewhere. It is one of the Dutch dramatist's best gifts that he is not afraid to let his characters act according to their weaknesses and not merely according to their strengths. The harassed man has also borrowed from their lodger money which, in a desperate effort to retrieve the position, he has lost upon the Stock Exchange.

He goes out to try to obtain a respite from his most persistent creditor; fails; and as he does not return his daughter, who alone knows his thoughts, fears that he has made away with himself. He has in fact been debating suicide

so that the insurance money may free his family, at least for the time, from their embarrassments. But his buoyant nature, his belief that even at the worst life is worth living as a fine adventure,

does not, or thinks she does not (it is not quite clear which; it is probably the dramatist's intention that it should not be quite clear), do her best to prevent the fire, which spreads rapidly.

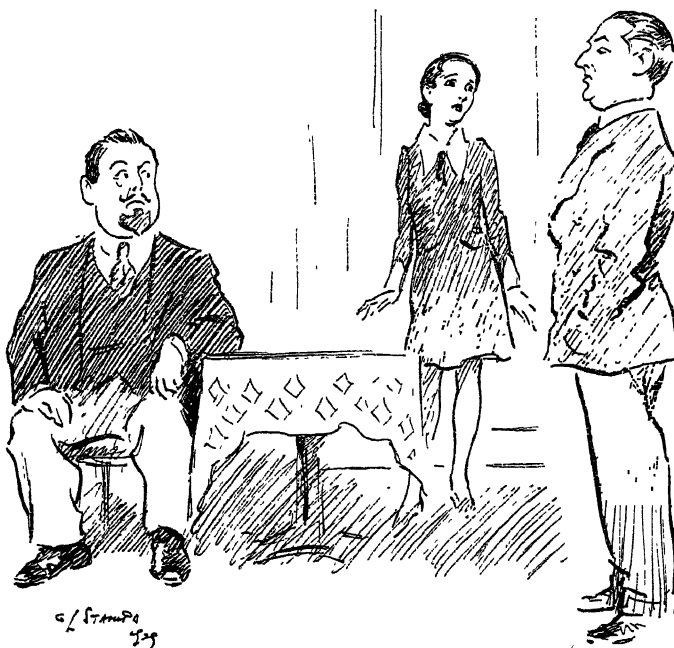
All fly to safety, forgetting in their excitement the half-witted daughter of their lodger, who is in bed upstairs in a locked room.

At the inquiry, made necessary by the suspicion of deliberate arson in the circumstances of impending bankruptcy, there are quite honest witnesses to assert that the fire was an accident and the *Strong's* are completely exonerated. But *Sonia's* remorse is beyond endurance. She must publicly confess what she believes to be her guilt, and, while her mother and her betrothed try to prevent her, the father, with a keener discernment born of his love and fearing for her reason if her confession be suppressed, encourages her to make her statement and pay the price which all of them must share—she by probable imprisonment, the rest of them by the voiding of their policy.

I have always been inclined

to think that the talent of Miss ANGELA BADDELEY had been a little over-estimated by some enthusiastic colleagues. I was evidently wrong. Here is a performance of exquisite balance, of deep intensity of tenderness and with a fine sense of character. I have seen nothing so good for a long time. Mr. CELLIER is always interesting. He well conveyed the struggle in *Strong's* mind between his natural buoyancy and the despair born of his desperate situation and his affection and sympathy towards his idolised daughter; but I think he did a little fail in depth just at the height of the emotional crisis. Mr. IAN FLEMING's quiet study of the young schoolmaster was excellent, and a short love-passage between this shy boy and the over-driven but still unselfish and tender *Sonia* was beautifully done. Mr. GEORGE ELTON's old watchmaker was also as good as possible, and Miss JOAN DUAN's poignant little sketch of the half-witted *Margot* deserves mention, as also an excellent portrait of a business man with an acquisitive fish-like eye by Mr. EDGAR K. BRUCE.

I do most warmly recommend this play to any but hopelessly light-minded chocolate-munching persons. T.



Christian Jensen (as shop-bell rings again). "BUSINESS SEEMS VERY BRISK TO-DAY."

Matthew Strong. "OH, JUST MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS."

Sonia. "SHOP'S FULL OF BROKERS, FATHER."

MR. EDGAR K. BRUCE. MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.
MR. FRANK CELLIER.

and his love for his daughter save him at the last moment.

Meanwhile *Sonia*, unable to look upon her father's misery, has made, only half-consciously, her own plans. A lamp is upset in the shop and she



THE FAITHFUL HEART.

Nathaniel MR. IAN FLEMING.

"FOLLOW THROUGH" (DOMINION).

The Dominion Theatre, on the site of the old MEUX brewery at the south end of Tottenham Court Road, is the first theatre to take seriously to heart the lessons dictated by the affluent and gorgeous folk who manage the Film Business. There is a regiment of attendants in bright uniforms suggested by musical comedy, to the providing of which at popular prices this new house is dedicated. There are besides some rare and commonsensical reforms. There is actually room for the audience's legs. It is possible to get into one's seat without a shoe-horn, and to get out of it and proceed to any one of the six restaurants or bathe in the soda-fountain without notably inconveniencing one's neighbours. There is a shelf for the chocolates or lipsticks and mirrors of the fair. The decoration is in the style of "the late French Renaissance . . . in blue and silver, with clouded effects," and with a good follow-through it might be possible to play a spoon shot from the back of the stage to the back of the dress-circle. Which is to say that the mammoth house has the defects of its qualities. Only artists with the clearest articulation and carrying voices will be able to make themselves heard; and the scale will make for breadth rather than subtlety of humour.

Follow Through, which I saw some days after its first production, and of which I had heard discouraging accounts, must have pulled itself together. For it is a distinctly diverting affair (if you apply tests proper to its type), a golfing romance, set against the positively gorgeous background of the Sunningworth Country Club. *Lora* (Miss IVY TRESMANN), the club professional's pretty daughter, a local champion, is in love with handsome *Jerry Downs* (Mr. BERNARD CLIFTON), amateur turned professional. So is *Mrs. Ruth Vanning* (Miss ELSIE RANDOLPH), a comely spiteful widow and "visiting champion." So too are many of the surprising younger lady members of the Sunningworth Club.

The breathless dramatic moment comes when *Lora*, playing her challenge match against *Ruth*, is 4 up and 5 to play, and, discovering that *Jerry* has a quite stupid grievance against her,

promptly loses the next four holes. *Ruth*, playing the like on the last green, has a putt for the match. She doesn't putt like a visiting champion; misses by yards. Then *Jerry*, offering himself as caddie for the last fatal putt, gives such explicit directions that *Lora* bangs the ball to the back of the tin with the speed of an electric hare and wins her match. How we all held our breath! And sighed with relief when we knew that all was well! What knowledge, in the authors, of human (British) psychology!

But of course it wasn't the loves of *Lora* and *Jerry* and *Ruth* that made the show acceptable. It was the behaviour of the woman-hater, *Jack Martin* (Mr. LESLIE HENSON), who had



A LONG SHOT FROM THE EIGHTEENTH (ROW OF STALLS).

J. Bickersley Bleuitt MR. MARK LESTER.

Jack Martin MR. LESLIE HENSON.

an hereditary affliction of the eyebrows in the presence of the fairer sex. Mr. HENSON, who could be heard all over the house and looked more like a BATEMAN drawing than ever, has invented some admirable nonsense—ably seconded by a charming young American comédienne, Miss ADA MAX, an elf-like, high-tension young person who does despite to her beauty almost to the point of sacrilege and utters the least edifying jests with an innocent-knowing air. This is her first appearance in England, and it will not be her last, I hope, though her talents are better fitted for a smaller arena. Mr. MARK LESTER, the over-dressed profiteering member of the club, is an admirable foil to Mr. HENSON, and I do not ask for better diversion than the scene where these two, disguised as plumbers, penetrate to the ladies' dressing-room with its intriguing secrets.

There were perhaps throughout too many jokes of a golfo-physiological bias, and two of them might well be omitted if only because they must both have been made by those rude golfers who clouted the ball round St. Andrews in the brave days of MARY STUART.

Mr. BERNARD CLIFTON, the hero, has a pleasant baritone with a rich and fruity *portamento* suited to the maudlin melodies incident to love-making through the medium of musical-comedy. His speaking voice too is clear and his enunciation excellent.

The dancing, even of the principals, was more energetic than beautiful, and the mass manoeuvres rather unoriginal. The book, by Messrs. LAURENCE SCHWAB and B. G. DE SYLVA, with Messrs. BROWN and HENDERSON and DESMOND CARTER in support, was no doubt no more than a basis for Mr. LESLIE HENSON's audacious embroideries. And I do not suggest that we have yet heard the final version. Perhaps one of the lines that may be jettisoned is, "What a strange effect he has on we girls!" The music was from various sources, we must suppose, as no composer is named. Mr. MACKEY conducted his orchestra with elaborate dramatic effect.

The eupeptic, uncritical and ungodly ought to find no fault with this show as a whole. T.

A Gala Matinée of *The Faithful Heart* will be given at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Tuesday, October 22nd, at 2.30 P.M., in aid of the Prince of Wales' Endowment Fund of Toc. H. and the Toc. H. League of Women Helpers. The house is already sold out, but application for any tickets that may be returned should be made to Mrs. GRIGG, 39, Grosvenor Road, S.W.1.

Those who sympathise with the cause but are prevented from attending the matinée are earnestly invited to send donations to the Assistant Hon. Treasurer of the Matinée Fund, E. WATSON-SHIELDS, Esq., The Bank House, Hampstead, N.W.3. Mr. Punch's readers do not need to be reminded of the claims of Toc. H. upon their generous support.

Paying Guests—New Style.

"Wanted—One Native Christian lady or Eurasian to be of general use with pocket money, no encumbrance."—*Indian Paper*.

CRUCIVERBIA.

THE LAND OF CROSSWORDS.

THOUGH faithful to strict Puritan tradition

In my devotion to my lady wife,
For quite three years, I own without contrition,

I have contrived to lead a double life;
But let me add, to guard against suspicion

Of wayward courses and connubial strife,
That, while my home is situate in suburbia,
My spiritual home is Cruciverbia.

In this fair realm we mostly speak in Erse;

In temper we are prone to spasms of ire;

Sometimes in Esperanto we converse
Or sing sweet odes and arias to the lyre;

Our style of diction is laconic, terse;
We rarely hope but constantly aspire;
We seldom are alone, though often solo;
Ludo we play more frequently than polo.

Alert and avid in our zest for greed,
And yet in mien and mind serene and level,

We show in choice of too's a constant need

To use the plane, the hone, the adze, the bevel;

Unorthodox, nay, Pagan, in our creed,
Always agog to riot and to revel,
We worship idols, icons, and our hero
In music is the "famous fiddler"—NEBO.

Of rulers we admit a vast variety—
Tsars, pashas, tetrarchs, satraps and ameers,

While in the upper ranks of our society
Are found hidalgos, paladins and peers;

Most tolerant of Oriental piety,
We welcome lamas, mullahs and fakirs;

Yet we are not immune from bodily ills
And need perpetual doses, dopes and pills.

We're rich in sheep, though they are always ewes,

But otherwise impartial justice render
To elands, llamas, tapirs, elks and gnus
In balancing the claims of either gender;

We lend encouragement to kinkajous
And are peculiarly kind and tender
To the disturber of the wild-bees' lair,
The ratel, *alias* the honey-bear.

We suffer from a plethora of gnats,
Ants, asps and adders, emmets, efts and newts;

Our women wear tiaras, scorning hats,
And sandals are preferred to Russian boots;

We call our children urchins, tots or brats;

Lemons and melons are our favourite fruits;

While in our choice of fish, I grieve to state,

We show a vulgar taste for shad and skate.

In strict orthography we don't excel,
And write millennium with a single "n";

We love monosyllabic haunts—the dell,
The dene, the glade, the vale, the marsh, the fen;

Relentlessly we lop and hew and fell;
Assiduously pore and con and pen;
Our commonest birds are ernes, terns, rocs and sea-mews,

Kiwis and kites, but first and foremost emus.

We are quite human; we are prone to erring;

We're unaware that any difference
Exists between avowing and averring;
We feel acutely, but in speech we "sense";

We are by no means insular, preferring
To count in *sous* and *yens*, not English pence,

And from the land of *capa y espada*
Borrow our patron saint, great TORQUEMADA.

How long will this eccentric people,
Goaded

And egged and urged by ogres dire and fell,

Stay in a land so constantly eroded,
I often wonder, but I cannot tell;

And yet, although its fashions are demoded,

I hope a little longer yet to dwell
Where ore is more abundant than in Sweden

And every garden earns the name of Eden.

THE TALE OF A FROG.

HARD is the way of the teller of tales, that is when her audience is past the uncritical age, which rejoices in the account of the little pig who went to market and the rest of his family, and has not yet arrived at the time when a sense of politeness has been developed as well as a critical faculty. It is hopeless to predict which story will be received with favour and which with chilling indifference, and it is well for the sensitive to have a large stock to draw upon, so that, in the painful event of not making a hit the first time, she may have a chance of regaining her lost prestige.

I shall never know why the frog story, emphasising one of the darker parts of my mother's past, met with such a rapturous reception from John and Barbara. The mere fact of its being true

would not insure success, though it often helps. I think the straightforward drama proved attractive, requiring no mental strain on the part of the listeners and being easily reproduced later. This simple tale relates how my mother and a younger brother had, at an early age, gone to stay in the country and discovered with joy that there was a hole in the nursery-floor through which they could survey, one eye at a time, what was going on in the kitchen below. Tiring of the rôle of mere spectators, however, they acquired a small green frog, tied a string to one of its legs and let it down through the hole until it was dangling on top of the cook's head. Wild shrieks of "What's that? What's that?" delighted their ears, and the rapid withdrawal of the unfortunate frog time after time kept discovery at bay for many happy moments. The end came at last; the frog was seized by the outraged cook and flung out of the window, and the offenders encountered the justice of a sterner day than this.

I was at first much flattered by the unqualified success of this story, but after I had repeated it at least three times, John pulling me up and correcting me severely if it differed by so much as a hair's-breadth from its original form, and Barbara saying it after me in an ecstatic undertone, I began to realise that even a triumph has its drawbacks. I insisted on being allowed a respite, whereupon an absolute bombardment of questions began, which I am proud to say I answered without hesitation, though with considerable disregard for truth. These are some of the questions John and Barbara asked:—

"How old was the boy?"

"How old was the girl?"

"What were their names?"

"Did their Mummie know about it?"

"How big was the hole?"

"How big was the frog?"

"Which leg did they tie the string to?"

"How long was the string?"

"Who held the frog?"

"Who held the string?"

"Was it tied tight?"

"Did it hurt?"

"What was the cook's name?"

"How old was the cook?"

Only at the end was I cornered, having rashly asserted that the cook's name was Emily and being immediately asked, "How do you know?" However, among the compensations of advancing years is the possibility of taking a really firm stand. I was cornered, but I had my back to the wall, and, assuming an attitude of severe dignity, I announced that I should not tell the frog story again for a month.



THE TEUTON ON TOUR.

THE HERB PROFESSOR AND HIS FAMILY DO A LITTLE FOOT-WANDERING.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

MAHMOOD ALI'S *v.* ABDI HASSAN'S.
(From Our Eastern Sporting Man.)

[For those not in touch with current Oriental sport it is explained that the teams are drawn from the Somalis in two of His Majesty's Ships doing their duty as Outposts of Empire and pouring out Blood and Treasure in accordance with the best traditions.]

GREAT activity displayed itself on soccer field when the Ali's men combated those of Hassan here on Saturday.

The rupee is of luck to Hassan, who chose to play like the wind in the premier. For the space of five minutes, perhaps, all was ding-dong, when Ali's men rush the leather fiercely at Abdolali in the Hassan net-mouth; but the rush is too much and the ball headlongs over the back.

Hassan, who is defensive left on his side, takes the off-kick, and advantages himself by onputting his boot, thus so over his opponents who have the bare foot only each. The ball is taken by the Hassan forwardmen altogether. They so are more of a number than the back-

men of Ali, they fire it quickly at the Ali goal, who would kick it afar, but he evades it, and the scoring is to Hassan 1-0.

On the resuming once more the playing is sevens and sixes until the Alimen again attack, and Hassan miss the ball when danger oppresses, but with luck he loses his foot also and assumes sitting posture on ball.

After several discusses the ref. blows his whistle strongly and orders the ball is defunct. It is therefore bouncing and Ali's men are able to take it to the goal without great effort, for the Hassans dispute the rule of the ref. and tell him such. Scoring 1-1, which educates that no man must say "It is not" to the whistle-blow, for if Hassan's men had not been argued, perhaps the equal scoring would not have been: who knows?

It is now the half-time and the captains talk to each, telling the other of the lowliness and wickedness of his fathers and mother, but the second half starts. Firstly it has not much to be said, again all is ding-dong. However now it is near the Ali goal when Hersi, the right-back man of Ali, sees the

leather come to his head speedily, and to defend he rises his hand. It is foul. All the Hassan men cry out, the ref. is agreeing it is "free-kick."

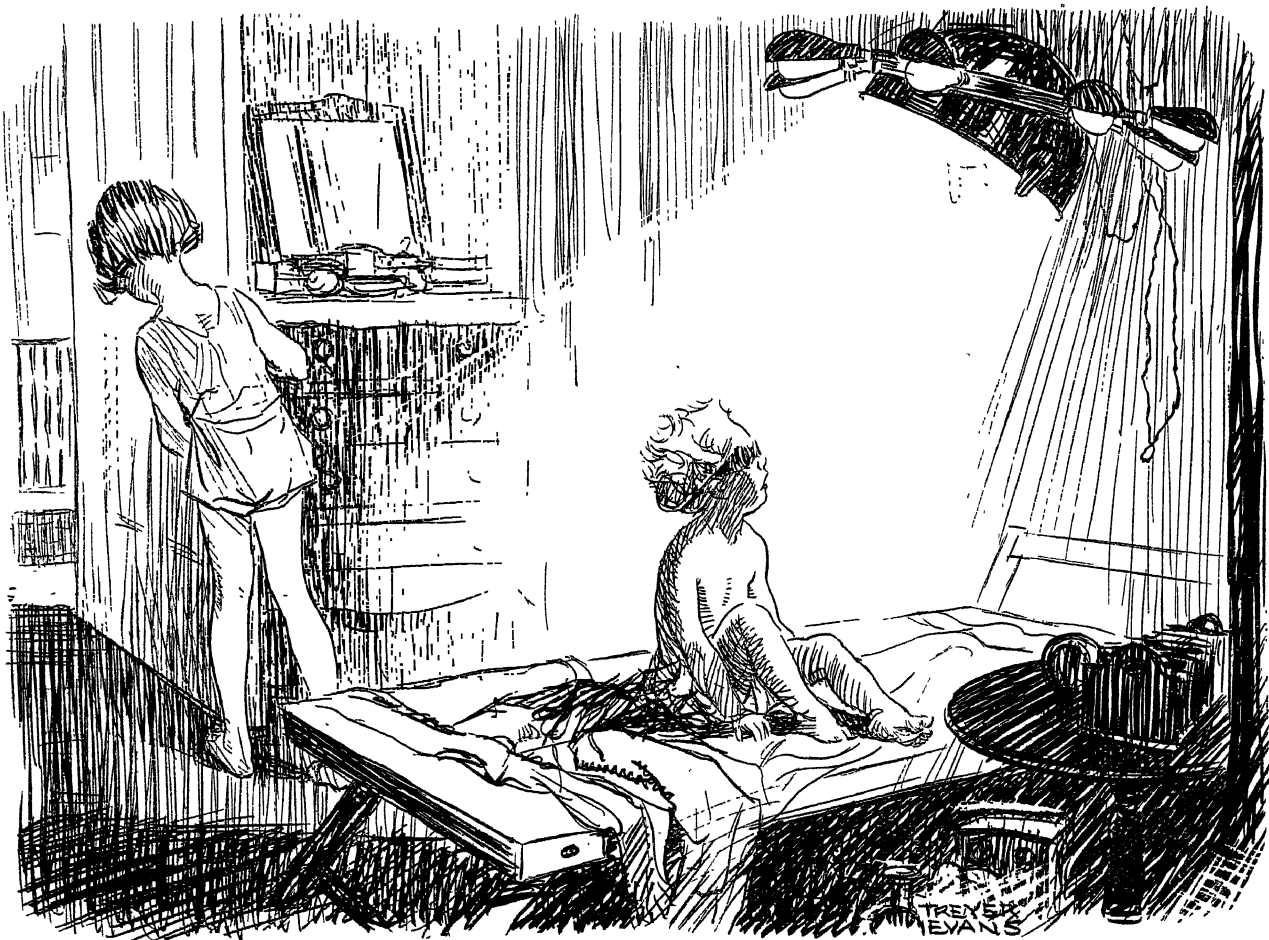
Hassan choose himself to do it and places on his boot to do it more strongly, which he can do. The ball evades Abdi and goes swiftly through the right-ups, but not so the boot of Hassan, which has left his foot unawares and strikes the Alimen, who falls earthily.

In instanter all is uproar, ref. blows whistle two-three times and shouts loud to say his rule. After some time he has again the breath and blows blasts. It is full time. He say that the ball was before Hassan's boot, it must be scoring. Hassans therefore have victorious game, scoring 2-1, and they say three hip-hurrahs for Ali's men, who sportively give the same.

Hassans are now combating in the half-final and they deserve so.

A Liberal Turnover.

shire for the Liberals at the general election." "Mr. Martin, who contested Central Aberdeen, has been elected to go over to the Socialist Party, Mr. Fred. Interwined to-day regarding his reported decision said it was quite true."—*Nottingham Paper.*



SUN-BATHING AT HOME.

Betty. "NURSE, I THINK BABY'S DONE ON ONE SIDE; SHALL I TURN HIM?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER how many great and hidden lives are escaping the strident notice of these times and awaiting, securely if unconsciously, their afterglow of posthumous fame? Not many, I fear: it is becoming almost a condition of work that it should be observed. Yet the saints, a *gens lucifuga*, unknown one day, canonised the next, have their agnostic counterparts; and the lives of such men as *C. E. Montague* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) prove that heroic disinterestedness is still a native virtue. A childhood in some ways clouded but never futile, the City of London School under ABBOTT, "that prince of men," the Balliol of JOWETT, thirty-five years of *The Manchester Guardian*, war (in the ranks) at the age of forty-nine, the reintrusion even here of journalism—this was, as it were, the incubatory side of MONTAGUE's genius. In ten post-war years—he died in May, 1928—he had won almost in spite of himself a world-wide reputation, a reputation which the present admirable memoir assists by never assessing. Professor OLIVER ELTON adds to his obvious literary qualifications the insight of an old pupil, colleague and friend. Undertaking the task at the request of MONTAGUE's family, his "inlay-work of evidence" has at its disposal a wealth of precious material. How good the book is from first to last, what rare and shifting lights it sheds on journalism, the drama, literature, education, politics, society and religion—the whole gamut of a complete modern humanist—let its readers discover. Two

strands are, I think, salient in the unique web of MONTAGUE's character: his hatred of an indolent or modish conformity—"practise," he says, "self-reliance and even you-be-blowness"—and his preference (in journalism, says Professor ELTON, but I think in life) for moral courage and intellectual humility.

Mr. RICHARD HUGHES has written the strangest pirate story that ever was. "Pirates and children," he seems to have said to himself; "Peter Pan, indeed! I know a little about the child-nature myself, and I'll tell you what really might have happened if a party of children had been taken on board a pirate ship." The book is called *A High Wind in Jamaica* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), and the first part of it is a magnificent piece of imaginative narration, worthy to be read for its own sake alone; the rest is a fantasy. It is the aim of the author, one would say, to point out that your pirate, being grown up, may well have been more simply and calculably human, less bloodthirsty even, than that queer creature half-animal and half-angel that we call a child. It is with the heart of *Emily*, one of the captured five, that Mr. HUGHES particularly deals; and, though, as I said, he is fantastic, he does not spare us realism of the most modern kind when he thinks it will do us good. There are a hundred faults in this book, and it has been vastly over-praised by critics who ought to know better. The view-point changes most unfairly between the inside of *Emily* and the inside of Mr. HUGHES, so that now and then he can tell us what she is thinking, and now

and then he can't. None of the pirate crew—I am excluding the captain and the mate—is really pictured at all, and this seems an important hiatus. But the writing throughout is excellent, and, if there are some quaint mistakes about the child-mind, there are also some astonishing flashes of truth. No one can read the book without looking forward eagerly to the next high wind that blows this author into the seas of romance.

Come, come, little cadger
For "books about beasts,"
Diana, My Badger
Shall feed you with feasts,
An ARROWSMITH issue,
Your fancy 'twill fit;
It is written by Miss (you
Will guess!) FRANCES PITT.

Miss PITT says she gets her
Diana (the same
As a cub) and she pets her
And makes her most tame;
But one evening, out airing,
By the owl-light beguiled,
Diana, all daring,
Runs back to the wild.

And here ends *Diana*?
The devil a bit.
Where moonbeams like manna
Impend (says Miss PITT),
Beneath his green rafter
Squire Brock pays her court,
And she lives ever after
In happiest sort.

An excellent present
To get or to give,
This book is most pleasant,
Its photographs live;
But Miss PITT, who a many
Wise things says, says too
That a badger's not any
One's pet—*voyez-vous*?

A letter of C. E. MONTAGUE—published the other day, but not in the official *Life*—supplies an interesting corrective

to that out-and-out reprobation of war which is becoming with thinkers of all colours and sizes the only possible attitude. Writing while Armageddon still flourished to a woman who was pacifist with militarists and inclined to be *vice-versa*, MONTAGUE rather endorsed his friend's attitude, explaining that your neck-or-nothing pacifist too lightly forgot the moments of exaltation for which war (like drink) was responsible, moments which naturally precluded those who enjoyed them from utterly condemning their source. This jewel-in-the-toad's-head notion is rather that of the Warden of Talbot House, only the Rev. P. B. CLAYTON concentrates so whole-heartedly on the jewel that he is rather inclined to overlook the toad. We are hearing (he thinks) too much of the toad just now, too much of war-books where "viciousness is added to agony and Christ in Flanders utterly forgotten." So from the treasury of a devoted experience—"I kept a rest-house back in Poperinghe and my customers from time to time invited me to repay their



AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

Chatty Idler. "NOT MANY SURPRISES THIS YEAR."
Salesman. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE ME ONE?"

calls"—he brings forth old things which will always read new, memories sacred and secular of the men he served and loved. Who would or could belittle their gallantry, stark heroism or exquisite zest in little alleviations? Who would or could maintain that the gallantry was all fugitive, with the steady peaceable welding of the war-forged links of Toc H to give them the lie? Yet, when all is said and done, the most moving of these *Plain Tales from Flanders* (LONGMANS) is "The story of M.—" And this is the story of a man who was broken trying to break the War.

Having put together in sufficiently workmanlike fashion a book that is thoroughly nasty—*The Hangmen of England* (CHAPMAN AND HALL)—MR. HORACE BLEACKLEY pleads in defence that someone or other in Germany has already been equally objectionable, an excuse which is, if anything, even worse than the crime. Here is such a collection of old cruelties, with such a gruesome glut of "turnings-off" and

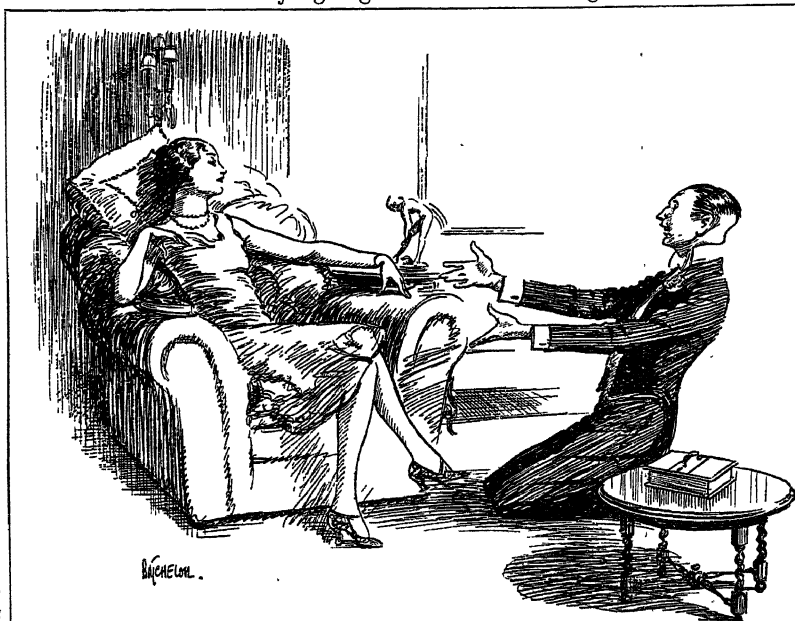
"stretchings" as might make one hesitate to pass the site of old Tyburn, and Mr. BLEACKLEY fain would have us believe that his villain-hangmen were fellow-creatures and even eminent patriots, for he takes his ill-conditioned vulgarisms one by one lovingly, with the delight of a mid-day edition enthusiast, comparing their bags of famous criminals as if a triple execution at the Old Bailey were a century at the Oval, say, and JACK HOBBS beating all previous records with the "finishing" of a DICK TURPIN or a CHARLES PEACE. Here are hangmen who wore flowers in their coats and hangmen who wept on the scaffold, hangmen who were given occasional heads to chop off and did not know how, hangmen who swore by a short drop and hangmen who liked a long drop, getting indeed regrettably drunk on notable occasions, hangmen who reared pigeons and hangmen who got hanged, and, most commonly, hangmen who merely hanged men and walked peacefully back to their homes. Really the appeal to protect home industries leaves one as unmoved in this instance as the underlying regret for the days when a handsome hanging was a goodly show. I am hanged if I know why Germany could not have been left a monopoly of this sort of thing.

The really successful novels of the future, say some, will be written by women for women. Certainly the ladies seem to be acquiring an ease in the handling of all feminine topics that mere men could never hope to attain. Perhaps, especially in America, they are a trifle preoccupied with their own psychology. Here, for instance, is *Towers Along the Grass* (HEINEMANN), in which Miss ELLEN DU POIS TAYLOR deals faithfully

with the inner life of *Kate Lovett*, of Spearhead, South Dakota. I have seldom come across a book of such length devoted so exclusively to a single topic. *Kate's* love-affairs were regularly and consistently ruined, all from the same cause. *Bianca Wells* took from her, one by one, all the gallant young fellows who might otherwise have been her property. So *Kate*, who is a poet, and has won the Melworthy Prize, is moved to salve her wounded pride by writing a book about herself and her rival. Somehow the struggle between these two was also a struggle between the tower idea and the balcony motif—if you understand what that means. I confess it was a little beyond me. Nor am I quite certain if Miss Du Pois TAYLOR always knows what she means herself. But she can write. She has a surprising gift of rhetoric that gains not a little from its occasional association with American slang; but she also has an unhealthy craving for what Mr. Pinkerton called "boss" words, especially words derived from the Greek. However, she is dealing with a poetess from South Dakota; and poetesses from South Dakota may be like that.

A year or even six months ago it needed a good deal of moral courage for an American to write *America's Naval*

Challenge (THE MACMILLAN COMPANY), a more explanatory title for which would have been "Debunking White House Pacificism." Mr. FREDERICK MOORE wrote it, however, and his courage is rewarded. For his book comes from the press at a moment when the voice of the American Big Navyites is (in addition to being discredited by Congressional investigation) drowned in the chorus of welcome that America has extended to that intrepid peace-hunter, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD. So that I am inclined to recommend Mr. Punch's readers to buy Mr. MOORE's book now and lay it aside for the moment unread. True, it sets forth the history of the American bid for a world-dominating Navy—a bid for which the Navy men got the support of Presidents from WILSON to COOLIDGE, but not, it is fair to say, of the American people—in lucid and dispassionate terms. The fact remains that it deals with a phase of American policy which we hope is ended. If so Mr. MOORE's courageous little book will be none the worse for being a contribution not to current records but to history.



Persistent Suitor. "CATHERINE DARLING, DO MARRY ME, PLEASE! JUST THIS ONCE."

Dorinthia Evadne Clementine Annwell, whose diverting career you can follow in *The Paths of the Prudent* (JARROLD), was an apt pupil of the charity school where she was educated. Instilled into her were such maxims as "Be sure to take the right turning," "If a beggar asks you for sixpence, remember that you may some day want that sixpence yourself," and so forth. With her pretty head screwed on tight, *Dorinthia*, when making her living in the world, never began to forget these maxims, and when she found herself installed as barmaid in

a Yorkshire inn she proceeded most carefully to weigh up the chances of improving her position. Young men, including the son of a local magnate, fell hopelessly in love with her, but in the end she gave all of them the slip because a better opportunity than matrimony came her way. The pleasure to be derived from this comedy is considerably increased by the quiet and unforced manner in which Mr. J. S. FLETCHER relates it.

Doctor Dick (JENKINS), whose portrait Mr. W. RILEY has painted in glowing colours, belonged to no specified religious denomination, but he was a man of wide sympathy and understanding, and he not only healed the bodies of his sick and needy patients (and most of them were as needy as they were sick) but he also experimented in "soul culture." Many quaint Yorkshire types passed through the doctor's hands, and as Mr. RILEY is alive to their humours they add considerably to the diversion of the tale and prevent it from becoming too strenuously uplifting.

A Non-Possumus Posse.

"The fugitives . . . disappeared into the water works bush. A posse which surrounded the densely-wooded area failed to get a glimpse of the pair after they disappeared."—*Canadian Paper*.

CHARIVARIA.

THIRTY American travel agents on a hustled tour of sightseeing had no time to "do" St. Paul's. Still, it wouldn't have taken them a minute to give the DEAN the "once-over."

Two oxen and two porkers were roasted whole at Stratford-on-Avon the other day, and there is some talk of boiling vegetables whole on the Malvern Hills in honour of Mr. G. B. SHAW.

A London registrar was astonished when a bride asked his permission to smoke a cigarette during the marriage ceremony. And well he might be; few modern brides would have asked permission.

A man complained to the London magistrates that his wife had given him twelve black eyes in three months. How many does he think he ought to have had?

According to a trade journal America's great problem is what to do with old worn-out motor-cars. We don't know that it will help, but a friend of ours tries to drive his.

A gossip-writer says there are few interesting people dining at our big hotels at the present time. Probably they are crowded out by gossip-writers.

The report that ex-King AMANULLAH has taken well to macaroni and spaghetti will have allayed any anxiety as to his ability to grapple with the major difficulties of residence in Italy.

We read of an ex-policeman who is a clever ventriloquist. It is greatly to his credit that he has never taken advantage of this gift to put words into the mouths of accused persons that might be used against them.

Although Sir ALFRED TOBIN has described the roads in Zululand as better than any by-pass roads round London, our fear is that those who anticipate a considerable exodus of motorists to Zululand are doomed to disappointment.

Dr. ALEXANDER HEVESI, Director of the National Theatre, Budapest, declares that Sir JAMES BARRIE'S Scot-

tish humour has a very great affinity with Hungarian character. Does Lord ROTHERMERE know about this?

The old class of London beggar is said to have left for the outlying districts. Mendicants have grown less sensitive about seeming suburban.

White bed-linen is no longer fashionable, it seems, but we are trying not to let worry about this keep us awake.

The Rev. J. C. HARDWICK observes that young men and women play tennis

writes, just as a plumber goes to his job. A best-seller, however, rarely has to go and fetch his stenographer.

A gossip-writer mentions that he has seen a man with a red beard strolling on the Downs. He is suspected of being a disguised pylon.

A pigeon which was rescued from a barrel of tar at Hampstead soon recovered and flew off. It was feared at first that it might settle in the Rima sanctuary.

Cameras are being supplied to the French gendarmerie to enable them to obtain first-hand photographic evidence of crime. Persons committing murder are requested to look pleasant

A leader-writer makes a plea for more purity in international politics. In American Big-Navy circles it is hoped that this is a misprint for "parity."

Forty-nine banquets in forty-two days was the record of a party of American tourist agents who arrived in London from Paris last week. Their motto seems to have been: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we dine."

A bull belonging to a Buckinghamshire farmer is reported to have walked sixteen miles in one day. It is believed to have been looking for a china shop.

A concert broadcast from New York was heard by members of an Arctic expedition. It seems to have encouraged the explorers to push on.

There is a mosqu to farm at Epsom. We understand that the stock graze contentedly round the homestead and very few buzz off.

A man has been assaulting his neighbour because he sang "There may be Grey Skies." The further outlook is still more unsettled.

Conservatives are inclined to consider that Mr. MACDONALD'S tree-climbing activities during his holiday in America are a deliberate breach of his own ruling that he will tolerate no monkeying.

A shortage of fruit is reported from New York. We hope they won't make a song about it as they did when they ran out of bananas a few years ago.



Old Lady (short-sighted). "GOOD GRACIOUS! I THOUGHT THEY NEVER HAD RIOTS WITH A LABOUR GOVERNMENT."

instead of reading political speeches or the leading articles upon them. They miss a lot of fun.

Although Switzerland has no navy, it is pointed out that there are merchant-vessels which fly the Swiss flag. Their crews of course cultivate the Yo-hodel.

Complaint is made of the monotony and drabness of proceedings in the Divorce Court. Yet the authorities obstinately refuse to allow even a moderate use of confetti.

According to Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN a born writer gets up in the morning and

ANOTHER BEAUTY-SPOT SAVED FOR THE MOTORIST.

["The effort to preserve the Severells Estate, near Friday Street, for the perpetual enjoyment of the people, has been successful."]

As one who always gets annoyed
To see a view's amenities destroyed
By residential horrors, row on row,
And finds his singing notes grow rich and fruity
When people ban from some pure scene of beauty
The leprous bungalow—

To-day, with that peculiar thrill
Imparted by the early daffodil,
I hear my heart, like any poet's, beat
(WORDSWORTH'S or EDITH SITWELL'S or
SACHEVERELL'S),
Because of this preserved estate of Severells,
Adjoining Friday St.

Nobody now can spoil the grace
Associated with that open space,
A haunt of Peace; no jerry-built abode
Can ever mar its quiet beauty, queering
The prospect of the motorist careering
Down an arterial road.

Speeding at eighty miles an hour
They will admit the spell of Nature's power
To mould the spirit to her silent mood;
Lunch in her glades and reverently maffick,
Or, packed like pilchards in a wedge of traffic,
Murmur *en bloc*: "How too seraphic!
O blessed Solitude!"

O. S.

MULBERRIES.

A FEW weeks ago I jeopardised the lives of two harmless follow-creatures. I am almost a poisoner.

The unhappy incident arose out of my ridiculous concern for my rather small crop of mulberries. You see, some work was being done to the guttering of my house and the ladder passed right over one of the branches of the mulberry-tree. Now, although Bill and 'Erb are quite pleasant and I am sure honourable young workmen, a snatch of conversation which reached me through my open surgery window caused me to prick up my ears.

"Rum sort o' blackberries these 'ere," observed 'Erb (or it may have been Bill; I could not see either of them). "Never seen 'em growing on a tree before."

"They're always getting new sorts nowadays," replied Bill (or 'Erb); "they cross 'em like they do chickens and rabbits. There's loganberries and 'Imalaya berries and all sorts; they've took on wonderful!"

"I'm not surprised," rejoined the other feelingly; "good luck to 'em, I say!"

This was followed by the sound of someone descending and, after a pause, re-ascending the ladder. Of course it may have been that 'Erb (or Bill) went down for a tool, and it may have been that Bill (or 'Erb) would, on receiving it, naturally remark, "Good 'ealth." After all what could be more fitting than for a man perched on a high ladder to wish good health to a companion sitting precariously on a sloping roof; there are no positions, I imagine, where good health is more desirable.

But I am a suspicious fellow and, as I said before, my crop was rather a small one this year. When therefore the sounds of descent and ascent began to reach me every ten minutes or so I walked to the window and spoke to myself in loud clear tones.

"Jane," I said, "see that the gardener sweeps up any of

those berries that fall. Mrs. Brown's little boy got hold of one yesterday and I was only just in time to save him. The pains in the poor little fellow's chest were dreadful."

The silence which followed this bit of play-acting was intense; it almost seemed as though Bill and 'Erb had not only ceased work but had ceased breathing as well. Then a whispered "Blimey!" reached my ears, and with a chuckle I resumed my seat and rang for the next patient. Clearly my mulberries were now safe.

But this, alas! was not the end. An hour later I had seen my last patient and was preparing to go out when there was a violent ring at the surgery bell, and a minute or two later another patient was ushered in. With a start of surprise I perceived it was none other than the redoubtable Bill (or it may have been 'Erb). His ruddy face was blanched and there was a wildness about his eyes which was almost pathetic.

"Hallo! what's the matter with you?" I asked.

"For Gaud's sake give me a dose o' medicine, Sir," he cried; "I've come over somethink awful with pains in the chest."

His distress was so genuine that I was not even tempted to smile. "Sit down," I said gravely, "and let me sound you."

Meekly but very anxiously he submitted to my proddings. "Are the pains in the chest accompanied by a curious feeling that something is happening inside you and you don't quite know what?" I asked.

"That's exactly 'ow I do feel," he groaned.

"Then I know what it is," I said, "and I can put you right." With ostentatious care and in full view of the patient I poured an ounce of water into a glass and added a measured portion of powdered sugar. "Drink this and you will get relief," I said.

He brightened almost at once. "Thank you very much, Sir," he murmured, drinking it off. "I suppose you 'aven't got a drop to spare?"

"A drop to spare?" I repeated.

"Yes, my mate ain't feeling any too good."

"But this medicine is only for your case, you know."

"Bill's is similar," he answered briefly.

"Very well," I said, "then you shall take a dose to Bill."

Next afternoon they were both singing on the roof, so I assumed they had recovered. But suppose 'Erb, conscious of his guilt, hadn't had the courage to come to me, and suppose they had both got worse (for imagination can play strange pranks), why, there might have developed another great poisoning mystery. Anyhow, here's a plot for our detective writers. Will any of them make me an offer for it?

[I doubt it.—Ed.]

C. M.

Our Petrified Woodlands.

"Our landscape and horticultural representatives were so impressed with the natural beauty of the scenery that we wish to secure a woodland margin in perpetuity. We would like to make this a concrete example of what can be done in this direction."

From Letter in Daily Paper.

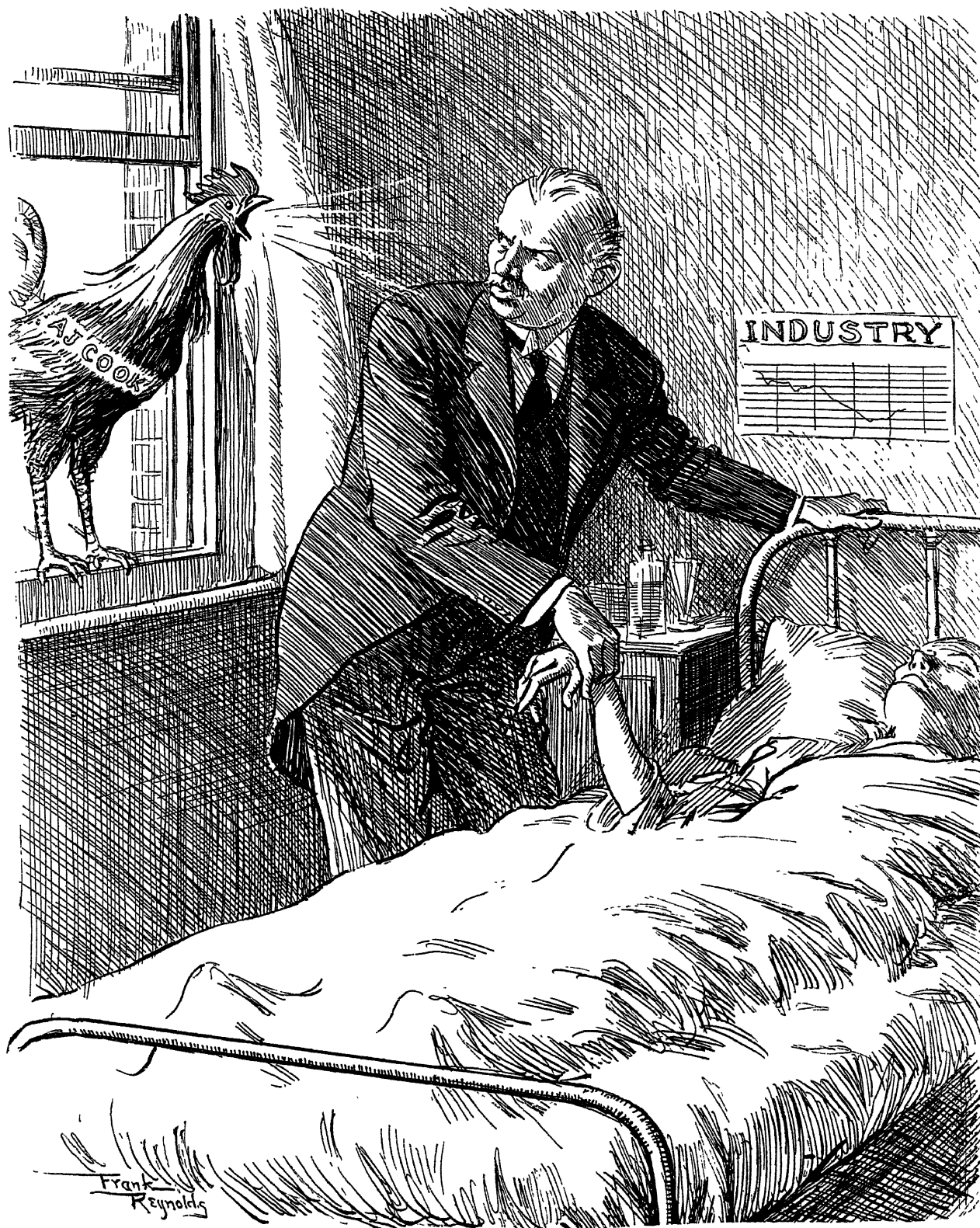
"... They link the winged insects back to an aboriginal wingless stock, the Protura, minute creatures that live in damp places under stones and bark. ..."—*Scots Paper*.

Those who have heard a beetle yapping to its mate will appreciate this picture.

"Corset Expert.—Madame—'s corsets reduce the diaphragm, no matter how disappointed previously."—*Daily Paper*.

As the Poet says:—

See how by corsetry's coercive aid
Despairing diaphragms are cheered and stayed.



COOK-A-DOODLE-DOO !

DR. J. H. THOMAS (*who has just recommended perfect quiet for his patient*). "NOT THAT — BIRD AGAIN!"



Enraged Caller. "THAT CAR YOU SOLD ME HAS SPLIT INTO TWO."

Motor Merchant. "REALLY? I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF IT. MEANWHILE YOU NEED ONLY CONTINUE THE INSTALMENTS ON ONE."

A RHINE ARMY MEMORY.

THE return of the British Army of Occupation from the Rhine after eleven years has reminded me of the time when our battalion first went through to Germany in the winter just after the War. Would you like to hear about it? No? Sorry, but I'm going to tell you.

We were all on a troop-train in the middle of a chilly German countryside about two feet deep in snow, and a quarter-of-a-mile outside a small village the engine abruptly stopped for no reason whatever, just as though the War were still on. It was not long before the villagers turned out in force and stood round us to gaze their fill on the first English soldiers they had seen.

They had their money's worth right at the start, for our Private Pull-through was on the roof of one of the carriages pretending, in a high falsetto to Lance-Corporal Scabbard, who was fiercely ordering him down, that he was giddy and had lost his head. It was not till Sergeant Haversack took a hand and told Pull-through that if they went on suddenly and met a tunnel he probably would, and at any rate he'd lose three days' pay if he didn't come down — — — fast, that Pull-

through decided the game was no longer worth it, and came mincingly down with Private Rifle holding his hand.

What the Germans made of this first impression of the famous British Army we don't know, but it could have been nothing to what was to come. For the Colonel, finding that the train would be delayed some time, gave permission for the troops to get out and run about in the snow to keep warm.

The German civilians drew back apprehensively as khaki poured out of every compartment. Was their village to be the object of a plundering expedition by a brutal and licentious enemy? Had they outlasted the privations of war only to be foully murdered in defence of their homes after peace had at last been declared? But no, the impending raid seemed to be developing along the lines of a school-treat rather than a bloodthirsty foray. So they stood silent and looked on stolidly.

It was Private Sling who threw the first snowball. Not at the Germans; Private Sling had been throwing things at Germans for three years and could no longer get a kick out of it. So he threw it at Private Barrel, and, Private Barrel's figure being what it is, immediately scored an inner. Private

Butt at once came to the rescue of his sworn comrade, but found in Sling not nearly so good a target. He merely registered a miss—on Lance-Corporal Pouch. Lance-Corporal Pouch had of course to uphold the dignity of his stripe, so he opened five rounds rapid fire, getting Butt every time, and then, with the air of one who has made his point, turned loftily away, and so was just in nice position to stop the first shot of Butt's retaliatory barrage, intended for Sling, with the back of his neck. Butt's second—for Butt was having no luck that day—hit Corporal Foresight, and his third, working up through the grades of rank like an Army Form, scored a magpie on Sergeant Haversack. After this, firing became independent and general, with the unavoidable result that within five minutes someone—whose identity was skilfully veiled—had hit Lieutenant Holster on the chest.

Now Holster, who was not going to let himself be tamely hit on the chest by any insubordinate snowballer, at once acted on the false hypothesis that his platoon sergeant had, strictly in a respectful manner, of course, been responsible. A second later, Sergeant Grenade, speaking with difficulty through Holster's first round, indicated

the real culprit and willingly assisted in the retaliatory shoot. From this welter there soon emerged a battle royal of officers, sergeants and Private Trigger, a loyal mess-waiter, against the rest of the battalion.

Now events had moved so swiftly from the moment when Private Sling fired the first shot that the German spectators had not time to realise what was happening till they saw the officers and sergeants surrounded and hard pressed. Great consternation then set in as they realised they were witnesses of a concerted rising, an attack by a whole battalion upon its officers. They had all been told, during the War, of the poor discipline of the British Army, and here before their very eyes was a violent mutiny in progress. No doubt this was pre-arranged and was happening all over the country. Breathlessly they watched the battle rage to and fro, their German sympathies now with the side of law and order and now with the down-trodden private soldier.

Not that he looked like being down-trodden any longer; he was too numerous. The officers' party had superior skill, for James and Sergeant Haversack were noted fast bowlers, while Captain Bayonet was a bombing officer. And when these three hit they injected into their target a wholesome respect for those in authority coupled with about five pounds of snow; but they had not the numbers. Holster was soon down, overwhelmed by a small avalanche, Private Muzzle's idea of a "little bit o' snow." The R.S.M. had had his ear neatly filled by Private O'Jector firing from behind cover (Private Barrel). Lieutenant James was plastered till he looked like a statue in the rough. Even the Colonel was not intact; while the Adjutant had naturally been the butt of a concentrated barrage by all the defaulters of the last five weeks. As for Captain and Quarter-master Ledger, round after round had burst upon his ample person every time he stooped for more ammunition, but he came massively upright each time, looking like an outlying spur of the Himalayas.

Then the engine-drivers sent word that he was ready to go on. The Adjutant received it beneath a mound of snow. For two minutes he struggled under a concentrated burst of hostile rapid fire to get his whistle to his lips. At last he succeeded and in the fiercest phase of the battle a shrill blast rang out.

To the civilians' amazement the battle ceased abruptly; the troops fell in smartly and entrained in orderly fashion. The mutiny was over. For as long as we could see the Germans, they were standing there motionless with astonishment. I doubt if that village has been



Second. "COME ON, CHAWLIE! IF YER CAWN'T SEE 'IM, 'IT 'IM FROM MEMORY."

able to understand the incident yet. It has probably passed into tradition as a folk-tale of the-so-hard-to-comprehend-and-so-different-God-be-thanked-from-our-own-patriotic-Fatherland-lovers Englander.

A. A.

REUNION.

Old Cerberus of late
Outside the nether gate
Full restlessly doth wait,
And he pricks
All his ears for footsteps small
On the asphodel to fall.
All his ears, you say? Yes, all,
For he's got six.

You can hear his tail go flop,
And he never seeks a sop,
And the heroes past him pop,
Each man Jack;
But, all sentimental, he
Sniffs with noses one, two, three,
For his own Persephone
Is coming back.

And she'll wear a clover crown,
And she'll drop her parcels down
And, as sweet and just as brown
As a bun,
With a hand on *that* and *this*
Of the outside heads of his
She will bend once more to kiss
The middle one.

Oh, his little truant Queen,
How she'll tell him where she's been,
And of meadows gold and green
While she pets
And blarneys him a-brim
When she says she thought of him
As she spilt the blue and dim
Dog-violets!

"The proceeds of the fête will be devoted to paying off the debt on the new church boiler, the old one having exploded last November, just before the visit of the Bishop of —."

Local Paper.

From the order of these two events we gather that no reflection is cast upon the prelate.

A LITTLE INFORMATION FOR "THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Yesterday our *Encyclopædia Britannica* arrived, and I looked up the article *NEWSPAPERS*. "For the purpose of this article," I read, "the term newspapers comprises daily or weekly publications mainly concerned with the reporting, illustrating and commenting upon current events. (For magazines and the like see *PERIODICALS*.)"

Well, Sir, I did not think that your august activities would be treated under the rather contemptuous head of "Magazines and the like," so I read on. There are about twenty-eight pages devoted to "daily or weekly publications mainly concerned with the reporting, illustrating and commenting upon current events"; and you will be surprised to hear that *Punch* is not included among them. The history of every daily is given, down to the humblest; the Sunday newspapers have a section to themselves; and in the generous accounts of the foreign Press I find that weeklies so little dignified as *La Vie Parisienne* are not forgotten.

But (leaving you out, Sir, for I know that you detest any reference to your own merits) will you believe me when I tell you that there is no mention under *THE LONDON PRESS* of our other distinguished weekly commentators, *The Spectator*, *The Saturday Review*, *Truth*, *The Nation*? I turned then to *PERIODICALS*. In this article there is no mention of *The Saturday Review*, *The New Statesman*, *Truth*, *The Nation*, the modern *Spectator* or yourself.

I looked up *REVIEWS*. There is no article about *Reviews*.

I then began to browse about in the Index Volume, for it occurred to me that when my children come to read this work they will form a very erroneous estimate of Press-values in the present decade.

I looked up *Saturday Review* (Eng. period.); 19-882b. I dug out 19-882b, but the only paper mentioned in 19-882b (an article on Lord SALISBURY) is the *Quarterly Review* of 1867.

I looked up *Truth*. *Truth* does not even crawl into the Index. Nor does

The New Statesman. Nor does *The Nation*. Nor in effect does the present-day *Spectator*.

You, Sir, are more fortunate. I found with some excitement in the Index the entry *Punch* (Eng. Mag.); and, delighted to have discovered your proper category at last, I turned to the heading *MAGAZINES*; and I read—*MAGAZINES* (see *PERIODICALS*). Obediently I saw *PERIODICALS* again, but with no better result than before.

However, with research and patience,

murmuring your name has done a remarkable thing. You are mentioned in the article *CARTOON*, though this begins with a section headed "*United States*" and is mainly concerned with *Puck* and other American organs. Nevertheless, by comparison with the other important journals I have named, the references to yourself, though sporadic and incidental, are lavish.

You will be the more surprised that the subject of British journalism should be incompletely presented in this work when I tell you that the Editor-in-Chief is that illustrious journalist, Mr. J. L. GARVIN, who is modestly described in it as "pre-eminent as a writing editor, brilliant and independent. He is a recognised authority on foreign affairs and has exercised an influence on world politics for many years." Mr. GARVIN is editor of *The Observer*, a weekly paper which, I generously admit, has made a name for itself, so he cannot be suspected of a prejudice against weekly publications as such; indeed, *The Observer* itself is described in glowing terms at the head of the Sunday sheets.

No, it must be that in the Editor-in-Chief's opinion a weekly paper, to be important, must be published on the Lord's Day. The day sanctifies the deed, I suppose. And, Sir, the purpose of this letter is to correct that opinion. The five weeklies I have named (and they do not exhaust the list)—*The Spectator*, *The Saturday Review*, *The New Statesman*, *The Nation* and *Truth*—are, you will agree, among the most valuable of our publications. For one thing they are read, and read by most of their readers



Absent-minded Vicar (receiving large vegetable-marrow for decoration of the font at Harvest Festival). "IS IT A LITTLE BOY OR GIRL?"

wandering from volume to volume, the student of the future will arrive at the conclusion that there was about this time a publication called *Punch*, though (unless I have missed it) he will nowhere find such an account of its ancient history as is given to some of the, by comparison, infantile dailies and to all the unlawful Sunday papers. You are mentioned kindly under *CARICATURE*, but not under *HUMOUR*, and, though this may please your modesty, you will admit that an *Encyclopædia Britannica* which discusses *Humour* for two or three pages without

from cover to cover, which is more than can be said of many of our admirable dailies. For another, they are read by the best educated of the citizens; and they are bought by them for the reading matter they contain and not for insurance against railway accidents, for beauty competitions or the backing of racehorses. The place they hold in the national life is well illustrated by the place they occupy in the home. The weeklies lie in state on the drawing-room table; the dailies light the kitchen fire. I wish to say nothing, Sir, to discourage the many excellent men who are



Shopman (to stout customer). "PERHAPS YOU WOULD PREFER A MORE YIELDING TWEED, SIR?"

engaged on the production of the many delicious dailies, but the superiority of the weeklies is necessary and obvious. The dailies gorge the people with miscellaneous news; the weeklies act as digestive organs, expelling what is undesirable, absorbing what is good and enriching the good with the juices of commentary which they secrete. The dailies are, as it were, swamps of news; the weeklies, channels. The dailies inflame; the weeklies instruct. Moreover, the weeklies are independent and free.

There is much more to be said about them, Sir, with which I will not weary you now; but I am a little surprised that *The Ency. Brit.*, purporting to give a compendious account of the British Press, should have not only failed to assign to the weeklies their due place in that grand scheme, but for the most part ignored their existence. Is it too late, I wonder, to ask for *The Ency. Brit.* to be withdrawn and corrected? You see, Sir, this affair casts a shade of doubt on the whole *Encyclopædia*. One asks oneself: Can *anything* be right in it?

A. P. H.

DUCKLINGTON.

"To Ducklington," the signpost read: And "That's the way for me," I said, For that (I thought) must surely be A pleasant kind of place to see, Where downy and delightful things With yellow feet and cherubs' wings And busy bills and hobbing heads Will dip and dive in osier-beds, Or dabble by the brooklet edge And hunt for tadpoles in the sedge, Or, heedless of the careful clucks Of such poor hens as mother ducks, Put out, true infant Drakes, to sea On the broad pond's immensity.

Alas, the dream! The year was old, The rickyards brimmed with Autumn's gold, Low bowed the weighted fruit-trees down, The green was parched and bare and brown, And all the ducks that quacked beside The pond that drought had all but dried Were old and sober, staid and sage, Forgetful in their riper age

That they, in some sweet April gone, Were ducklings once at Ducklington.

But time will come and time will go, And this year's follow last year's snow, And Spring come back to Windrush side With swallow-flight and mating tide, With fleeting sun and flying shower, The colt's-foot and the cuckoo flower, With bloom in spate on orchard trees And faint frail scent of primroses, And running brooks and ponds abrim Where downy broods shall dive and swim

As broods like them, since Time began And grass grew green and water ran, From year to year have surely done At duckling time in Ducklington.

C. F. S.

A Record Handful.

"The bride, dispensing with flowers, will hold a red leather Prayer Book as well as all the bridesmaids."—*Daily Paper*.

"The continual anticyclone is expected to continue."—*Forecast in Daily Paper*. But how long will it continue continuing continual?

THE ECONOMICS OF MOTORING.

(A brilliant Article on one of the most important industrial problems of the day.)

ON what income may a man be expected to keep a motor-car? How often will such a man buy a new one? Nearly every kind of motor-car is so constructed that it will last for three or four years before the wheels stick and refuse to go round. It is said that there are a million potential motorists in England, and nine hundred thousand registered owners. Is there a point at which saturation in the motoring trade will be reached? (Saturation point, it should be explained in this connection, means the point at which the output of motor-cars will have to be greatly reduced. It does not mean the thing that squirts a lot of petrol and stuff all over your hands. That is the jet.)

I have been asked to give my opinion as an expert on this important problem, and I say without hesitation that *I do not foresee any saturation point in the motor trade*. Let me take a few typical cases to explain what I mean.

Imagine a man with an income of five thousand pounds buys a new motor-car every year costing roughly two thousand five hundred pounds and gives the old one to his valet. Let us call this man A. The annual budget of this motorist called A will work out more or less as follows:—

Cost of car	£2,500
Chauffeur	250
Tax on car	60
Petrol	140
Oil, repairs, etc.	100
Cocktails	200
Cigarettes	50
Lunch, dinner, theatres	250
Income-tax and sur-tax	1,200
Rent, clothes, <i>Encyclopædia Britannica</i> , etc.	250
TOTAL	£5,000

Can such a man afford to buy another car? Our first answer will be "No." But in point of fact he may easily do so.

Let us suppose that he requires a small run-about car or a sports model in addition to the large limousine. It must be remembered that—

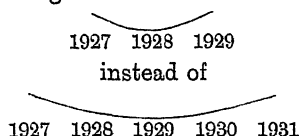
- (1) He need not buy another chauffeur.
- (2) He can drink fewer cocktails.
- (3) On the occasions when he uses the small car he will be charged less for lunch.
- (4) He will have less time for reading.

Now take a typical case of a man with four hundred pounds a year who buys a new car, on an average, every four years. Suppose this man to be B. In any given year such a man may seem to buy only a quarter of a motor-car, so that it would be

a waste of time for the agent or demonstrator at Olympia to explain to this man B the whole car (including the flower-vase and differential). But this again is bad reasoning. The annual budget of such man will be:—

Cost of car (spread over four years)	£75 0 0
Tax on car	15 0 0
Petrol	70 0 0
Running repairs, insurance, etc.	60 0 0
Fines	10 0 0
Sandwiches	10 0 0
Opera or Cinema	5 0 0
Lubricating oil	5 0 0
Subscription to Buffaloes	2 10 0
Beer and Tobacco	27 10 0
Holidays	50 0 0
Flag-days	2 0 0
Dog-biscuits	5 0 0
Stamps	3 0 0
Radio licence	10 0 0
Hair-waving, beard-trimming, etc.	5 2 0
Income-tax	30 0 0
Sundries	32 0 0
TOTAL	£400 0 0

Suppose now that B desires to purchase a new car every two years instead of every four. How will he set about this? What economies can he effect so that the curve of motor production in his case may be represented by the diagram—



In the first place he may cut out his sundries, give up, or, in technical language, "put down," his dog and write fewer letters to his friends. In the second place he can increase his actual turnover by rearing chickens, breeding vegetables, etc., and use his old car as

- (a) a hen-coop; or
- (b) a potting-shed.

Furthermore the tubes of the old tyre can be sold to swimming instructors, and the outer case to golf-ball manufacturers. The second horn, buffers, luggage-grid and ash-tray can be transferred from the old car, thus effecting a still further economy. B thus advances from .25 of a motor-car buyer to .5 without having his salary raised.

But over and above all this it should be remembered that incomes are not static, especially in a country where trade fluctuates and financial investments are often perilous in the extreme.

Thus A, who had an income of five thousand pounds and buys a two-thousand-five-hundred-pound car at the beginning of 1929, may find his income reduced by the autumn to one thousand pounds. In this case, after giving away his expensive car to his valet, he will probably buy a second small one. B, on

the other hand, may have had correct inside information about the Cesarewitch, so that he would immediately wish to exchange the 1929 model which he bought in 1928 for the 1930 model which he may now buy in 1929.

What are we to say then of the man whose income is below four hundred pounds a year—a man who has been hitherto regarded as little better than a mere pedestrian? *Is it not possible that he also may become the purchaser of a sma'll car? Undoubtedly it is.* We shall call this man C.

Let us suppose that C buys a car costing a hundred-and-twenty pounds. Let us suppose that he pays for it outright. His year's budget may be:—

Car	£120 0 0
Cost of petrol (obtained from aunt's chauffeur)	0 0 0
Tax, oil and running repairs (scrounged from brother-in-law)	0 0 0
Cocktails (supplied by passengers)	0 0 0
Food (ditto)	0 0 0
Clothes, night-clubs, chocolates, tennis-racquets, subscriptions to charity balls, etc.	180 0 0
TOTAL	£250 0 0

We have assumed throughout, it will be noticed, that A, B and C are men, and bachelors at that. A few trifling alterations will have to be made to fit the budget to the cases of—

- (1) Women owners.
- (2) Owners possessing also a family.

There must be a more generous allowance in these cases for cosmetics, boots, furs, education, etc., as against lubricating-oil, alcohol and running repairs. We have also left out of account the special cases of cinema-actresses who cannot be seen in the same car twice; of men with a hundred thousand pounds a year who prefer to ride in goat carriages, and of motor bandits who obtain their cars for nothing at all. Nor have we space to set out in detail the budget of a man who buys a seven-hundred-and-fifty-pound motor-car with all that remains of his capital, uses it to live in, and feeds on baked hedgehogs, blackberries and nuts. But I think I have said enough to show that there is no predictable limit to the output of the motoring trade. EVOE.

A Re-union.

How happy the fortune that brings A blending of cabbage and Kings! That's why the Savoy is so proper a Domain for the Kings of Light Opera.

After listening to some American talkies the other day, a correspondent writes to suggest that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD should advocate a scheme for Nasal Disarmament.



"WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE PLAY LAST NIGHT, DEAR?"

"OH, NOT BAD; LIKE THE CURATE'S EGG—EXCELLENT IN PARTS."

"AH! I'VE NOT SEEN *THE CURATE'S EGG*."

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

GAMES, like Constitutions, may be divided into those in which the laws are fixed and written and those in which they are flexible, or easy of amendment and unwritten. In the former category we may cite lawn tennis, ludo, the American Constitution, polo and Russian pool; and in the latter French cricket, blind-man's-buff, the British Parliament, old maid and rounders.

As regards Constitutions the flexible and unwritten variety is in many ways preferable. The reader is doubtless

familiar with the machinery that would be required to place a glass of beer on a legal footing in the U.S.A. The writer is not, but he understands that it would be a sticky business, that beer and the Constitution are badly mixed up together, and the matter could not be settled up overnight. In England, on the other hand, abiding comfort is to be derived from the reflection that Parliament itself could at any moment be abolished by a bare Parliamentary majority. But in the matter of games—to which for the rest of this article I shall confine my observations—I think that those

with written laws have the advantage. Let me compare shortly the heads of my two lists, lawn tennis and French cricket.

The rules of lawn tennis are clear and concise. The argumentative player, so much in evidence in the other class of games, they at once put in his place. (See Rule 4: "The players shall stand on opposite sides of the net. . . .") But they do more. They provide for contingencies. "If a match," they say, "is postponed on account of rain or darkness coming on, or for any similar reason, and is continued on the subsequent day,

the match shall be continued from the point at which it was discontinued on the previous day."

Now turn to the rules of French cricket and what do we find? This: that argument flows unchecked, and that for the last three evenings Veryan's bed-bell has rung when I have been batting and she bowling, and that on continuing the next evening in each case a fresh game has been started and Veryan has demanded first knock. It is all most unsatisfactory.

Rounders is a fine game and of respectable antiquity, for is it not the parent of base-ball? But it suffers, as does French cricket, from lack of codification. Come with me, if you will, to the game in Jones's meadow last Saturday, and see if you do not agree.

The main problem of the first hour or so was "picking-up," or dividing the party into sides. There were many opinions voiced as to how this should be done, or rather, firstly, as to who should do it, but there were three that by force, mainly of sound volume, prevailed over the rest. The first was that picking-up was the indisputable privilege of the two youngest members of the party; the second that it was obviously, in the name of chivalry and good taste, the prerogative of ladies, and the third that the company, without causing offence, could hardly do otherwise than invite young Jones, who plays cricket for a club, and myself, who was wearing an Old Borovian sash, to accept the office. Finally the youngest members were adopted, but the appointments were of an honorary nature; they lent their names, so to speak, to the posts, but the powers behind the thrones were the club cricketer and the O.B. sash.

But choosing the pickers-up is simple compared with picking-up itself. In this process three methods may be employed. One may choose one's side (a) conscientiously with a view to its proficiency at the game in question; or (b) tactfully: e.g., choosing one's hostess first; subsequent choices, I may mention, are conferred with increasing embarrassment, and the last choice of all is of course a deadly insult; or (c) following one's own inclination, choosing, for

example, that charming girl from the vicarage with the disarming shingle, who you feel instinctively at first sight would be an asset and encouragement to your side. But remember you do not know her name, and unless you are a brave man you will be wise to abandon course (c) at the outset.

There are further difficulties to be encountered. Supposing you adopt course (b) and without hesitation choose your hostess, as I did at the Jones's (for you must understand that young Jones

game has actually started—one may be keeping wicket oneself and the girl from the vicarage may be batting. She may miss the ball three times in succession and have to run, in which case it becomes the duty of the wicket-keeper to throw the ball at her and attempt to hit her. But—mark me well—he may miss her; he may hurl the ball with Schneider-like velocity two clear feet wide of her into a thick holly-bush, and she may be presented with a rounder. Should this be so, she bats again; and

it's just possible that the programme may be repeated with but slight variation—a duck-pond, say, replacing the holly-bush. Indeed I have known the same thing to happen three times running and girls from vicarages score three successive rounders for their side.

But, as I say, these methods may miscarry; and the whole scheme, however happily conceived, may merely serve to cement in the afterglow of victory the friendship between the girl from the vicarage and the captain, or the acting-captain, of her side. In this case he will probably take her home on the pillion of his motorcycle.

Now, if the rules of rounders were fixed upon and reduced to writing, what troubles and annoyances we might be saved! Picking-up, which would be the very first matter taken in hand, would doubtless be dealt with in some such way as this: "Rule 1. Arrangement of sides. All the players whose surnames begin with the same letter shall automatically be on the same side. If, as is probable—" (by the way, I've just been informed of the name of the girl from the vicarage; it is Miss Bembridge)—"if, as

is probable, the players are not then arranged into two equal sides—" Bother it! there's Veryan shouting for me to bowl to her at French cricket, and last evening when we knocked off I was forty not out and going strong.

The sooner these games are brought into line with the American Constitution the better.

C. B.

"And to make the setting complete there was the illustrious Mr. Harold Hilton, with a voluminous yellow umbrella and cigarette in corner of mouth."—*Daily Paper*.

You sure said a mouthful.



Native (pointing to landslide). "YOU WANT TO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU'RE DOING THERE, SURR. WE'VE 'AD SOME TERRIBLE LANDSCAPES DOWN 'ERE THIS YEAR."

and I were virtually the leaders of our sides, the honorary captains being scrupulously honorary throughout the game)—supposing, I say, you choose your hostess, can you rely on your opponent to adopt a similarly honourable course and choose, say, Aunt Lilian, the hostess's sister? The answer is "No, you cannot. He will very likely lack all decent feeling and at once enlist the services of the girl from the vicarage." Young Jones did.

Mind you, there are methods of retaliation, but, unless delicately handled, they are likely to miscarry. Later on, for instance—much later on when, the

* This article should only be read on this side of the Atlantic.



Visitor. "I HEAR YOUR DAUGHTER'S VERY CLEVER."

Mother. "BRILLIANT, MY DEAR! SHE SPEAKS SO WONDERFULLY DISPARAGINGLY OF ALL SUBJECTS AND PEOPLE, EXCEPT THOSE THAT ARE SO OBSCURE THAT NOBODY ELSE KNOWS OF THEIR EXISTENCE."

LYRA LUNATICA.

A SEMI-LUCID INTERVAL.

RANSOMED, after deep immersion,
From the sombre Street of Ink
By the unforeseen dispersion
Of a long-lost uncle's chink,
Though the balance at my banker's
Justifies inaction, still
My undaunted spirit hankers
For the practice of the quill.

Not to ape the unrelenting
Votaries of verse reform,
Never wearied of inventing
Deviations from the norm;
Haunted, while in stealth inhaling
Odours of the *Fleurs du Mal*,
By the constant dread of failing
To appear unusual;

Not to imitate the stutter
Of th' explosive GERTRUDE STEIN;
Not that I would snort or splutter
Like the fretful porcupine;
Or provoke their execrations
By endeavouring to compete
With the cosmic ululations
Of the Bloomsbury elite;

Not for me the mystic coma
Of the high-brows who exult

In the stercorous aroma
They distil from the occult;
Not for me the stark Stymphalian
Labour shouldered with success

By the great sesquipedalian
Pontiff of the Sunday Press;

Rather let me blandly welter
In a labyrinth of rhymes,
Seeking psychiatric shelter
In forgotten paradigms,
With my feet upon the fender,
As, without a thought of sex,
I recall your dubious gender,
Artifex and *opifex*.

Dear to some is contraband rum
In their private cellars stored;
Dear to Aztecs their Panjan-
drum

Whom they formerly adored,
Terrible Tezcatlipoca—
Dearer still, O sumptuous Three,
βλώσσω, ἔμολον, μέμβλωκα,
Are your sacred forms to me!

Place me somewhere west of Eal-
ing,
Preferably in a zone
Where the syncopated squealing
Of the "saxo" is unknown:

Far from actresses who, yearning
To achieve their highest aims,
Seem incapable of learning
How to spell their Christian
names!

There untroubled by the capers
Of the bathing-girl who wins
Prizes in the picture-papers
By her devastating grins;
Hidden from the gossipmonger
Always ready, day and night,
To assuage the masses' hunger
For unending blatherskite—

There I'd watch the helicopter,
Monarch of the skyey flock,
Correlating *post* and *propter*
In their reference to *hoc*;
There I'd croon exotic shanties,
In the Mixo-Lyidian style,
To the *musca volitantes*
That my solitude beguile.

There, oh, there let me, disjoining
Sound from any sort of sense,
Rescued from the need of coining
Phrases into linear pence—
There, amid the bracken brooding,
Let me in seclusion lie
Imperturbably exuding
Doggerel of the deepest dye.

SIMPLE STORIES.

ISAAC BRICK.

ONCE when Isaac Brick was going for a country walk he heard the most awful shrieks coming from a cottage. So he hurried on to see what it was all about, because he liked to be in everything that was going on, and just as he came up to the cottage a woman rushed out of it all covered with blood, and there was a man behind her with a knife in his hand which was covered with blood too, but he was quite a small man so Isaac Brick hit him on the head with his walking-stick and he fell down in the mud and lay there without speaking.

Well directly that had happened the woman turned round and said to him oh you wicked man you are a murderer, and she took hold of him and nearly choked him, because she was quite as big as he was and very strong, and just then a policeman happened to come up so she gave Isaac Brick in charge for murdering her husband.

Well her husband wasn't really murdered but the policeman thought he was, so he got out his note-book and said he should like to take a few notes about it, but he wouldn't let Isaac Brick say anything because he said it wasn't allowed as he had taken him in charge, and then he said to the woman well I shall take him off to prison and if you like I will send you an undertaker as we shall be passing one, and when he has buried your husband and you have bought yourself some mourning you can come and give evidence at the trial, the judge will want to know how it happened, and I should think it will all be very interesting as we haven't had a murder here for quite a long time.

Well just then the man came to, and the policeman was rather annoyed at that because it would spoil the trial, but he said to Isaac Brick well anyhow you hit him on the head with your walking-stick and you can't go on like that, so you must come to prison all the same.

Well by this time Isaac Brick was a little less surprised than he had been and he said to the policeman I heard this woman shrieking and she rushed out all covered with blood and the man rushed cut after her with that knife all covered with blood too, you can see it for yourself, so I give him in charge for trying to murder her.

And the woman said oh what a wicked story, I think you are the wickedest man in the world; we were only killing our pig and I was just going to the well for some water to wash up with when you came and interfered, I am sure I should be ashamed to be so officious.

Well the policeman had got rather muddled by this time, and he said to Isaac Brick do you give this woman in charge too? And he said yes I do, she has spoilt my collar, you can see the blood on it. So the policeman said oh well then you must all come to prison, and there can be three trials, but you

didn't much mind being hit on it, and he wanted to sell his bacon at a good price, so they agreed about that and Isaac Brick bought the whole pig and arranged with the man to bring it to his house after he had cut it up, and he asked the woman to come too and look at his garden, and he said he would give her some montbretias to put in her own garden if she liked.

Well it took some time to arrange all this and to wash off the blood, because they had to boil some water for that on the spirit stove, and the policeman was getting rather impatient, so he came into the cottage and said to them now look here you can't take all day over this, it is getting near dinner time and my wife will wonder what has become of me, I shall just have time to take you to prison before I go home if we start now.

And Isaac Brick said we are just ready, what are you going to have for dinner? and the policeman said well it is a beef-steak and kidney pudding.

And Isaac Brick said well that is a funny thing because I was going to have one too, I expect there will be enough for all four of us because my two servants can easily have some cold tongue just for once, it won't do them any harm and everybody says I feed them too well but I like doing that, so why shouldn't we all go and have dinner at my house before going to prison? it is on the way and we shall feel more comfortable after it.

And the policeman said well could we have some beer as well? because I am used to that with my dinner. And Isaac Brick said oh yes, I have got a whole barrel of it and you

can all have as much as you like as long as you don't get drunk on it, but I suppose you know when to stop.

So the policeman said oh very well, and they went to Isaac Brick's house, and his housekeeper was in a good temper so she didn't mind about the cold tongue just for once, especially as she was pleased about the pig and Isaac Brick said she could have its trotters for herself because she liked pig's trotters almost better than anything else.

So they all had a very nice dinner, and after it the policeman said he didn't care about going round the garden and would rather have a little nap. So Isaac Brick left him in the drawing-room, because he knew it would be quite safe and he wouldn't take anything as he was a policeman, and he showed the



"WELL JUST THEN THE MAN CAME TO."

had better wash the blood off you first, because it is a good long way, nearly five miles to walk, and you won't want to look more untidy than you can help.

So they all went into the cottage while the policeman sat down outside and made some more notes. And Isaac Brick said to the woman well there is no reason why we shouldn't be friends, I am sorry I thought it was a lady shrieking when it was only a pig, but it sounded very much the same, how much do you ask for your bacon when you kill a pig? because I am thinking of buying some and I could quite well afford to buy a whole pig if I wanted to.

Well the woman was pleased at being called a lady which she wasn't really, and the man's head was so hard that he

others his garden and he gave the woman a large vegetable marrow and a basket of gooseberries because she said she would rather have those than the montbretias, and then the man said well I think it is time we were getting home, I have got all that pig to cut up, and I can't stop here talking any longer.

Well he had had a good many glasses of beer and had forgotten all about going to prison, and when Isaac Brick reminded him of it he said oh well you must arrange about that, you were the first one to be given in charge, and if the policeman makes a fuss about it you can tell him that we don't press it. And the woman said we have had quite a good dinner except that the suet was a little watery, so we will let bygones be bygones.

So they went away and when the policeman woke up he was rather annoyed about it and he said to Isaac Brick it is all very well but what will the judge say if he hears about it?

And Isaac Brick said what is the name of the judge? And when he told him he said oh that will be all right,

I once met him at a Flower Show, and if he knew that you had taken me to prison he wouldn't like it at all, if I were you I should go home now and say no more about it.

Well the policeman thought that perhaps that was the best thing to do, especially as Isaac Brick promised to give him one of the pig's cheeks when it had been cut up, and he said I shouldn't have said no more about it if it had been a real murder, I think I should like another glass of beer before I go home.

So that was the end of it, and Isaac Brick said to himself well it hasn't been so bad, but I must be careful not to be so interfering another time and now I can have a good go in at my stamp collection until tea is ready. A. M.

"CARELESS PEDESTRIANS."

'Despite the awful figures and the rapidly increasing number of street fatalities, pedestrians do not seem to get any more careful,' said Mr. Oddie, the Westminster Coroner."

Scot's Paper.

As pedestrians, we find this reference to our figures in the worst possible taste.

THE HOMELY WAY.

[Housework is recommended as an infallible means of keeping slim.]

Phyllis, I know you long have felt
(Since that's the Mode's decree)
Resolved upon becoming svelte
Whate'er the cost may be.

Know therefore that the house
supplies

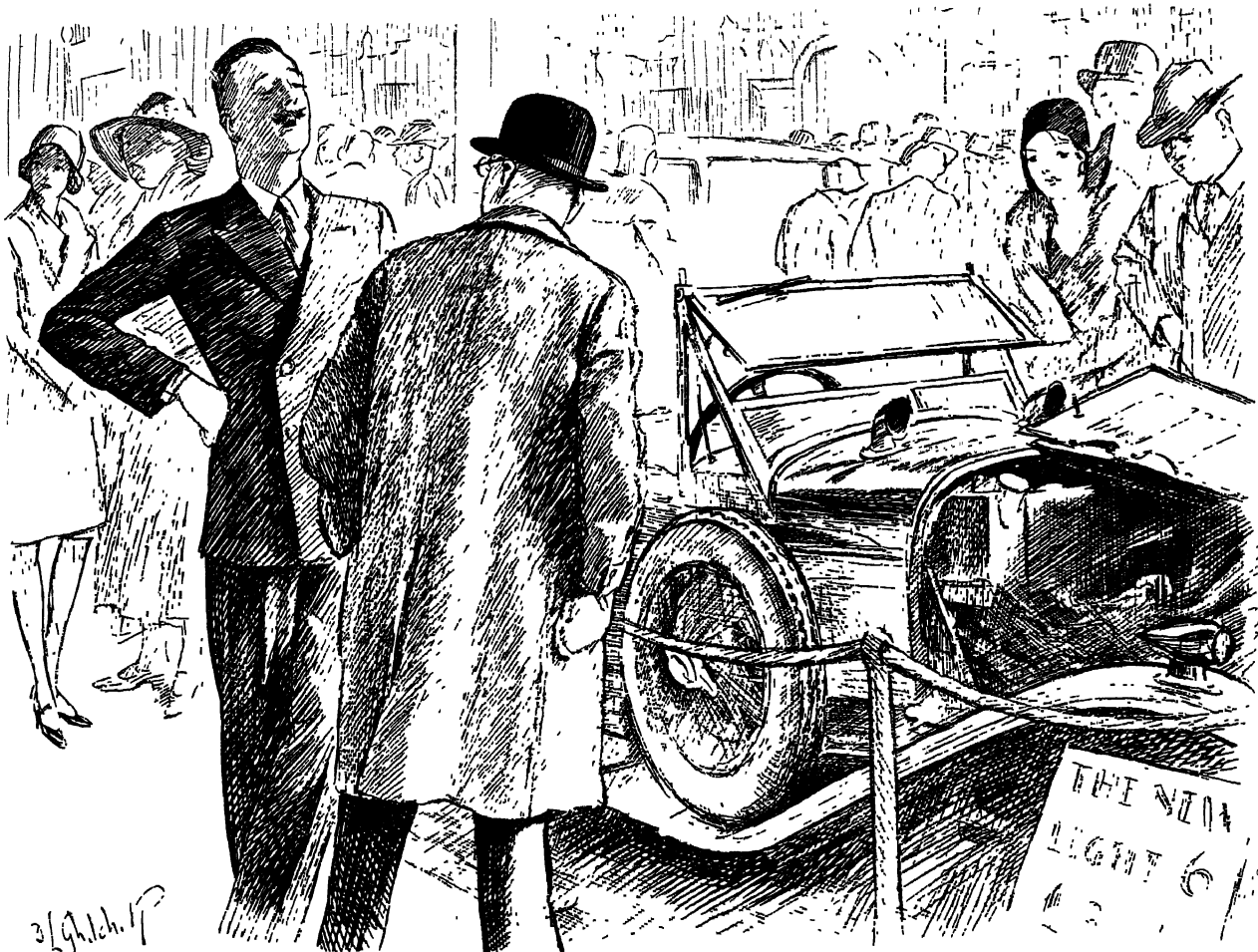
For your immediate use
The very finest exercise
To help you to reduce.

Try it and you will joy to think,
Grown fashionably slim,
How strict attendance at the sink
Has put you in the swim.

Staggering Statistics.

"MORE RATS."

The Medical Officer reported that for the past month the Registrar's returns gave three births and one death. The general health of the district continued good. In view of the approaching 'Rat Week,' Dr. — suggested that the authorities empowered to deal with the increased menace of rats be stimulated into action at that period."—*Midland Paper.*



AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

Salesman. "IF IT'S SILENT RUNNING YOU WANT, SIR, BELIEVE ME IN THAT PARTICULAR OUR CAR'S THE BIG NOISE."



Mother (to excited child who has just paid her first visit to the Zoo). "AND WHAT DID YOU THINK THE ELEPHANTS LOOKED LIKE?"
Child. "OH! MUMMY—EXACTLY LIKE ELEPHANTS."

MAKING CONTACT WITH GREATNESS.

The *Evening Standard* recently published an account of a "correspondent's" telephonic conversation with the giant airship R101.

Apparently this "correspondent" called up the Cardington aerodrome, asked for an extension, said "Hullo! is that R101?" received from the lips of the First Officer the information "R101 speaking," complimented all concerned on the ease with which the ship had been handled, was assured in reply that all were happy and comfortable and that the ship was riding beautifully at the mast. The conversation then ended.

It all seemed delightfully easy, and I only wished it had occurred to me to make contact with the R101 and ask a few questions.

It was while I was reflecting on this oversight that I found myself standing at a point near the corner of Bartholomew Lane and Throgmorton Street and, chancing to raise my eyes in the direction of the Bank of England, I perceived an unfamiliar tower complete with dome. This curious edifice, I realised, was part of the new Bank buildings and, remembering to have read in the previous

night's paper that the City was "intrigued," nay indeed "mystified," by the appearance of this "Riddle of the Bank" (as it was termed), it struck me that I might be performing some slight service to my fellow-Londoners by ascertaining the reason for its erection.

I therefore decided to make contact with the Bank.

My course of action was as follows. It was all perfectly simple and straightforward.

I spoke from a post-office. I called the Bank and asked for an extension to the Governor.

"Hullo! is that the Governor?" I said.

"Arrr," came the reply.

I assumed that it was the voice of Mr. NORMAN, the Governor of the Bank of England.

I complimented him on his Bank, dwelt briefly upon the Bank Rate, made a passing reference to the old church garden still preserved within the Bank premises, commented upon the old outer wall built as a protection at the time of the Gordon riots, and in this way gradually approached the object of my call—the elucidation of the tower and dome mystery. I put the matter very

simply to the Governor. I said, "Oh, by the way, touching the question of this new tower and dome that you've been putting up. Now, what's it all about, eh?"

The Governor maintained a discreet silence, from which I gathered that he did not wish the mystery to be at present divulged. I was then rung off.

You see anyone can do it. WOON.

THE PROPHET ABROAD.

SOME politicians who in vain at home Are seeking laurels ought to cross the foam,

For as they sailed, let precedent remind them,

They'd have the country solidly behind them. W. K. H.

"DOG SHARES DISPUTE."

Headline in *Evening Paper*.

We have often noticed that it takes two to make a dog-fight.

"We went ashore in a smart motor launch with a Lascar in red cap and bare, black feet at either end."—*Scots Paper*.

Not to be confused with the Blackfeet Indians of Algonquin stock in Alberta, who are only bipeds.



THE CUB IS FATHER OF THE LION.

BRITISH LION. "HE'S—FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS,
COPYING THE DEAR OLD DAD."

AUSTRALIAN CUB. "COPYING, INDEED! I THOUGHT OF IT FIRST."

ONE OF THE BRIGHT OLD THINGS.

AN old man sat in the doorway of a neat little cottage. His silvery beard was well kept; his clear grey eyes were the picture of rustic candour. Never, I thought, had I seen a more attractive picture of honourable o'd age. I gladly accepted his invitation to sit beside him on the bench and while away some moments.

In due course I asked him how old he might be.

"I'm a good age, master," he replied—a good age. More than a hundred anyway."

"I can well believe it," I said. "And no doubt you can recall a good many interesting events that took place in the days of your youth?"

"Any amount of them," replied the ancient with a chuckle; "my memory is as good as ever it was."

"Would it tire you to tell me one or two incidents?" I asked.

"Not at all," was the ready response. "For instance, I remember the big Chartist meeting on Kennington Common when I was a lad, and a nice mob they was! That was just after some riots in Paris, when the people burnt a palace or something."

"The Tuileries?" I prompted.

"Very likely. Things weren't so quiet then as they are nowadays," the patriarch continued; "there was always something going on when I was young."

"Are you married?" I asked.

"I was," he answered; "I was married at Gretna Green. I took my missus there in a pochay. There was no railways in those days, you understand. I'm a widower now," he added.

"That's hardly to be wondered at," I remarked, eyeing my venerable friend narrowly.

"We came back in a railway-train, though," continued the old gentleman. "I remember, because the engine was called the 'Rocket,' and the driver wore a top-hat."

"But look here," I interrupted; "you said just now there were no railways—"

"And another funny thing I remember is my wife's brother hanging himself in his Sunday clothes."

"What did he do that for?" I asked.

"Gas-stoves weren't invented in those days, and he'd lost all his money in the South Sea Bubble. I told him he would. I put mine in the Bank of England. It was a new concern then, but I thought it looked safer."

"What else do you remember?" I asked with gathering suspicion.

The patriarch considered a moment.

"Well, I had my watch stolen at Lord Nelson's funeral, and I sprained my



Prospective Employer. "WHO WERE YOU VALET TO IN YOUR LAST PLACE?"
Applicant. "THE MCSPORRANS. SIX OF 'EM."

ankle skating on the river at London Bridge. It's a wonder the ice didn't give way with all those crowds of people on it."

"That might have been awkward," I remarked, now thoroughly roused; "but I expect you were a good swimmer. Didn't you learn during the Flood?"

"Not a stroke," said the old scoundrel simply. "Hawking in Lambeth Marshes was my hobby, except when I went sailing on the Fleet River."

I rose from my seat. "Thanks very much," I said; "I should have liked to hear more of your experiences—what you saw, for instance, at the opening of

Stonehenge—but I have to catch my train. Which way is the station?"

The old gentleman pointed down the road. "First turning on the right," he said, "if you must be going. But don't get talking to old George Gammon on the way."

"And why shouldn't I talk to old George Gammon?" I inquired.

"Because he's such an old liar," replied the veteran; "and at his time of life he ought to know better."

I glanced back as I reached the corner. The centenarian was still at the cottage door, looking as honest as ever.

FAREWELL TO A LADY.

(Song.)

I'LL send thee no more roses, Eve,
Nor lilies gold and white,
But these with my true love receive
And wear for me to-night.

So may they by thy touch be blessed,
And when we two must part
I'll pluck one blossom from thy breast
And keep it next my heart.

For thou art still my dainty dove
And hast not any peer,
But I'll send no more roses, love,
Because they are too dear.

And oh! the daisy on the sward,
The primrose by the lea,
The simple blooms I can afford
Were never made for thee.

For thee the orchid paints his crest,
For thee the eagles fly;
Thou wilt be clad in Nature's best
Or know the reason why.

So I'll forget thee, if I can,
And thou shalt have thy bliss,
For thou wilt find a dearer man
And I a cheaper Miss.

I'll send thee no more roses, Eve,
Nor lilies gold and white,
But these with my true love receive
And wear for me to-night. A. P. H.

THE HAPPY ROAD-MENDER.

At this time of the year I envy the road-mender. His lot is happier than mine. His summer holidays have cost him nothing. It is a happy care-free existence.

And what does he do for a living? Just what any healthy child does at the seaside. He just digs a hole and jumps into it. If we want to do that we have to travel many expensive miles to an expensive seaside resort. Four guineas per head and extra for the cruet, and even then we are not allowed to dig where we like.

The road-mender digs wherever he feels the call to dig. Even in Piccadilly. If he fancies a little excavation in the Strand, why not? The Strand comes up, and he doesn't stand any nonsense from the magnates, learned counsel or newspaper men who wish to pass down the Strand. They must squeeze by his little camp or go round by the Embankment.

Of course a man with a nice trade like this at his finger-tips wouldn't waste good money in going to the seaside.

"Alfred," his wife would say, "you need a change. You're looking run down. Don't you think you ought to go away for a bit?"

"Come to think of it," Alfred would

admit, "I'm a bit under the weather. A thorough change might do me good. But where should I go?"

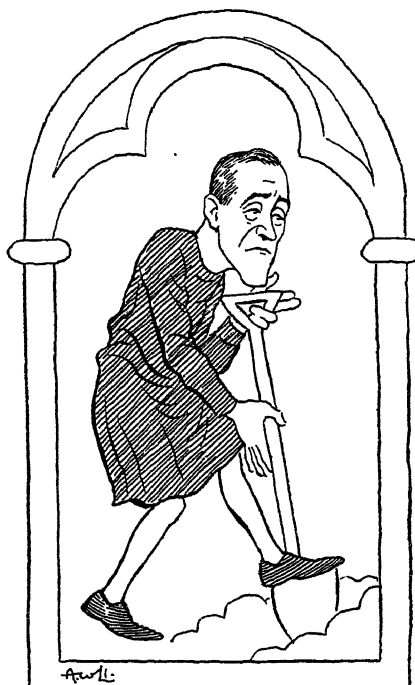
"Go out West, Alfred. Try Piccadilly."

"Too quiet and refaned," Alfred will decide. "Besides, I bin there last year. I want a bit of life."

"What about 'Olborn? There's always something going off in 'Olborn."

"There's too much going off there. And going up too. Tell you what, I'll try the Strand."

"That's right, Alfred. I'll go and pack your red pocket-handkerchief this minute."



WHEN JOSH DELVED.

[Colonel JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P., one of the Committee appointed to produce an official account of the membership of past Parliaments, stated at University College that the personal records recently unearthed throw a new light on Parliamentary history.]

So the next morning he carries his red pocket-handkerchief up to the Strand, selects a nice little bit of road-way and begins to swing his pick. And a crowd of typists, clerks, newspapermen and barristers gather round and envy him. They've been rushing up and down the Strand for years, but never once thought of digging it up.

In a short time he has dug a nice deep hole. He roofs this over with planks so that he has a comfortable dug-out whenever he wants to hide. By this time his hut has come along—his little house which travels with him wherever he decides to dig. A comfortable well-designed house with no frills and no mortgage on it. If he wants a

south aspect, he just swings it round to face south. If he wants central heating he just lights his brazier.

But it is now time for his mid-day meal. A kipper or two and half-a-dozen links of sausages are sizzling appetisingly over the fire. Vegetarians on their way to bun-shops stop to sniff.

He sits down (this would cost him twopence at the seaside), and those who are rude enough to watch a gentleman eat will see him carve lumps of bread with his clasp-knife. Bread and fried sausage will be dexterously conveyed to his mouth by the same knife, and he will wash down his meal with a draught of something out of a bottle which may or may not contain cold tea.

He has achieved the nearly impossible. He has cooked a meal with his own hands over his own camp-fire and eaten it under the open sky. Nobody has demanded a parking fee from him. No policeman has moved him on. He hasn't been warned that he is trespassing, obstructing the traffic, frightening the game or loitering with intent. An ordinary man can't get away with this even in the heart of Dartmoor.

In fact, the whole population likes to see him enjoying himself. The poor millionaire from Texas or Iowa envies him. He daren't use a clasp-knife. He's got to get all hot and bothered over a dozen assorted knives and forks.

This dress-reform business doesn't disturb him. He has never suffered the tyranny of the collar. He is Nature's gentleman and can dress as he pleases.

By-and-by the night falls like a curtain; his little encampment is lit by entrancing red lamps; his brazier crackles and glows. In the recesses of his hut he smokes his shag and sighs over a day well spent.

A few friends look in to pass the time of day, but no salesmen call with vacuum cleaners and nobody comes for the rates. If he were charged with rates in the City he'd just shift to Westminster and camp out in a desirable traffic block there.

No wonder the road-mender is happy. It is a man's life, a care-free open-air life. I wish it were mine. But with me there's always something to be done. No sooner do I sit down at my desk than people come to goad me to do things.

What do you think they want me to do now? They actually want me to mend the garden-path.

What do they take me for? A navvy?
W. E. R.

A Multiple Personality.

"Useful help seeks post as family in small house."—*Adv. in Kent Paper.*



SIDELIGHTS ON HISTORY.

"STOUT CORTEZ" CONSULTING AN AZTEC HERBALIST ABOUT A CURE FOR OBESITY.

A ROUND WITH THE PRO.

If any perfection
Exists on this earth
Immune from correction,
Unmeet for our mirth,
The despair of the scoffer,
The doom of the wit,
A professional golfer,
I fancy, is it.
No faults and no vices
Are found in this man,
He pulls not nor slices,
It don't seem he can;
Like an angel from heaven,
With grief, not with blame,
He points out the seven
Worst faults in your game.
"You should hold your club
this way,"
He tells you, "not *that*."
You hold your club his way—
It hurts you, my hat!
Your hocks and your haunches,
Your hands and your hips
He assembles and launches
On unforeseen trips.
He says you should do it
Like *so* and like *so*;
Your legs become suet,
Your limbs are as dough.
He tells you to notice
The way his club wags;
(But how lovely his coat is,
How large are his bags!)

You mark his beginning,
You watch how he ends,
You observe the ball spinning,
How high it ascends!

To you the whole riddle
Is just what he does
When he gets to the middle
And makes the brute buzz.

He tells you the divot
You took with your last
Was all due to the pivot—
Your comment is "Blast!"

He tells you your shoulders
Don't sink as they should;
Your intellect moulders,
Your brains are like wood.

But *he* pulls his wrists through
Right under his hands,
His whole body twists through,
Tremendous he stands.

He stands there and whops
them
Without any fuss;
He scoops not nor tops them
Because he goes *thus*.

Obsequious batches
Of dutiful spheres
All day he despatches
Through Time and the years.

You copy his motions,
You take it like *this*,
You seize all his notions,
You strike—and you miss.

You aim with persistence,
With verve and with flair,
You gaze at the distance—
The orb is not there.

The hands have been lifted,
The head remains still,
Your eyes have not shifted—
No, nor has the pill.

He points out the errors
He told you before,
To add to your terrors
He points out two more,

Till, your eyes growing glassy,
Your face like a mule's,
You let out with your brassie
Regardless of rules.

And the ball goes careering
Far into the sky
And is seen disappearing
Due south, over Rye.

You stand staring wildly
(It's now at Madrid)
And the pro. remarks mildly,
"You see what you did?"

You made every movement
I've tried to explain;
That shows great improvement,
Now do it again." EVOE.

China Cracking Up.

"General Chang Tsohsiang has been informed by Nanking that the Central Government will place 100,000 cracked troops at the disposal of the Manchurian authorities in the event of hostilities breaking out between Russia and China."—*Peking Paper*.

AT THE PICTURES.

SCREEN VERSUS LITERATURE.

THE hand of the film-producer is always rather heavy, but we never notice the weight so much as when he is dealing with one of our favourite books—as he too often is. It is true that it is usually the title of the book that most occupies his attention; but even so his activities are almost certain to alienate whatever percentage of the audience has read it. The fact that there are in the world so few readers of books is his strength.

Speaking as one of the most fervent admirers of Mr. THORNTON WILDER's subtle and romantic imagination, I must confess that I was shocked to



NEVER MIND ABOUT THE STORY SO LONG AS CAMILE (MISS LILY DAMITA) CAPERS—

learn that *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, that delicate and profound blend of fantasy and spirituality, had caught the speakie's eye and had been translated into the terms of the screen. For there are some things which one never wants to see, which one wishes always to retain as mental phantasmagoria; and high among these are the remote shadowy figures who combine to make Mr. WILDER's very remarkable fable of destiny. To be fair I must add that I should have known the same feeling had I learnt that the book was to be turned into a play for the stage proper, so peculiarly is it the kind of insubstantial fabric to which substance ought not to be given.

Mine is, however, a minority view; very few film fans have read Mr. WILDER, and most film fans are delighted by South American scenery and shreds

of passion and the old costumes of Peru and a tempestuous dancing-girl, especially when impersonated by Miss



CAJOLE THE VICEROY (M. MIKHAIL VAVITCH)—

LILY DAMITA. It is nothing to them where the story comes from or what liberties have been taken with it; all they require is to be interested in the interplay of emotion against attractive backgrounds. This means, then, that most people will enjoy immensely the film version of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, for the characters are there,



CASTIGATES UNCLE PIO (MR. ERNEST TORRENCE)—

each with a beating heart; and the picturesque setting is there; the central catastrophe of the book is there—catastrophe benignant or disastrous accord-

ing to how much of *Father Juniper's* sermon is heard. It is, as a matter of fact, there twice—at the beginning, in advance of its time, and at the end, in its due place; and, oddly enough, as the chief spectacular incident, it is not very well done. The bridge is a flimsy unconvincing structure, which, instead of being the pride of Lima and the symbol of Security, as described by *Father Juniper*, ought obviously to have fallen years before; while the approach to it by the doomed five in their crazy vehicles is muddled. The photography as a whole suffers from a want of sympathy between the size of the screen, which is small, and the proportions of the actors, which are large; but there are some beautiful moments, not least the wedding.

The production is a novelty in that it

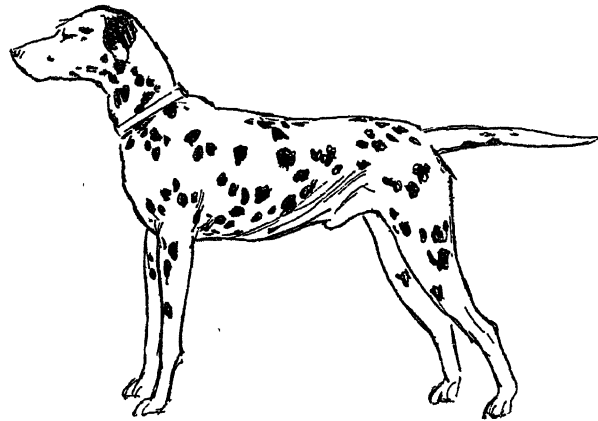


AND KICKS MANUEL (DON ALVARADO) DOWNSTAIRS.

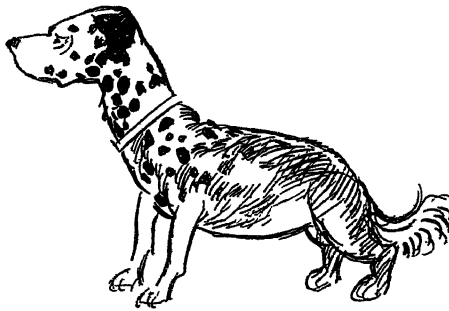
is a talkie only in a strictly limited degree. That is to say, one character speaks, the rest comport themselves silently. The speaker is *Father Juniper* the priest, who in the book is the explorer, explicator and apologist. Having heard his opening harangue, preparing us for the drama, and his concluding sermon, reconciling the ways of God to man, you have but to recall Mr. WILDER's patient unfoldings to realise what a hopeless task it was for Mr. CHARLES BRABIN, the producer, to get anything but the dry bones of this living body into the camera. He has made a good film, but it is not what it purports to be.

Films, however, that are made from books which cannot possibly be represented fairly have something in their favour. They can, at any rate, send the spectator to the book itself. E. V. L.

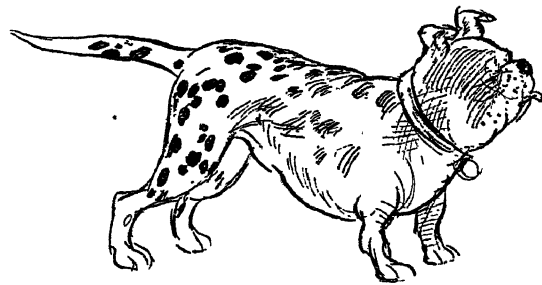
THE DALMATIAN HOUND IN DALMATIA.



AS WE EXPECT TO SEE HIM.



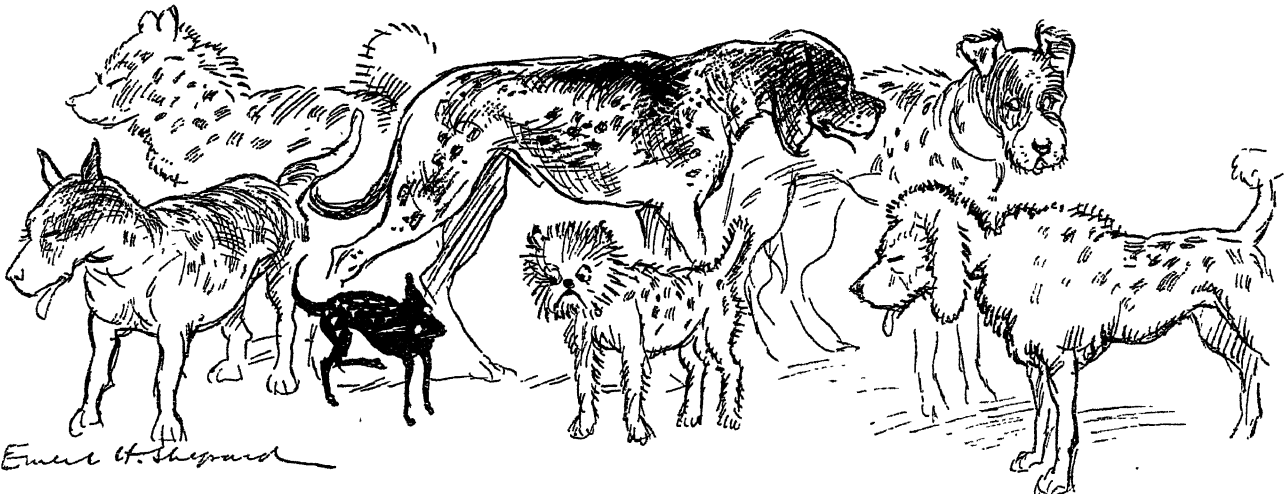
WHEREAS SOME BEGIN RIGHT—



SOME END RIGHT—



AND SOME ARE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE.



Ernest H. Shepard

BUT MOSTLY THEY ARE ALL WRONG.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SILVER TASSIE" (APOLLO).

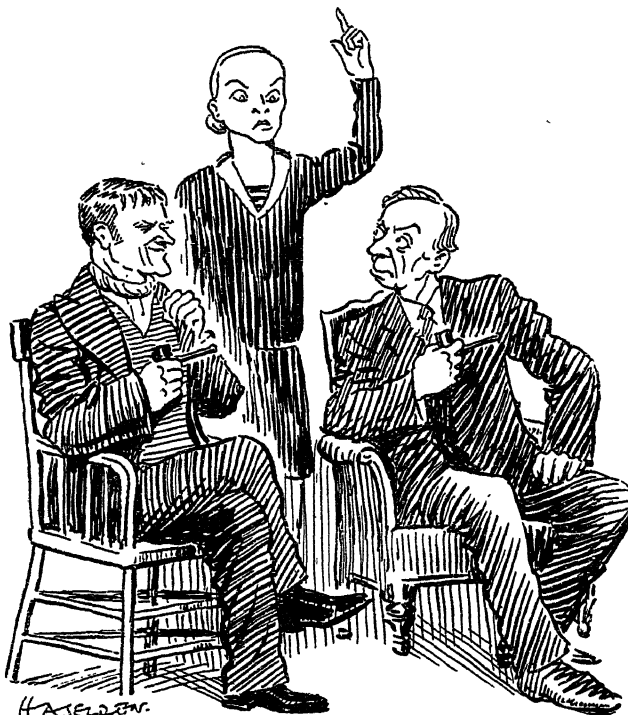
The Silver Tassie, Mr. SEAN O'CASEY'S dramatic presentation of the War from yet another angle, is at once deeply moving and extremely amusing. Mr. O'CASEY has a most dexterous technique, whether instinctive or of deliberate artifice does not matter, setting his tragedy against a comic background and thereby not discounting but rather heightening the tragic effect. It is a very rare form of dramatic accomplishment. His experiments in symbolic presentation of the war scene—the rhythmic chanting, the slow crowded slouching movements of the war-weary men, the rigidly conventionalised form of the pitious, complaining, brutal or bawdy phrases, the jerky automatic reactions of the staff-wallahs—justifies itself completely and inevitably without the obtrusion of distracting questions of method; questions we have been unable to avoid in watching the work of the German and American expressionists such as KAISER, O'NEILL and RICE, which may have given him the idea he has here handled so brilliantly. And here, as in his other plays, he can break from homely realistic speech into poetry without seeming to disturb the texture of his work.

The Silver Tassie is the cup which the prowess of young *Harry Heegan*, the Avondales' crack goal-getter has won outright for his club. Old *Heegan* and his crony, *Simon Norton*—these two act throughout as a sort of chorus to the drama—are recalling the boy's prowess. They are awaiting his triumphant return from the football field. It is the last day—the last hour almost—of his leave, and the women-folk, *Harry's* mother and *Mrs. Foran*, the wife of *Harry's* friend *Teddy*, who is breaking the furniture upstairs with an axe, seem more concerned with getting the men away safely, which process has reference to the security of separation allowances and certain freedoms of wives with their men away and good money coming in regular. The author's satire bites shrewdly when it does bite.

To a joyous sound of concertinas the young hero of the football field returns with his applauding friends and the slim beauty, *Jessie*, who has given him her favour as the man of the hour. Pleasantly boasting, the while the

bulky apparatus of war is loaded on to his broad shoulders, he fills the *Silver Tassie* with good whisky, and the soldiers toast their real or imagined loves.

The second scene is set in a ruined monastery in the war-zone. Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S grim design (following the author's symbolic intention) groups a Red-cross station, a dug-out, a giant trench-mortar, a stained-glass window aglow—while the organ is heard and voices singing. Crouched upon a mound against the sky-line is the figure of a soldier, listless, immovable, pale and gaunt as death. Another stands



A CAUTION TO SINNERS.

Sylvester Heegan MR. BARRY FITZGERALD.
Susie Monican MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN.
Simon Norton MR. SIDNEY MORGAN.

motionless bound to a wheel; a fatigue-party slowly shuffles in and sinks to rest by the brazier. And the slow chant of bitterness, irony, agony, malice and obscenity begins. It is a scene almost terrifying in its dramatic intensity, and with admirable discretion the producer, Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY, has refused to break the spell with any imitative realism of the noises or lights of battle. The obvious bias against authority and the general attribution of inhumanity, dissoluteness and cowardice to the "staff-wallahs" is not, one supposes, meant to be so much the expression of a considered point of view as of the psychology of over-tried men envious of others' relative ease and too weary to be just.

The third scene is in a hospital ward. Old *Heegan* and *Simon Norton* are here with no more reason than that which operates in the drama of the Greeks—the author happens to want them there and is not concerned to explain them or arbitrarily invent diseases for them. The third bed is for *Harry*, who is angrily wheeling himself about in his chair; breaking out now and again into violent words of despair about his paralysed legs that will never kick football again despite the perfunctory assurances of the surgeon that all will be well and that while there's life there's hope. *Jessie*, his woman, has turned to a fitter man. The scene, much taken up with comic banter between the two old men, makes its impression in the scheme.

The closing scene shows a gala-night at the Avondale F.C. In his chair, doomed beyond hope, the maimed footballer savagely wheels himself about among the dancers, pours out his bitterness to his lost love and his supplanting friend. The revellers brush against him and his blinded friend, *Teddy*. Who cares? Who takes the trouble to understand what is going on in the brain of the boy who is founder of this feast, the boy who won the *Silver Tassie*, the bowl of which he now crushes between his strong hands? And *Mrs. Foran* laments that it's a pity *Harry* is too tired to play his ukelele and sing his song. And the curtain falls.

It is impossible to convey the atmosphere of this supremely moving play, which breaks all current rules and conventions, and breaks them with complete success.

Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON is the *Harry*, a rich deeply-felt performance. As the impersonal crouching soldier in the war scene he also contrives a supreme effect by the restrained passion of his chanted commentary. Mr. IAN HUNTER'S *Teddy*, seeing and blind, was admirable. Mr. BARRY FITZGERALD and Mr. SIDNEY MORGAN (*Sylvester* and *Simon*) babbled most pleasantly in the best manner of the Irish players. But this is an affair in which the play seems more important than the players—has an impersonal dignity and grandeur. Mr. SEAN O'CASEY is a portent, and Mr. COCHRAN has again put us heavily in his debt. T.

"HEAT WAVE" (ST. JAMES'S).

It had been decided by the men members of the Gymkhana Club in a place described rather vaguely on the

programme as "an Oriental town of a district belonging to the British Empire," and full of punkahs, pegs, ayahs, turbans and sarongs, that *Hugh Dawltry* the planter was no good. He lived alone (officially, that is), drank more whisky than was good for him and was a terrible fellow with the women. He'd been co-respondent in a divorce case, the respondent being but a three-months bride, and had deserted the lady in about another three months. In fact, as *George March*, the largest and stupidest planter in the outpost, said, you couldn't let him say "Hello!" to your little sister because, with a fellow like that, "Hello!" implied a sinister sort of intimacy. Besides, the fellow had wit and you couldn't have a devastating thing like wit running wild in orderly outposts of Empire which, it would seem, are run exclusively by bone-heads with a Balham complex.

A syndicate composed of the loquacious dullard, *George*, the station doctor, a Scot, and a youth with more money than brains, coveted his plantation, the best in the district, and *George* thought it would be good business to make the place too hot for the bad man to stay in so that he'd sell for a song, thus at one stroke upholding the sacred cause of morality and putting good money in the pocket—according to a formula supposed by envious foreigners to be peculiarly British.

Then *George's* immature and heavily cherished sister, *Irene*, takes it into her head to fling herself with the utmost abandon at *Hugh Dawltry's* head. He parries the blow with gentlemanly ease and dignity and has almost succeeded in persuading her to leave his bungalow, whither she has stolen at the improper hour of dinner, when *George's* beautiful wife, *Philippa*, appears hot-foot to rescue the rash maiden. We knew that *Hugh* was in love with *Philippa* because we had seen him creep up behind her and kiss her

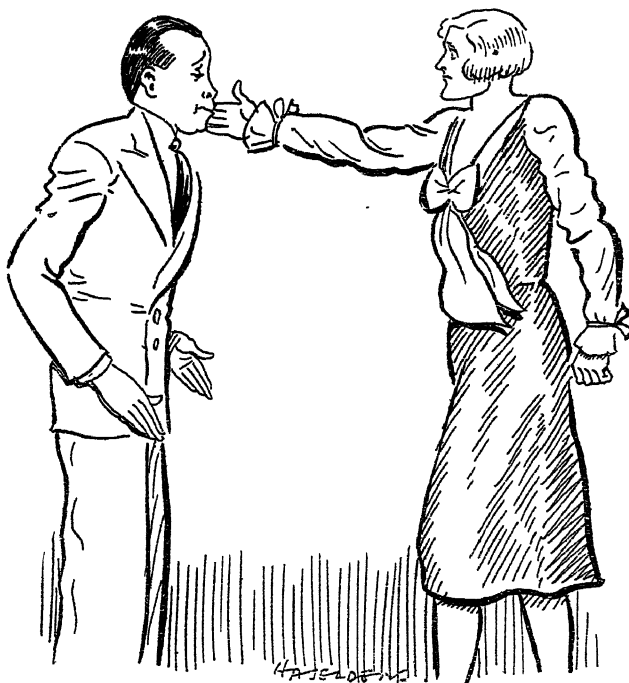
hair as she sat in the Gymkana Club and have his face well slapped for it. We have also seen him sitting at table, an extra plate laid, *Philippa's* favourite

the ice, which was rather overdoing it, but was necessary in order to make the room really like a seducer's, for *Philippa* to see and believe, for *Irene* to see and hope for, the worst.

But now we begin to realise, as *Philippa* softens when the misunderstandings have been cleared away by *Hugh* and the *Don Juan* legend completely disposed of, that *Philippa* is also in love with *Hugh*, but, being a chaste and loyal person, has never allowed herself to admit it. Nor will she now do anything more compromising than burn her hand with a lighted cigarette so that the scar may be a perpetual reminder of him when she has gone her virtuous way. Some might think this a poor compliment, but they don't allow for the outpost mind.

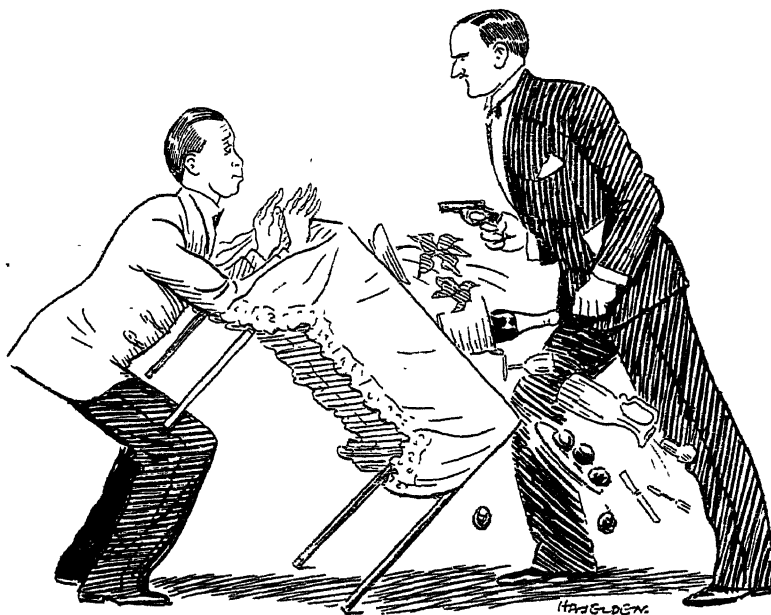
And now *George* is heard making noises off—business noises really, with two other members of the syndicate, but naturally taken for the growls of an outraged husband. The syndicate enters. Now we see the hackles rise on *George's* blood-flushed neck; he will hear no word of explanation from his wife. Is not the champagne there upon the ice? And doesn't every man in an outpost of Empire know that that means one thing and one thing only?

So the protesting and disillusioned wife is packed off; the flustered partners are dismissed; *George* puts a bullet into *Hugh*, and, assuming (as he would) that he has killed his man, goes off to give himself up to the police; learns from *Irene* and *Philippa* what an idiot he has been: accepts *Philippa's* heroic and untruthful confession to the A.P.O. that she is *Hugh's* lover (made merely to save her husband's neck) as a tribute of love; and assumes that they will both, when he has been joyously acquitted under the unwritten law, live happily ever after. He is astonished—more astonished than we were—when his victim walks in bravely hiding his wound;



INDIGNANT VIRTUE.

Hugh Dawltry . . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.
Philippa March . . . MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.



Hugh Dawltry, to *George March* (MR. DAVID HAWTHORNE). "YOUR WIFE HIT ME IN THE FIRST ACT, AND NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO HIT ME. IT'S A REGULAR HIT WAVE."

Hugh Dawltry . . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.
George March . . . MR. DAVID HAWTHORNE.

when *Philippa* books a passage to England to go out of his life for ever, and when *Hugh* announces his intention of going by the same boat. "If you don't like the idea," says *Hugh*, "here's your gun. Take another shot at me." Even *George* sees the inconvenience of doing that.

From all which it would appear that this is a highly romantic version of life, even transcending a little what might pass as "good theatre."

But the man *Hugh Dawltry* is a well-invented character, though incurably a romantic, as when he offered fruit and a cigarette to the ghost of *Philippa*, imagined to be sitting at his table; and Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL makes a really good thing of him. Miss PHYLIS NEILSON-TERRY also manages to bring *Philippa* to life, and suggests deep undercurrents in the apparently placid life of a virtuous woman married to—well here was the difficulty. *George* was a mere dummy of a man, crudest of caricature, and we couldn't pretend to be faintly interested in him. Nor did Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE do anything to tone down the caricature. As to *Irene* one may suppose that nowadays the very young woman who is determined to taste Life and taste it quickly is a possibility; but one would assume that with so much sophistication her technique would be a little more subtle. True she was *George's* sister, so Miss ANN TODD may really have taken the right line.

This play, it should be explained, has been compressed by Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE from a story by DENISE ROBINS, and, though in some ways obviously absurd, is not a bore to watch. I imagine indeed that, if the crassness of *George* and the pert insensitiveness of *Irene* were modified in the playing, it might be much improved. But the authors, I am afraid, are not wholly guiltless in the matter. T.

THE CABLEGRAM.

THE statement that the new POSTMASTER-GENERAL is personally visiting, as an unknown member of the public, every post-office that he comes to and making notes for its improvement, is encouraging; and it is to be hoped that in course of time there will be better pencils and pens and a more absorbent blotting-paper.

"It is also to be hoped," said my neighbour at the club-table in response to some such remark as this, "that he will do a little investigatory work in some of the telephone exchanges and see what the girls are doing when I ring for a number on this accursed automatic machine, and nothing happens. Nothing.

I hear the bell, I hear them talking, but do I get my number? Do you?

"And perhaps he'll observe how far away from their departmental cards on the brass railing some of the Post-Office girls can get. 'Express,' for example. How often have you found the girl in her right place behind that ticket?"

"And 'Telegrams,'" said another. "The idea is that the telegram is a matter of urgency. But again and again the telegraphic section of the desk is empty while the girl is away over there selling stamps to an office-boy with a long list extending from five-shilling varieties to a half-penny: a wholesale order. Whatever part of a Post-Office is neglected it should not be 'Telegrams.'"

"Please," said a plaintive voice, "do you mind changing the subject?"

"Certainly not," I said, "if it is painful."

"Painful!" he groaned. "But I'll tell you. You know how in this absurd life of ours there is always someone with whom one is destined to blunder? Someone you don't like very much, but are thrown up against by circumstance in such a way that to be friendly is important."

We all knew someone like that.

"Well," he said, "for years now I have had such an acquaintance, whom I have been continually offending and placating. I do all I can to be on good terms with her, but always there is some misunderstanding, some imagined slight which has to be explained away before we can begin again. And the stupid part of it is that begin again we must; she is too much in my machine, public and private, for it to be wise to quarrel with her. She knows, shall I say? too much. You understand?"

We understood.

"But now," he said, "it looks as though we really were near the end. This last break! Good heavens! what bad luck I've had with her!"

He groaned again.

"All through a cablegram," he said. "You see, she went abroad a little while ago, to India, but the fact that a thousand miles or so are between us means nothing to her. She is inexorable. Communications must be kept up. Distance is nothing. So, dutifully, I sent a cable, timed to reach her on landing at Bombay. I took it to the post-office myself, for fear of accident, wrote it as distinctly as I could and handed it to the girl. This is where this wonderful new Labour POSTMASTER-GENERAL comes in. I said, not too honestly—but telegraphy and truth have very little relationship—'Hope you well. England lonely without you.' A nice sentiment and one that should

please anyone in a foreign land, don't you think so?"

We thought so.

"And then," he went on, "I forgot her again till the other day when the Indian mail brought me a letter. I have it here."

He took an envelope from his pocket and read. "'How can you be so cruel to a friend so far from home? Please assure me it is a joke.' I was naturally bewildered, and not knowing what else to do I sent the Post-Office the necessary fee and asked for a copy of my cablegram."

He took a second paper from the envelope.

"No wonder," he said as he handed it to me, "I want to see the Post-Office reformed. At any rate they must get telegraph-girls who can read handwriting."

I read: "Hope you well. England lovely without you." E. V. L.

JOHN WALKER.

[The first matches igniting by friction were put on sale in the spring of 1827.]

ELEVEN years since Waterloo.

To him who meditates a flame
A flint and steel are nothing new
And sullenly he smites the same;
A picturesque and tedious plan
Devised by prehistoric man.

But Mr. WALKER, christened JOHN,
Chymist of Stockton on the Tees,
Deeply deliberates upon

Combustibles of sorts and sees
That they, compounded, may ignite.
JOHN, as you will perceive, was right.

* * * * *
"59, High Street," Fortune said,
And entered just as JOHN had planned
A match of sulphur overspread
With antimony sulphide and
With chlorate of potassium.

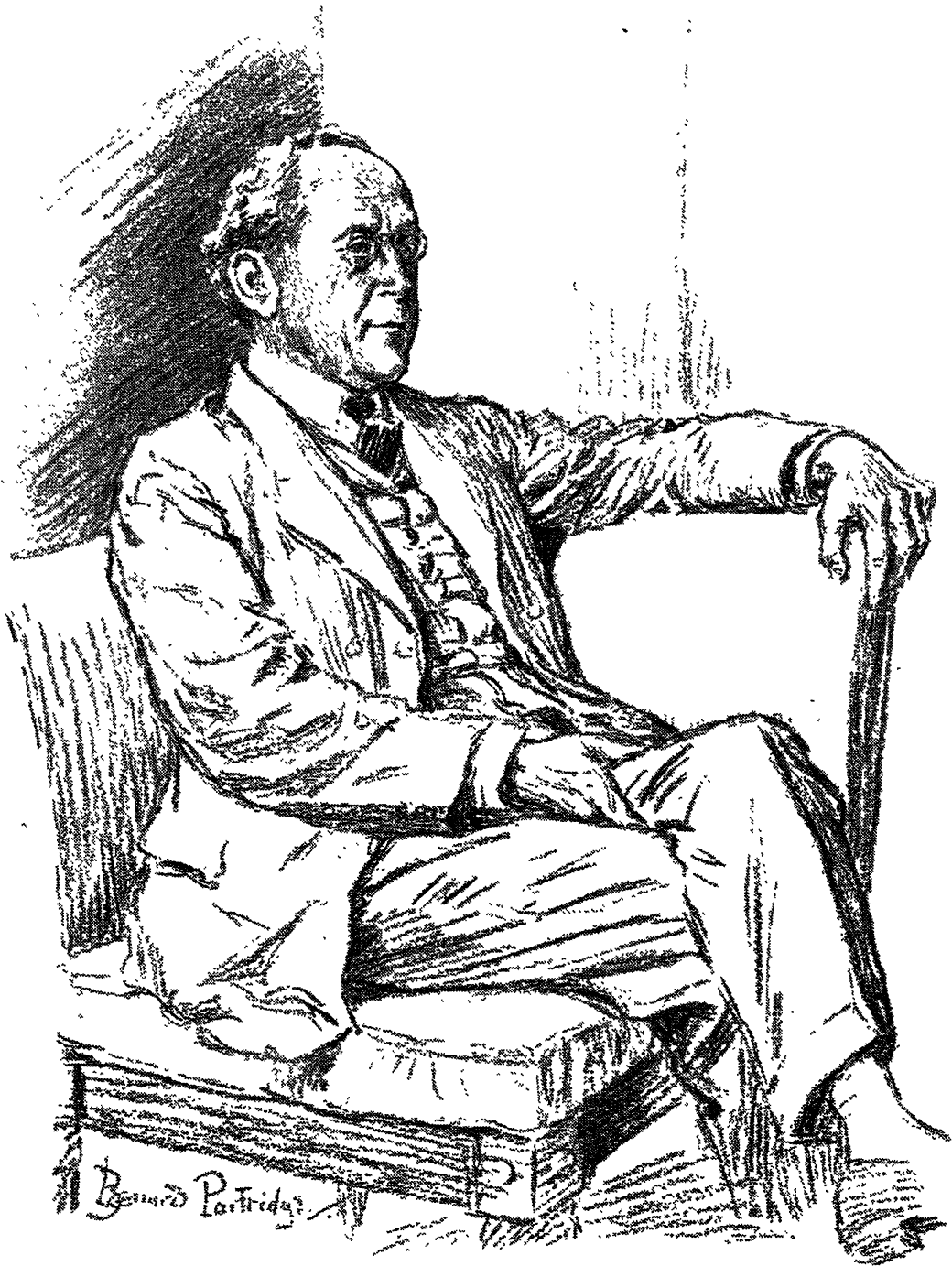
He had dissolved them both in gum.
Fortune, to JOHN propitious, stopped
Her rolling stone at 59;

She nudged his elbow and he dropped
A match of this unique design,
Which fell, with Fortune for a guide,
Before the fire and there it dried.

Fortune restrained her flying hub
And, urged by her imperious art,
JOHN gave the match a casual rub;

His shoe, I fancy, played a part.
A fizz, a flame, the wood had caught
And JOHN had found the thing he sought.

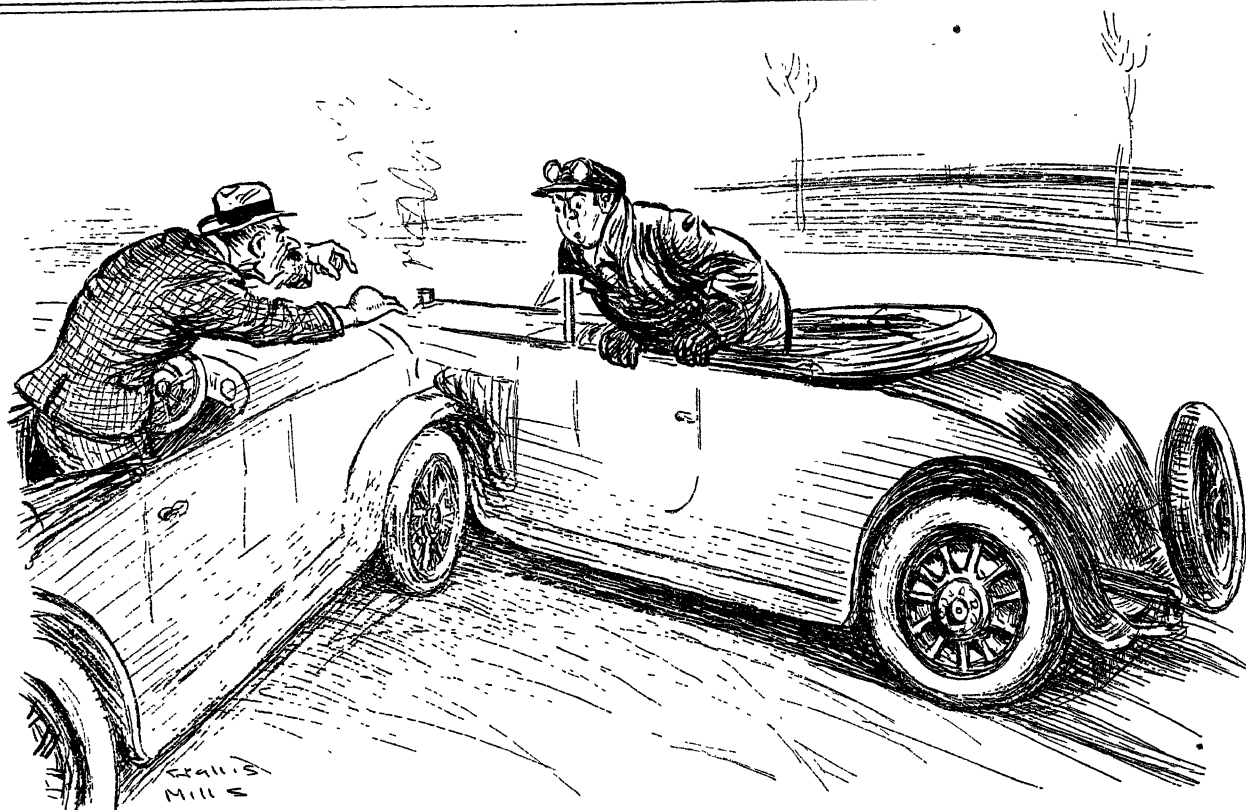
* * * * *
Honour then, with December gas,
March fire and August cigarette,
Honour, before the moment pass,
The match expire and you forget,
The light that WALKER made for you
Twelve years and less from Waterloo.



SIR LAURENCE GUILLEMARD, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

The pain of taxing us he bravely bore ;
He checked our Customs (often very quaint) ;
In grilling heat he ruled at Singapore,
Done to a cinder—like his patron Saint ;
Now in retirement's shade he cools his head
Where the Prudential's ample Board is spread.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—CVI.



"WHAT THE DICKENS DO YOU MEAN BY WAVING YOUR HAND AND THEN TURNING INTO ME?"
 "YOU'D WAVE YOUR HAND IF YOU'D BEEN STUNG ON IT BY A WASP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT many critics have felt themselves called upon to provide a clue to that double labyrinth which is the life and writings of COLERIDGE; and what modern criticism there is has always, I think, been inclined to make too free with the ready-made verdicts of COLERIDGE's own circle. Of course it is pleasant to find your job done, so to speak, overnight—like the self-effacing housework of the domestic Brownie—by critics of the calibre of DE QUINCEY. But there is something to be said for coming fresh to the task and considering your subject in (and on) himself; and this is what M. JEAN CHARPENTIER has admirably done in *Coleridge, The Sublime Somnambulist* (CONSTABLE). An interpretative study of a philosopher without a philosophy is not easily rendered coherent. M. CHARPENTIER admits that there is no COLERIDGE philosophy properly speaking—there is only "the expression of his [COLERIDGE'S] feeling for the spirituality of the world." The adequacy of this feeling to animate some of the loveliest lyric poetry and profoundest literary criticism in the language is excellently reasoned here, and the translator has made a plucky attack on a difficult position. Take any test-case—the *Lyrical Ballads*, the *Shakespearian Essays and Lectures*—and you feel that the gist of the matter has been disinterestedly sought and finely appreciated. As a biography the book is rendered piquant, if occasionally comical, by its French attitude. The Christ's Hospital of "the inspired charity-boy" was grim enough, but M. CHARPENTIER has invested it with most of the attributes of Dotheboys Hall. The climate of Keswick is perhaps fair game; but what of a Cambridge with "no open country for five miles around," soused eight months out of twelve in rain and mist? Will no one lend M. CHARPENTIER *Grantchester*?

The British voter who will shortly be called upon to decide how India is to be governed in future and wishes to arrive at a wise decision cannot do better than study *The Dilemma in India*, by Sir REGINALD CRADDOCK (CONSTABLE). The subject is complex, but is simplified to some extent by the first two-thirds of the book, which constitute a complete guide to Indian conditions. The author, after a long and distinguished career, puts his knowledge and experience before the reader in a frank and engaging fashion. His attitude—possibly the best towards all phases of life—is that of the soft-shell Conservative. Any reader who honestly masters this introductory portion will be in a position to form some kind of judgment on the problem of reconciling Mr. MONTAGU's announcement of 1917 with the hard and bitter facts. The author advocates the jettison of dyarchy and the inception of a partnership, which he styles an Indo-British Dominion. The proposal is both interesting and practical, but is unlikely to win any general acceptance partly because of the highly vocal antagonism it is sure to arouse from the Indian *intelligentsia* and partly because of the apathy of the British public. This indifference is the thorn in all Indian reforms; the Man in the Street will simply not take the trouble to learn of that depressing world of caste, corruption, falsehood and superstition which is India; the darkness being relieved only by the comic side of things as stressed in Sir REGINALD's illuminating "Story of a Cow that Shied." The Man in the Street is content to regard India as "the brightest jewel in the British crown," or alternatively as a red triangular blotch on the map. The author himself somewhat glumly recognises that, if not ignored, he will be regarded as a "sun-dried bureaucrat" with congenitally aristocratic notions. This is the common fate of us ex-Indian officials; we are all invariably assumed to possess a superiority-complex. Very likely we do.

Tapestry of Dreams, though its name's high-flown,
Has a very entertaining mundane tone;
It shows us in a typical middle-class scene

*Unice**, *Perce*, *Bob*, *Marge*, *Gladdis* and *Irene†*.

All excepting *Unice* earn their daily bread;
She assists her mother with the chores instead;
And she, as you have probably already guessed,
Does a bit of dreaming when she's not too pressed.

The tale (which comes from HUTCHINSONS) describes the way they live,
Their wooings and their weddings and the parties that they give,
And how they help each other up or let each other down,
All in a suburb of London Town.

It offers you no problems, doesn't scare you or excite,

But JOAN A. COWDROY's telling of it's so exactly right

That long before the end I was getting very keen

On *Unice*, *Perce*, *Bob*, *Marge*, *Gladdis* and *Irene*.

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS' *Climats* has, I think, proved rather a disappointment over here, and I doubt whether it is the kind of novel to recover in a translation the ground it has lost in the original. Its translator, Dr. JOSEPH COLLINS, has certainly given it a good fresh start. He makes no mention whatever of its obviously untranslatable title, and *Whatever Gods May Be* (CASSELL)—the old tag from "The Garden of Proserpine" occurs in the text—rises with as few antecedents as Venus from the foam of contemporary publishing. The book consists of two long spans of analysis, in which (1) a Frenchman, (2) his wife seeks to discover the root and depict the flower of that morbid and soul-destroying growth which is the "love" of the former. *Philippe* is a moral degenerate; he departs

curiously little from the pampered hysterical *enfant du siècle* of an older period, ALFRED DE MUSSET's. He prostitutes all the intellect he has to one passion—a humourless conscienceless servitude whose monotonies no refinement can disguise. *Isabelle* inherits the provincial tradition of upright life without its religious or indeed any philosophical sanctions; and a fruitless wrestle with her husband's infidelities brings her to the counsel of despair which is their story's culmination. The actions (she says) of those we love need not concern us. We need their presence, because it brings with it a certain atmosphere (*climat*): without this we cannot live. The families of *Philippe* and *Isabelle*, *haute bourgeoisie* of the Limousin and Paris, are too strictly related to the unprofitable inquisitions of their

* Pronounced *Uniss*.

† Pronounced *Ireen*.



Old Lady. "NOT A WORD AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, PLEASE. I DETEST GOSSIP."

son and daughter to deploy their legitimate interests. Of the rest, the best portrait of an unimpressive batch is a "keepsake" rendering of *Philippe's* first wife, *Odile*.

The late Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE—whose death, widely regretted, has occasioned the formal disclosure of his identity as "*A Gentleman with a Duster*"—when facing the difficulty, which would have puzzled EUCLID, of satisfactorily ending a marriage too impetuously contracted has shown himself no more able than earlier authors to find a new way out, but, after keeping everyone waiting rather longer than decency really required, has been forced to admit in the end that there cannot be two right angles in a triangle and to adopt one of the familiar unpleasant solutions. One feels indeed, in reading *Plain Sailing* (MILLS AND BOON), that it was the impulsiveness of the writer himself rather than of

his not very heroic *Roland Darley* that must have been responsible for the muddle, since no particular reason is ever discovered either for *Roland's* falling in love or for his no less immediate falling out again. The story, to be sure, even though the sweetness of its critical moments is lengthened out by a trick of rather incongruous insistence on irrelevant details, is clearly of less importance to the author than is the contrast-study of persons whom one must reluctantly label "types" and who represent in two fairly definite groups the freshness of the country and the stuffiness of town. This theme, if one comes to think of it, is hardly less hoary than the marriage tangle itself, and in spite of my sympathy with the country team I confess to having liked best one of the opposition players—*Roland's* very enormous mother—whose passage-at-arms with the villainess is the liveliest incident in the book. This is not to say that the case for fresh air and ideals is not put with the zest and conviction one associates with Mr. BEGGIE. He could hardly be dull, and he handles with an excellently reticent reverence his conception of the heroine's brother, who was killed in the War and never appears in person, but remains in memory a living and directing personality.

The particular version of the old shanty which Mr. THOMAS W. BROADHURST had in mind when he chose the title of his sea novel, *Blow the Man Down* (HURST AND BLACKETT), must surely have been the somewhat Rabelaisian one which describes the amorous adventures of a sailor-man in Ratcliff Highway; for the book deals with the experiences of one of the ladies of that salubrious thoroughfare who stows herself away in a sailing-ship. The book is not without its good points. Its author has evidently a good deal of sea knowledge, and some of his characters are well drawn. But his sentimental vein is deplorable; and I must frankly admit that I regard with extreme distaste the deliberate dragging in of a peculiarly unpleasant aspect of the omnipresent sex—one can hardly call it "love"—*motif* into the one fictional sphere where one may generally hope to escape from it.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has laid the ghost of an ogre, that crooked spectre of a child-murdering uncle, and has raised in his stead a figure as beautiful, as knightly and as chivalrous as any fairy-tale prince. Her *Dickon* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) may not be our RICHARD III., but we are pleased to go back to the night of the Battle of Wakefield to make his acquaintance as a small and frightened boy, to follow him to France and return with him to England. We are glad to borrow Miss BOWEN's rose-tinted glasses, and to see through them her gentle-mannered *Dickon*, growing from childhood to kingliness, until, after a life ruled by loyalty, he dies on the field of Bosworth. The author, while she delights in pageantry and splendour, is not blind to the horrors of bloodshed, and we are not (though sometimes endangered by too pretty descriptions) forced to regard the

Wars of the Roses as a Battle of Flowers. It is a joy, at any rate for the hour of reading, to believe in Miss BOWEN's charming *Dickon*, but it is difficult to accept *Jon Fogge*, who is the embodiment of his evil genius. He appears first as a common soldier, frightening the child; reappears at intervals, is beheaded as a traitor, and is seen again in human form following the King's dead body to the chapel door. *Jon Fogge* is a trespasser on the simple fields of romance; he adds nothing to the story, and Miss BOWEN's style is too robust to allow her to be a good director of such an elaboration. All the other characters are well-drawn, the Duke of CLARENCE, ELIZABETH WOODVILLE and the miserable HENRY VI., but none of them makes any claim on our sentimentality, which is reserved for the irresistible *Dickon*.

The portion of *Pirates* (MURRAY), "a novel of the China Seas," that deals with piracy is, we are told, founded upon fact, the Admiralty having supplied information about the duties of British gunboats in the Canton delta. This information "TAFFRAIL" has used wisely and well, and the result is a

stirring tale of adventure with which a love-story is skillfully blended. Without an effort I can see why men of very different characters fell helplessly in love with *Ann*, and the sailors, young *Tony Luitrell* and *Richard Corfield*, are true to type; but the most mysterious and intriguing actor in this drama is a Chinaman who signed himself *John Lee*. Educated in England, *Lee's* quarrel was not with the "foreign devils" who had settled in his native land, but with the Southern Chinese who had killed his father. In pursuit of revenge *Lee* was prepared to go,



IMPRESSIONABLE AUTHOR UNFORTUNATELY DECIDES TO CROSS THE PARK EN ROUTE TO A WEST-END PUBLISHER.

and indeed went, to lengths that moralists would certainly condemn, but all the same those who take my advice and follow his fortunes will find many a good word to say for him. A thoroughly sound and satisfactory yarn.

Mr. RUFUS KING and his sleuth, *Lieutenant Valcour*, have, I verily believe, a happy prospect before them in the fields of sensational fiction. *Murder by the Clock* was a striking story of crime and detection; *A Woman is Dead* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), though less spacious, is neatly conceived and admirably written. Staged on the shore of Lake Champlain, this drama has for its chief actress a blackmailing woman of a peculiarly venomous type, and whatever work Mr. KING may find for *Valcour* to do in the future I cannot imagine that he will ever again give him such a big crop of problems to solve in so short a time.

The Traffic Problem in the Church.

"As a first step, let the clergy of the deanery rotate."

Church Newspaper.

"We realise, however, that a number of absent-minded pedestrians imagine they have the prior right to the road. But they are disappearing fast."—*Daily Paper.*

Perhaps a little too fast.

CHARIVARIA.

THE conviction of a burglar who posed as a doctor and carried a stethoscope will have revived regrets that so few burglars have a good bedside manner.

In a set of rules for kissing issued by the Kansas State Board of Health persons attending parties where kissing games are played are advised to gargle frequently. At strictly Prohibition parties of course only "soft" gargles are provided.

Two herring-boats landed catches at Yarmouth numbering two hundred-and-forty thousand and two hundred-and-twenty thousand respectively. It is understood that the losers demanded a recount.

Although students of Liverpool University were rebuked for pelting Mr. BALDWIN with flour bombs when he addressed them on the study of the science of geology, it was regarded as proof of his personal popularity that they refrained from throwing chunks of Old Red Sandstone.

A paragraphist mentions that Lord BERNERS dislikes being thought stout. We shall make a point of not thinking him stout.

It is predicted that women will be eligible for the highest civic ranks in the City of London. The Lord Mayor's coachwoman is bound to come.

Doctors, bank-clerks, shop-assistants and plumbers, we learn, are among the members of amateur film societies. Plumbers love to see themselves in accelerated action.

We heartily sympathise with the CHIEF SCOUT on receiving a visit from a burglar intent upon his bad deed for the night.

The slump in litigation is causing increased unemployment among barristers, and it is anticipated that efforts will be made to persuade Mr. J. H. THOMAS to receive a deputation of the briefless.

It is claimed that the cocktail parties which are superseding theatre dinners

enable people to chat more freely before going to the play. Hitherto they have done most of their chatting after arriving at the theatre.

In a case of alleged infringement of a lawn-mowing patent by a manufacturer of safety-razors the Bavarian Courts have to decide whether a man's beard is grass grown on his face. Much depends upon the plaintiff's ability to produce in evidence whiskers that have gone to seed.



MODERN ARTIST ENDEAVOURS TO THWART THE TAR-AND-FEATHER VANDALS BY EMPLOYING THESE TWO MATERIALS AS A NEW MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION.

After working for a Lancashire nurseryman for fifty-two years a man has left to take up work in another town. It is thought that he didn't like the idea of getting into a rut.

It is hoped that the shortage of plum-pudding ingredients, which is feared, may not be so serious as to necessitate the reduction of a small boy's allowance to that of a grown-up person.

One of the latest mechanical toys comprises tanks, aeroplanes and machine-guns mounted on motor-cycles; but the opinion among nursery strate-

gists is that it would be foolish to regard cavalry as obsolete.

As an outcome of the proposal to preserve for the benefit of posterity the distinctive features of village life there is some talk of having a few Oldest Inhabitants stuffed.

It has been suggested that waiters in the bigger hotels should wear a special dress or badge to distinguish them from the guests. There is a feeling that the proposal came from the waiters.

The suppression of the Italian Rugby Federation, in consequence of the unsporting attitude of certain players and a lack of energy among directors of clubs, would seem to have obscured the prospect of seeing the Black Shirts at Twickenham.

Public speakers are mentioned by a medical writer as among those whose occupations render them especially liable to flat feet. Yet they seldom realise that those who urge them to sit down are actuated by humanitarian considerations.

A contemporary says there is no danger of wireless taking the place of newspapers. It would certainly take some time to educate people up to the point of carrying their fish and chips home in their wireless sets.

The suggestion that there should be a museum for casts is unfavourably received in theatrical circles.

A Sunday paper gossip-writer reminds his readers that he was not born in Chelsea. Perhaps not; but neither he nor they can escape the fact that he was born somewhere.

In the opinion of *The Law Journal* more solemnity should be introduced into the Divorce Courts. It is not often that our contemporary strikes such a killjoy note.

It was stated of a man charged at Manchester that he was a liar, an habitual criminal, a thief, lazy and good for nothing. This only affords another proof of the theory that no man is perfect.

A FAILURE OF CIVILISATION.

MAN has conquered the sky and speeds with incredible rapidity over the surface of the globe. He discovers the rarest and most unexpected diseases, he can blow up mountains and annihilate armies with gas. Having harnessed the lightning, he puts it to ignoble domestic uses, such as the cooking of vegetables and the making of toast, the running of railways, the sending of telephone messages, or turns it to mightier ends such as the illumination of the drawing-room in order to read this present page.

Man, I repeat, has solved half the secrets of the universe. He explores the future and the past. He links continents together with the spoken word. He builds tremendous armaments and destroys them again. But he has not found any convenient way of drying the *Poriphora euspongia*, or bath-sponge, before taking it away for a week-end.

The sponge is an animal. You may not think so, but you would be wrong. You have been deceived, like many eminent persons before you, by its sedentary life, its absence of any marked contractility and its frequently herb-like growth. You have erred, I say, in good company. PUYSSONNET regarded the sponge as a worm-nest, and LAMARCK considered it to be a mere colony of polypes. We owe the wealth of our present information about *Poriphora euspongia* to ROBERT GRANT, and I seldom sponge myself, morning, noon or night (using hot water or cold) without thinking gratefully of that noble-hearted man. It was he who saw what none had perceived before him, namely that water passes into the sponge by minute pores all over the surface and passes out by the larger apical apertures. All praise to ROBERT GRANT.

He is with us no longer. His *floruit* was from 1820 to 1890. Had his life been spared I think, nay, I feel certain, he would have hit upon a plan for desiccating the sponge more thoroughly before placing it amongst the other impedimenta of the sponge-bag. Personally, having squeezed the *Poriphora euspongia* until my wrists ache, I wrap her in a towel, which I twist with maniacal fury at the two ends, like a tourniquet, until the tortured corpse of the poriphora has yielded as much moisture as I can make it exude. It is not a congenial exercise, and it is said to be bad for the towel. Nor is it wholly satisfactory. Damp at the beginning, *Poriphora euspongia* remains dampish at the end and imparts some of her vile clamminess to the other toilet accessories that are fated to be her travelling companions.

In a recent book of memoirs it is

narrated that, while certain young relations of the Right Honourable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE were discussing at Hawarden the difficulties of packing a bath-sponge, and discussing them in whispers because they were unwilling to disturb the meditations of their illustrious relative, the G.O.M. turned suddenly round in his chair and boomed at them: "Lay a towel on the floor. Put the sponge on the towel and jump on it!"

It is a fine picture and touches us a little with a sense of pity for the common trials of humanity. *Sunt lacrima rerum*. And what exactly, if anything, does one wear on the feet? What if the elderly yet agile statesman had slipped as his soles landed thudding on the *Euspongia*?

And, if GLADSTONE, what of DISRAELI? Did he too indulge in this saltatory ritual at Hughenden—perhaps before paying a visit to his Faëry Queen? History does not record. Or if it does I have missed the passage.

Was it after some such naïve and primitive ceremony that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD set out to visit President HOOVER in the gigantic republic of the West and wipe away wars from the world? And is it so or not so that Signor BENITO MUSSOLINI treats *euspongia*? Or does he twist her in a towel as I do? Or does not rather a company of obsequious *fascisti* beat her with rods until she is wholly and absolutely dry?

Concerning the gross animal habit which the sponge retains of collecting and fattening itself upon soap—*Sapo communis* or *windsorius*—I say nothing. The subject is too painful for words. The *euspongia* so saturated has to be placed in other and higher hands for purgative remedies. It shows in such cases all the perverse and sinister malignity of its deep-sea origin.

Many sponges have beautiful names. There is Venus' Flowerbasket (*Euplectella*). There are Mermaids' Gloves (*Chalina oculata*). But some, alas! have unpleasant habits. *Clione*, for instance, bores in oyster-shells. *Superites domuncula* grows round a whelk-shell inhabited by a hermit-crab. None, I think, not even the human species, shows such depravity of mind as the *Euspongia saponacea* whenever and wherever she be found. It is best to cry aloud to the household from the bathroom door: "The devil has entered into my sponge!" and give them no peace until Apollyon has been cast out of her.

No, I am merely dealing with the ordinary wetness or madidification of the *Euspongia*, which makes her such a nuisance at the last moment, when

everybody is in a hurry, when the bedrooms have been ransacked and the car is panting at the door. I am stating that applied science and chemical research, which have done so much to render our life on this planet tolerable, which have dug the *Poriphora* from its ocean bed in the Mediterranean and elsewhere, which have lined the sponge-bag with caoutchouc in order to limit the sphere of its influence, should have found some device for squeezing her into total aridity, so that she becomes a decent neighbour to the tooth-brush and does not cloud the sheen of the shaving-soap-container. Nay, worse, the wetness of *Euspongia* has been known to trickle through the insufficiently tightened cords at the top of the sponge-bag and molest the evening shirt-front and the pyjamas themselves.

I call upon the chemists of England to get together and construct some electrical drier, some exhaurent engine, or, if not, some wooden or aluminium crusher of the kind that is used for potatoes, which might easily find a home in every bathroom, and by whose good offices *Poriphora euspongia* may have every drop and particle of humor wrung out of her wretched intestines, even as they are wrung out of a subject by the writer of an article. EVOE.

JESSICA GOES TRAVELLING.

I.—THE BOAT.

SLEEPING in a cabin is as jolly as can be, And it's fun to throw your rubbish out straight into the sea;
And the captain is handsome, with gold upon his coat,
And I do like living on a boat.

The steward gives me apples, and orange-juice to drink,
And the lamps are lit at lunch-time, all beautiful and pink;
And there's soup with little letters in, and lovely stripy ice,
And when the floor went wobbly it was nice.

We haven't seen a mermaid, we haven't had a wreck,
But I've never known a nursery so thrilling as a deck;
I never do a lesson, I never play a note . . .
I do like living on a boat. R. F.

"Mr. MacDonald concluded his speech by expressing the view that 'we are justified in seeing the shining feet of coming peace-makers appearing over the horizon.'"
Egyptian Paper.

Those who have recently visited Geneva describe with awe their first glimpse of the League of Nations standing on its head.

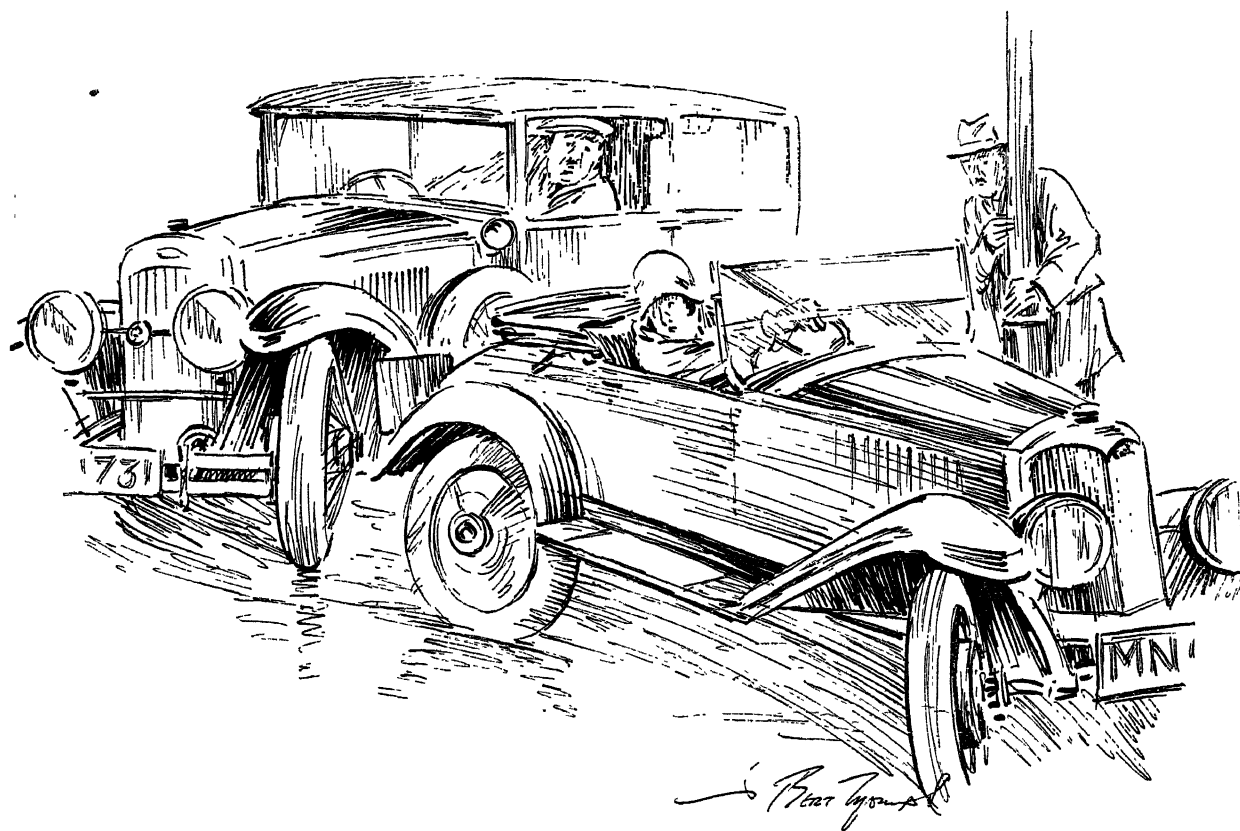


HUMOURS OF THE LAW.

PEDESTRIAN. "BACK IT!"

MOTORIST (*legally licensed*). "DON'T KNOW HOW TO; IT'S MY FIRST DAY OUT. BUT YOU'RE ALL RIGHT ABOUT DAMAGES. THEY'VE MADE ME GET A THIRD-PARTY INSURANCE POLICY."

[It is rumoured that insurance against third-party risks is to be made compulsory; but there is still no driving-to-t required before a licence is granted.]



Motorist (to zigzagging female). "LOST ANYTHING, MISS?"

GETTING INTO AMERICA.

I FOUND the correct room in the American Consulate in — and sat down to wait my turn. I was wearing a nervous smile and trying to look entirely free from moral turpitude. My idea was to go to America on a short visit.

I had been told that the American authorities were extremely particular about compliance with their many regulations, and so I determined to be equally particular about doing everything that I was told to do. Hence I had come in person for my visa three weeks before I was due to sail (whereas for lesser countries I should have sent my agent, Mr. THOMAS COOK, or his son, a mere couple of days before); I had been vouched for in writing as a person of integrity by my bank manager (wearing a sardonic grin); I had obtained my own country's authority to go to America without let or hindrance, and I had filled in a form the size of a barrack-square with racial, personal and anatomical details. Indeed the only thing that was worrying me was my answer to the question, "*Are you an Anarchist?*" I had put "No." I was wondering now whether I ought not to

have put "Yes," on the ground that "No" would have been just the answer a genuine Anarchist would have given.

My turn came for the first let or hindrance. I submitted my passport to a young lady, who snapped a form into a typewriter and started to copy out particulars.

Halfway she stopped.

"You were born in *Canada!*" she accused.

Personally I didn't recollect the incident, for I hadn't been in Canada for thirty years, but, looking at my passport, I discovered the child was right. I had been.

She gave me a pitying look, snapped the form out of the typewriter and handed me back my passport.

"You don't need a visa. It's not necessary for Canadians."

"I'm English," I said.

"Canadian by birth," she retorted.

"Wait!" I said, following out my policy of carefully doing what I was told to do. "Let me get this clear. Because I'm technically Canadian I can't get a visa? I just go straight on board? I go straight off at the other end? I am in America? Above all, I don't pay my two pounds fee?"

Reluctantly she admitted it.

"And you are sure of this?"

She gave me another pitying look, and I went.

Such was my anxiety, however, to do the right thing that a week later I rang up the American Consulate again and put my case before someone else. I received the same answer. I also rang up the British passport office, and a busy man told me to inquire of an American Consulate. I said I had. He replied, "Then why the . . ." and rang off.

On the great day I went down to the port of embarkation, and at the gangway I was stopped by an official of the Pink Star Line with a demand for my visa.

I enlightened him with the same pitying look the American Consulate's girl had used on me. He said, "But you can't get into America without a visa."

"I'm a Canadian by birth," I repeated, and briefly explained to him what I considered he ought to have known. He merely called in another official, an underling of sorts from the local American Consulate, and to him I spoke as to one who had an equal understanding of his own regulations. He listened carefully and then said:—

"Where's your visa?"

This was not helpful. I briefly explained to him what he ought to have known. It seemed to come quite fresh to him. I added that my information came from the American Consul in —, who conceivably knew more about it than he did.

All the poor fellow could suggest was that I should go to the local Consul at the port and get a definite ruling.

Choking back what I would have liked to tell them about themselves—for my luggage was on board and the boat was due to sail in just over an hour—I took a taxi and went. I found myself gently muttering “without let or hindrance.” It sounded funny.

The Consul himself was out. His assistants, however, were there. The whole thing came as quite a problem to them. They were this way and that way about it and looked up books by the dozen. Meanwhile my taxi ticked up threepences outside, and the liner, with my luggage, strained at the leash.

After some ten minutes I gave in and hauled out my two pounds. “Well, then, give me a visa quickly!” I said. “My main idea, you know, is not to tell you your own regulations but to go to America.”

“We can’t give you a visa if you don’t have to have one,” they said brightly. “On the other hand, we can’t let you on board without if one is necessary.”

“Well, which is it? I just want to do whatever I’m told to do.”

They repeated that they didn’t know, talked it over a bit more among themselves, and to my utter disgust determined to put a trunk call through to — and ask for a decision. The essential fact that I, a person of integrity (*videmy* bank manager), had already told them this decision as given me in person by their own Consulate at — was cheerfully ignored. Indeed they were charmingly unaware that this indefensible situation (since I had for the last three weeks obediently complied with everything their officials demanded) was entirely of their own making. It all seemed to me a monumental example of inefficiency.

For the best part of an hour I waited, holding on to my temper, thinking of what I had intended to do in the time before the boat sailed, thinking of the threepences, thinking of what it was not politic to say till I had had my veracity verified.

A quarter-of-an-hour before the boat sailed the call came through. The consular official was told what he ought to have known—quite possibly by the same young lady who had told me. I asked for it in writing and was given a letter (which I shall treasure) stating quite



“PLEASE TO REMEMBER—”

Chatty Barber. “THERE’S ONE YEARLY CUSTOM THAT WILL NEVER PALL ON ME, AND THAT’S SETTING FIRE TO THE GUY. YOU DID SAY ‘SINGE,’ DIDN’T YOU, SIR?”

lucidly that I had not lied to him when I said already I had been told I did not need a visa. Then I fled. The fact that my taxi, in avoiding another in the docks, jammed its brakes on so hard that two men could not take them off again and I had to run the last two hundred yards cannot reasonably be blamed on America.

But for the benefit of others similarly born I suggest it is a mistake to try to

do the right thing. Take a firm and illegal line. Get run over to New York disguised as a cask of rum. You’ll have far less trouble.

A. A.

Our Flying Fishes.

“HADDOCKS SOAR AT LOSSIEMOUTH.”
Sunday Paper.

This spirit of emulation may be flattering to the PREMIER, but it is to be hoped that it will not spread to the whales.

MR. MAFFERTY GOES TO THE TALKIES.

"It's a wonder I'm alive," said Mr. Mafferty. "For I've just been to the talkies itself, an' it's thrown out I was."

"At the end of me own street, Mr. Heather, an' that's a fine little peaceable street was built in the eighteenth century, one house at a time—at the end of me own street, I'm sayin', they've raised up a grand new picture-palace, or talkie-drome, or noise-park, or the devil knows what (for indeed there's no knowin' what name they'd be puttin' to this an' that at the present time, an' they away in their minds with vulgarity an' riches an' a poor education). It stands up over the quiet little houses the way you'd see a hippopotamus rampagin' among the young lambs. The front of it is white tiles, like a public wash-house as large as the Stock Exchange; an' the back an' sides of it is sad dirty bricks like a public prison. Isn't it a wonder now they wouldn't employ a good architect to build an eyesore the like of that one?"

"But it's a grand place within, surely. I'm thinkin' if the Queen of SHEBA herself set foot in it she'd creep off quietly an' go to her own place with shy thoughts an' a humble heart. There's great fellers standin' without in admirals' uniforms, no less; an' there's marble pillars in the hall, an' the moon

an' stars in the ceilin', an' golden stones under your feet; an' there's fountains in the corners of the stairs, an' deep carpets in the corridors a man would sink in the length of his neck, if he should be loiterin' by the way. An' there's girls dressed like colonels in the Austrian cavalry do be waftin' the people to their seats with fairy-lights in the darkness. An' you have a seat for ninepence is like the armchairs of emperors a young man could sleep in the rest of his days. An' the hall's as large as St. Paul's Cathedral, an' there's lighted grottoes in the walls an' Mexican scenery an' the Italian lakes an' the devil knows what besides. An' it has the world's greatest organ in it, though they do say there's no picture-palace in the world these days hasn't the world's greatest organ. That's what one of the Admirals told me, an' why would he tell me a lie?

"Well, I sank into me rich seat, Mr. Heather, an' I closed me tired eyes, for I'd heard tell it's the great rest the people have in them places, an' they holdin' hands or sleepin' like Peace itself. But I couldn't sleep at all, Mr. Heather, by reason of the quare strange noises. So I opened me eyes an' I looked at the pictures, an' begob, Mr. Heather, it was the strangest noise I ever set eyes on! I see a young girl with no clothes on nearly, an' what she had she was takin' off, for I found in a short while it's a cabaret-girl she was, an' she makin' a loud quarrel in the dressin'-room with one of the young gentlemen she did be lovin'. They was both makin' noises the like of no noise meself has heard anny place before, savin' the

with the race. Is it the like of that talk Mr. HOOVER does be talkin' to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, an' they cementin' the nations with a holy glue?' 'It might,' says he. 'Well, it is not,' says I. 'An', if it's language, will you tell me now, do you understand a blessed word the young girl is sayin'; the one with bare legs changin' her under-clothes?' 'I do not,' says he; 'why would I at all?' 'It's well for you,' says I, 'that have an arm round a young lady, an' be huggin' her in the darkness. Maybe the noise is pleasin' to you,' says I, 'an' it drownin' the sound of your loud caresses an' endearin' words. But it's a poor thing, I'm thinkin', for the like of meself that have come into this place for peace an' quietness—it's a lonesome

thing, I'm sayin', to sit in the black night with the sound of she-bears howlin' in the woods or sick cows dyin' on the hills of Kilbay.' 'Hold your peace,' says he, 'or I'll call one of them Colonels of Cavalry an' she'll send for an Admiral itself.' 'The holy angels be about your bed,' says I, 'an' about your board from this night to the world's end! Let you give the lady a great hug an' not be mindin' me at all.' 'I will not,' says he, an' he kisses the girl again.

"Well, I wouldn't wonder at your doin' the like of that,' says I, 'an' you lookin' at pictures the like of this one. I never see so many kisses before. Begob, for two dead poppies I'd



New Waiter. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU'VE FINISHED, MADAM?"

Madam. "QUITE, THANK YOU."

New Waiter. "I WAS ONLY THINKING THAT IF YOU COULD MANAGE A BIT MORE THIS SUM MIGHT COME RIGHT."

Zoological Gardens only. There's a quare strange animal in the western end of them Gardens, Mr. Heather, is fed at four in the afternoon. I misremember the name of it, Mr. Heather, but it was the like of that noise the creature makes from three to four each day, an' it howlin' for raw meat. Maybe you know the one is in me mind.

"Well, I turns to the gentleman sits beside me, an' he kissin' a lady at the time, God forgive me, but how would I expect the like of that in a public place? An' I says, 'What noise is that?' says I. 'What noise at all?' says he, a small piece angry by reason of the interruption. 'The noise in me ears,' says I. 'The noise in this place, though the devil himself could say from what place it comes at all.' 'That's the American language,' says he. 'It is not then,' says I, 'for I'm acquainted

kiss the girl meself! Did you see that now?' 'I did not,' says he. 'Well, that's a hard thing,' says I, 'for there was two couples kissin' at the same time, this gentleman that did the murder an' the lady with the legs, an' the gentleman with the pistol an' the blonde with a bare back an' it shinin' like a side of beef on Saturday night. There's five blondes in this picture, I'm thinkin', an' all as like as two blondes. Bedad, they're kissin' again! Give her another hug, Mister, to relieve me poor feelin's!' 'I will so,' says he; and every time he sees me blood's on fire with the long kisses in the picture he relieves me feelin's on the lady, an' she smilin' mischief at me under his bowler hat with the fine eyes she had on her, the creature. 'Well, it's a quare kind feller you are,' says I at last, 'an' you takin' that trouble for a strange man. But why wouldn't the



Vicar (at the end of a village children's treat). "TIME'S GETTING ON, CHILDREN. MISS CHILDERS HAS PLAYED TO US 'ROCK-A-BYE-BABY,' AND, AS I MUST CONFESS I'M A LITTLE TIRED, WE WILL FINISH WITH 'NOW I LAY ME' ON THE GRAMOPHONE."

lady sit between us now, the way I could save you the trouble an' not be takin' your mind from the picture?' 'She would not,' says he. 'I would so,' says the girl, and, by me uncle's mare, she rises up an' sits her down beside me, the darlin'.

"But it's poor satisfaction I had out of that, Mr. Heather, for at that livin' instant up comes the Manager an' one of the Admirals with a great torch shinin' on us; an' the Manager says will we go out of that place, the three of us, by reason of the scandal an' noise ourselves was makin' among the people. 'Scandal, is it?' says I. 'Will you tell me now what day it is?' 'Tis the 27th of October,' says he. 'Tis the Lord's-Day,' says I. 'Tis neither here nor there,' says the Admiral, seizin' the back of me throat. 'It is so, surely,' say I. 'Think shame of yourself, Mr. Manager,' says I, 'to be enticin' decent folks on the Sabbath evenin' an' inflamin' their passions with pictures the like of that one. Is there no place in the world but Broadway, America? An' is there nobody in Broadway but bootleggers an' homicides an' girls in the chorus, an' they talkin' the talk of Bedlam? An' have they nothin' to do but kissin' an' revolver-shootin'?' 'Let you go out now,' says the Manager,

givin' me a push. 'I'll have the law on you,' says I, 'for corruptin' me emotions. I wonder now you haven't the whole audience huggin' an' kissin' an' usin' fire-arms after the things they've seen this night. An' I wonder them American kissin's an' shootin's is lawful in London on the Lord's Day but not the plays of SHAKESPEARE himself. An' it is the wonder of the world Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD would not be payin' a visit to Hollywood, an' be waterin' the Western Hemisphere with ideals an' good words. Ideals, is it? Disarmament, is it? What harm in the world can ten battleships do to equal one picture the like of that one?' 'Hold his arms,' says the Manager; an' at that moment up rises the key-board of the organ out of the floor itself, with a little organist feller in it, like it might be the Fairy Queen in a pantomime, an' he illuminated with the purple limelight. An' he begins to play a little jiggin' kind of a dance-tune on the world's greatest organ. An' says I to the Manager the time they carried me out, 'Tis the noblest instrument of music, the organ, Mr. Manager; an' even on that you play lascivious tunes.'

"So they flung me through the door into the cold street. 'Tis a quare hard world."

A. P. H.

Jix Jumps to Glory.

"A useful resolution on the observance of Sunday was proposed by the Rt. Rev. Lord Brentford."—*Sussex Paper*.

Such rapid promotion as this of Jix is unparalleled in the Church.

"A sum of money has been presented by Mr. Percival Leigh to provide a gold medal for award annually in the School of Dentistry."—*Daily Paper*.

Surely it should have been a gold crown.

"Douglas Fairbanks tells how he set to work to absorb all the Shakespearian atmosphere before his wife and he began the making of this picture."—*Daily Paper*.

Fortunately, at least some of the atmosphere will be released again for public use shortly.

"Front wheel skids are far more dangerous than rear wheel skids, as the latter can be cured easily by turning into them."—*Daily Paper*.

We have never succeeded in becoming a rear-wheel skid, but you should see our imitation of a magneto.

"The Archbishop of York tapping the foundation stone with the Bishop of Barking."

Caption in Daily Paper.

This is of course preferable to the Archbishop of York tapping the Bishop of Barking with the foundation stone.

GRAY UP TO DATE.

[SIR HERBERT AUSTIN has suggested that GRAY "had other inspiration for his Elegy than that gained from his contemplation of the moss-grown tombstones of a country churchyard," and that "the very best place for soliloquising on might-have-beens would surely be a window looking out on to a big city." The following lines, which in many cases embody SIR HERBERT's lofty diction, are an attempt to adapt GRAY's somewhat impractical views to the more strenuous tone demanded by such a setting.]

THE opening pub salutes the close of day;

The hour has struck that sets the worker free;

The staff have fled to fight their homeward way

And left the office to the char and me.

Hushed are the strident tones of harsh command

That oft the poet's reverie disturb;
Uncensured at the window I may stand
And muse upon the crowds that throng the kerb.

In swarming thoroughfare and raucous mart

What countless hosts will Contemplation find

Who drift through life unnoticed and depart,

And hardly leave a halfpenny behind.

Yet not to Fate let Sentiment impute
Their inability to rise to fame;

'Tis lack of gumption keeps these
Miltons mute;

The Inefficient have themselves to blame.

How many of those who tread life's busy scene

The rôle of super are content to fill!

How many a man is labelled might-have-been

Because he failed to practise mental drill!

The infant EINSTEIN and the peasant's son

Have got the same-sized brain beneath their thatch;

At level weights the Fortune Stakes are run;

All starters in life's Marathon are scratch.

Yet they who hope to win a kind regard
From Opportunity must first of all

Locate her coy retreat, and leave a card

Soliciting the honour of a call.

'Tis not enough to sit at home and curse

While others gain the prizes in life's school;

A grave obscure may suit a poet's verse,
But merely stamps its occupant a fool.

For thee, who dost in these few lines bestow

Such sound advice upon the aimless mob,

Should some admiring reader seek to know

How thou didst grapple with *thy* daily job—

Haply some bowler-hatted clerk may say,

"Oft have we heard him chide for being slack;

He was a wash-out, was our Mr. GRAY,

And in the end he got the well-earned sack."

IF I MIGHT SUGGEST IT.

My brother George's attitude towards his children has sometimes, I confess, struck me as a little detached. This is no doubt partly because his main interest in life is centred on the reduction of his golf-handicap to single figures; but in any case his theory is that during the early stages the male parent hardly counts. Later on, he says, when the young beggars are old enough to swing a club, his turn will come and he will take them seriously in hand, by Jove! Meanwhile he is really better out of the way.

Once, I remember, in a moment of unwonted enthusiasm he boasted to me that he knew them all by name. This may or may not have been true, but I am prepared to swear that on another occasion, when I caught him off his guard and asked him suddenly how many of them there were, he replied in a very confused way, "Eight—er—that is, I mean five." The correct answer, as subsequently supplied by Mrs. George, who is seldom at fault in matters of domestic detail, was, at this particular date, six.

Personally, I do not dislike small children, not, that is, in their proper place, which I maintain is in bed. Often of an evening, when I am smoking a quiet cigar with George in the library and my nephews and nieces have been washed and put away upstairs, my thoughts dwell on them with considerable affection. Nay, I will go further. Even in the daytime, provided they have been securely fastened in their chairs, I can sit at table with them in a spirit if not of absolute equanimity at any rate of something approaching resignation. But I was never one of your performing uncles. It gives me no pleasure to cover myself with a hearthrug and enact the painful part of a grizzled bear lying in wait for its prey behind the drawing-room door, and I have always held that a pocket-handkerchief was primarily designed by

Providence for blowing the nose and not for conversion into the upper works of a white rabbit.

Such are the views held by George and myself respectively, and it is perhaps hardly surprising that they have failed to gain Mrs. George's wholehearted approval. Indeed I have reason to believe that, as far as my avuncular activities are concerned, she regards me as a pure wash-out. For George, naturally enough, she is more inclined to make allowances, but the poor fellow no longer occupies the pedestal on which he stood some few years ago. She still feeds him morning and evening, but the real business of life only begins when, after shoeing him off to the office at 8.45, she climbs up to the nursery and becomes immersed in syrup of figs and infant undies and all the other whatnots that appeal so strongly to the maternal soul.

It has long been evident to me that drastic changes are necessary in our present-day methods of rearing the human young, and after careful consideration I venture to suggest a plan which I am convinced would prove of incalculable benefit to all parties. Like so many other great ideas it is extremely simple. For the first ten years of its life every child should be brought up under an anæsthetic.

Think of the difference this would make to thousands of households. Mrs. George, for instance, would be at liberty to revive the forgotten interests of pre-nuptial days and join us at a *matinée* or at tennis or on the links. The necessity of administering the little daily dose would fade into a mere memory, the dim shadow of an old unhappy dream, and woollen underwear, at any rate for the children, would be an encumbrance of the past, since all they would need would be pyjamas.

And the youngsters—what a chance for them! Ranged in rows in their little beds they would slumber tranquilly on, growing bigger and stronger year by year, shielded from the devastating woes and passions of early youth, immune from the ravages of mumps, measles, scarlet fever, chicken-pox and whooping-cough, and with all this costing Daddy practically nothing.

How differently, too, in an uncle's ears would sound the invitation to "drop in and see the children this evening"! I should love to see them at any time. I would even consent to be left absolutely alone with them. Sitting in an armchair with a pipe by the nursery fire, I would gaze tenderly on their placid faces and muse on the days when each of them in turn would at last be awakened from its long sleep and packed off to a boarding-school.



Waiter. "COFFEE, SIR?"
Waiter. BLACK OR WHITE, SIR?"

Small Boy. "YES, PLEASE."
Small Boy. "WELL, AT HOME I ALWAYS HAVE PALE BROWN."

TO "THE LONDONER"

(On his resumption, after a long illness, of his articles in "The Evening News").

GOOD "LONDONER," whom we have sorely missed
During your absence from the active list,
Lover of everything of good report
And ex-Lieutenant of the Inns of Court,
Whose musings, imperturbably urbane,
Rebuke the foolish and refresh the sane,
Expressed in limpid unaffected prose
Without a touch of pedantry or pose—
Punch, to whose heart good Londoners are dear,
Hails your recovery with cordial cheer.

Let other chroniclers with scream and stunt
And forced facetiousness our taste affront,
A worthier aim you steadfastly pursue,
Embracing past and present in your view,

Whose fancy, travelling on unfettered wings,
Recalls the grace of old forgotten things
To men of shorter memories, and yet
Indulges in no querulous regret
For suns that have irrevocably set.

Long may the pageant of our bustling age
Your calm yet searching scrutiny engage;
Long may you gather golden grain and bind
Sheaves for the harvest of a quiet mind;
Long may you live to watch with gaze
serene

The lure of London's ever-changing scene,
And make, where'er your banner is unfurled,
A green oasis in a dusty world!



BRIGHTER POST-OFFICES.

(AS ANNOUNCED BY THE P.M.G.)

THE PYLONS

(Being the transcript of a not improbable radiologue, dated 21.29 A.D.).

ONCE again we are threatened with a historical calamity. It is proposed to uproot the graceful pylons which adorn the line of the Sussex Downs and are the sole relics of the electricity cable which carried light and power to our forefathers along the Southern Coast.

In this hurrying age of atomic energy we are all too prone to destroy the stately relics of the mechanised civilisation which preceded us, but is none the less a part and parcel of our heritage. Possibly it was ever thus. No good specimen remains of an ancient Roman villa, and the removal of Stonehenge to Detroit shows how far Anglo-Saxon vandalism has been able to proceed in recent years.

Yet we still have honoured memorials preserved to us from the past. The wild quadruped reservation in South Lancashire contains specimens of the badger, the horse, the rabbit and the once domesticated ox, as familiar in former days to Englishmen as the nightingales and bullfinches of our back-gardens. But the old specimen of a steam cotton mill, which used to stand there, has fallen into decay, and it is only through the munificence of the late Comrade Bentinck that the romantic subterranean labyrinths of one of our obsolete Midland coal-mines can still be visited by the curious.

The levelling for beam-ship platforms of so many hills, dotted with their beautiful if fragile examples of Meso-Georgian brick architecture, has left us with little rising ground south of the Trent save certain selected portions of the Cotswolds, Dartmoor, the Hog's Back, Hampstead Heath and the South Downs themselves. If a patriotic Communist Government had not preserved Peacehaven and Morden for us we should have but little idea of the quaint old bungalow parks in which our grandfathers were wont to dwell.

London on the whole is rich in historical survivals. Beneath the cellars of the old block of offices at St. James's Park, with their primitive carvings representing Night and Day, there is to be found an almost totally intact underground railway-station of the twentieth century, with its marvellously intricate gate-work and its small hutch-like contrivances, the use of which has formed

the subject of so much archæological dispute. The main mooring-pillar of the sky-buses in Trafalgar Circle is supposed to have been surmounted originally by a figure of NELSON himself, and hidden away amongst the towering architecture of cosmopolitan flat-land the tiny Albert Memorial takes us back to the forgotten glories of the mid-Victorian, perhaps the finest, period of English monumental art. The great monolith near the ruins of Westminster Bridge reminds us for how many centuries the official seat of the Government lingered in the Metropolis before it was found necessary, for the purposes of

to Gas Dépôt 15) a magnificent section of a stucco residential suburb once known as Bayswater. The pigeon sanctuary in the City, near the vast pile which replaces our two-hundred-year-old Bank, was formerly St. Paul's. And, though nothing is left either of the Temple or the Law Courts, those edifices which once served the savage passions of a vindictive and non-humanitarian age, there is a small landmark in the fine old dragon near the venerable offices of *Punch*.

And now it is proposed to demolish the traces of the cable towers on the Downs as completely as the traces of the Roman roads which preceded them, as completely as the stout little windmills of intermediate antiquity. *Quousque tandem?* It is stated that the pylons interfere with the low-flying ray-mail service of the United European Postal Syndicate, which drops packets at Brighton and Eastbourne and other outlying parts of the Metropolis before proceeding to the North London Distributing Bureau. But is the graceful outline of these pillars, which so subtly harmonises with the contours of what Wilhelmina Stitch, the poetess of Peace, long ago called

"Those lovely downs with their dear crowns,"

to be marred by a mere matter of bureaucratic routine? What if an airship or two *does* get tangled up in the pylons? Can it not be cut loose, and fly a little higher next time? Metal-work is now a vanished art.

But because it has been replaced by *papier-maché*, by celluloid and by solidified milk, we should cherish all the more dearly those fragments of it which have been handed down through the ages. There must

be few of us who have not seen a rusting piece of iron in the grass, and pictured in imagination the gay old days and the sporting traditions of the railroads; or observed in some museum the delicate spiral instruments employed by our forebears to extract from glass bottles the alcoholic refreshment in which they took so remarkable a delight.

Long ago the cables carried by these towers meant half the amenities of civilisation to those who now moulder beneath the sod. A nation rooted in tradition is a nation strong. Let us oppose the Philistines who would rob us of all beauty. Let us keep our ancient pylons to remind us of the days that were.

Evon.



RURAL POSTMAN CATCHES THE BRIGHTER SPIRIT.

radiopathic communication, to remove it to Salisbury Plain.

Nor should we ever forget that the building now occupied by the Folklore Club, which has done so much to resuscitate the ancient "jazz" dancing of the countryside, once contained the peculiar debating-chamber known as the House of Lords. On the Embankment itself we still have the statue of LAWSON, though the titanic marble BEAVERBROOK has crumbled away.

In the central hall of the Synthetic Food Factory on the south side of the river is a working model of a motor-omnibus, and we are indebted to the Antiquarian Society for the preservation of a two-hundred-year-old garage, a three-hundred-year-old inn and (close

A LION IN THE WAY.

"I AIN'T one o' these 'ere lucky blokes," said Bill as he whittled away at the hull of a miniature ship, presently to be enclosed in a whisky-bottle, "wot marries widders with corner pubs, or gets adopted by childless millionaires wot's took a fancy to the shape o' their noses. Never was!

"An' as for gratitood—well, it's my belief as such a thing don't exist. I've saved two fellers' lives in my puff, an' I ain't goin' to save no more. One on 'em was a fireman wot I fished out o' Barry Dock, an' the fust thing 'e done when we'd emptied the water out of 'im was to ask me for 'arf-a-dollar I owed 'im. An' the other—well, I'll spin you a bit of a yarn about 'em.

"I was in one o' them ships o' McOstrich's at the time, as was called arter different light'ouses, *Tuskar Light*, *Nore Light*, and setterer. The one I was in was the *Bar Light*, an' wot with one thing an' wot with another I tell you she was an 'ot shop.

"Old McOstrich warn't wot you might call sooperflewous with 'is money, so it warn't surprisin' that 'is skippers, specially if they was married, used to do a bit o' tradin' on their own account whenever they got the chance.

"Our Old Man's partic'lar line was livestock. 'E never used to

come 'ome without a lot o' cages with birds or animals o' some sort in 'em lashed under the break o' the poop. One time it'd be monkeys, another time small birds; once it was parrots, but, several other skippers 'avin' 'ad the same bright idea at the same time, parrots was goin' in Liverpool that trip at a bit less than the price of a pint.

"Arter that I suppose 'e thought 'e'd go in for things as warn't so common, so he shipped a lively young crocodile 'ome in 'is bath. 'E forgot to tell the stoo'ard too, an' the fust time 'e opened the bathroom door 'e throwed a fit, an' 'e went on throwin' 'em all the way 'ome.

"We was in Delagoa Bay next trip, an' wot must the skipper do but go an' buy a lion. It was a smallish sort of a lion as lions go; but when the bosun come aboard with a skinful and seen it lookin' at 'im unexpected 'e let a yell and tumbled right off the Jacob's ladder into the drink, an' I only just got the

boathook into the slack of 'is trousis in time.

"Tom Baker got the job o' lookin' arter the lion. 'E said 'e'd worked in a menagerie afore 'e went to sea, an' that was why 'is face was so badly wore; but one o' the crowd wot knowed 'im said 'is wife was the menagerie, an' 'e come to sea to get away from 'er. Tom said the great thing with lions was not to overfeed 'em, so he used to skin a good whack off the lion's rations every day an' auction it in the foc's'le arterwards. O' course the lion couldn't tell, but it'd lay there lookin' sulky-like an' make a noise every time one of us went near its cage same as if it 'ad swallowed a kipper bone. Tom Baker said it wanted Man. 'E said Man was its natural food, an' it was nothin' but cruelty stuffin' of it with 'arness beef. So it

you? Well, 'e didn't, 'e come from the Western Islands—any'ow, 'im an' me was on the mainyard tarrin' down when somethin' made me glance on deck an' I seen a surprisin' sight.

"There come Seaboot Sam sprintin' round the corner o' the galley as if the Devil was arter 'im. 'Is legs was goin', an' 'is arms was goin', an' 'e'd got a sort of an earnest look on 'is face as if 'e was runnin' for a purse o' gold.

"'Ello!' thinks I, 'wot's up?' An' then I seen wot was up.

"Round the corner, close be'ind 'im, come the skipper's lion. 'E was goin' a bit stiff, 'count of 'avin' been in 'is cage so long, but 'e was warmin' up to it nicely. 'E 'ad got an earnest look on 'is face too, same as if 'e was wantin' a taste of 'is nateral diet the worst way in the world. An' you bet your sweet

life if it 'adn't been for me 'e'd 'a' got it an' a pair o' leather sea-boots throwed in.

"Just as the lion come abeam o' me I lets fly, fust with my brush an' then with my tar-pot. I ketched 'im right amidships. An' that done it. 'E stopped as if 'e'd been shot, to look wot 'it 'im, an' that give Seaboot Sam time to shin into the foreriggin' out of 'is way.

"Well, arter that the lion went strollin' about the ship, disappointed like, smellin' at things. 'E blowed down the foc's'le hatch, same as a cat blowin' down a



Husband. "YOU NEVER SEE ME LAUGH WHEN YOU'RE BUYING A HAT."

mouse'ole, an' the yell the watch below give fair scared 'im off. Then 'e went along to the galley, an' the doctor shoved a pan of 'ot spuds in 'is face. Arter that, seen' there warn't nothin' better to be 'ad, 'e walks up on to the poop an' shoves 'is 'ead into a barrel o' pork the stoo'ard 'ad just been bustin' open when the fun started.

"'E got 'is 'ead in all right, but 'e couldn't get it out again. An' there 'e was, spittin' and snarlin', an' backin' all over the bloomin' shop, for all the world like the galley cat with 'er 'ead jammed in a salmon tin. Arter that it warn't long afore we 'ad 'im in a runnin' bowlin' and 'auled 'im into 'is cage.

"An' I tell you 'e was a fair terror! Wot with 'olystonin', an' sand-an'-cavasin', an' paintin' down, an' tarrin' down, an' rattlin' down, our lives was a burden!

"Well, we got into the Trades an' the spring-cleanin' begun as per usual. Most o' the 'ands was aloft, variously employed, as they say in the log-books, an' me an' a feller called Murphy—you'd 'a' thought with a name like that 'e must 'ave come from Ireland, wouldn't

you? Well, 'e didn't, 'e come from the Western Islands—any'ow, 'im an' me was on the mainyard tarrin' down when somethin' made me glance on deck an' I seen a surprisin' sight.

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ses 'e in a voice as trembled with emotion like the weather clew of a royal.

"'Me, Sir,' ses I, an' I steps for'ard, spittin' on my 'and an' wipin' it on the seat of my dungarees, ready to be shook.

"Next thing I knowed was a roar as 'ad the lion beat 'ollow, an' a kick as landed me sprawlin' 'ead over 'eels in the scuppers.

"'Look at my deck!' yells Seaboot Sam. 'Ye blank-blank-blank-blankety son of a seacock! Look at my deck!'

"Well, I spent the best part o' my watches below for a month gettin' that there splotch o' tar out o' the planks. An' the next time as I see a bloke runnin' for 'is life with a wild hanimal breathin' on the seat of 'is pants"—here Bill paused, and then concluded with deep feeling—" 'e can run, that's all!"

C. F. S.

A New Creation.

"Lewis Stone is a great favourite with Manchester cinemagoers. His most recent big success was as Count Pablen in 'The Patriot.'" *Evening Paper.*

"Parblen, Count Pahlen!"

THE QUICKSILVER STANDARD.

James felt misgiving, almost dread,

When Labour entered into power;

Sagely to all his friends' he said,

"This is a gloomy hour;"

But summer brought cerulean skies

And sunshine gay and glad;

His spirits soon began to rise

And he was heard in some surprise

To state, "Well, after all, RAMSAY is not too bad."

Its golden course the summer ran;

His customary pallid cheek

Now covered by a healthy tan,

James mellowed week by week;

His fortnight's holiday was spent

Without a drop of rain,

And he was perfectly content

To have a Labour Government

Rule for the next five years and get returned again.

The weather broke, the sun's bright lamp

Was veiled by autumn mists and tears,

And James, whose feet were often damp,

Renewed his former fears;

A subsequent attack of 'flu

Intensified his gloom;

He lost his buoyancy, and through

His sneezes he announced the view

That Socialism was bound to spell the Empire's doom.

It only needs a frost to crack

His pipes and cause a horrid flood;

A gale to blow his fences back

And lay them in the mud;

Emitting squeals of great distress

James will proceed to show,

By means of letters to the Press,

How things are in a shocking mess

And how (his final word) the Government must go.

"Mr. Bernard Nedell, who first attracted London playgoers as the bad bootlegger of 'Broadway' (the play, not the film), is sinisterly debonair on a sufficiently low keg, an excellent thing in villains."

Theatrical report in Daily Paper.

But not in bootleggers.



A RETURN MATCH: AN ECHO OF THE SUMMER SALES.

First Combatant (during a lull for breath, to second ditto). "DIDN'T WE MEET LAST WEEK AT GRABHAM AND PULLAWAY'S?"



WINDOW-DRESSING BY THE PRIVILEGED CLASSES.

[Many University men are taking up a commercial career.]

T101.

"What's in a name? That which we call
Z37KM2

By any other combination of letters and
numerals would smell as sweet."

SHAKESPEARE.

TURNING over the sad files of my past writings I came upon the following rather splendid passage, printed and published in London in October 1924:—

"Why is an aeroplane never given a name? The wildest dream of man has always been to fly. The air should be easily the most poetical of the elements. . . . And it seems to me extraordinary that after all these years of conquering the air the triumphant 'birds' which Man has made should still sail over us labelled like taxi-cabs—GE5QM and so forth. Even when we make an immense airship, a thing which is almost beautiful, we do not give it a beautiful name; we call it R34."

Alas, how vain are the labours of the scribe! Five years have passed and now in October 1929 I read in *The Times* that our excellent Air Minister, Lord Thomson, opening an infirmity bazaar at Dewsbury, said—

"People are always asking me to give a name to R101. Personally I hope it will make its reputation with that name. If I know anything about the loyal men who man it it is that they would like to stick to R101."

Previously, however, it was unofficially reported that a name was being considered; so by the time these words appear the thing may be done. Be that as it may, it is worth while to consider the views of what I may call the Digital School of Nomenclature, for they seem to be abandoning the defensive for the offensive. Women under my own roof, contrary as ever, have actually maintained, with Lord Thomson, that numbers are better than names. "Very well," I replied, "Wife of my Bosom No. 3K, I am going out now to look for Old Flame No. Q16." And after that not much more was said.

True, there can be poetry in numbers, and they can become the symbols of sentiment and affection. I have no doubt that "the loyal crew" of *H.M.S. Revenge*, if they had gone into battle in a ship called *2X587M*, would have clung to that title—those who survived. But I

doubt if Lord TENNYSON would have written:—

"Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we
roared a hurrah, and so
The little *2X587M* ran' on sheer into the
heart of the foe."

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the
shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little *2X587M* herself went down by
the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main."

True, again, there have been divisions, regiments and submarines (not to mention convicts) which have, so to speak, "made a number" for themselves; but these numbers pass quickly from our minds. Who now can say off-hand the number of the heroic submarines of the Dardanelles—or one of them? I can't. Can you? Then there was a celebrated battery — L — something, I think. But L what? I remember clearly what happened to certain ships called the *Victory*, the *Revenge*, the *Birkenhead*, the *Cressy*, the *Aboukir* and many others. "Their name liveth for evermore." But who can say which of those great and gallant submarines—the K-boats—were sunk in battle or survive to-day? I can't, though a



QUESTION TIME; OR, BACK TO EARTH.

MR. MACDONALD (*disturbed from dream of his triumphs by Big Ben alarm*). "LET ME DREAM ON. IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL. IT WAS 'ROSES, ROSES ALL THE WAY'; ROSES AND DOVES."

brother of mine was in one of them. "Their number liveth for evermore." Does it?

Perhaps I am wrong. But, if so, let us face what logically follows. If it is right to have *two* airships known only by numbers it is right to have twenty—or two hundred; and Lord THOMSON wants to have a great many. And in the end they will all be lost in the same numerical mass as the K-boats are.

And if it is best to number the birds of our own making we must allow that there is really nothing to be said for giving names to the birds of the air—or indeed to anything else. SHELLEY's well-known *Ode to Bird 57* will have to be re-written and much more of our literature as well. But poetry must give way to efficiency. Already the streets in America are known by numbers, and this is said to save much trouble and time. (In Philadelphia once I called on a man who lived, I think, at 3187 Myrtle Street, and I entered the street at No. 26.) Let us go further and give simple numbers to the trees and flowers whose names are so elusive. Wildflower Genus A4 Species 538, will be so much easier than the Lesser Bee-wort. Let us number the stars and the rivers, the beasts and fishes, our kings, ourselves and our young. Lord THOMSON himself, no doubt, will lead the new movement. "Give a dog a bad number and hang him," they say. But Lord THOMSON shall have a good number. There are two-hundred-and-twenty-nine THOMSONS in the telephone-book (not counting the THOMPSONS). He shall be T101.

Life will be much easier for the harassed parents, arguing over their nameless babes—T 101, Child 1, 2 or 3 (M. or F.), and the thing is done. But we shall have to alter the Catechism:—

Q. What is your number?

A. 6 or 7.

Q. Who gave you this number?

A. My godfathers and godmothers at my registration, at which they did vow three things in my number . . .

And so on. But will it be quite the same thing?

Much of our literature, as I have said, will soon be out of date, and to the next generation passages like "Tenderly she breathed the beloved name" will have no meaning whatever, for they will be breathing beloved bits of algebra. On the other hand what a chance for authors; they can begin all over again! "Paramour Number X823BQ," he hissed, "have you forgotten the night at Town 38, County Borough 1677?"

"No, no, 569023Y," the woman murmured; "the number is graven on my heart."

"Call me sweet digits, dear," he said.



Little Gul (in a stage whisper). "MUMMY, THAT GENTLEMAN'S NOT ENTIRELY ENGLISH, IS HE?"

"569023Y," she whispered slowly. "Dear integers! To me they are the sweetest sound in all the world."

Most of the old-fashioned poetry, no doubt, could be amended without much difficulty. This runs well enough, I think:—

"Who steals my purse steals trash. 'Tis something, nothing.
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good number
Robs me," et-cetera.—SHAKESPEARE.

And the *Ballad of Oriana* would suffer very little from the omission of *Oriana*:—

THE BALLAD OF 2X—1GB.

"O breaking heart that will not break,
2X—1GB.
O pale, pale face, so sweet and meek,
2X—1GB!

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
2X—1GB;

What wantest thou? Whom dost thou seek,
2X—1GB?"

All the same, if R101 is not to have a name I refuse to pay for the darned thing. A. P. H.

South Coast Horrors.

"We are 'settling down' for the winter. It is really a horrible thought, but it is none the less true. St. ——— Literary Society opens next Monday week with a social."

Sussex Paper.

"ATTENTION.

For your children to be well booted go to The — Co., Paris."—*Advt. in Paris.*

Thank you, but we prefer to have our children disciplined in the home circle.

LOVE'S CYCLE.

Egbert was aware of her the moment he got out of the train. Her smile was wide, her eyes were azure and many times life-size. She was smoking a choice brand of Oriental cigarette, as explained by the legend that partly occluded her left shoulder and half of her perfect breast.

Actually she was a revolving advertisement, but Egbert was too dazzled to notice this until her features became suddenly discomposed, and there appeared, where her smile had been, a dining-room suite in the Jacobean manner, and across her eyes a scroll advertising higher purchase facilities on exceptionally liberal terms. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that she would come again; and so indeed she did; for after the Jacobean suite had become a motor-car, the motor-car an athlete drinking beer, the athlete a drapery establishment, then finally from a Gargantuan pound of breakfast-sausages the lady of his delight was mysteriously reborn, complete with cigarette.

By this time, of course, Egbert was definitely late for business, and when he got to the office had to sign the attendance book below the line, which, as in bridge, adds nothing to one's honours' score. But he decided that it was worth it and planned to see her again at luncheon-time and yet again on his way home, even if he had to miss his usual train. The duration of his bliss was rationed into two-minute spans, whereof the luncheon interval, extended to the utmost of its exiguous limits, afforded barely three. In the evening, however, the number of these *tête-à-tête* was qualified only by his distaste for cold dinners.

Once, to his rapture, she lingered twice her allotted time, but as he was treated to equally protracted visions of everything else from furniture to pork sausages, he was unable to stay for her second coming and went away feeling that he had been cheated after all. And once the mechanism was out of order and revolved unceasingly, producing a horrid amalgam wherein smiling lips were seen to hover over the athlete's tankard and azure eyes merged into the headlights of the motor-car. On that day he returned to the office distraught and achieved three blots in his ledger to relieve his feelings. Mostly, however, she was punctual and kept their two-minute trysts with fidelity.

At last it occurred to him that most pictures, even those destined to be revolving advertisements, are painted from a model and that all his future happiness, as well as his prospects at

the office (where the time he took over his luncheon was beginning to excite unfavourable comment), depended on his finding the original of this one.

Having addressed himself to the Publicity Syndicate responsible for the advertisement, he received a sympathetic reply, for they believed that he was about to contract for the display of a similar advertisement on the largest scale. The mistake was due to Egbert's inveterate habit of using the firm's notepaper for his private correspondence, and when, in a burning letter from his boarding-house, heatlength revealed to them his heart, the Syndicate lost interest at once.

But Egbert refused to admit defeat.



MR. TOM SHAW (SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR) TRIES ON HIS NEW TUNIC.

[We are promised a heavy cut in the Army Estimates.]

He decided that he would frequent Bohemia, so far as this might be done on a beer basis and after office hours, for he hoped that sooner or later in some dark café where artists foregather someone would speak of the supreme model of his career and so he would learn her name and address. And in the fullness of time he did meet her, though not quite like that but by his own initiative in a bus passing Muswell Hill, and, after exposing to her the state of his feelings and his bank balance, and having arranged to take his annual leave at the wrong time of the year, he became entitled to call his own the wide wide smile that had launched a thousand cigarettes, and the azure eyes that seemed to have suffered ever so little by reduction to mere human compass.

He endeavoured always to maintain her on the choice blend of Oriental tobacco she was smoking when first he saw her, and they were very happy. With increasing frequency, however, in the years that followed he would ask, as he gazed upon her, "Darling, will you never change?" And she, smiling more widely than ever, would consider the moment a propitious one for touching him for a new hat. And again he would ask, "Darling, will you always look just like this?" which would make her regret that she had not asked for a frock as well. For, you see, she could not know that there were times when he would infinitely have preferred a new two-seater-de-luxe as advertised, or a pull at the athlete's beer, or even a steaming platter of prime sausages for breakfast (for she was an inefficient cook).

But it should be added as a tribute to his constancy that he never wished her to change into a drapery establishment, of which she already reminded him more than enough, or into a new suite of dining-room furniture, for he is still paying off arrear instalments on his present one and cannot pass a plain van in the street without a shiver of aversion.

CLOVES.

I MAY appear
To you a queer
And captious kind of cove,
But I confess
To peevishness
At sight or smell of clove.

Dear to my heart
Is apple-tart;
Imagination fails
To see why Cook
Adds things that look
Like little rusty nails.

Tho' I might face
With decent grace
The "mimsiest borogrove,"
I loathe to meet
In food I eat
The pestilential clove.

Wherefore I speak
To Cook each week,
Yet, spite of all reproof,
She does not mind
But still, I find,
Displays the cloven hoof.

WOON.

"Barbarians all at Play."

"LIVELY MEETING.

Uproar occurred at a meeting of the Manchester Guardians to-day, and for half an hour pandemonium reigned. Several members refused to obey the orders of the chairman, and speakers could not make themselves heard. Result: Barbarians 27pts, D. of Wellington 9pts."—*Plymouth Paper*.



IN THE MESOZOIC AGE.

The Little Beast in the right-hand corner (to his friend). "MARK MY WORDS! WE REPTILES ARE THE LORDS OF CREATION! DON'T TALK TO ME OF MAMMALS—NASTY HAIRY BRUTES! THEY'LL NEVER COME TO ANYTHING."

ENGLAND FOR THE—

FROM A PRESS REPORT.

O listen to the views of Mr. ODD F. OTT,
A person of enlightenment who knows what's what,
Who arrangestouring parties and instructs them where to go,
At Springfield, which is situate in Ohio.

From Spain to Scandinavia, from Bulgaria to France,
They learn the map of Europe, having paid him in advance,
But until a recent visit he has hitherto ignored
The islet known as England as a place to be explored.

But lately he has been with us, and like a man of wit
Has learned that as the Mecca for excursions we are It,
And I seize the opportunity of showing what we've got
To charm the many friends of Mr. ODD F. OTT.

O people of America, not only Ohio,
But those that hail from Miss and Wis, that dwell in Mich
and Mo,

We can offer much of interest and worthy of remark
To you of Fla, of Va and Ga, of Cal and Del and Ark.

We can't do much in treasures, for our loveliest and best
From economic pressure have been lately going West,
And, although you'll miss some houses of extremely early
dates,

You need not mourn their absence, for you'll find them in
the States.

The English Squire you've heard of, whom no doubt you'll
hope to see,

Has vanished from our fauna, which is sad, but had to be;
And the stately homes of England, and the old manorial halls,
Are mostly schools or golf clubs, or it may be empty walls.

But still the thin smoke rises from our famous English
farms;

Our fields with their advertisements have many quiet
charms;

And the little red-brick villas that you'll see on every hand
May justly be considered as a feature of the land.

But what we really offer to beguile you o'er the pond
Is not our private trifles, but a more congenial bond,
For the very car we loan you in our hospitable way
May bear the kindly legend that 'twas "made in U.S.A."

Our fountain pens, our pencils, and the apple that you
munch,

Your cereals for breakfast and the tongue you have for
lunch—

All these and many others, almost anything you buy,
With care, may bring the tear into your patriotic eye.

No doubt you'll see our talkies, and you'll note in every
star

The accents of your fatherland—which, as a fact, they are;
And in studying our dramas (though you'd have to dodge
a few)

You'd think they came from Broadway—as most probably
they do.

In music, too, we have a claim if anybody has,
For though we jib at opera we stand a lot of jazz,
And with saxophone and weapons of the most ferocious type
We'll squeal a common liking, though I'm bound to say
it's tripe.

Then come to us, Americans; we'll do our best to please
And give an honest welcome to the guest from overseas;
We are one with you in language and we own the bond of
blood,

Though advertising renegades may try to stir up mud.

The more you come the merrier; you'll find that we possess
A sentiment towards you that is stronger than you'd
guess;

And the little lying renegades who talk pernicious rot
Will shrivel at the name of Mr. ODD F. OTT. DUM-DUM.

AT THE PICTURES.

A BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.

ONE thing which the British International film, *The Informer*, makes abundantly clear is that Hollywood has no monopoly of revolver practice. The policemen on the track of *Francis McPhillip*, the Dublin murderer, empty their "barkers" with as much celerity and futile expenditure of powder and ball as their American correlatives ever did; while as a further proof that England is not behindhand in movie production, the old familiar problems—both in the case of themselves and their victim, who exchanges shot for shot—as to where the ammunition comes from and how the reloading is done,



CHIMNEY-POTTING.

again confront us. In spite of any improbability this act of retribution on the Dublin roofs is the central situation and the only really exciting one, and it is therefore a pity that it comes so early.

Logically it probably ought not to be seen at all, but to occur off, for, as anybody who has read Mr. LIAM O'FLAHERTY's novel, also called *The Informer*, knows, the story is a psychological study of *Gypo Nolan*, the man who gave the murderers away. Psychology and the films being, however, on far from intimate terms, it is not to be wondered at that the cops were sent out on this frenzied man-hunt. But once *McPhillip* is dead the producer is unable to dodge his responsibilities any longer, and it becomes, to speak slangily and previously, *Nolan's* funeral and remains so to the distant end, the story occupying itself solely with his Remorse and the gang's desire for Revenge. Between these two R's the wretched man has such an ordeal as must con-

vince any spectator that informing is a mug's game.

His miseries are, however, partly of his own procuring. To begin with, since he did not want any reward, he might have achieved his purpose and saved his skin by telling the police by an



Gallagher (Mr. WARWICK WARD), to his gunmen. "NOW, ARE YOU ALL READY? GOT YOUR EYEBROWS TWISTED? WELL, COME ON, THEN!"

anonymous letter or a message over the wire. Next, having informed in the clumsiest way possible, with a witness in the person of a disreputable girl who was certain to blab, he might have used



Fan, to Gypo Nolan (Mr. LARS HANSON). "THANK YOU, WE'VE GOT THAT EXPRESSION. NEXT, PLEASE."

some of the reward in buying a change of clothes instead of clinging to his very conspicuous docker's cap and suit. Again, having the wad of notes in his

pocket, he might have had the sense not to expose it in dangerous public places and draw further attention to himself. In fact, unless he was asking for detection, he behaved with such stupidity as entirely to alienate our sympathies, or at any rate to provoke more irritation than a picturesque figure and pseudo-hero should. But he was not asking for detection: he longed to live on and love his *Katie Fox*, which was what we too wanted; consequently his culminating act of folly—when in a railway booking-office, where he was to catch a train for sanctuary, he gave all his money to a stranger and could not therefore buy a ticket—moves us to fury. After that we don't care how



Katie Fox (Miss LYA DE PUTTI). "WHAT'S WORRYING YOU, DEAR?"

Gypo. "THEY HAVEN'T GIVEN ME A THEME-SONG TO SING AT YOU."

soon his fellow-gangsters, who move implacably about in a plain van, get him.

The fact is that the screen cannot deal with dual characters or complexities of conduct. It lacks the detail to show a good man acting like a malefactor or to exhibit the niceties of conscience. For this reason *The Informer* could never make a convincing film.

The early part, where we have nothing but action, is very interesting. Indeed one thinks the film is going to be very good indeed; that the Old Country, although with imported talent, really can do it after all. But when, half-way through, the silence is broken by the wheezing of machinery, and strange ventriloquial effects known as speech begin to make themselves heard, the glory departs. For oddly enough *The Informer* is half a caption film and half a talkie, and there can be no question as to which half is the more effec-



Domestic (to Dentist). "I WANT A TOOTH STOPPED. I COME FROM MRS. JENKINS—SHE DEALS HERE."

tive. It might almost have been devised to teach that lesson.

The secondary acting is more satisfying than the principal, and I cannot think Miss LYA DE PUTTI well cast as *Katie Fox*—it is not her kind of part at all; while Mr. LARS HANSON as *Gypo Nolan* seems to me stagey. He is always too conscious of his good looks. The British International cast a wide net, for LYA is—well, not English, and LARS is a Swede. Some of the minor parts, notably the more ugly members of the gang, are excellent.

The farcical talkie called *Michigan Daddies*, directed by MACK SENECA, a deviser and actor of comic movies in the silent days, has a theme of which American audiences would seem never to tire: the adventures of an amorous middle-aged man escaping from his wife to misbehave in a night-club. It goes on far too long.

An extravagant silent film in the same programme at the Regal bears heavily on the vicissitudes of some golfers, male and female, who quarrel on the edge of a muddy stream and finish within it. It is called *Should Married Men Go Home?* A film to avoid. E.V.L.

THE TOAD.

THE roses wither on the wall,
The sodden leaves in heaps decay,
Chrysanthemums decline and fall
In the correct imperial way;
Corn salad, endive, celery tall,
The parsnip large, the onion small,
The stately broccoli are all
That deck our beds to-day.

No-wis the toad no longer here,
Who, ineluctable as Fate,
Harmed the woodlouse through the year,

The slug interminably ate
And filled the millipede with fear,
So that delphiniums held her dear
And lettuce, learning all was clear,
Grew on inviolate.

Wherefore we also loved her well
And called upon her by the frame,
And at our voices Isabel
Crawled into view, bright-eyed, and came

To look for titbits as they fell,
To swallow them, to smile and swell
With pleasure when she heard us tell
The visitor her name.

And, when the weather deemed a drought

Would do us good and had a try,
When toads, we thought, could not hold out

But needs must be discovered dry,
She, looking singularly stout,
Followed the watering-pot about,
Her throat dilate with thanks devout
For mud wherein to lie.

Where has she chosen for her rest?
Beneath the coal, the rubbish-heap?

We know not where; she felt it best
To drop, farewells unbidden, deep
Into her hibernating nest;
And we shall issue our behest
Enjoining care on all men lest
They dig her from her sleep.

Soft sleep, O Isabel, and sound
Till tepid rays upon thee shine
And the young sun his road has found

Unto the boisterous Ram's confine;
Then, light awakening, look around,
Leave with thy love the garden's bound

For some aquatic breeding-ground;
But do return to dine.

AT THE PLAY.

"A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND"
(AMBASSADORS).

HER mother, of course. Yet *Ursula* and *Kitty*, discussing the matter in the privacy of their charming bedroom, doubt it. *Ursula's* young man is an ardent Socialist, and a Scot to boot; *Kitty's*, an unpretentious youth in business. Both young women have character and can converse brightly in the jargon of the hour. And can even add enlightening comments of their own on life and the strategy of sex. And both have accurately taken the measure of their best friend.

Joan Trevor, a buxom, pretty, brainless woman, is of the type that must have the adoration of every man about her; or, if she is travelling, of any decent-looking man she may happen to meet. There is poor old *Pug*, for instance, now retired from the Indian Army, who has been kept trailing after her for years, carrying her parcels and picking up her gloves and handkerchiefs. Occasionally a small bone is thrown to him. And as for *David* and *Phil* she must, of course, be very, very nice to them for her daughters' sake. And the two girls see the plain truth of it. *David* and *Phil* no longer come to see them, they come to fight for the soft cowlike smiles, the little friendly pats, the languishing glances of this pastmaster of S.A.

In vain *Ursula* pretends acquaintance with and understanding of the duller works of the dismal economists and rattles off the most specious of their formulæ. In vain *Kitty* with immense skill leads the faithful *Pug* down the garden, hoping to rouse the jealousy of *Phil*. *David* has begun to teach *Mrs. Trevor* economics. *Phil* is so occupied with the plump gracious matron that he forgets to be jealous of *Pug* in his jealousy of *David*. The two young idiots even come to blows about her.

And then poor *Pug* (*Colonel Bent*), wistfully turning to the lively and seemingly devoted *Kitty* (who has broken her engagement with *Phil*) and renewing his forgotten youth in the flattery of her candid wooing, thinks that after all if he can't win the mother he might make shift with the daughter. He has of course reckoned without his *Joan*, who never lets any man go. The poor man is shown to be ridiculous and old, and counters with a few well-chosen

bitter words such as worms use when at last they turn. And *Ursula* takes a hand with her devastating but always good-tempered candour. Of course she can't hold her young man against her best friend's competition. She knows

Joan outraged; wouldn't be surprised if, sick of life and of being misunderstood, she went into a convent. "I should make it a monastery, darling," says *Ursula* sweetly.

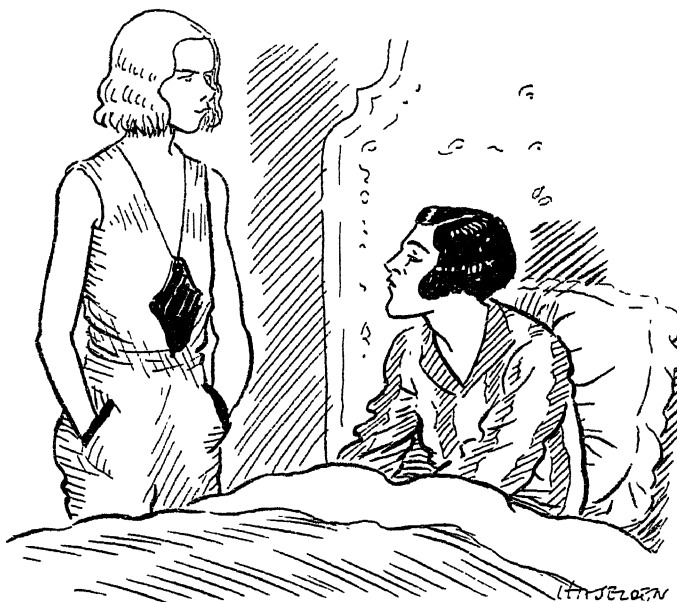
And next morning (Sunday) *Joan* is not to be found. The river? Not likely, the sophisticated ones, *Ursula*, *Kitty* and *Pug*, incline to think; but just possible. The local constable is for dragging operations. And *Joan* walks in—with her Prayer-Book. Good heavens! the woman has actually been to church. This must be serious. And with a deft hand Mr. *HARWOOD* completes his pattern. *Joan*, with contrite heart forswearing her form of friendship for her girls, turns finally to the faithful *Pug*; *Phil*, rescuing the engagement-ring from the fireplace, places it upon the appropriate finger of his unscrupulous but genuine *Kitty*, and *David* rushes off hot-foot to overtake the tactfully retreating *Ursula*.

A theme that has been treated times without number. Mr. *HARWOOD* brings

it neatly up to date, not so much in the characters of *Joan* and the faithful *Colonel*, but in the most attractive sketches of the two young women. These characters are admirably differentiated, not merely two lay figures from the common stock of latest London models.

Miss *HELEN SPENCER* must, I think, take the honours for her very clever study of the precocious *Kitty*. The passage in which she plays at love with the for-the-moment-infatuated *Colonel Bent* was superbly done. Miss *CICELY BOWMAN's Ursula* seemed perhaps a little less well done; but it was merely that she had a more straightforward, less varied opportunity. Mr. *HARWOOD's* skill in real characterisation was here shown at its best. He might so easily have made conventional dummies of these two. I think his sense of epigram did rather betray him in his *Colonel Bent* (well played by Mr. *ROBERT HORTON*), who, supposed to be of the stupid faithful sort, much too easily burst into wit and wisdom towards the end. Miss *MARIE LÖHR* had a part to her taste and handled it well. The two young men, Mr. *ROBERT HARRIS* and Mr. *FRANK FREEMAN*, were all that could be wished; and I particularly liked the quiet study of a parlour-maid by Miss *JOAN SWINSTEAD*.

A very pleasant evening. The play



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Kitty Miss HELEN SPENCER.
Ursula Miss CICELY PAGET BOWMAN.

the tricks, sees how they work, but can't pull them off—can't put her sex in the shop-window as *Joan* can; doesn't blame her; would do it herself if she could. But she can't. Must take refuge in flight, take her young man out of *Joan's* reach, and play, net and gaff him in another pool.

VAMPING HER BEST FRIEND'S
BEST FRIEND.

Kitty Miss HELEN SPENCER.
Colonel Bent Mr. ROBERT HORTON.

began at 9.0, and of course really considerate stall-holders endeared themselves to us by coming in at 9.15 and settling down by 9.20. It might so easily have been 9.35. T.

"MISS ADVENTURE" (WINTER GARDEN).

Our theatres are now being planned on so heroic a scale that if we are to see and hear our players we shall no doubt be compelled to bring back the megaphonic mask and the cothurnus. Having recently attended a musical comedy in a theatre which I should judge was originally designed for the next Olympic Games, I am now fresh from sitting under a romantic farce in one planned obviously for the broader types of musical and dancing comedy. Mr. REGINALD BERKELEY'S amusing *Miss Adventure* suffers from the vigour with which lines have to be flung at us if anyone is to hear them in the farthest recesses of the stalls, to say nothing of the cloud-kissing gallery; so that a sensitive person sitting near the stage is apt to suffer concussion, and persiflage seems somehow less airy when bawled however gaily, while the dull explanatory lines inevitable in every play fall with a heavier thud. And it certainly seems to me a pity, in view of the fierce competition of the squawking film with the legitimate stage, that one of the glories of that stage, the well-trained charmingly modulated voice, should now be thus wantonly doomed. There soon won't be an actor or an actress with a decent voice, not one who won't in fact talk like a talkie, while larynx and lozenge specialists should reap a golden harvest.

Let us turn from these mournful reflections to Mr. BERKELEY'S "Entirely New Comedy," based upon *Il Manquait un Homme*, by FELIX GANDERA. Young *David Mintlaw*, decadent heir of a deceased millionaire ironmaster of the sturdy North, devoting what time he can spare from the purchase with pearls and emeralds of female companionship to racing at Brooklands and polo at Hurlingham, is harbouring as permanent unpaid guest in his magnificent mansion overlooking St. James's Park the Russian *Prince Vladimir*, exiled, bankrupt and gloriously unscrupulous. If a sleek mistress of easy-money *David* wheedles a pearl necklace

out of her protector there is a commission for *Vladimir* from the jeweller; if, pretending to lose it, she sells it for ready money, there is another commission; and if she succeeds in landing a gaud of emeralds from the young fool there is yet another. The *Vladimir* touch, in fact. But the *Prince* has his proper pride, and when reproved by *David* for these eccentric transactions takes himself off to earn an honest living in the orchestra of the Moskovia Club at Maidenhead, which is staffed exclusively by the noblesse of the old Tsarist régime and run by the *Prince's* former butler.



CONFESSIONS ON THE RUNNING-BOARD.

<i>Hania</i>	MISS RENÉE KELLY.
<i>Prince Vladimir</i>	MR. MORRIS HARVEY.
<i>David Mintlaw</i>	MR. JACK HOBBS.

Meanwhile *Hania*, *Vladimir's* beautiful daughter, disguised as a pert, well-dressed young mechanic in the modern mode, has secured a job as *David's* racing chauffeur. *David's* better self, bored with the cadgers and sycophants that infest poor rich young men, appreciates her straight insolent speech and her astonishing knowledge of her work.

Act II., the bar of the Moskovia Night Club, giving on Maidenhead's bosky groves and nymph-haunted stream. *Hania*, taking a night off after her first day's work, comes in her last wearable gown, and no doubt in one of *David's* cars, to see her father, who is about to sing songs of old Russia in a green Cossack uniform. "Better anyway than cadging and swindling,"

says the ethical young woman. *David* has also come with his most recent fiancée; he is promptly wounded by a glance from *Hania's* bright eyes. Naturally there is no other woman for him for the moment, and he offers her the famous Moskovia mixture of pink champagne and kummel which, as is well-known, inclines quite respectable young women to consider favourably the most unseemly proposals. But *Hania*, knowing a thing or two, not being a Russian for nothing, leaves her the pink champagne to *David*, in whom it induces, besides a bursting head and melting legs, a sudden contrition for his past spinelessness, extravagance, swank, credulity and promiscuity. He will go forth and find the one girl in the world for him and turn over a new leaf. Naturally he finds her in Act III. in his own garage, recognises her; they fly to each other's arms, to the grave scandal of his lately prospective mother-in-law, a very sophisticated person. The happy twain are going into partnership as engineers—a likely story!

This deftly-woven romantic nonsense, with appropriate trimmings, the author cheerfully presents to us. Mr. JACK HOBBS (*David*), Mr. MORRIS HARVEY (*Vladimir*), Miss RENÉE KELLY (*Hania*) most skilfully overcame the difficulties of scale, and showed what admirable elocution can do when it is put to it. But the effort, I am afraid, destroys all delicacy of touch. Mr. MORRIS HARVEY can always be trusted to elaborate effectively a bizarre character and persuaded us that

Vladimir was a shrewd man of the world, at heart a thoroughly good fellow and admirable parent, only dishonest through harsh necessity; and to hear him making angry pseudo-Russian noises at his wayward daughter and bursting into hoarse song over the balalaika was a good entertainment. Mr. JACK HOBBS has a debonair method and an ease of carriage which was very attractive. And Miss RENÉE KELLY did not disappoint her many admirers. I liked too Miss EILEEN PEEL'S study of a sleek young man-eating tigress. An amusing affair altogether. T.

Where the Wish is Father to the Headline.

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE ON 'COAL.'
Conservative Paper.

AT THE OPERA.

"THE GONDOLIERS" (SAVOY).

WHICHEVER of the two, GILBERT or SULLIVAN, was the dominant partner in establishing the reputation of the firm (GILBERT may have had his modest doubts on the question, but appears to have dissimulated them by insisting on a clear enunciation of the words as the chief virtue demanded of any member of their cast—and here I rather agree with him), to-day it would seem that SULLIVAN is the greater force in keeping that reputation alive and green. Perhaps it is that the standards of humour are more variable than those of music—music, at least, of the lighter sort. Anyhow it is significant that this is not the first time that *The Gondoliers*—one of SULLIVAN's best achievements and one of GILBERT's least brilliant, both in design and humour—has been chosen for the opening night of a London revival.

It is just forty years from the first performance of *The Gondoliers*. The return of the Savoyards, newly dressed and furnished, to their eponymous home (not the original home of GILBERT and SULLIVAN opera, for that was the Opéra Comique), left the memories of most of the audience unmoved, and the enthusiasm of their welcome was the more flattering for that. The dear hearts of the elders among them were divided between a desire to show their superiority over those who had not assisted at the old Savoy triumphs and a natural reluctance to be recognised as on the wrong side of sixty.

The youngest thing there was the Savoy itself, rejuvenated out of all recognition. Its corridors, that still recalled the labyrinth of Crete (descending from the level of the Strand, hard by the entrance of the Savoy Hotel, I made my ultimate exit into a gloomy underworld adjacent to the Embankment), had taken on a nursery design of blue air-balloons on a buff background; but its interior was painted throughout in a decorous bronze, at which the colour-scheme of the curtain shrieked mercilessly. GILBERT and SULLIVAN once fell out over a carpet; a common shock occasioned by drapery like this would have brought them together again.

I shrink from seeming ungrateful, but I longed to be back at the Princes Theatre, for I like my auditoria nice and wide. It says much for the clarity of the singers that I heard quite a good number of the words in my stall in row P, a long way down an interminable tunnel.

When the dreadful curtain fell at the end, Mr. HENRY LYTTON, after the customary interval for persuasion, was

induced to come forward and express his delight at the home-coming of the Savoyards. But when, with the curtain out of his sight, he went on to tell us that he had the sensation of being in fairyland, I could not follow him.

Of the old favourites Mr. LYTTON and Mr. LEO SHEFFIELD were in equally great form, though the latter's was more rotund; Mr. DEREK OLDHAM sang deliciously in "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes"; the deep majestic notes of Miss BERTHA LEWIS would have awed the bull-ring in her adopted Plaza-Toro; the tricky quartet, "In a Contemplative Fashion," was cleverly rendered, and the team-work of the chorus was excellently keen and vivacious.

Looking back on a most delightful entertainment I have decided to forgive the curtain. O. S.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE mark of a true Victorian is the immense difficulty which he or she finds in learning to drive a motor-car. I was born in the period when that august lady, emerging from the clouds of *crêpe* that for many years had obscured her from the public eye, was beginning to shine as the fixed luminary of a great Empire. The first Jubilee is still to me the pattern of festivities; I have hardly learned to substitute "King" for "Queen" when I sing the National Anthem; I ride a bicycle with pleasure. All these are characteristics of the genuine article, but the motor-car is the prime test. I am frankly terrified both of the obscure temper of my own machine and of the obvious viciousness of the machines that dash at me. My cautious progress along the road is punctuated by bitter comments from my daughter Phyllis, aged twelve, to whom, as to all her generation, the monster presents no terrors.

"Daddy," she cries, as I force the gear-handle in with a shattering scrunch, "you forgot to accelerate"; or, "Daddy, don't let that old van pass us, and, if you must, do wave," as if I had a third hand to wave, or a trunk.

But the worst of all my troubles is going backwards. If only they wouldn't call it "reversing" I might master the art; but that unfortunate term has implanted in my mind an unconquerable desire to pull the wheel the reverse way. Hence this tale of woe.

To reach the converted, or perverted, stable of the "Red Lion" at Potsden Parva you go through a narrow gate and mount in a circular course through a small yard, with the house on one side and the garden on the other. This I had accomplished safely in the dusk of the previous evening with no small

pride. Now I had to get out. Should I attempt to manœuvre the beast round in the yard, to the danger of the landlord's gooseberry-bushes, or should I back out all the way? I chose the latter course, and with twisted neck and beating heart began the descent, the brute progressing in a series of jerky bumps; then the engine stopped. After much whirring and clattering and exhortation from Phyllis, who was dancing with excitement by the gate, I moved again, but this time with an alarming speed.

"More to your left, Daddy," shouted Phyllis. "No, turn it the other way, the other way. Stop! stop!" she shrieked. But it was too late, for I had already come to rest with the front mud-guard firmly wedged against a water-butt placed at the corner of the building.

I tried to go forward; I stamped upon the accelerator; terrific noise but no motion resulted. Phyllis was nearly in tears. What was to be done? Could I remove the mud-guard? Could I smash the water-butt with a hatchet? I longed fiercely to do so, but the water-butt was new and also half-full of water.

The landlord appeared. "You've pinched that butt proper," said he, but had no suggestion to make.

But fortune often favours the cowardly, and a *deus ad machinam* suddenly appeared in the person of the postman.

"Maybe we can shove her off," said he; and after heroic struggles we shoved her off.

I looked anxiously at the water-butt. A slow trickle of water was flowing from the wound. The landlord looked too.

"She won't hold no more," he said. "You did pinch her proper and no mistake."

I proffered compensation, and, if the landlord is to be trusted, compound fracture in a water-butt is a serious matter. And the car was still in the yard.

"Daddy, do let me take it out," said Phyllis. I looked at the bent mud-guard; I looked at my hands, covered with oily dirt; my pride was broken and I consented.

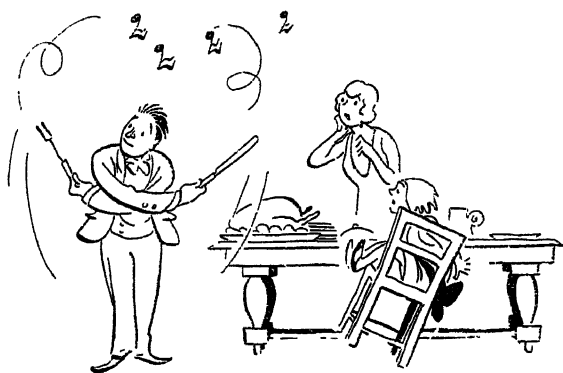
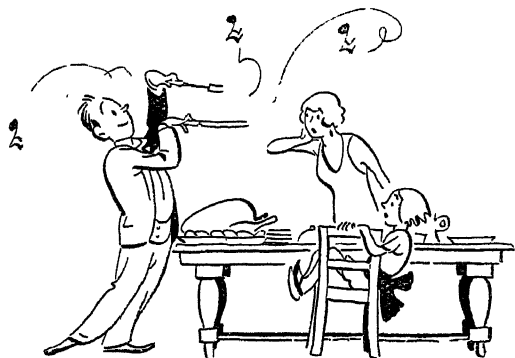
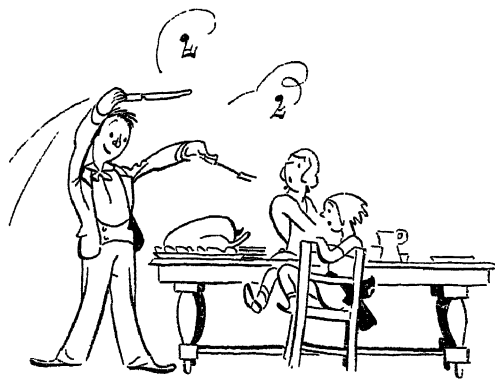
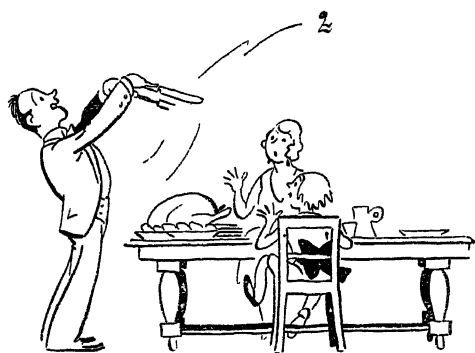
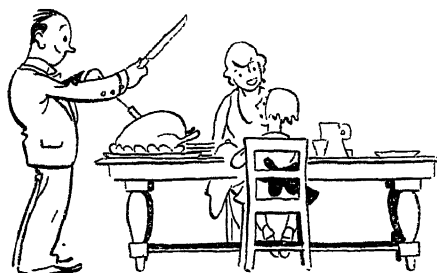
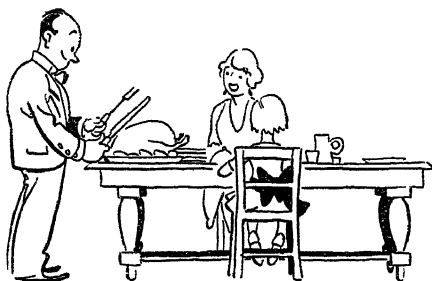
Phyllis jumped into the seat. Forward and back she went; and, turning the car with perfect ease, glided slowly through the gate.

"I've often practised in and out of the garage at home, you know; and it's so easy, Daddy. I can't think why you find it hard."

But Phyllis is a neo-Georgian.

The Note of the Napoo.

"The fire brigade received a telephone call at 2.7 P.M., given in a cool, nonplussed tone by a lady."—*Bedfordshire Paper*.



THE OVERTURE.

CARVING THE GOOSE; OR, THE MUSICAL CONDUCTOR WHO FORGOT HIMSELF.

FITZ



"SHE DRESSES IMMACULATLY, MY DEAR, BUT NOT REALLY WELL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT having read Mons. EDMOND FLEG's much-praised *Life of Moses*, I came to the same writer's version of *The Life of Solomon* (GOLLANCZ) with no more serious prejudice than a distrust of poetic privileges usurped by a prose work. Having read with varying degrees of interest the author's extraordinarily comprehensive *pastiche* of history and legend, I am more than ever of the same mind concerning the ambiguous type it so brilliantly represents. Inspiration and an inspired mastery of words—the resources of a poet of the first order—would have been needed to fuse poetically the material available to the scholar. Of the verbal inspiration it is impossible to judge in a translation which prudently, but not quite successfully, aims at recapitulating the idiom of the English Authorized Version. Of comprehensive vision I find little trace. "Ossian," we are told, "undoubtedly arranged what he found." I cannot see that Mons. FLEG has been more amply blessed by the Muses. What strikes me most about his book is the amazing diversity of material that has gone to its making. His translator speaks of architectual power, and I willingly concede it. Mons. FLEG has built a palace indeed, but he has built it of wreckage—or of what CICERO calls *redivivum*, old building material used over again. Three childish judgments launch SOLOMON on his career of sagacity, and an epic crescendo of interest accompanies him to the summit of his fortunes. His decay is overlaid by legends of a grosser kind, culminating in the reign of Asmodeus in SOLOMON's stead and that rather clumsy devil's final relegation to a bottle.

The most charming legends of all—mostly stories of the King's animal suitors—I should put down as mediæval *exempla*; but possibly Mons. FLEG has retrieved them from an earlier pre-Crusading source.

That amazing artist who, wandering to paint, became an explorer; organising to explore, became an administrator; policing the territories of his administration, turned soldier, and, having incidentally in odd moments earned a fourth and world-wide reputation as a zoologist, was still able to pick up a fifth as a writer—that versatile genius has found a new biographer in his younger brother, Mr. ALEX. JOHNSTON. *The Life and Letters of Sir Harry Johnston* (CAPE)—much more life than letters—is a little marred by the writer's way of harping on the undeniable failure of the Fates, in the shape of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and certain Permanent Officials, to make the fullest use of Sir HARRY's manifest abilities. Sir HARRY once scared away a party of Masai raiders by producing an albino porter as an example of the ravages of smallpox among his company, and he won a decisive battle by letting off catherine-wheels and rockets in the dark; but the same self-assurance that brought him through a hundred scrapes in tropical Africa is admitted by the writer to have displayed itself at home in the form, for instance, of an excessive degree of "unconscious intimidation" at games, even at unpassionate croquet, or of annoyance with anyone who spelt "Muhammadan" not just like that. Few of us, I think, spell that particular word the same way twice running, and Permanent Officials certainly do not like "unconscious intimidation." However that may be, the story of his wanderings has something of the thrill of

a fairy tale, with Sir HARRY in the part of *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Diminutive of stature, a school-boy in appearance, known by his white umbrella no less in the thick of a fight than on the long march, his suppression of the slave trade and his genuine conciliation of native tribes in Uganda give him an enduring place among Greater Britain's mightiest architects.

Concerning Many Things is writ
By EDWARD PARRY, judge and wit.
The House of CASSELL publish it.

'Twould seem that Justice is not blind,
Seeing the tales of every kind
Sir EDWARD manages to find.

Playing th' eleventh hole at Rye
He notices against the sky
Old Camber Castle, high and dry.

He treats the dog's "one legal bite,"
Takes LEWIS CARROLL in his flight
And then the BUNN-MACREADY fight.

Next circuit memories and the stage,
Dating from that historic age
When JENNY LIND was all the rage,

Or that JOHANNA WAGNER, who
Gave lawyers such a lot to do
(*Lumley v. Gye*) in '52.

Sixteen his essays; far and near
He seeks his subjects. Though I fear
One guinea will be rather dear,

So skilfully his net he flings
I liked *Concerning Many Things*.

Mr. OSBERT SITWELL's new "novel of reasoned action" might have been a gloss on LEONARDO's "where there is most power of feeling, there of martyrs is the greatest martyr." It is a reconstruction, fragmentary yet inspired, of the life of a poet—the inner and outer life collated and criticized in each other's light. It is also an inquiry into the ransom extorted by Nature from the poetic temperament—the sensitiveness that not only agonises over common woes but seems to "ask for" the terrors it confusedly foresees. This, as you perceive, is hardly an exhilarating theme; and indeed the autopsy on the mysteriously defunct *Tristram Orlander* by the anonymous friend of his youth would be unbearably poignant reading if *Tristram* himself aroused personal interest. But this, I feel, he (luckily) seldom does. He is a case, a type, the quintessence of SHELLEY, POE, BAUDELAIRE, DE MAUPASSANT—artists whose apprehension was, as it were, a groping arm reaching out for and drawing nearer the horrors they would repel. The legend of *Tristram's* youth, his disastrous love-affair, his breakdown mental and financial, preludes a sojourn at "a red-painted small Spanish hotel" on the Alhambra hill with the supposed narrator of the story. In these ideal circumstances, with a world of charabancs to mock at and a world of beauty to revere, it may be imagined that Mr. SITWELL makes the most of his chances. To do this he has to keep putting down *Tristram* and picking him up again, with the result that *The Man Who Lost Himself* (Duckworth) will probably delight and infuriate two equally sincere classes of readers: those for



The Expert. "THE WHOLE SECRET OF PUTTING IS THE SQUARE FACE."

The Other. "BUT SUPPOSING YOUR FACE ISN'T SQUARE?"

whom the psychological subtlety of the *Tristram* inquisition is everything, and those who rejoice in the visions that *Tristram* and his like have the power to impart.

Messrs. DENT, who publish Mr. LOUIS FORGIONE's *The Men of Silence*, say, truly indeed, that this their property combines the interest of a historical novel with the thrill of the detective story. Mr. FORGIONE, who has had the run of State and private papers, tells here of the break-up of the Camorra of Naples, the "Men of Silence" (omertà), the Society that over-ran Italy at the beginning of this century—"an association of terror," said the informer ABBATEMAGGIO. The Camorra had members in every profession and walk of Italian life, and its bravos and blackmailers feared justice not at all. The nation groaned, but he who groaned too insistently was anon quieted, usually by a knife between his shoulders. And when relief came it came suitably enough through the direct interference of the Italian King. Upon a summer day of 1906 the carriage of a royal lady about to drink tea with the Duke of Aosta chanced, but all innocuously, to make a ninepin of a satrap of the Society. Eyewitnesses found it convenient to vanish while the great man picked himself up and, before permitting the carriage to proceed, called the great lady several ugly names and, finally,

spat in her face. The Duke went to the King. The King, getting scant sympathy from his Premier or Minister of Justice, sent for the Minister of War. "Do you," demanded His Majesty, "know a young officer among your Carabinieri that I can trust on a mission of danger?" Had ever a story a better beginning? The young officer (CARLO FABBIONI) is speedily found and the game starts which ends with the trial and condemnation of the Camorrist leaders (including the llama) in 1911. This veracious super-thriller makes milk-and-water of the wares of Mr. WALLACE—yes, even our *Sherlock* is here out-Holmesed. I have wallowed in *The Men of Silence* and so, I am confident, will you; and, by the way, there is an interesting foreword to it by Mr. WALTER LITTLEFIELD, "Officer of the Crown of Italy."

It was to the skirling of the pipes that Col Macaulay first set out upon *The Path of Glory* (CONSTABLE), which was to end for him in a lonely death upon Gallipoli. A child of the Islands, with all the Highlander's impetuosity, swift anger and sentiment that sometimes verges on sentimentality, Col Macaulay, on enlisting, speedily found his individuality lost beneath his Army designation as "Piper Col Macaulay, No. 17805." Many books have been written about the Great War in the languages of all the nationalities participating in it, and yet I have read none that depicts so vividly the reactions, and sometimes the actions, of the private soldier as does Mr. GEORGE BLAKE's story of this simple Highland boy. Involved as it were unwittingly in the cogs of the dire machine of war, Col Macaulay went, like millions of his fellows, dumbly, yet not unfeelingly, to his end. His path for him was far more a path of suffering than of glory, and I think Mr. BLAKE shows his artistry in revealing Col's dumb anguish without unnecessarily emphasizing it. Nor was all Col's pain caused by the War itself. Much of it came through a too sudden and violent confrontation with the elemental forces in human nature, and the grim tragedy that was his domestic history must have been that of countless thousands of his comrades. Only one who trod in great measure the same path as that over which his hero passed could have written so intuitively and so movingly as Mr. BLAKE has done in a novel that has about it much of the stark strength and simplicity of Greek tragedy.

Readers of *High Pressure* will not, I imagine, require any invitation to accompany Colonel LIONEL JAMES, C.B.E., D.S.O., through *Times of Stress* (MURRAY). In this second volume he begins with a thrilling account of the battle of Liau-yang, and then takes us through ten years of real and

often amusing adventure. As war correspondent to *The Times* he witnessed many events of historical importance and met many people of the greatest influence, but his book, supremely interesting as it was bound to be, seems to derive its especial quality from the impression it leaves of the pride and pleasure he took in his work. I have seldom read reminiscences at once so informing and attractive. For thirteen years he was in the service of *The Times*, and he was present "at no less than eleven properly organized campaigns." "Upon special missions other than military," he adds, "I had been sent to Egypt, America, the Balkans, Turkey, Russia, India, Persia, Spain, Belgium, and to France and Germany upon innumerable times." From

such a vast bag of experiences it is legitimate to hope that Colonel JAMES will continue to draw material, and if in his next book he is a little less sparing in his use of maps he will have removed the only grievance I have against him.

The "black squad," as Mr. HENRY VINCENT, author of *A Stoker's Log* (JARROLDs), justly observes, has by no means had its due at the hands of writers on life afloat. Generally speaking, its lot has been ill-informed misrepresentation if it has not been ignored altogether. Mr. VINCENT, who joined up as a stoker during the War, here does his best to dispel a few of the popular misconceptions about what he describes as "the most hard-working and hard-swearing of all the ratings on a man-of-war." Incidentally, it may be remarked that here, if anywhere, the precisian might well be excused for insisting upon the correct "in," and not "on," a ship. But Mr. VINCENT's narrative of his experiences in West Africa and the North Sea, and of the various types of humanity with whom he came in contact, is thor-

oughly unpretentious, readable and amusing; and it may be warmly recommended to all who would learn more about one of the lesser-known aspects of life in the Senior Service.

In various respects *Tragedy in Pewsey Chart* (LONGMANS) does not stray from the beaten track which writers of thrilling novels so often tread. Here, for instance, is yet another opportunity to chase a gang of alien ruffians whose vicious pursuits included the smuggling of drugs; and as antidotes to these remorseless villains we are given an attractive damsel in dire distress and a young man whose generous and ardent nature led him into most precarious situations. But if Miss HILDA WILLETT has not always steered clear of familiar types, she conducts a chase so ably that even when she leads her followers over ground that has too frequently been hunted she gives them a really sporting run for their money.



Rotund Customer. "I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE A READY-MADE SUIT THAT WILL FIT ME."

Salesman (under notice). "I BET YOU WOULD!"

CHARIVARIA.

"THINK before you kiss" is now printed on all letters passing through the Moscow post-office. Confidence is felt that this precept will be observed by Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON in his relations with the Soviet Embassy.

The congress of Arab women at Jerusalem decided to thank Lord ROTHERMERE for his activities in their cause, but some surprise is felt that no consideration was given to the question of making him an honorary sheikh.

It is understood that pressure of business prevents Lord BEAVERBROOK from accepting even the position of Shadow Cabinet Minister without portfolio.

"The Daily Mail," says a leading article, "cannot commit itself to entire support of Lord BEAVERBROOK'S [Free Trade within the Empire] proposals." *The Daily Express* can.

A Hull reader of *The Daily Express* considers an article entitled "Women Have Failed" both crude and insulting. Hull knows no fury like a woman scorned.

It is reported that the real name of the Soviet leader, STALIN, is DZHOOGNAASH-VILLI. To pronounce the middle of this word you just gnash with the teeth.

In view of experiments which are being conducted at the Amherst Agricultural College, Massachusetts, with the object of tempering the flavour of the onion, we anticipate the organisation in "Wop" circles of a "Hands Off the Garlic" movement.

By sponsoring a Bill to make third party insurance for motorists compulsory the Labour Party shows that it is fully alive to the risks that arise from the existence of a third party.

Unconventional spelling is a feature of the POET LAUREATE'S recently-published work; but we are credibly informed that he can spell as well as anybody else when he likes.

A ghost-hunting campaign is the latest notion at Oxford. She threatens,

in fact, to become the home of lost corpses.

When buns were thrown to the monkey which was at large on the roof of a London railway-station recently, it picked out the currants and tossed the buns back. The intelligent creature seems to have entered heartily into the spirit of the railway-station bun joke.

Post-office employees at Kovno, Lithuania, swore to go unshaven until their demands for improved working conditions were granted. We try to

is noticed that they are seldom at a loss for words.

In recognition of Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE'S defence of the motor-cyclist with a girl on the pillion, there is some talk of naming a new arterial road "Arbuthnot Lane."

Miss ISHBEL MACDONALD'S favourite colour is blue, we are told. Her father's taste inclines to a delicate shade of pink.

Before leaving London, Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is said to have spent over four hundred pounds on boots and shoes. Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN won't care.

In presenting gay window-boxes to No. 10, Downing Street, the National Gardens Guild is believed to have been actuated by the unusual view that the PRIME MINISTER is weak in window-dressing ability.

A gossip-writer mentions that a well-known actress recently offered him a penny for his thoughts. He should bear in mind that few actresses are credited with realising the value of money.

"America can laugh at the whole world," says one of their writers. And to think that we thought the bootleg was on the other foot.

A writer refers to the "excellent fare at the Savoy Theatre." It is, of course, being served *à la CARTE*.

A report states that a toy balloon that was released in Manchester has been found in Ontario. There is no mention of stowaways.

With reference to the proposed tariff holiday for Europe we can only express the hope that it keeps fine for it.

With reference to the statement that there is a colour bar in certain London hotels, a correspondent assures us that on inquiring for it he has been directed to the ordinary one where cocktails are served.

"Unconventional Peer," says a heading. Why? Doesn't he conduct a gossip column in a Sunday paper?



Short-sighted Critic. "AND WHO THE DEUCE EVER SAW A LANDSCAPE LIKE THIS?"

Long-suffering Artist. "PARDON ME, SIR, THAT'S THE WINDOW."

visualise the bristly necks of the young ladies at the stamp counters.

A competition at a women's institute in Sussex was for eating jelly with knitting-needles. Yet anti-feminists maintain that women are incapable of tackling big problems.

Mr. G. B. SHAW declares that he doesn't know what his plays are going to be about till he begins to write them. It is believed, however, that he quickly gets an inkling of their meaning.

Several prominent actors are said to have proved themselves ready after-dinner speakers. On the stage too it

THE LOOK OF THE THING.

A FEW weeks ago I happened to be glancing through a daily paper and noticed an article in which a certain gentleman represented himself as writing from a distinctly smart French watering-place, which had nothing to do with his subject.

The cunning fellow probably considered that articles dated from Tooting or Ravenscourt Park do not carry so much weight with Editors as those emanating from more refined and costly localities. No doubt he said to himself, "And my readers, if they see that I am at, say, Deauville or the Lido, will instantly assume I am making large sums with my pen; therefore I am a popular writer; therefore I must be worth reading; therefore they will read me."

Well, if he can do it, so can the rest of us. Here, then, I offer the following hints to journalists, and indeed I see no reason why this idea should not extend to a whole newspaper staff; as:—

THE GOSSIP PAGE

(By MR. MEANDERER).

*Villa Cyclamène,**Cap Ferrat.*

I hear great accounts of Mr. Cockerel's new revue, *Break up and Scream*. Mr. Cockerel himself is one of those relatively few men who combine overwhelming success with genuine simplicity in tastes and diet. "I run the whole show on orange-juice and underdone veal," he confessed to me in his favourite corner of Chez Marcel, whither he had taken refuge from the wear and tear of production. Mr. Cockerel's resemblance to Lord Skelmersdale's brother is very striking.

* * *

Basking on my verandah, that overlooks the blinding sapphire blue of the azure Bay of Naples (writes Mrs. Meanderer), it is hard indeed to realise that half London is suffering the tortures of the electric-drill and the house-breaker.

THE NEWS PAGE.

*Palazzo Broccoli,
Rome.*

Yesterday, a woman who described herself as an actress was detained on a charge of stealing a sponge from the premises of Soper and Sons, drapers, of Clapham.

*Badegg,
Alpenstok,
Switzerland.*

There is a glut of haddock at Grims-toft. Although the catches are heaped upon the beach for a mile along the

foreshore the retail price to the housewife remains at 10d. to 1s. 4d. per lb.

THE POLITICAL LEADER.

*The House of Jade,
Wei Hai Wei, China.*

The visit of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD to the United States has done much to knit us to our American friends in literal bonds of steel which will considerably clear the moral atmosphere. Without doubt the amenities have been satisfied. But much remains to do, and the last knot of any problem is apt to be the precise one to place the contracting parties upon the Caudine Forks of dilemma. . . .

Whether America is to have eighteen eight-inch cruisers or twenty-one remains to be seen. But one fact is certain. No move can be a *fait accompli* in any *entente* which is not an accomplished fact in an International Agreement. It remains to be hoped that if and when . . .

*Hôtel Désespoir et Baccarat,
Monte Carlo.*

Bacon is down to 1s. 8d. per lb. (streaky) and 2s. 4d. (back). Apples should be plentiful.

TO-DAY IN YOUR GARDEN.

*Unter den Aspidistren,
Berlin.*

Now is the time to think about burning your Michaelmasdaisies. Rake your hotbed, and protect your dahlias from earwigs with inverted flower-pots.

THE KIDDIES' KORNER.

*S.Y. Seaspume,
off Algiers.*

MY DEARS,—Uncle Teddy is at present spending a few weeks yachting with a really-truly Peer, and is bringing home some wonderful new Puzzles and Guess-words to amuse all his Nephews and Nieces next month, for which splendid paint-boxes and pen-knives are offered as prizes.

Only one competitor was successful, last week, in solving the Funnigram, and the solid aluminiumette napkin-ring therefore goes to:—

NETTIE POSSET (12),

The Nest,

Stanley Road,

Crouch End.

Love to you all,

UNCLE TEDDY.

LAW AND POLICE.

*Hacienda del Tauro,
Madrid.*

The magistrate at Thames Police Court, in sentencing Henry Pettifer, cornetist, of Soppet Street, Battersea, to a week's imprisonment on a charge

of drunkenness and obstruction, remarked, "We often have to suffer for our convictions." (*Laughter.*)

WEATHER FORECAST.

*Les Sables,
Paris Plage.*

Fair to middling.

THE HAPPY FREAK.

WHAT though the labouring Ship of State

Is tossed about on perilous tides?
Undaunted by the strokes of fate
My soul in calm content abides,
While Rumour's terrifying hum
Beats idly on my tympanum.

The proceeds of a lucky flutter

In rubber shares in pre-War days
Sustains me on rye bread and butter
And for my modest lodging pays;
And the free pageant of the streets
Saves me the cost of theatre seats.

Gratis I watch men dig a hole

In London's crust with drills and picks;

For coppers in the showman's bowl
I witness Punch and Judy's tricks,
And for a penny hear a tune
Accompanied upon a spoon.

In James's Park I feed the ducks

On the remainder of my meals,
Rewarded with their grateful clucks
And, by the gulls, with frantic squeals;
For me gratuitously prance
The pelicans in their comic dance.

I do not order clothes from P——'s

But purchase them from off the peg,
And, scouting Fashion's silly rules,
Knee downwards bare my brawny leg.

While the limp sockless sandal suits
My fancy better far than boots.

I have no craving for strong drink

And just as soon, I frankly own,
Would quaff green, blue, or purple ink
As *Crème de Menthe* or port or Beaune,

Preferring, though the taste is queer,
My own home-brewed botanic beer.

And yet I taste the cup of Fame,

For when I take my walks abroad
Street urchins, ignorant of my name,
Point with the finger and applaud,
Echoing the ancient Roman cry,
"*Hic est!*" i.e., "Here comes the Guy!"

An Impending Apology.

"Mrs. — was in Court and every inch of space was occupied."—*Local Paper.*

"The Rev. C. F. D. Trimming (Vicar) conducted the service, who wore a dress of pink silk . . ."—*Kent Paper.*

What can you expect with a name like that?



THE HAT TRICK.

MR. MACDONALD (*rehearsing*). "THIS IS THE LITTLE DEVIL THAT'S GOING TO CRAMP MY STYLE."



Wife. "DON'T GO BLOWING ON YOUR SOUP LIKE THAT, 'ERBERT. TELL THE WAITER TO GET AN ELECTRIC FAN."

THE GLORIOUS FIFTH.

"COME round after dinner on the fifth," wrote Rosemary, "and help in our firework display. The children insist; they still remember last year and talk about it. . . ."

I also remembered last year, though I have given up talking about it. I said pretty pithily at the time all that could be said on the subject, and now mourn in silence the memory of a once fine moustache so badly injured that it had to be destroyed.

Rosemary, however, has a way with her and, though I wrote back that I should be unavoidably engaged on the fifth, I felt at the time it was not much good. Another letter and two telephone conversations—in Rosemary's most persuasive voice—and I was defeated. So "after dinner on the fifth" found me dressed for the slaughter and getting my courage up by having a glass of port with Rosemary's husband, John, and his Great-uncle Roger, who had just returned from India and was staying with them.

John is a strong silent man; Great-uncle Roger is not. Great-uncle Roger talked incessantly about the good old days out East when natives were natives

by gad and not Indian gentlemen, and he smoked long black Burma cheroots which he carried in an upper waistcoat-pocket like a row of organ-pipes. He offered me one, and under the flood of his reminiscence I inadvertently accepted it. It looked like a length of tarred rope. It certainly felt like a length of tarred rope. I had a strong suspicion that it *was* a length of tarred rope. So I laid it surreptitiously by the side of my plate.

In vain. Great-uncle Roger spotted me.

I pretended I had lost my matches. Great-uncle Roger gave me his box. I then told him, with the air of one keeping the best things till the last, that I'd save it for later. Great-uncle Roger said nonsense, he'd give me another for later.

I sighed; then I picked it up and listened to it. It even sounded like tarred rope. I could see Great-uncle Roger was unconsciously out to render me *hors de combat* for the evening. Luckily, at that point the children, in pyjamas and a great state of excitement, swarmed in and told us to hurry up.

I leapt up with a joyful cry and allowed myself to be dragged swiftly

out of the room. For once those children had done the right thing.

Rosemary and her sister had marshalled their small dressing-gowned army in the drawing-room. Rosemary said that after last year she felt happier with something between her and me, even if it was only a window-pane. I bowed with dignity and walked across the lawn with firm tread. At the far end by the shrubbery I was shown in the baleful light of an electric torch a large box of wicked-looking contrivances of every shape and size. The silent John, yielding to a gust of ill-placed wit, had also produced a pailful of water with my name and FIRE in big letters on the outside of it. I began to feel quite queer.

John and Great-uncle Roger, who had followed us, made it plain at the very start that I was in charge and that they were only there in the rôle of satellites. Since last November there has been a marked though somewhat ironic tendency to regard me in the light of an authority on fireworks, a kind of pyrotechnical expert. I fight against this, but I can't help feeling there is something in it. A man who has sacrificed one moustache in the cause ought to have some acknowledg-

ment of his services paid him even though it is an undesired honour.

And an undesired honour it certainly was. For when I was a child I used to long to grow up in order that I might be allowed to handle fireworks by myself. Now that I am grown up I sometimes (once a year, on the fifth of November to be precise) wish I was a child again. I longed for Rosemary to sally forth and forbid me to touch them—no, not even that little one. But she did not. All that occurred was that Great-uncle Roger casually tapped about a foot of hot ash off his cheroot on the edge of the box. . . .

By the mercy of Heaven nothing happened. I quelled my fluttering heart and in a voice as near normal as possible asked Great-uncle Roger not to smoke. Great-uncle Roger, chatting pleasantly about Bengal, acquiesced instantly, threw away the remaining half-foot and automatically selected another from the bass end of the organ-pipes in his waist-coat pocket. I stopped him, buttoned up his coat and led him some way away. Then we started. . . .

It was on the whole a good display. All the rockets for one thing went off vertically, which is no mean achievement. A horizontal rocket to my mind always betrays the hand of the amateur. Moreover, the squibs all squibbed, the Catherine-wheels buzzed like circular saws, and the golden rain came down in torrents. Also, while each item was in progress, I remembered to replace the lid over the box containing the remainder of the programme. One learns by experience. I had omitted this precaution last year.

Rosemary, her sister, and the various assorted progeny greeted everything with rapturous applause. In fact the house rose at me, and not even the fact that at one point I trod in the fire-bucket in the dark could damp my enthusiasm.

At last I finished. Further demands for more at once broke out, interspersed with calls for "Author" from Rosemary and for "Moustache" from Rosemary's sister, who had been put up to it.

"There are no more!" I shouted.

"Look and see," they shouted.

I found one overlooked box of Bengal lights—a bit of an anticlimax. And then I discovered a last firework that seemed to have fallen out of the box. It felt like a small Roman candle, and I shouted to the audience to keep their seats please for the Harlequinade. Gingerly I applied a match to one end of the thing, hoping it was the right one; for the worst of Roman candles is that they have two ends, and if you light the right one you get three or so seconds' grace of candle, whereas if you light the wrong one you get a Roman



Parson's Wife. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE UP THERE WITH THAT AIRPLANE, MR. STUBBS?"

Mr. Stubbs. "WELL, MUM, I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO BE UP THERE WITHOUT UN."

almost instantaneously. This one, however, must have got damp on the grass, for nothing happened beyond a faint splutter and a foul-smelling wisp of smoke. With a short prayer I tried to light the other end. The spluttering was a trifle more lively and the smell considerably more pronounced, but that was all. As a firework the thing was poor.

At last, having summoned John, who, strong and silent though he is, had been slowly edging away into the shrubbery while I toyed with the lethal weapon, I demanded his electric torch.

In the beam we examined this *feu d'esprit*—this firework which wouldn't work.

Then I walked back to the house.

"The show is over," I announced.

"But I thought you'd got another one," said Rosemary.

"So did I," I replied. "But it wasn't. I made a mistake."

"What was it, then?"

"If you really want to know," I said evasively, "ask Great-uncle Roger. He's got a lot more." A. A.

"This is the first time in the history of Palestine that Moslem women have unveiled before any stranger. 'They are doing this for their country, and they are prepared to do much more if necessary,' stated the spokesman of the delegation. . . ."—*Sunday Paper*.

We trust that their country will be modest in its demands.

MR. MAFFERTY TAKES A LADY OUT.

"I KNOW now why men stay at home," said Mr. Mafferty, "for last night I took a lady out to dinner. I did it to oblige a friend, Mr. Heather, an' he in love with her, so there's no call for your insinuat' glances. It's a fine young lady she is surely, but hungry itself, though she lives in a rich house, with dogs an' footmen an' the like. I wonder now the like of her would not be takin' a little nourishment at home in the daytime, the way a gentleman could entertain her in the evenin' without sellin' his securities or borrowin' from the bank. An' I wonder there's no two people can meet together in this town without one of them gives food an' drink to the other. Is it unlawful talkin' between meals or what?"

"Well, me friend is called away suddenly to the country, an' he asks me to console the lady with me genial society. I drive up punctual to the house in a motor-omnibus, an' in less than half-an-hour she's dressed an' ready, like a flower of the East in pink satin. An', says I, 'what place would you like to take your food?' I know a fine small place in Bloomsbury."

"Bloomsbury's a fine place," says she, "but I know a fine small place behind Piccadilly itself."

"Well, that's fine," says I; "we can go by the Underground train." For it's not meself in love with the girl, an' the station two small steps from her house, no more.

"D'you think I'd travel under the ground in me new pink?" says she.

"I do so," says I. "It's clean an' dry below. An' you can read the evenin' paper."

"Jumpin' James!" says she, "it's a quare strange man you are."

"I am so," says I, an' I hired a motor-cab for the creature.

"Well, Mister Marini's little place was as large as a church, an' full of lords. I never saw so many rich folk before, an' I feared me black tie would be slidin' up me collar behind, an' me fine gilt studs escapin' in front. Mister Marini an' me young lady is old friends, an' he sends six waiters to us. I picked up the programme of eatin'

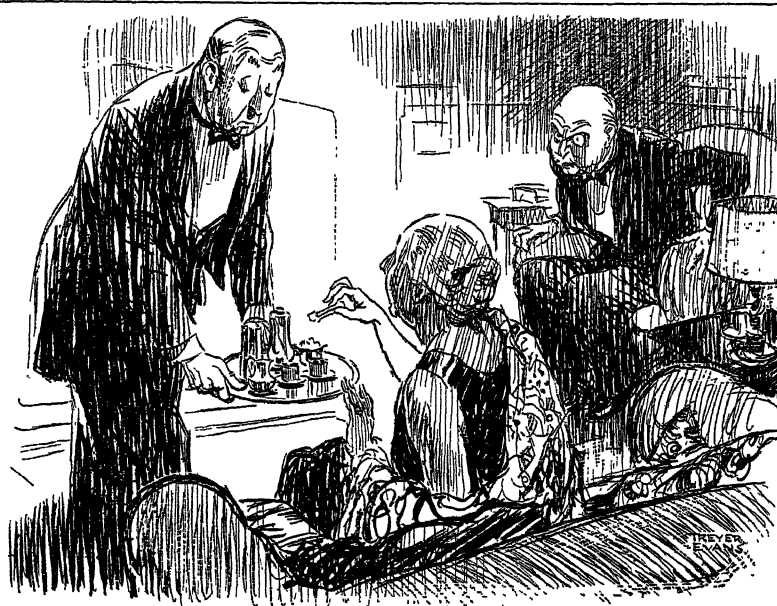
an' the blood ran cold in me bones, for it's a poor man I am. Bedad, there was nothin' to eat below five shillin's, an' it was three shillin's to sit down only! 'I wonder now,' says I, 'there's no charge made for breathin'. What will you take, young lady? I see they have a nice grilled chop ready.'

"It's a small little cocktail I'll be takin'," she says.

"Is it so?" says I in wonder, for it's a small slip of a thing she is, maybe nineteen or twenty years grown.

"It is that," says she. "An *Uncle's Dream* itself."

"The Saints preserve us!" says I. "Would that be an expensive beverage, Mister Marini?"



WHAT OUR PARENTS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Butler. "MR. REGINALD WISHES ME TO INFORM YOUR LADYSHIP THAT HE HAS GOT HIMSELF ENGAGED TO A THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON, WHOM HE IS GOING TO MARRY TO-MORROW, AND HE THOUGHT YOUR LADYSHIP WOULD LIKE IT SERVED WITH THE COFFEE."

"'Tis three shillin's only," says the foreign gentleman.

"Well, let you choose first what food you'll take," says I to the lady, "for it could be I'd not be able to pay for the two."

"It's little food I'll be eatin' this night," says she, "an' I destroyed with the great fat I have on me."

"Go fetch the lady a cocktail," says I, relieved in me mind. "An' then will you take some oysters or not?"

"What's oysters?" says the innocent child.

"It's a kind of edible bivalve they are," says I; "an' terrible fattenin' in the fall of the year."

"I'll eat no oysters then," says she.

"Maybe the lady has a hankerin' for lobster?" says the head-waiter; an' he reels off six or seven lobsters in the French language.

"Well, I cast an eye at the price of

lobsters an' I made faces at the waiter the way he'd not be putting expensive notions in the lady's head. But the mean feller avoids the glance of me eye, an' she orders a Lobster du Maurier or the like of that.

"It's fillin' food, lobster," says I. "You wouldn't want much after your lobster, I'm thinkin'."

"I would not," says she, "I've a quare small appetite."

"Would the lady be takin' a pheasant?" says the waiter.

"I might," says she.

"You would not," says I, "an' you in dread of the fat. I tell you now what you'd like, surely, an' that's a little chopped ham on a piece of toast. That's

a darlin' little dish now, an' not fattenin', for you'd have the lean of the ham only. There's times I've gone for a week of days eatin' nothin' at all but chopped ham on toast."

"We've no chopped ham on toast," says the waiter.

"Then, may your bones rattle in your bed this night!" says I. "Haven't you all the birds an' the beasts an' the fishes of the sea in this place? An' is it hard set you'd be to find a small morsel of bread an' a few shavin's from the leg of a pig?"

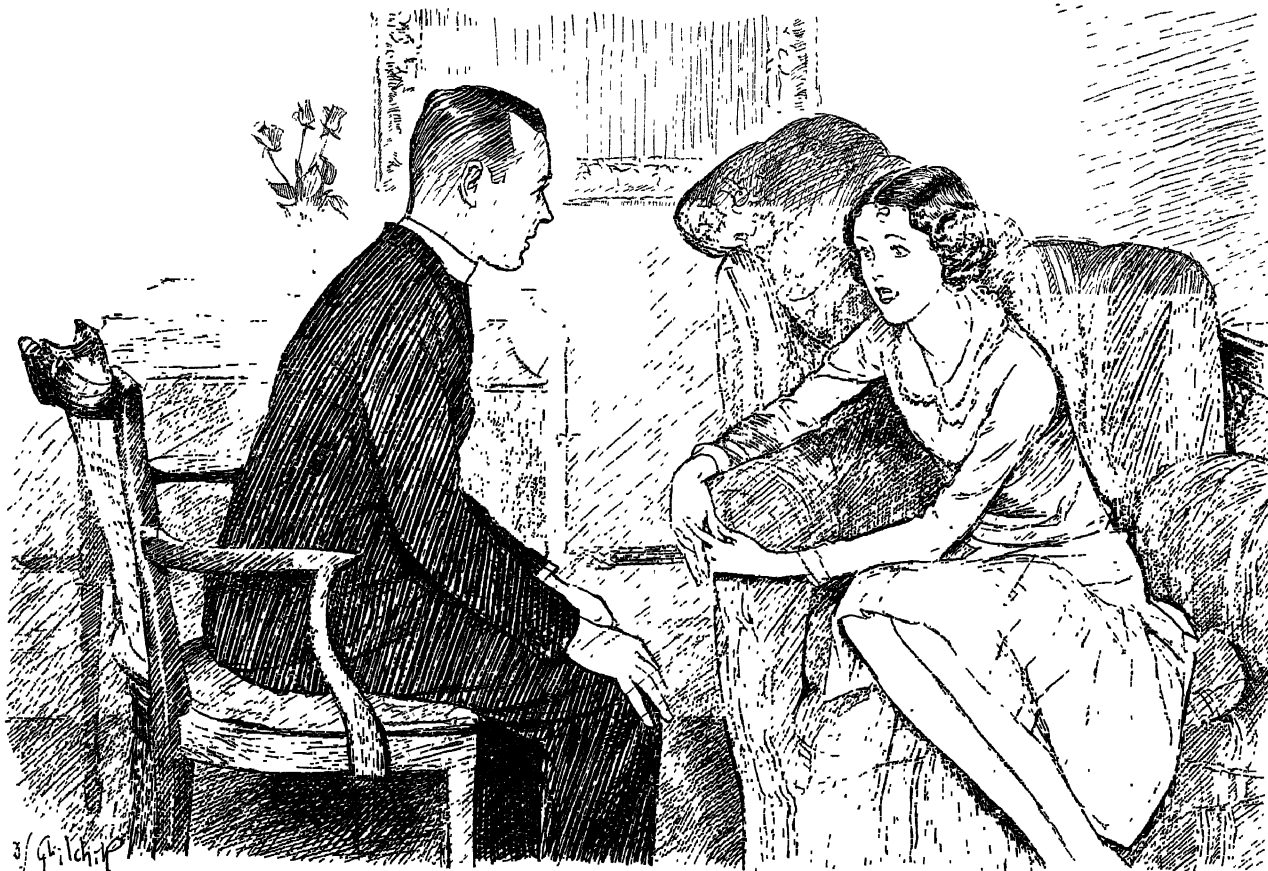
"There's no word said about chopped ham on the card," says he.

"Well, it's the wonder of the world!" says I, speechless.

"An' then the young lady says, 'I'll have no more at all, waiter, only a small bowl of soup before the lobster an' maybe the half of a partridge after, with fried potatoes an' a few small sprouts; an' after that nothin' at all unless it would be a small piece of an ice-pudding, an' maybe a dainty little savoury to finish, an' coffee an' liqueurs only, an' never a mouthful more, if you please.'"

"Have nothin' you don't want, me darlin'," says I tenderly.

"Well, by the end of it, between the two of them, they'd ordered two meals would keep the Brigade of Guards from starvation, with fowls an' fishes an' angels on horseback an' the devil knows what besides. An' I took up the wine-list, an', begob, it opened itself at the champagne page! An' I turned over quickly to the still wines an' burgundies, an' says I, 'What wine



Francée. "AFTER WE'RE MARRIED, DEAR, YOU WON'T MIND IF I DON'T COME TO YOUR CHURCH MUCH, WILL YOU?"
Curate. "BUT WHY EVER NOT, PRECIOUS?"
Francée. "WELL, YOU SEE, I DON'T REALLY APPROVE OF MARRIED CLERGYMEN."

will you take, young lady? There's a grand Empire Burgundy they have here."

"It's the strong joy I have to see the bubbles risin' in me glass," says she, "like the stars of heaven climbin' the sky."

"Is that a fact?" says I. "Well, I wonder now you wouldn't have more joy seein' the red wine of the Empire in your glass, like the red blood of the Australians—an' they shearin' the sheep."

"I would not," says she.

"I've seen the great trees of Australia," says I, "as high as the British Museum, an' they bearin' red grapes the size of cannon-balls. An' Number 67 is a nice wine, I'm thinkin'."

"It's not meself," says she, "would be drinkin' red wine in a pink dress."

"Is it not?" says I. "Well, if it's white you have your heart fixed on there's a grand little white hock would warm the soul of a snake itself. It's Number 30 is in me mind."

"I've no fancy for the German wines," says she, "since me aunt was drowned in the Great War."

"It's noble principles you have, surely," says I. "An' there's no nobler

wine than a cheap Sauterne, 'tis white as charity an' bottled by the French. Will you take a small sip of Number 17?"

"It's quare an' heavy I am this night," says she, "after the long day, an' it rainin'. It's no more than a thimbleful I'd be takin', but there's a hunger in me heart for bubbles."

"God help me!" says I, an' I ordered the champagne, for there's no goin' against a woman at the latter end."

"The quare extravagant fellow you are!" says the young lady, reproachful. "It's soda-water was in me mind, no more."

"Soda-water, is it?" says I. "It's a pity now you'd not remember the word before. Maybe it's not lobster you'd be wantin' truly, nor the half of a partridge, but one sardine an' the end of a cold sausage?"

"It is so," says she. "Why would I be needin' grand food an' drink, an' I a simple girl with the stars in me soul an' a strong love for the wild places? I wonder now you'd bring me to a grand place the like of this one, an' I after tellin' you I'd be as happy standin' at the coffee-stall or takin' a poor crust in Bloomsbury."

"Is it yourself," says I, the blood

rushin' to me head—is it yourself would be as happy eatin' at Bloomsbury as this place?"

"I would so, surely," says she. "Why would I tell you a lie?"

"Well," says I, "Mister Marini, is there a public omnibus goes from this place to Bloomsbury?"

"There is that," says he.

"Then let you stop it at the door," says I, "and reserve two places. For it's to Bloomsbury we'll be goin' this livin' instant." An', begob, Mr. Heather, it's to Bloomsbury we went.

"If it wasn't for the passion of love, Mr. Heather, there'd be never a rich restaurant doin' business at all."

A. P. H.

Celestial Overcrowding.

"To make room, will sell pairs well bred brilliant copper colour Archangels, beetle green wings and backs, 5/-, 7/6; approval."

Irish Paper.

"Mr. — discovered that a swarm of bees had made its nest in his newly-bought motor-car. Gaining an entrance through the back seat the bees selected a spot at the back of the upholstery from which it is almost impossible to extricate them."—*South African Paper.*

A bee in the back seat is always much worse than one in the bonnet.

MORE ABOUT MURDER TALES.

I HAVE complained already (in my gentle way) of the complicated geographical charts showing where the murder was done that make modern detective novels almost as difficult as map-reading in the War. There is another thing I do not like about detective fiction. I cannot abide the Virtuous Young Pair. They are always present as soon as the butchery is done. They are always prigs. They have never done the deed of gore. There is not a chance of getting them killed, even at the end of the book. Apart from their morals, which are white as driven snow, they are chiefly remarkable for incredibly loving conversations and astounding callousness in the presence of a recently-slain relative or friend. They sometimes work in collaboration with, sometimes in competition with, the great detective and the police. Their names are quite likely to be Richard and Joan. The books in which they occur ought to be destroyed by the police. Better to bring up the young to dance, bet, drink cocktails, bully their parents and run over pedestrians in motor-cars than to inspire them with the ambition of nosing about corpses with note-books in their hands or prying into people's cabinets to find bits of the missing will.

It is a cheery day for Richard and Joan, although they may make some feeble effort to hide it, when Aunt Matilda is found with the jugular severed, in the morning-room, or Uncle Harry is noticed by the housemaid hanging dead from the study chandelier.

"I had barely begun to dust, Miss Joan, when I saw him," says the frightened girl.

The housemaid is frightened, but not Joan.

"We must look into this at once, Richard," she says, "before the detectives come."

And there and then they sit down, the two young ogres, to tabulate probabilities, poke into escritoirs, and draw up schedules to show which of their nearest and dearest is most likely to be a poisoner or a thug. It would be far more sporting and far less inhuman if they got up a rowdy little cabaret party and had a sweepstake on the event.

But they don't do anything of that sort, Richard and Joan. With the blood yet undried on the carpet, they exchange a few endearing epithets, tender on his part, coy on hers ("Joan, my darling." "Now, Richard"—shaking a slender forefinger—"don't waste time. We have business to do to-day!"), and get joyously to work on deceased.

Having turned the body over (very

often there are bullet or dagger wounds all over it) they pull out its pocket-books, key-rings, letters, and what not, examine them carefully, and study the carpet and the windows, the waste-paper basket and the grate. After that they retire to the sofa. Each with a ghoulis arm round the other's waist, a writing-pad on their knees, they begin to make out what they call "A List of Deductions from the State of the Body when First Discovered." Whereas any decent ordinary young people outside a detective novel would have first rung up the police and then been sick.

Later on, when they have appeared at the inquest and concealed most of the evidence, either to score off the police on their own account or else to assist the great private detective who is above and greater than Scotland Yard, they get together again on the same comfy sofa in the charnel-chamber, and Joan "wrinkles her pretty forehead," still telling Dick not to be so playful.

At last between them the precious couple compose what they call—

A LIST OF POSSIBLE ALIBIS.

It usually goes like this—

(*Murder was certainly committed on night of November 5th between 12.11 and 12.15 A.M.*).

Grandpapa.—In his club till midnight and afterwards in bed. But may have caught 11.10 P.M. to Podwell, committed deed with paper-knife and returned unnoticed on milk-train. Not seen by guard or porters, but may have hidden inside a churn.

Uncle James.—At Podwell Manor Fancy-Dress Ball. Went as Elephant. Seen at various times during course of evening; but did someone else possibly wear same disguise?

Cousin Amelia.—Having a bath. Only her own evidence. Lock of bathroom door oiled, but no sign of bath having been used.

Butler.—Reading *Observer* in the pantry. Unable to quote whole of leading article; but this may be due to port. Seen by Cook at 12.5 and 12.30, between which time Buttons admits that he came downstairs to steal biscuits.

Mem. (1) Could Butler have crawled past him unobserved.

(2) Is there anything between Butler and Cook?

Cook.—See "Butler."

Buttons.—Improbable could have inflicted such a heavy blow with left hand.

Rev. Charles Honeyman.—Preparing sermon at the Vicarage. Own evidence. Played picquet with deceased up till 11.45. May have gone out, banged front-door, come in again, closed it quietly and got into linen-cupboard.

Ramsay MacDonald.—Stated to have been letting off squibs. Must verify this.

Sir Edward Hoggenheim, Lady Smith, Mayor of Podwell, the two Miss Murphys, and Selves.—All at Manor House Ball, disguised as Mephistopheles, Cleopatra, George III., R101, Nell Gwynne, etc. All noted by waiter at buffet from 12 midnight to 12 30 A.M.

Emily Binks, Secretary and Companion.—Washing out silk stockings in housemaids' pantry. Noise of water heard by Cook. But see above.

George Bernard Shaw.—Claims to have killed deceased, but probably only for purposes of publicity.

Cousin John, Principal Legatee.—At Cannes. But did he leave a double there and fly over for the day?

Armed with this awful document, Richard and Joan, like a couple of bloodhounds, go trailing through the rest of the book, interfering with the police, kneeling behind sofas, spying on the butler, interviewing solicitors, breaking into bedrooms and making a general nuisance of themselves until the last chapter, where they hold up the criminal, probably a childhood's playmate or a godmother, with a Colt automatic which they don't know how to use, and wring out a confession, parts of which astonish even the great detective himself. No suspicion has been too vile for them to harbour, no scent too unsavoury for them to follow. The criminal drinks a draught of prussic-acid or strychnine and falls writhing and gurgling at their feet.

"Richard, my darling!" murmurs Joan.

"Joan, my beloved!" cries Dick.

And there we leave them in each other's arms, the prospective father and mother of little bloodhounds yet to be.

EVON.

"He and Mrs. — have known their joys and their sorrows. They have tasted the limited sweets and courageously swallowed the bitters."—*Provincial Paper*.

A case of "gin and bear it."

"Finding that too many Parisians were making the midnight peace hideous with 'canned' jazz, the Police Chief issued an order that all pramophones must be shut off after 10 p.m."—*Aberdeen Paper*.

Our baby's is never in use after dark.



Lady (to friend whose son has been arrested). "TAKE IT FROM ME, MRS. 'ARRIS, 'IS BEST CHANCE OF GETTING OFF IS TO PROVE A LULLABY."

TWOPENCE COLOURED;

OR, THE GENTLE ART OF EULOGY

(With acknowledgments to a review of the POET LAUREATE'S recent magnum opus in "The Times Literary Supplement").

THE question which, on his recovery from the first stupor of admiration, immediately occurs to every reader of this amazing masterpiece is how best—with what gesture, bold yet submissive—the nation shall express its reverential gratitude. Pending the erection of a chryselephantine velocipedal statue at Carfax, it should be

feasible to rush a short Act through Parliament scheduling Boar's Hill as an Ancient Monument and making obligatory the provision of a copy of this work, bound possibly in leather to match the upholstery, as part of the standard equipment of every motor vehicle manufactured within ten miles of the University of Oxford.

The second question is how to make the lines scan. The best answer to this is that they scan themselves. The whole poem exhales a permeating and cosy rhythm that inflates the breath and shapes it as a man shapes his hat with his head. While agreeably sug-

gestive of its English ancestry, from the *Ayenbite of Inwyt* to MARTIN TUPPER, the metre yet casts an occasional eye at its French cousin, so that from time to time we find ourselves compelled to cross a line by the metals instead of by the bridge, seeking a precarious foothold upon the uneven surface. But for the most part the author, having wibbled the wobble of metrical eccentricity, is now content to speed down the chute of sheer simplicity. We feel indeed as we read him rather as if we were watching or giving an imitation of runners in a three-legged race. As a rule the lines proceed with

a regularly reciprocating give-and-take; but occasionally their progress is impeded by a complication of the middle feet. Thus:—

"Taking it on the whole I hav cum to the conclusion

that where ther is taxation ther shd be representation."

This is surely the most cordial, the most plastic, the most unruffled—in a word the twee-est—measure ever devised by human speech. Capable of handling the heavy luggage of the philosopher with ease and despatch, it can carry a brimming cup of the most delicate porcelain without spilling; yet it will find room for everything that man may say to man as they ponder before the smoking-room fire—except of course the adulatory criticisms of tobacco or underwear, which, if we may believe the advertisements, form the staple topics of such conversations.

A word must be said in ecstatic praise of the language. The cunning interweaving of archaisms, such as "yshent" and "forswat," and simplified speling, imparts a lasting polish to the finely-chiselled flavour of the verse. The same may be said of the Master's deft blending of the rugged thread of monosyllabic Saxon with the majestic diapason of orotund Latinity. Indeed the only artist who can approach him in this respect is the too neglected Miss Toppit, in the lines—sole surviving fragment, alas! of her work—which begin (I write them in the later author's more attractive form):—

"Mind and matter
glide swift into the vortex of
Immensity;

howls the sublime and softly sleeps the calm
Ideal
in the whispering chambers of Imagination. . . ."

Nor is the content of the verse divorced from its music. The latter is no extraneous ornament, but consubstantial with the very pith and marrow of meaning in the line, as the hair on the coker-nut is with the succulent meat within. Hence, to end with a homely analogue after the author's own heart—hence the milk in the coker-nut!

"Clock, striking grandfather, for sale."
Shame!
Daily Paper.

MORE PHARMACY WEEK.

I do not wish to seem to laugh at Mr. JOHN BLAUW, "a native," of Cape Town, South Africa, for he can speak English much better than I can speak either Kaffir or Dutch; but, if our chemists are still seeking a slogan, they may find something in the following pamphlet which was produced in court at the trial of BLAUW under the Medical and Pharmacy Act.

He was charged with "practising as a doctor." The pamphlet (which I

and let me help you. I do not operate but take out the pains and finish them off by giving you medicine to drink. Call on me now.

To Drinkers.—I have a wonderful stuff invented. Do you want to stop it? See me.

Rheumatism.—This is a very common disease more or less prevalent at present, and needs a good cure, for the joints of the body are all faked up. See me. Come soon.

Consumption or Neuralgia.—If you are attacked by this sort of trouble, which is the cause of lungs, and you cough, that your chest indicates dryness. I have a guaranteed prescription for it.

Senseless Persons.—If your head and brains do not follow in the way they should, see me, because why? Somebody charmed you, that is also the cause of nervous breakdown.

Fits.—This is one of the defamously ailments, and it is very seldom curable, but I swallow it. See me, for if you do not, will wreck yourself on the rocks one day.

Happy Home.—This stuff is very essential to all householders, for it always creates peace and makes a very good living between the two married parties.

Tricked.—If somebody hates you, and very probably do bodily harm by means to charms, just slip down to me. This stuff is to be used by all householders and employees, like foremen, stewards and all those who are in a higher position.

The public must understand that I do not keep poisonous medicines, but I guarantee my laxatives solely for Love of Honour."

Not for his primitive English only is JOHN BLAUW remarkable, but for his modern point of view. All the best doctors now attack not only the body but the mind, and are as much interested in our love-affairs as in our livers. Poor JOHN BLAUW! he was convicted. A. P. H.

"GREAT NILE DAM."

. . . The Minister of Public Works has decided to raise the dam nine metres. Sir Murdoch MacDonald had insisted on a seven metre limit. (Nine metres equals 9,843 yards). . . ."
Daily Paper.

Dammed high, we call it.



Tweeny. "YOU KNOW 'OW YOU USED TO WORRY ABOUT GETTIN'
A MATCH FOR THAT JAPANESE VASE?"

Mistress. "YES."

Tweeny. "WELL, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ANY MORE."

take with apologies from *The Cape Times*) was headed:

"Have you heard about John Blauw?
If not so, see him on medical purposes.
These are a few ailments or prescriptions
I can introduce. All the latest
inventions of the year."

FOR MANY TROUBLES.

Heart Beating.—If your heart beats and you have a guilty conscience for any sound you hear, I have got a very good stuff to release you.

Kidney Trouble.—This trouble is prevalent to hundreds of people who think it is backache when it is not. Come



THE RUSH HOUR: AGAINST THE TIDE.
STUDY OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HATES TO ATTRACT NOTICE.



Granny. "WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CHILD I USED TO OBEY."
Elizabeth. "SO DID I, GRANNY."

HANWAY AND BROWN.

I PROPOSE to hold this week the bi-centenary of the umbrella. It is not exactly the right week (nor the right year), but no matter. Another time I may have forgotten. There is no time like the present for a bi-centenary.

The modern rolled umbrella is a very beautiful thing. It has dignity and calm. It serves as many purposes as the cudgel and the walking-stick and is less conspicuous than the sword. Falling out of fashion during the War, and even for a few years afterwards, it has come back to its own alike in the world of elegance and amongst business men.

Looking at the rolled umbrella, one is glad that, not without a bitter struggle and after great tribulation, men's umbrellas came to be.

Two hundred years ago to-day there stood a young man, eager, clear-eyed, on the threshold of manhood, only half conscious, it may be, of the mighty work that was to be the crown and glory of his later career. Born in 1712, it was not until he was forty-three years old and had travelled widely in Russia and the East, and written about them with singular dulness, that JONAS HANWAY consciously set before himself

the ideal of walking about the streets of London with an umbrella. I should say with a masculine umbrella, for the female umbrella had already been in use for about fifty years.

Persecution was immediate. If the reader had been a lackey in the streets of London in the year 1755, he would have been laughing insolently all day long at Mr. HANWAY and his strange anti-pluvial tent. Nay, worse. In 1785 I gather that the reader, now an elderly and probably a dissipated lackey, would have been laughing still. For thirty years JONAS HANWAY bore the brunt of ignominy and braved the insults of the mob, until in 1786 death, the great umbrella, overshadowed him, and the Metropolis knew him no more.

Dr. JOHNSON had no respect for him. There were other quarrels between the two men because Mr. HANWAY had written an essay against tea, which JOHNSON in a gust of fury reviewed unfavourably. Mr. HANWAY replied. Dr. JOHNSON replied again. Those were passionate days in literature. JOHNSON finally said of this indomitable man: "Jonas acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home."

JOHNSON lied. In many a humble

home to which the great dictionary (and even *The Ency. Brit.*) has not penetrated, a slender edition of that despised apparatus which Mr. HANWAY took about with him on his walks has now an honourable place. Many old-fashioned people, I surmise, still talk of the umbrella as of "Hanway," and the umbrella-stand as a Jonasium.

But, if the umbrella close-reefed be beautiful, if it may be opened in time of tempest without jeers, there clings something of the eighteenth-century laughter to the apparition of an umbrella taken down after storm, derelict, water-logged, unfoldable, a nuisance instead of an ornament to the carrier, a desolate collection of wobbly spicules and wet and bat-like wings.

That takes me to Brown. He was of all men most careful about appearances and studious of the mode. He had often asserted roundly that the need to unfold an umbrella never actually occurred. Since it was always possible

(1) Not to take out an umbrella on wet days, or,

(2) If surprised by rain whilst carrying an umbrella,

(a) to seek shelter under an archway or in some building;

(b) to summon a taxicab.

Even the most stylish of men, however, are fated to err. At the corner of Bond Street he met one morning a lady whom he had long known and greatly admired, and, talking to her, he did not notice the lowering aspect of the autumnal sky. Suddenly large drops of rain began to descend. Esmeralda (if that was her name, which I am sure it was not) demanded a cabriolet, and very gallantly, before it should arrive, Brown decided to do in effect what Sir WALTER RALEIGH did for QUEEN ELIZABETH. He unbuttoned the small ring from the button of his umbrella; he uncoiled the woof, he depressed the peculiar metal spring; he pushed upwards the whole frame and outer covering of the instrument which Mr. HANWAY's lively faith had saved from obloquy and rendered a proper, nay even a noble, addition to manly costume.

There fell then upon him and the lady, like the leaves of Vallombrosa, a large shower of white and pink and purple confetti, aged about one-and-a-half years; and too late Brown remembered that the machine had not been unfolded since the occasion of a far-off wedding, and that too Esmeralda's own. A furious tempest coinciding with his arrival at the church had compelled him to forgo his fixed principles and open the umbrella to the skies. When he left the porch half-an-hour later he hastened to undo the dreadful work that the storm had done. He wrapped his umbrella, he folded it, he smoothed it into a sticklike semblance again. But not before the crowd, lavish of their favours, had projected some of the symbols of rejoicing, unseen, into the heart of the silk, where they had stayed cunningly concealed in order to overwhelm his pride.

What made the whole affair more tragic was that through some disparity of temper, in the interval between these two openings of his umbrella, Esmeralda had been divorced. It was the memory of this circumstance, as much as anything else, that prevented him, while the brightly-coloured tokens fell about her shoulders and her head, from being able to think of any suitable apology.

I sympathise with Brown. And when I hold the HANWAY bi-centenary this week I shall ask him to be one of our guests. There will be a simple but pleasant little ceremony before the actual meal.

We shall gather, those of us who are of a like mind with me, in a selected place, most probably Trafalgar Square, on what I hope will be a bright and cloudless day. We shall gently unfurl our umbrellas, extend and uplift them, and then take them down again and roll



Workman. "WOT'S THE IDEA O' PLAYIN' A FLUTE WITH ALL THIS RAH GOIN' ON? NOBODY CAN'T 'EAR YER."

Mendicant. "THAT IS THE IDEA. I CAN'T PLAY IT."

them with the utmost care. After that we shall proceed in a body to the British Museum, give them into the charge of the attendant, enter the reading-room, and read a little HANWAY, namely the account of his voyage down the Volga and his essay against tea. From there we shall go to a restaurant and, resisting the threats and prayers of the waiters, carry our umbrellas into the dining-room, place them at our feet, and dine. The banquet over, we shall

drink one glass in silence to the immortal memory of JONAS HANWAY, pioneer and apostle, and then, as silently, picking up our umbrellas, depart.

Each will pick up his own. EVOR.

Early Luncheon Hours in Far East.

"AUTUMNAL RACES, HOSHIGAUZA.

The visitors were rather thin on the stands during the morning, although they became well filled towards noon."—*Manchurian Paper.*



Modiste. "IT IS, AS MADAM SAYS, CLOSE-FITTING; BUT MADAM MUST REMEMBER THAT IT IS ONLY THUS THAT SHE CAN ACHIEVE THE 'MERMAID LINE' WHICH IS SO ESSENTIAL FOR THE PRESENT MODE"

LIGHT ON THE POLICE.

THERE is a lofty and superior creature,
One at whose hearing ear and seeing eye
(I crib that fine expression from the Preacher)
Even the "modern girl," I'm told, is shy;
Whom aliens warm to as the brightest feature
That they can find beneath our iron sky;
Whose hand gives order and whose palm brings
peace,
I mean our Metropolitan police.

Muses more rich than mine, and pens more
graphic

(A long way) have emitted prose and song
Upon that person, dreadful though seraphic,
Smooth to the good, a terror to the wrong;
But it is in his handling of the traffic,
To my mind, that he really comes out strong;
He has no rod like Moses, but his paw
Can bank the currents up in very awe.

He has not hitherto been decked unduly;
His garb is simple, and, I think, not dear;
Safe in a rushing tide he looms forth bluely,
And every car assumes a milder gear
(I'm bound to say that, speaking for yours truly,
I always jam the brake on in his rear);
Indeed, to knock him endways from abaft
Would be good evidence that one was daft.

Yet now, no longer clad in simple starkness,
From some wild workings of th' official mind
He is to be endued in hours of darkness
With a small red lamp to be stuck behind;
I don't know why; perhaps a fit of lark'ness
In some high person waggishly inclined;
It cannot be for safety, that we know;
And is too niggardly if meant for show.

If he were picked out round his manly torso
With fairy-lamps, th' effect would be sublime,
Like Brighton pier in summer, only more so,
Or some dream-palace in an Eastern clime;
And, topping all, a clock with faces four, so
That, without asking, we could tell the time;
That in a general way would be more like,
And no one could mistake him for a bike. DUM-DUM.

Our Musical Pets.

"Wanted—Man for gardening, also to take charge of a cow who can sing in the choir and play the organ."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

How to make Certain of a "Full Close."

"The annual choir dinner will be held in the vicarage on Wednesday evening at 6.30, to be followed by a service in the church at 8 p.m. with a full choir."—*Dublin Parish Magazine.*

An American baby has been born in an aeroplane, and the parents are exercised in their minds as to what to call the child. If it's a girl, we beg to suggest "Plane Jane."



THE WISE GUYS.

MR. BALDWIN
MR. LLOYD GEORGE } (together but independently). "THE TIME IS NOT YET RIPE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 29th.—All present and correct, save only the PRIME MINISTER, in whose place Mr. SNOWDEN (save only for a force-of-habit reference to Mr. BALDWIN as "the Prime Minister") functioned admirably. His to disclose the legislative programme for the remainder of the Session—measures to deal with pensions and coal and unemployment insurance and factories and trade unions and much else besides—which the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION rightly observed to be moderately ambitious for a Government still in its childhood.

None of these matters, it was evident, immediately concerned the embattled Conservative benches so much as the unemployment schemes, still locked in the Ministerial bosom of the LORD PRIVY SEAL. He, however, declined to be drawn by this question or that, promising the House a full statement early next week, at which all questions on the Order Paper and many others as well would be faithfully dealt with.

Doubtless as the result of the LORD PRIVY SEAL's shining example, offering statements at an early date became positively epidemic, and the House learned that the early word will shortly be forthcoming on the resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia, Palestine, Mr. Buxton's schemes for making farming profitable, ex-service-men's pensions and a number of other topics.

Inscrutable in the matter of the things it intends to do, the Government was sufficiently definite as to two things it does not intend to do. There is to be no Bill to curb the investigative zeal of coroners. The whole law as to coroners' inquests, Mr. CLYNES explained, had been revised less than three years ago—not a very sound argument against further legislation if further legislation is called for by new and untoward circumstances.

Mr. CLYNES having denied satisfaction to Sir KINGSLEY WOOD on this point, Mr. MORRISON followed it up by rejecting Sir WILLIAM DAVISON's suggestion that the Government should set up a central fund for the purpose of reimbursing private hospitals which take in the victims of motor-car accidents and all too often get nothing but thanks for their pains. Mr. MORRISON expressed deep sympathy for the known shortage of funds

from which most private hospitals suffer, but pointed out that among their benefactors the number of motorists must indeed bulk large. The wells of their beneficence, the House gathered, might well dry up if arrangements were made for putting pedestrians together again at the public expense.



A PRETTY ARMPFUL.
MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Three new Members took their seats: the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is at least a new Labour Member; Sir HENRY SLESSER's successor, Mr. MILNER, and Sir J. FERGUSON, the new Member for Twickenham, who was led in by the Chief and Deputy Conservative Whips, presumably as a sign that he is now

purged of his Empire Free Trade heresy. Mr. MOSES, unscathed by the thunder and lightning of an Election petition, also returned to the Promised Land, acknowledging with cuneiform gestures the cheers of his Party.

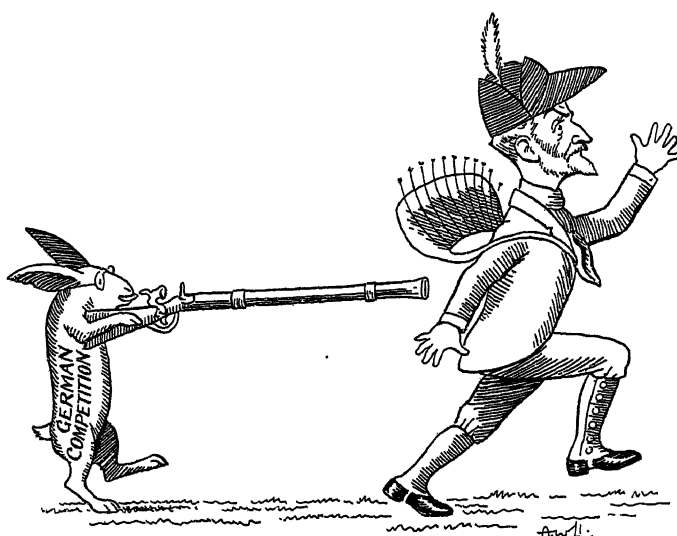
Public business found Mr. GRAHAM bravely sponsoring the Coast Protection Bill (of Conservative origin), a measure which—in the best Conservative vein, he it said—proposes to invest the Board of Trade with pretty arbitrary powers over the seashore, not to mention the actions and possessions of individuals and corporations inhabiting the more erosive of our seaside resorts. Criticism of the measure took a line which was neatly summed up in a maiden speech by Mr. MARKHAM, the Labour Member for Chatham, who insisted that, while it was highly desirable to protect our coasts from erosion by the sea, it was still more necessary to protect the liberty of the subject from erosion by Whitehall. But even Sir BASIL PETO's description of the measure as a "monstrous scandal of bureaucracy" failed to carry anybody into the Lobby in opposition to the Second Reading.

Wednesday, October 30th.—A number of Peers attended to do honour to Lord BADEN-POWELL, who took his seat amid the customary ceremonial. There was some disappointment when Lords HAMPTON and GLENTANAR, the CHIEF SCOUT'S sponsors, failed to conclude the ceremonies by giving the tribal howl.

The spectre of Protection intrudes at most Cabinet deliberations and clanks depressingly in the background at most Parliamentary debates. There was something not a little ominous therefore in the fact that the luck of the ballot—if indeed it was luck and not a sort of Nemesis—thrust Sir EDWARD ILIFFE's motion on the subject of German subsidized wheat into the forefront of the Session's activities.

The debate, like others of its kind, was interesting but not especially helpful. The House is quite accustomed to Ministers of Agriculture whose angelic ministrations to the anguished brow of the farmer are of a purely negative character, but Mr. Buxton eclipsed all records for coupling poignant expressions of sympathy with unqualified protestations of complete impotence.

There was no remedy for this deplorable phenomenon, he declared, except to tax



"A DEPLORABLE PHENOMENON."

"The hare runs after him all day
And hears him call out everywhere:
'Help! Fire! Help! The Hare! The Hare!'"

MR. NOEL BUXTON.

STRUWWELPETER.

food, which he could not do and which his predecessor had likewise soundly omitted to do. Mr. RUNCIMAN lifted the Liberal war-cry against Protection but doubted the Minister's complete helplessness. If there was in fact a German subsidy to wheat exporters, that constituted in his view a violation of the Geneva Conference, to which the attention of the German Government might be called.

It was Mr. WISE, the Socialist Member for E. Leicester, who in a maiden speech contributed something new and instructive to an otherwise barren and unprofitable debate. The rationalization of wheat production and wheat export abroad, he suggested, and the concentration of wheat importation into this country in a few hands provided a new state of things that could not be dealt with by the old arguments or the old doctrines. What the British farmer needed, said Mr. WISE, was protection against fluctuating prices and dumping, neither of which benefited the consumer in any way. This could only be achieved by setting up some sort of Imports Board which would fix a stable price for wheat based on the average world-price.

Agricultural Members may have found comfort in Mr. WISE's arguments, but they found still more in those of Mr. BUTLER, the new Conservative Member for Saffron Walden, who in another maiden speech roundly declared that from the farmer's point of view it was precious little good talking about standardizing wheat prices unless they intended to stabilize them at a very much higher level than at present.

The debate on the whole showed all parties in the House to be considerably more concerned over German subsidized wheat than the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE seemed to be, and considerably more hopeful that something could be done about it if all parties would forget politics and try to agree on a common policy for dealing with the problem.

After which—and after dinner—the House debated the abolition of capital punishment, on the motion of Mr. W. BROWN, Socialist Member for Wolverhampton. The debate produced nothing new, except an expression of surprise from Lady ASTOR that more men did not murder their mothers-in-law and more wives their drunken husbands, but resulted rather unexpectedly in Mr. CLYNES accepting an Amendment

by Sir H. SAMUEL that the question be referred to a Select Committee.

Question-time extracted from Mr. MORRISON the view that, all being well, the new Charing Cross bridge and station will be completed in about five years from the date of the Royal Assent to the private Bill which is to be introduced before the end of the Session.

It is hoped that the souvenir-hunters who have already been seen casting covetous eyes at Hungerford Bridge will consent to wait a little longer.

Thursday, October 31st.—In the Com-



NOTHING DOING.

[On the Second Reading of the Widows', Orphans' and Old-Age Contributory Pensions Bill, the Government's challenge to a division was declined by the Conservative Party.]

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND MR. GREENWOOD.

mons Mr. GREENWOOD moved the Second Reading of the Pensions Bill, and the House, which up to the present has suffered from a sort of unnatural restraint, got down to its stride. Mr. GREENWOOD accused the Conservatives of charging the Government with running away from its pledges, of course with the basest motives. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN charged Mr. HENDERSON with having "most discreditably" given Election promises of handsome pensions for everybody which he knew the Socialist Party had no intention of keeping. The substance of his criticism of the Bill was that the Government had departed from the contributory principle and had

started on the downward path of giving something for nothing. This wrung from Lady CYNTHIA MOSLEY, in a well-delivered maiden speech, the retort that all her life she had been getting something for nothing without being a bit demoralized by it. Anyway, merely to be a widow who had brought up children was something.

On that point Lady LVEAGH and other Members replied that widows were only widows, and some of them quite well off, thank you. If the contributory principle were to be departed from why should the State's beneficence be confined to widows? There were plenty of other classes of the community who needed it just as badly and deserved it just as well.

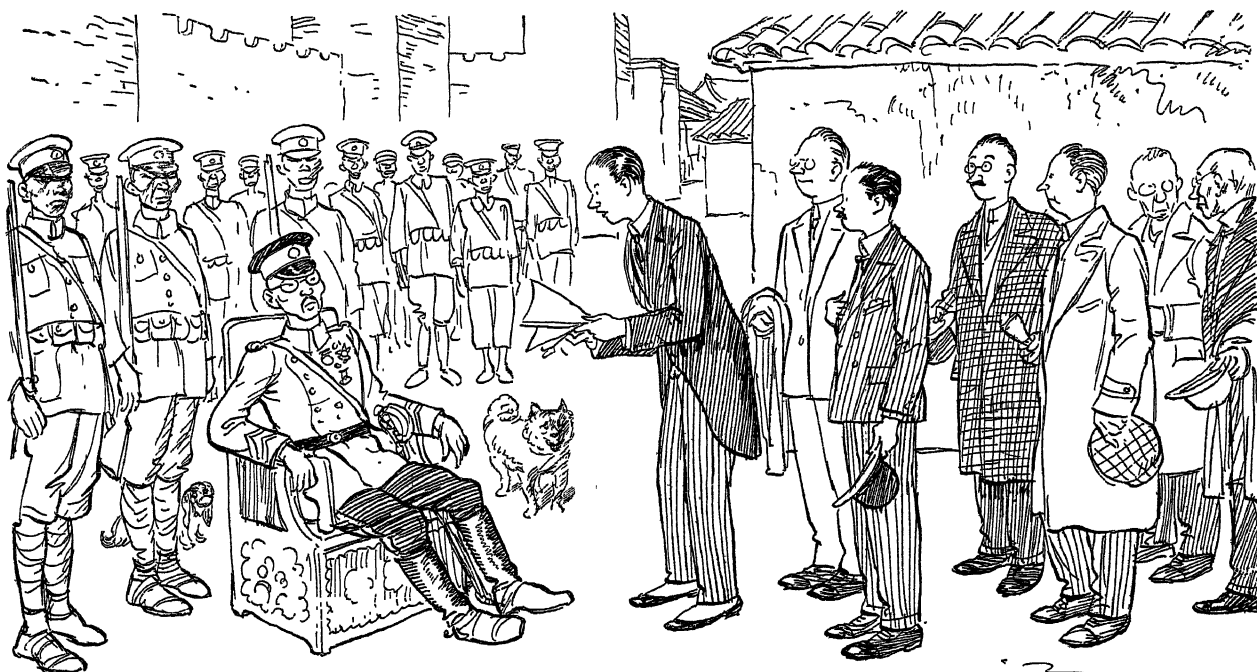
That seemed to pave the way for Mr. WHEATLEY, who criticised the Government for not carrying out the true principles of Socialism and giving a hand-out to everybody poor enough to need it. In a word, he and Sir KINGSLEY WOOD stood on the same ground in accusing the Government of not keeping its Election pledges, the answer to which, in Lady CYNTHIA MOSLEY's words, was that this Pensions Bill was but the first instalment of a serial that was to be "continued in our next." There are more widows, it seems, in the By-and-by street. Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE, replying for the Government, said much the same thing, but rather scandalised the House by asking what was the good of a debate when the Conservatives had no intention of going into the Lobby against the Bill.

Question-time produced no sensations, but neither did it produce the expected Government statement on Coal. Mr. CLYNES, answering Sir G. HAMILTON, said that there were cases in which it was impossible to deport an undesirable alien because no country which acknowledged him as a national could be found. "Could the right hon. gentleman say to which country that most applied?" asked Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON. "I think Russia," replied the HOME SECRETARY. "I think so too," said the Commander in castor-oil tones.

"Miss — carried a bouquet of yellow roses, the gift of the bridegroom, and wore ??????? also the gift of the bridegroom."

Local Paper.

We think that it is best not to refer at all to garments whose mention is questionable.



A DEPUTATION FROM THE B.B.C. PRESENTS A PETITION TO A CHINESE GENERAL BEGGING HIM TO MOVE HIS HEAD-QUARTERS FROM THE TOWN OF NINGYUANHSIEN KAN TO THE TOWN OF CHENG IN THE SAME PROVINCE, FOR THE GREATER CONVENIENCE OF THEIR ANNOUNCERS.

A THEOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

I HAVE in my household a daughter who invariably communicates with me on the more important issues of life by means of letters. When I come down to breakfast, for example, I may find on my plate some such note as this:—

DEAR DADDY,—I want a stamp album. They are two and nine and I only have one and three, what had I better do?

Your loving daughter, EVE.

Of course, being a strong man, I do not, in response to this, tamely hand over the needful at once, though in the end it is inevitable; I write perhaps (for to answer verbally is against the rules) suggesting that time and a little saving will overcome the difficulty. Then the correspondence really starts, and I am bombarded with some of the quaintest arguments which ever came from the head of a youthful Clarissa.

These bouts have been most enjoyable in the past, and I have always welcomed the appearance of the little pink envelope beside my plate. But, alas! I have during the past week become involved in a theological discussion which has practically left me prostrate. It arose out of a small but lamentable decrease in the domestic circle.

DEAR DADDY (ran the first epistle of this series).—Do wite mice go to heaven?

Your loving daughter, EVE.

I replied to this with some wariness. "I think it possible," I wrote, "but I am not certain."

The answer rather startled me. "If they don't then I don't want to go either," wrote the downright young lady.

Pondering this I became slightly alarmed for my daughter's spiritual future. After all, this was not to be jeopardised for a mere mouse, and white at that. So I plunged.

"I have no doubt the better behaved ones do," I replied.

"Would Horace?" The question was awaiting me at dinner, and there was something so appallingly direct about it that I began to hedge again.

"So far as I have observed," I wrote, "Horace was a nice-minded little mouse."

I might have spared myself the trouble, for the question was merely repeated with what seemed almost a note of sternness: "Would Horace?"

"Yes," I wrote, plunging again. As a churchwarden I was becoming a little dubious of my position, but I cherished the hope that this terse reply, with its air of finality, would close the correspondence. The appearance of another pink note shattered that hope.

DEAR DADDY,—Will he have his wiskers and be able to sniffle at things? If he can't sniffle at things he won't be happy.

Your loving daughter, EVE.

I now began to realise the dangerous nature of the ground I was on, but I could see no way of retreat.

"I have no doubt," I wrote, "that he will be able to do the things he most enjoys."

It sounded fairly safe, but the stark question which sprang from it raised a new and terrible problem.

"Will Jane?"

When I tell you that Jane is our Persian cat, and that it was owing to a regrettable lapse on her part that Horace became a premature occupant of the world of Shades, you will see where I had landed myself. If all the deceased Janes were going to do the things they most enjoyed the deceased Horaces were likely to have a pretty thin time of it. And Horace was Eve's prime favourite.

For a moment I toyed with the idea of handing the whole correspondence over to the Vicar; after all it was really his department.

And then a dazzling idea—Heaven-sent, I must believe—came to me.

"As Jane belongs to your mother," I wrote, "this is a point on which she, and not I, should be consulted."

Nevertheless my head is bowed and I am wondering from which direction the next blow will fall.

C. M.

"DOUBLE-SHIFT SCHEME."—*Daily Paper*.
For the colder weather?

AT THE PICTURES.

A MIXED BAG.

WITH the assistance of the useful black-out, Mr. LOTHAR MENDES, the producer of the paramount talking-film, *Illusion*, has managed to present a fairly full screen version of the vivacious American novel of vaudeville life



Claire Jernigan (Miss NANCY CARROLL), to Eric Schmittlap (Mr. REGIS TOOMEY).—"IT'S NO USE YOU GOING GA-GA ON ME; YOU HAVEN'T GOT A FINAL-FADE-OUT FACE."

(with the same title) by Mr. ARTHUR TRAIN, which, as it happens, I was reading quite recently. I am glad I knew the book because it showed once more how many changes can occur between the "shooting" of these stories and their public exhibition.

If typography is to be taken as an index of importance (a point on which the otherwise exhaustive Printing Supplement of *The Times* said nothing) the programme of *Illusion* is singularly misleading, for not only does it over-emphasise Mr. WILLIAM AUSTIN in a part which hardly exists, giving him capital letters, but it does less than justice to the admirable performances of Miss JUNE COLLYER as *Hilda Schmittlap*, a nouveau-riche's daughter, and of Mr. REGIS TOOMEY (who has one of the best talkie voices extant) as *Eric Schmittlap*, her brother, two of the main supports of the story, neither of whom has the honour of large caps. I don't mean that that coveted distinction is not earned by its two other possessors—Mr. CHARLES ROGERS as *Carlee*, the circus performer who wants to get into society, and Miss NANCY CARROLL as *Claire Jernigan*, the partner in his "act," with her pretty face so reminiscent of the beloved MAUD MILLETT of my youth—but the others deserve it no less.

It is, I suppose, owing to the scissors-man that that popular film actress, Miss KAY FRANCIS, whom I personally always like to see at her vampings, has in *Illusion* so mysterious a part as *Zelda Paxton*. There she is, as usual—with her musical deep voice, lithe and sinuous and exquisitely dressed—very obviously, when we first see her leaning back in the luxurious limousine, bent upon luring *Carlee* from his own true sweetie. But no. Let me, knowing the novel, tell you who come fresh to the film that this time Miss FRANCIS is no houri at all but merely the woman-of-the-world whom the jumped-up *Schmittlaps* employ to arrange their parties. It would look as though an infusion of caption into the talkies would often greatly improve them; a line explaining *Zelda Paxton* would certainly be of use. The film as a whole is so good that its blemishes are a pity.

For the most part *Illusion* is merely a story of mixed stage and society life, but twice it reaches excitement, once when *Count Fortuny*, played very well by Mr. PAUL LUKAS, is caught cheating at cards, and again in a very emotional moment when *Claire Jernigan* is going through her famous act with her new partner, *Maggot* (who doesn't get into the programme at all), in which she is fired at by four members



Hilda Schmittlap (Miss JUNE COLLYER). "YOU CAN'T MAKE A SCENE HERE!"

Carlee Thorpe (Mr. CHARLES ROGERS). "WELL, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE A SCENE ON THE FILMS, WHERE CAN YOU?"

of the audience with service rifles but comes out unharmed. At least she should—need I say more?

The new LUPINO LANE film, *Fireproof*, is now and then funny in its mixture of acrobatics and comic ingenuity; but we

lose interest when accidents cease to occur in the ordinary course, but are sought for. One can fall into the same man-hole several times too often; and LUPINO LANE does so.

I was hoping to be able to say something cordial about the much boosted *Hollywood Revue* at the Empire, but my pen refuses to move in that direction. Never can so much money and so many



J.H.D.

THE OLD MATERNAL TOUCH.

talents have yielded so disappointing and even depressing a result. For two hours the bush is beaten with intense energy, but the hare is never started. The pick of the studios, extravagantly introduced by Mr. CONRAD NAGEL, perform in song, dance or sketch, and none of them gets, as the saying is, across. Why, I cannot say. There is a comic conjuring act, the ineptitude and funlessness of which make one weep; there is a mother song by the greatest living expert in that line which makes one ill. Even BUSTER KEATON, as *Oleopatra* with a pantomime asp, fails to be droll; the blight is on him too. And yet here, in this kind of go-as-you-please medley, the talking ought to find its true medium. In fact it already has done so in *The Cocoanuts*.

One of the shorter talking films in the Empire programme introduced us to what I fervently hope is not going to be a fashion, although I have my fears: the exploitation of the cynical infant. In this particular example the child is a budding American of about five, filled with resentment at the presence of a new baby in the house and determined to get rid of it. All this he unfolds to us, happily not too distinctly, in the language of the streets with the punctual "Hells!" The age of talkie performers should certainly not be below the teens. If, as seems inevitable, we are to have "Hells!" let them be aspirated by maturer lungs.

Let me add that the British Movie-

tone News gets better and better and can be far more entertaining than any invented pictures. The range of this organisation is very wide, the scenes the other evening including the arrest of the would-be assassin of the Italian Crown Prince; Lord BEAVERBROOK on his Empire scheme, which would gain in effect if he spoke it instead of reading it; Miss MACDONALD bidding farewell to the people of America; a liner on the rocks; a pilgrimage to Lourdes; deep-sea fishermen at work; and the PRIME MINISTER approving of Niagara Falls. E. V. L.

"FUTURE OF THE TELEGRAM.

How It May be Delivered in a Few Years." *Manchester Paper.*
But only if you're lucky.

"The Liberal Party" he said, 'is going to pull together.'"—*Daily Paper.*
"Party-mutuel," in fact.

"Juno and the Paycock," Dean O'Casey's tragic comedy, was given by the Irish Players at the Princes Theatre."—*Daily Paper.*
Once more the gloomy Sean.

THE NEW MODEL.

[A novel feature of the blue-book just issued by the Ministry of Health on swimming-baths is a quotation from the poet THOMSON, author of "The Seasons," in which he extols the natatory art.]

WHILE I've never had occasion
To peruse this book of sport,
Let me own the innovation
Has my heartiest support;
Since officialdom, in fact, is
Bleak without this welcome blend,
An extension of the practice
I would warmly recommend.

I'd grow almost eulogistic
In the hypothetic circles
O'er our sunny, altruistic
First Commissioner of Works,
If his effort next should follow
And he vaunted in his book
The "blest power" of Phæb. Apollo,
As defined in *Lalla Rookh*.

If endeavouring to unravel
Transport riddles they should quote
R. L. S.'s "Songs of Travel,"
I'd sit up and take a note;

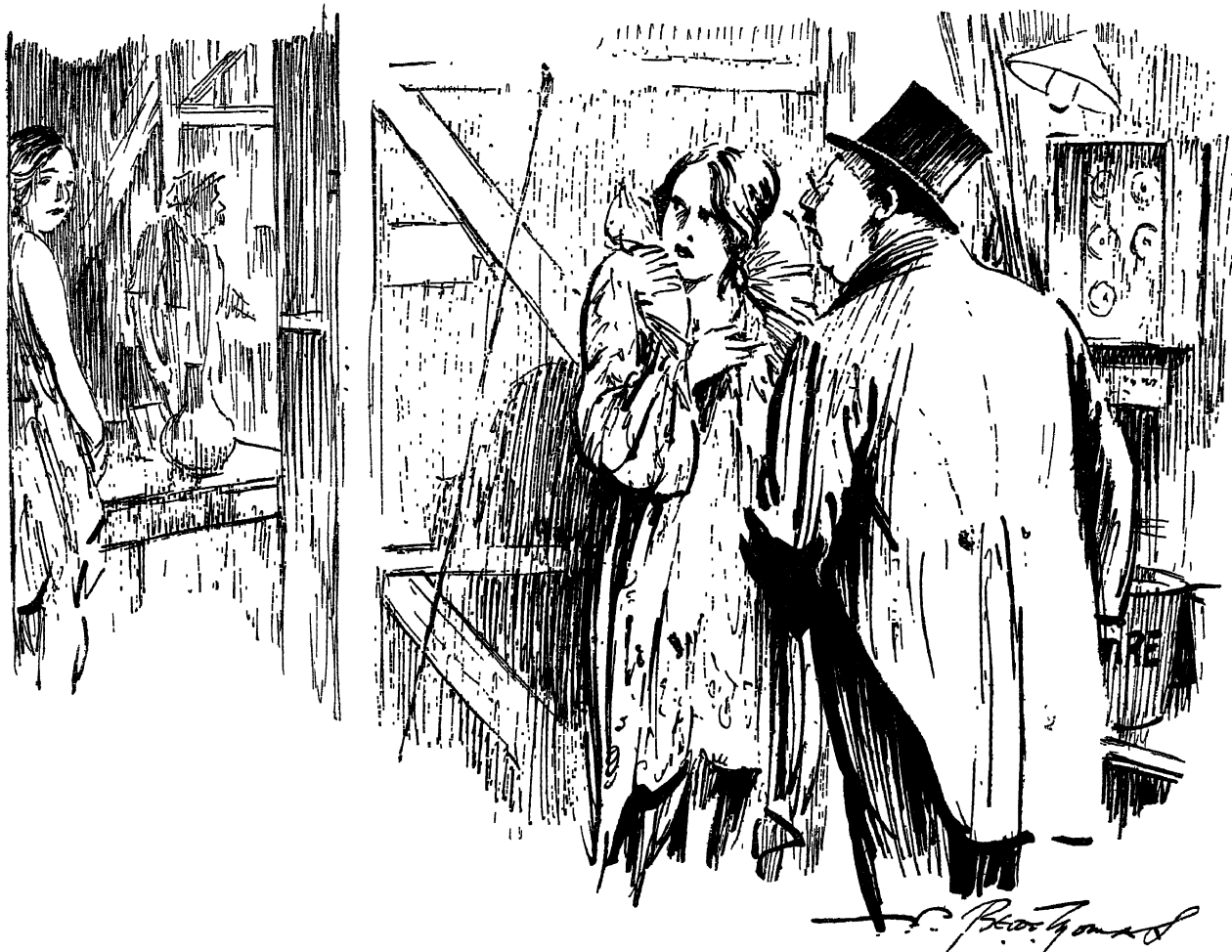
Nor regard as meretricious
"Papers" in a rural vein
If they instanced a fictitious
Vanished "village of the plain."

If instructions they'd embellish
For my income-tax returns,
An allusion I might relish
To Exciseman ROBBIE BURNS;
And perform my bounden duty
To confess my full receipts
Were I warned that "truth is beauty"
(As, of course, remarked by KEATS).

Apt quotation from a poet
In a too prosaic age
(If you chance, that is, to know it)
Brightens up the dullest page;
So success in this I wish all,
Till the Minister "advised"
And his permanent official
Have at last been humanised.
A. K.

"TYPEWRITING CHAMPION.

Hossfield struck the keys 41,697 times for 8,889 gross words."—*Daily Paper.*
We are sorry to hear that there are so many in the language.



Leading Lady. "I WISH THAT UNDERSTUDY WOULDN'T HANG ABOUT THE WINGS. SHE KNOWS THE SIGHT OF HER MAKES ME ILL."

AT THE PLAY.

"CANARIES SOMETIMES SING" (GLOBE).

THE title states a very well-known fact. It might have added that canaries commonly choose a time when there is a chance of drowning people's conversation. The bird in the play, however, whether doped or not, was a rare exception—fortunately, for there was never anything but conversation going on—and never, even under the strongest provocation, uttered a note. Which was right, for he was there to symbolise the depressing effects of captivity; also to provoke the bitter reflection, based on human analogy, that his prison might be still more depressing if shared with a mate.

Further, the canary served another useful purpose as an excuse and objective for a long opening soliloquy which took the place of the usual dialogue between butler and housemaid that enlightens the audience as to the position of things. The idea is a sound one and might lead to a revival of the discredited solo; one might even improve SHAKESPEARE on these lines, introducing, as a recipient of *Hamlet's* confidences, a Persian kitten or a white mouse, or any tame pet that would not be liable (as a parrot would be) to intervene with back-chat.

The application of the title to the circumstances of the play was obscure, for we saw very little sign on the part of the human canaries of a tendency to burst into song.

Before paying Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE his obvious due of compliment let me say all the snuffy things I can think of. Except for some eavesdropping (persistent but mild) and the consumption of some brandy (also persistent and, apparently, mild) nothing happens. On the stage, that is, for I dare say a good deal happened off in the kitchen when the dinner was postponed for half-an-hour to allow time for most of the First Act. Not a single cigarette was lit, though I strongly approve of this consideration for an audience that is not allowed to smoke. Nor were there any "situations." There was just dialogue. And dialogue has to be pretty good, with only a quartet to do it, if a play where the action is all inward is to hold us, especially if none of the char-

acters encourages us to take any personal interest in his or her fortunes beyond a polite curiosity as to what solution, if any, the author has in store when he shall have decided that the time has come for everybody to stop talking.

So much did Mr. LONSDALE rely on his dialogue that he worried very little about consistency of form or characterisation. The First Act was pure comedy; the Second took on a slight flavour of farce; the Third touched the fringe of tragedy, for it left one of the couples still shut in their cage after the door of it had promised to swing open. As for his characterisation, here again, at any rate in the case of the women, Mr. LONSDALE declined the difficulties of consistency. *Anne Lymes* (Miss MABEL SEALBY), with her silly affectation of

Yet Mr. LONSDALE justified his reliance upon his dialogue. I cannot retrace—so swift they were—the turns it took as through a maze where you advance and are checked and go back and try another way and get hopelessly lost. Its high quality was maintained till just on the close. It was a triumph of humour so determined and irresistible that it could well afford to dispense with logic and consistency as lightly as it ignored the stuffy conventions.

Miss YVONNE ARNAUD, throwing off all those devastating remarks with that stolid manner punctuated from time to time with a sudden agility of gesture, was a pure delight. Miss MABEL SEALBY had fewer good things to say, but was excellent as the fluttering butterfly of the First Act, before she

found a purpose in life and so became improbable. Mr. RONALD SQUIRE, as *Geoffrey Lymes*, was thoroughly at home in a HAWTREY vein, and his confidences with the canary on the subject of their respective cages won the sympathy of everybody except the bird itself.

But perhaps the best work—and the most exacting—was done by Mr. ATHOLE STEWART as *Ernest Melton*. He was always a sound actor, but I don't remember to have seen his sense of humour offered so good a chance as this. Not once, whether we were meant to laugh with him or

at him, did he fail us. It was not simply what he said (which was the author's affair); it was the voice and the face that he said it with. I have never seen anyone achieve so much with his chin. O.S.

"THE IMAGINARY INVALID"
(THE OLD VIC).

Some miscreant must have borrowed my Molière, and I am lamentably unable from memory to judge how far F. ANSTREY—so pleasantly known and for so long to readers of *Punch*—has departed from his original. Not certainly in the spirit or the general plan. The adaptation plays remarkably well, and the Old Vic company have been inspired by it to one of their very best efforts. They played with a spontaneous heartiness and appreciation of an old but ever-fresh joke against foolish patient and pretentious leech which genuinely delighted the house; and here there



BIRD-CAGE TALK;
OR, THE ETERNAL QUADRANGLE.

<i>Ernest Melton</i>	MR. ATHOLE STEWART.
<i>Anne Lymes</i>	MISS MABEL SEALBY.
<i>Elma Melton</i>	MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.
<i>Geoffrey Lymes</i>	MR. RONALD SQUIRE.

baby love-talk, her superficial emotions, her frivolous taste for literary lions, her absorption in her own little vanities, was hardly the woman to conceive a passion for her husband's friend and try to manoeuvre an elopement. And when we first meet *Elma Melton* (Miss YVONNE ARNAUD), who has married from the music-hall stage into ducal circles and been so often rebuked for saying impossible things that she has adopted ROCHEFOUCAULD's maxim, "*le silence est le parti le plus sûr de celui qui se défie de soi-même*," nobody would suspect that before we have done with her she will be delivering an eloquent homily to her anæmic lover from the text "*Pecca fortiter*," lacerating him for his fear of consequences, and taking, in view of his hesitation, the strong line of the poet in *The Statue and the Bust*:

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say."

could be no suggestion that the audience was playing up to what was expected of it—as perhaps occasionally happens when one of the less satisfactory of the plays of their SHAKESPEARE or of one of the duller Elizabethans is in progress.

The eclectic methods of the producer—or maybe the idiosyncrasies of individuals of his team—produced a rather piebald effect. Mr. BREMBER WILLS' *Polidore Argan* and Miss MARGARET WEBSTER's *Toinette* were as modern and as jolly as you please, and Miss ADELE DIXON's *Angélique* might have come out of a late-Victorian drawing-room. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's *Cléante* and Miss MARTITA HUNT's *Béline* were more definitely stylised, while the two doctors *Diafoirus*, father and son (Mr. ERIC ADENEY and Mr. GYLES ISHAM), with the two lackeys, had evidently just stepped over from the Lyric, Hammer-smith—an error of taste and judgment which is to be regretted, I think. The Hammer-smith method is dangerous, besides being something of a patent, now perhaps running out. It can always raise a laugh, but, unless very carefully handled, may easily ruin the artistic balance of a piece and obtrude a refracting medium between the audience and the good simple human fun and wisdom of such a comedy as this.

However, the damage here is not serious. This is a genuinely good entertainment which should not be missed. I liked particularly Miss MARGARET WEBSTER's high-spirited *Toinette*, with her delightfully clear enunciation. Mr. BREMBER WILLS played his hand in his own competent way. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's *Cléante* was charmingly debonair, and Miss ADELE DIXON and Miss ROSAMOND BURNE won merit as old *Polidore's* daughters.

"CONSCIENCE" (LITTLE).

It is not quite easy at first hearing to decide whether DON MULLALLY's *Conscience* is a serious experiment in the presentation of abnormal psychology which has not quite succeeded or a frankly theatrical affair, working old stage effects to thrill the susceptible,

which is interesting enough to have escaped failure. It moved forward, somewhat precariously balanced at intervals, and, if Miss LILLIAN FOSTER's playing of the heroine had been the

posed to be the ghostly face of his dead wife haunting *Jeff Stewart* in his lonely ice-bound Yukon cabin floated and dithered about in the dark; but when later I too clearly saw it as a fluttering handkerchief I was disillusioned. I would suggest that this particular effect should only be worked once.

An ingenious device of the author enables the voluble *Jeff*—an exceedingly class-conscious working-man, a leader of strikes and more than a little of a sea-lawyer, but honest in grain and lovable—to empty his mind without shocking us with the unconvincing method of soliloquy. He keeps a tame jackdaw, to whom in his loneliness, misery and remorse he talks. This small but efficient member of the cast was something of a puzzle—and therefore a distraction. It does not seem possible that he took his cues and kept his silences with the precision indicated. One must assume him to have been dumb and the well-timed squawks to have been produced by some competent ventriloquist off. Clearly this

particular invention, appealing to the less sophisticated of his audience, suggests that we must accept the less flattering description of the author's purpose and give him credit in the lower category for an effective bit of business.

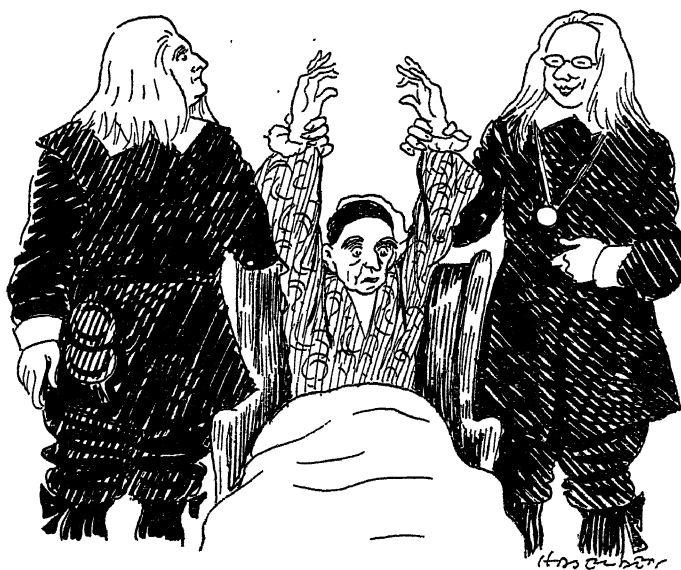
Jeff Stewart, a railway-man in the yards, marries a pretty little hash-slinger in a restaurant of a little one-horse town in Washington State. She is a soft, sulky, house-proud little imbecile, to whom *Jeff's* long political rigmaroles and passion for justice are a weariness of the flesh. The hard-faced business gentlemen of America have an effectively simple technique with strike-leaders. They try persuasion—with dollars. That failing, they smash. And *Jeff* has to leave his uncomprehending little

Madeline in the house with the kind of unpaid-for furniture supplied in plain vans to Mr. Everyman in America and trudge off in search of work where he is not known. He is imprisoned for vagrancy, delayed in his job-seeking, and returns some months later to find his wife in another man's arms and a practised consumer of prohibited im-



LA BALLADE IMAGINAIRE.

Cléante MR. JOHN GIELGUD.
Angélique MISS ADELE DIXON.



HANDS UP: A DOUBLE FLANK ATTACK.

Dr. Diafoirus MR. ERIC ADENEY.
Polidore Argan MR. BREMBER WILLS.
Thomas MR. GYLES ISHAM.

least little bit less competent and tactful and her production ever so little less restrained, artistic failure would have been assured. It is a tribute to the excellent acting and skilled production that the piece made its effect. I certainly experienced that queer sensation of shock and chill when in the prologue the vague whiteness which was sup-

ports. He merely slaps the face of the intruder, forgives *Madeline*, as fond people forgive the offending kitten or puppy—and when in obstinate remorse she refuses his forgiveness, he suddenly loses control and chokes the life out of her, half under the normal stimulus of possessive jealousy, half with the idea of doing the better thing by her, foreseeing the sorry wreck she will become. Flying from justice to the Yukon wilds, he is haunted by memories of his past, and, overdriven by remorse and the general puzzle of the universe, follows the wraith of the dead woman out into the deadly snow.

Miss FOSTER, the producer, contrives her visions and handles her switch-board with address. I think it would have been very much more effective if at the last *Jeff* had followed a voice, rather than a gauze-draped figure, into the night. I am assuming the author to have meant the apparitions generally to be mere figments of an overwrought imagination and not three-dimensional objective spooks. It is so easy to destroy the carefully-built-up suggestion of eeriness by a false stroke at the climax.

For Miss FOSTER the actress there can be nothing but praise. She conveyed with real power and imagination the empty, clinging, reckless, worthless thing that was *Madeline*, and yet made us understand the hold she had upon her man. Mr. MALCOLM KEEN'S *Jeff* gave an impression of fine character, deep feeling and manly tenderness, and conveyed the suggestions of strain and remorse without melodramatic exaggerations—a difficult feat of balancing in the circumstances. Mr. GEORGE BEALBY'S "*Doc.*" *Saunders* (*Jeff*'s friend), and Miss CHRISTINE SILVER'S coarse-grained good-timer *May*, who taught *Madeline* the easy-money ropes, were both effective studies. T.

Mr. Punch would be much obliged if the compliments which he inadvertently paid, on his performance of *The Croucher* in *The Silver Tassie*, to Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON, who didn't play the part, might be passed on to Mr. LEONARD SHEPHERD, who did.

SEN.
Exclusive to this Theatre.
Poster outside London Cinema.

We doubt if any cinema has a monopoly of it.

"The President of the Legion, Mr. Albert Hall, also spoke."

Foreign Section of Spanish Paper.

His cousin, Sir Albert Memorial, was unable to be present owing to one of those recurring attacks to which he is unfortunately subject.

THE SIGN-POSTS.

AMONG the factories which I was shown over on my last visit to Horsensia one of the most interesting was that where sign-posts and other amenities of the road are made.

I noticed that the signs were of iron with the lettering in raised letters covered with an iridescent tinsel to catch the light at night. To the name of each town or village the distance in miles was added.

"It is a tremendous task," said my guide. "Each one is of course different. I don't know how many cross-roads or side-roads there are in Horsensia, but the Ministry of Transport has decided that not a single one shall be neglected."

"Then didn't you have sign-posts before?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "but they were not standardised. In one county they would give the distances; in another the distances were suppressed. And so on."

"It's like that in England," I said.

"In England!" he exclaimed in surprise. "I thought England was so advanced. But you are going to alter it, of course?"

"I haven't heard so," I said. "It's not a Government matter with us; it's under local control."

"But these Labour people with all their new ideas," he said. "Sun-baths in Hyde Park—on days when the sun gets through—if you can have things like that, why not a systematic method of marking the roads?"

"It sounds like a necessity, I admit," I replied, "but I have heard nothing about it."

Coming next to a foundry where the posts were being turned out in thousands, I was astonished to find them so short. Their height, after being fixed, could not be more than five feet.

"How strange," I said. "In England our sign-posts are very tall."

"And don't you ever run past them?" he asked.

"Often," I said. "In fact, if one is driving a limousine or a car with a hood one is continually missing one's way."

"Exactly," he said. "And aren't most cars closed now?"

"Yes," I replied.

"The same with us," he said. "That is why the sign-posts are short. So that the directions can be seen. A novel idea, but it will probably justify itself."

He showed me a specimen sign-post finished in every particular.

"Apart from its shortness," he said, "how does this differ from yours?"

"The arms are at different levels," I

said. "With us the arms are generally on the same level."

"Then doesn't one of them sometimes get in the way of another?" he asked.

"Continually," I said.

"And do you like that?"

"We have put up with it for centuries," I said.

"And when in doubt you have to back the car, or even get out of it, to read what an obliterated arm says?"

"Always," I said.

"And this in England!" he exclaimed again. "What a wrong notion of your wonderful country I have been entertaining. Don't you mind all these impracticabilities?"

"Not enough to do anything," I said.

"And yet every day more and more of your people take to motoring?"

"Yes," I said; I fear rather gloomily.

"But at any rate," he said, opening the door of another department, "you make drivers' signals compulsory?"

I saw that we were surrounded by workmen engaged on the manufacture of lamps and mechanical arms by which the driver of a car informs those behind him as to his intentions.

"You insist on everyone using things like these?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," I said.

"But your taxis, for instance," he said. "How can the driver, if his seat is on the right, reach to signal with his hand when he is about to turn to the left?"

"He doesn't," I said. "It's the last thing a self-respecting London taxi-driver would think of."

My guide uttered a sound of bewilderment. "Then I shall remain in Horsensia," he said. "Safety first."

E. V. L.

JESSICA GOES TRAVELLING.

II.—THE DECK STEWARD.

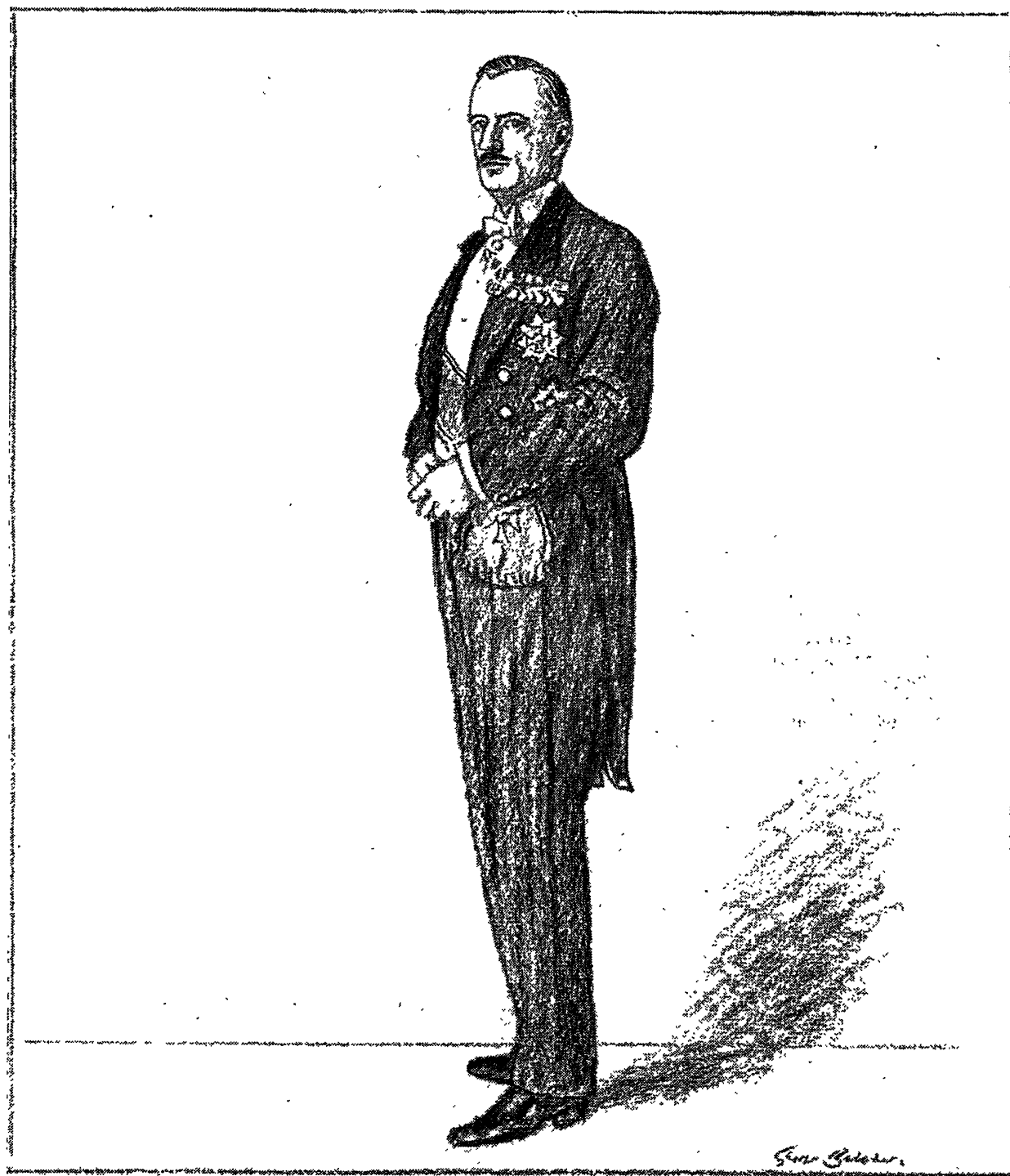
He's very thin and neat and brown;
He's always walking up and down;
He wraps up all the people's feet
And brings them tea and things to eat.

And when they throw their rugs about
He picks them up and shakes them out
And folds them into tiny squares
And puts them back upon their chairs.

And he arranges jolly games
And calls the sailors by their names;
He's never cross, he's never rude . . .
I wonder when he has his food. R. F.

"Another problem arises in connection with the purchase of land containing national beauty spots, such as Snowden. . . ."—*Daily Paper*.

More flattery for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. We hope he won't lose his peak.



SIR FRANCIS HUMPHRYS, K.B.E.

*When AMANULLAH had to cut his Cabul
And down his sceptre (that precarious bauble),
You just sat tight and saw the business through
Till everybody else had flown but you.*

*And now you go to play the gentle despot,
With what they call a mandate, out in Mesopot,
Land of great rivers—none that you'll appraise
Like that dear Severn of your Shrewsbury days.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—CVII.



Spoilt Genius. "NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF. I CAN JUST GIVE YOU TWO MINUTES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE most intriguing thing about Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD's new novel is, I think, its title and the type its title connotes. So far as I am aware the "hawbuck" has been lost sight of since the days of *Westward Ho!* though Mr. MASEFIELD probably came across a hint of *The Hawbuck* (HEINEMANN) in his seafaring days. "Hawbuck" is, I believe, the result of a nineteenth-century wedding between the Swiftian "buck" and the Chaucerian "haw," and the progeny has the spirit and animation of the sire and the rustic worthlessness of the dam. Mr. MASEFIELD's hawbucks are seven gently-born country louts all in love with one regal but undiscerning beauty whose decision is dangled before us by way of *dénouement*. I am bound to admit that I find the *Odia* manner gaining on Mr. MASEFIELD, and not to the benefit of his art. A good story was never written by a man who despised the story save as a vehicle for incidental accomplishments, and Mr. MASEFIELD is signally deficient here in the vitalities of make-believe. He despises his own problem; allows you to guess the matrimonial designation of *Carrie*'s most likely suitor, and finally dismisses that unfortunate heroine in a fashion so arbitrary that, if I had lost my heart to her—like *Vaughan*, *Catlington*, *Steer* and the rest—I should have felt myself bitterly defrauded. As it was, I entertained myself more than sufficiently with decora-

tive and compensatory elements: the delightful Caldecott scenery of an entirely poetic England—an England of *The House That Jack Built* and *The Three Jovial Huntsmen*; the picturesque gipsy half-sister who plays so unsubduable a second fiddle to *Carrie*, and the rhetoric which capriciously and memorably haloes such entirely unimportant people as the hero's deceased mother.

Messrs. LONGMANS deserve well of us, and will surely continue so to deserve, because of their self-explanatory scenery of an entirely poetic England—an England of *The House That Jack Built* and *The Three Jovial Huntsmen*; the picturesque gipsy half-sister who plays so unsubduable a second fiddle to *Carrie*, and the rhetoric which capriciously and memorably haloes such entirely unimportant people as the hero's deceased mother.

Messrs. LONGMANS deserve well of us, and will surely continue so to deserve, because of their self-explanatory *The English Heritage Series*, whose first dividends (four of them, introduced by Mr. BALDWIN and edited by Lord LEE and Mr. SQUIRE) have, in a convenient (and appropriate) pocket size, just been declared. These payments on account consist of "English Humour," "Shakespeare," "The English Public School," and "English Wild Life," and are respectively distributed by Messrs. J. B. PRIESTLEY, JOHN BAILEY, BERNARD DARWIN and ERIC PARKER. And ably are our benefactions dealt with. Mr. PRIESTLEY pays out with a gay hand and a scholarly as pretty a packet of wits, literary and artistic, as one could want, since I assume that the insular adjective excludes the Misses SOMERVILLE and Ross. Yet I can find no mention of Mr. KIPLING as an English humourist, and were not Mr. KIPLING's poetic spurs won humourously? Nor has Mr. PRIESTLEY word of that stylist, the late ARTHUR BINSTED, whose humour, like FIELDING's, is essentially masculine, and whose books,

born in the last pre-war decade, will, I venture it, last "till men weary of laughter." Mr. DARWIN does the public schools in an eleven of delightful essays, that tell, for instance, of Education's bleak beginnings, games, schoolmasters, and, best of all, of "that brave, annoying, invaluable book," *Tom Brown*. And Mr. BAILEY makes a very lovable contribution of "The Bard," and therewith a picture of a very lovable Englishman. This little SHAKESPEARE book may well become a household word among works about WILLIAM. Happy in all their paymasters, Messrs. LONGMANS are particularly happy in their ERIC PARKER. For he more than any living writer is fitted, by his intimate all-round knowledge of field, river and hill, to be trustee for us. The infinite sympathy and charm of Mr. PARKER's handling of our inheritance, whether he treats of Cave Bear or Camberwell Beauty, make us realise anew in what fair ground our lot has fallen.

It's a regular deuce of a how-d'-ye-do
That ROWLAND PERTWEE presents to
view

In a tale of adventure that he has writ
Of a universe-shattering stunt, to wit
Synthetic petrol, of which the vital
Formula serves as the story's title.

The man who evolved it out of his brain
Enters the yarn already slain—
Scotched by a petrol combine which
Didn't want him to queer its pitch;
But the formula's found, and those who
find it

Discover a peck of trouble behind it.

Desperate efforts are made to win
Their help as partners or do them in;
A sense of doom spreads over the earth,
Wire-pullers pull for all they're worth,
Till all the wrong-doers are happily
dead

And every one's wedded who wants to
wed.

HEINEMANN issues the book, and he
Can doubtless pronounce—it's a puzzle
to me—

Its name: *MW—XX.3*.

Mr. H. HESSEL TILTMAN has written what is described as an "Authentic Life"—whatever that may mean—of the present PRIME MINISTER. In *James Ramsay MacDonald* (JARROLD) he is more successful in presenting a picture of the man as he is to-day, and in outlining his policies and ideals, than in making vivid the story of an amazing personal emergence. The early struggle is dealt with in rather conventional vein, nor has the writer, in spite of the best will in the world, quite succeeded, as some future biographer may succeed, in portraying the wife to whom so incalculably much was due. There are later chapters too in which he moves, perhaps inevitably, just a little unhappily, for he admits and admires only the sincerity, not by any means the logical justice, of Mr. MACDONALD's attitude to



"AND WHAT STYLE OF HAT DOES MADAM REQUIRE?"

"WELL, BETWEEN OURSELVES, I WANT SOMETHING THAT WILL SHOCK THE VICAR'S WIFE."

the War, and is visibly ill at ease in his handling of such incidents as the CAMPBELL Case or the ZINOVIEFF letter. When, however, he is maintaining that his Chief—an idealist with a shovel—is labouring honestly to establish world-peace, imperial solidarity and social betterment by processes of "inevitable gradualness," he becomes almost lyrical in collecting and expounding golden opinions from all sorts of unexpected quarters; and he is particularly emphatic and far from ineffective in establishing that Mr. MACDONALD will have neither part nor lot, whether within his own circle or outside it, with any form of Communism. Mr. MACDONALD, like his Government, is a great experiment. No

one, I think, could read this book without feeling a little thrilled that England should have virility enough to undertake a course of research—always of course under carefully controlled laboratory conditions—so charged with the possibility of ending in a sudden noise, so bent on discovering at last the veritable Philosopher's Stone.

In turning over the pages of the sumptuous volume issued by CONSTABLE as a record of the fine art sale season at CHRISTIE'S, October, 1928, to July, 1929, three thoughts occupy the mind. One bears upon the pathetic dispersal, in a few hours, under the inexorable hammer, of collections to which patient years of enthusiasm and knowledge had been devoted. Another can be phrased in some such words as, "Where the dickens in our over-taxed country does all this money come from?" While the third takes the form of wondering where all the beautiful things—the Old Masters, the New Masters, the tapestries, the furniture, the sculpture, the jewels and the silversmith's work, which were knocked down so recently to bidders whose resources seem to be inexhaustible—now are. Were the gentlemen with the code of signs for the auctioneer—the nod, the beck, the wreathed smile, the turn of the head, the flick of the catalogue—buying for themselves, for English collectors or for speedy export? I know what I think, and it is very wise of CHRISTIE'S not to add the information, because what is now one of the most treasurable of picture-books might then transform our happiness to gall. Here and there, however, Mr. A. C. R. CARTER, who, with an unusual blend of knowledge and vivacity, tells the story of the season, lets the secret out. We know from him that VANDYCK's portrait of Monsieur JACQUES LE ROY, one of the BROWNLOW masterpieces, which fetched the top price of the year—£17,850—was bought for Germany; while GEORGE MORLAND's "Dancing Dogs," which reached the astonishing figure of £9,040, remains on that careless convivialist's own soil.

One of the pleasanter generousities of these days is the housewife's readiness to share her recipes. You have to be fairly middle-aged yourself to remember the neighbour whose soda-bread was a family secret. There is now growing up in England a tradition of interest in cookery, of which men of letters and their wives—the last people to be accused of a lack of more ennobling occupations—are as a rule the first exponents. The MEREDITHS, the CONRADS, Mrs. ROSS, ERNEST OLDMEADOW—to these and half-a-dozen others we owe both guidance and illumination; and an indispensable addition to their indispensable works is Mrs. LUCAS's *French Cookery Book* (CHRISTOPHERS). French in its main lines, Mrs. LUCAS's book has a lavish fashion of overflowing its Gallic boundaries. Where England and

America excel—in the matter of cakes, say, or savouries—France bows herself gracefully out. And the authoress is seldom content with the simple transference of recipes. The hints and caveats of her own experience give her stimulating collection a practical and friendly charm.

I fear that those who admired, as I did, *The Gorgeous Lovers*, will find some disappointments in "The Stories of Yesterday and of To-day," to which Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has given the name of *Sheep's-Head and Babylon* (THE BODLEY HEAD). Eighteen tales are included in this collection, all of them readable enough, but with few exceptions so lacking in distinction that as far as I am concerned they have left little impression behind them. Among the minority I give first place to "The Necromancers," in which Miss BOWEN's gifts of imagination have free scope, and

closely pursuing it are "The Prescription," because of its eeriness; "The Wall" a sad story ably told, and "False Pretences," which is amusing and happy in its neat finale. But in the majority of these stories Miss BOWEN is strangely below the form which she has taught me to expect from her.

I cannot help thinking that the child of whom Miss L. M. MONTGOMERY gives a sympathetic study in *Magic for Marigold* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) was encumbered by too many relations. Generations before *Marigold* was born the *Lesleys* had migrated to Canada, and there they had multiplied so fruitfully that a whole tribe or clan of them existed. *Marigold* indeed was blessed, or the reverse, by an old and a young grandmother and by such a bevy of uncles, aunts and cousins that at times she seemed to me in danger

of being swamped by the crowd. These *Lesleys*—I must admit are admirably drawn, and my only grievance against them is that they impede Miss MONTGOMERY in her difficult task of revealing the mind of an imaginative and attractive child. Nevertheless, in spite of impediments, *Marigold* emerges from the ruck and takes the chief honours of a charming and original story.

Mr. Punch welcomes *This Other Eden*, by E. V. KNOX, a collection of light essays, reproduced, some of them in an extended form, from these pages; *Those Were the Days*, in which A. A. MILNE's *Punch* articles are brought together; and *Livestock in Barracks*, by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG ("A. A."), which, along with E. H. SHEPARD's illustrations, were originally sponsored by *Punch*. METHUEN publishes all these books.

Mr. Punch regrets that, in his recent review of "TAFFRAIL'S" *Pirates*, he ascribed its publication to MURRAY instead of to HODDER AND STOUGHTON.



"FOR 'EAVEN'S SAKE STOP SNIFFIN', ARTHUR; IT'S SO FIDGETIN'!"

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HARRY SIMPSON, the Downing Street gardener, who has just retired, mentions famous statesmen who always said "Good morning" to him. So much for the allegation that in Downing Street it is "always afternoon."

There is said to be such a dearth of principal boys this year that some pantomime-producers are asking their old boys to play for them again.

It was recently announced that a Society man had dived into a swimming pool in full evening-dress. We trust that the report was exaggerated and that he was really wearing a black tie.

An expert declares that well-bred toy dogs are quite good protection against burglars. The little pets just sneer at them.

When a lady-owner of racehorses was congratulated on a win, we are told she insisted on giving much of the credit to the trainer and jockey. In sporting circles, however, it is recognised that the secret of a horse's success is its desire to please its owner.

Miss CLEMENCE DANE complains that the English dinner-hour is killing the English drama. Another view is that the drama-hour is ruining the English dinner.

Anyhow the drama is an unconscionable long time dying in spite of those who are an unconscionable long time dining.

It has been pointed out that Mr. BERNARD SHAW has never visited the House of Commons. Surprise is felt that no proposal to have it taken to him has ever been made.

Mr. SHAW's reported admission that he always goes wrong on the Hampstead Tube has caused a sensation in circles where he has been regarded as infallible.

The Athens police have decided to employ dogs against brigands, and it is suggested that an effective step towards ridding Greece of these pests would be the organisation of an annual "Brigand Week."

Women at race-meetings are observed to be more lavishly made-up than formerly. There is promise of a vogue for complexions in favourite racing colours.

A contemporary reminds us that it is not yet a hundred years since the clerical "dog-collar" was introduced. In ecclesiastical circles there is very little talk of celebrating its centenary.

Psychological tests made by Dr. LAIRD of Colgate University show that the most intelligent people are lawyers and editors. This should be carefully noted by contributors.

A paragraphist suggests that it would be practically impossible to walk from the Achilles Statue to Stanhope Gate on any day in the year without encounter-

nection with motoring, an opinion we have heard is that our climate would be unfavourable to any scheme to plant arterial roads with these exotic trees.

In a General Knowledge paper set for Civil Service candidates they were asked to describe the action of the human heart. Some curiosity is felt in Whitehall as to an organ which is supposed to be non-existent in the bureaucracy.

Marshal PILSUDSKI, we are told, can display the most distinguished politeness, or he can thump the table and use the most vulgar language. We are hesitant about asking him to tea.

We have no confirmation of the rumour that Admiral DEWAR's application for membership of the Fabian Society, as a preliminary step to a Socialistic career, is to be celebrated by a special performance of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*.

Lady HILTON YOUNG has denied that there is any allegory about one of her latest pieces of sculpture. Mr. EPSTEIN wouldn't have bothered.

The police are searching for a person who is making a practice of tearing button-off coats hung in restaurants. He is believed to be a laundry-worker keeping

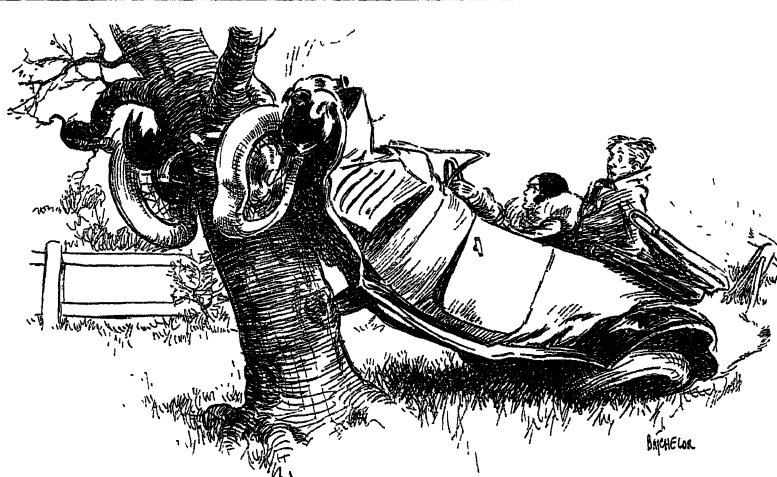
his hand in while on holiday.

Very few statues have been erected to comedians, says a gossip-writer. Many of them certainly deserve one.

Attention has been called to the number of engagements that have been broken off this year. It is the woman's privilege to change her mind if she doesn't like the look of it after it has been made up.

A gossip-writer says that he went to see a schoolgirl off to school for a friend and felt a little bit like a father. This would not matter much as long as the girl did not feel like a gossip-writer's daughter.

At a Madrid bull-fight the bandstand collapsed, throwing the musicians into the ring. We understand that with great presence of mind one of them kept the bull off with a saxophone solo.



Wife (during her first lesson). "NOW, DON'T HELP ME, GEORGE. I JUST WANT TO SEE IF I CAN REVERSE BY MYSELF."

ing some interesting person. We doubt whether any paragraphist has seriously made the attempt.

M. TARDIEU has for some time been described as the French Mussolini, but it is noticed that there is still considerable hesitancy in speaking of the DUCE as the Italian Tardieu.

Among those who are unsuited to family life a lady-writer specifies artists, saints, explorers, monomaniacs, drunkards and misanthropes. Our own feeling is that no family is complete without a lady-writer.

After planting a plane-tree at Bow, Mr. LANSBURY said that he was glad to know that there would be at least one tree to remember him by in the days to come. Poplars have sufficed hitherto.

With reference to *The Times'* discussion of the subject of deodands in con-

LET'S ALL BE POLITE.

THE London Postal Service has prepared for the Post-Office girl an instruction-book which points out the art of good behaviour towards the public. Why should this excellent idea apply only to the Post-Office girl? Why shouldn't we have handbooks on courtesy, giving examples for everybody?

THE EMPLOYER.

Employer (to Typist). I am most interested, Miss Click, to observe that you are a disciple of the new Spelling Reform League, which, I gather, favours the purely phonetic form of spelling. Unfortunately none of my correspondents follows this cult, so, if you do not mind, we will cling to the old familiar rules of spelling as shown in this excellent little dictionary. I hope you will delight me by accepting it and keep it by your side during business hours.

THE TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBER.

Subscriber. Hello! Is that the Exchange? I'm frightfully sorry to bother you when I know you're always so busy, but you've given me the wrong number again—yes, I said "Fife," not "Nane." I can fully understand how the mistake arose. My voice must be horribly indistinct. So sorry you've been troubled.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

Housewife. I am very pleased, Elizabeth, to know that the policeman whom I observed in the kitchen last evening is your brother, for it is obvious that you are an affectionate family, and in this age of rush and competition home ties are apt to be forgotten. May I suggest, however, that, as a thoughtful sister, you ought to consider his career. Do you think that so much bottled stout is good for him when he is about to go on his beat? What is that? You are sorry to say that my Crown Derby tea-pot came in two in your hands this morning? No, it wasn't your fault. I shouldn't think of blaming you. But perhaps in future it will be advisable for us to use only the Woolworth china for all ordinary occasions.

THE BUS-CONDUCTOR.

Conductor. You say, Madam, that you told me you wished to alight in Lower Regent Street and I have brought you to Oxford Circus? I fear you are under a misapprehension as this bus does not penetrate Lower Regent Street. I am afraid you are a stranger to the Metropolis, Madam, or you would know that a bus can go right down Regent Street and yet not penetrate Lower Regent Street. . . . What is to be done? You must take a bus back again, when I hope you will allow me to reimburse the penny fare.

THE DINER.

Diner. I quite appreciate the fact, waiter, that the twenty minutes' pause between the serving of each course is arranged for my benefit in order to assist digestion. No, of course there was nothing wrong with the soup. I merely did not take it because there was a fly in it. On closer inspection I find I am mistaken. It isn't a fly but some other curious foreign substance which I am not able to classify. I apologise.

THE LISTENER-IN.

Listener-in (in a letter addressed to the British Broadcasting Corporation). May I express my greatest admiration for your attempts to uplift the masses? Your disinterested motives in so often giving the working-man chamber-music, talks on Attic drama and readings from MOLIÈRE in his evening's programme show the noblest intentions. I

admit you have your lighter moments when you tell us how to rear rabbits, manure roses and keep the blight from potatoes, but at times I think even these gay items are not enough to satisfy the modern craze for amusement which is so strongly marked in the masses. May I therefore submit the enclosed list of popular ditties (I fear you will consider them a trifle low) in the hope that you will transport them through the ether for the benefit of the proletariat?

THE RAILWAY PORTER.

Porter (who has been handed twopence after his manipulation of heavy luggage). I am deeply obliged to you, Madam. The Company by whom I am employed give me adequate wages for myself and family, but gratuities are particularly acceptable, for these are reserved to provide comforts for my old age.

F. A. K.

TO THE PEAR.

["*Pear.* The fleshy fruit of the pear-tree, a pome of a characteristic shape, tapering towards the stalk."—*New English Dictionary.*]

THE apple is a fruit whose wide renown

Extends from Palestine to Arizona;

It soothed great SOLOMON when sore cast down

And may, for all we know, have cheered up JONAH;

It is the brightest jewel in the crown

Worn in her autumn glory by Pomona;

Welcome at breakfast, dinner, luncheon (tiffin),

Whether as Codlin, Pippin or as Biffin.

Yet apples (though they comfort more than flagons),

When we the history of the world retrace,

Are closely linked with serpents and with dragons

That wrought fell havoc on the human race;

Even when piled in ruddy heaps on wagons

They mock the promise of a smiling face

By the corroding canker at their hearts,

Or somehow manage to upset their carts.

No, give to me the mellow juicy pear

Hymned by the poet THOMSON in his *Seasons*,

A fruit that no malevolence can dare

To link with serpentine deceits or treasons,

Staid in the colour of its outer-wear

And yet delectable for many reasons,

Combining in a bounteous plenitude

Liquid refreshment with delicious food.

Apples may keep the medicos away,

Calm the insane and heal the epileptic,

But pears in their ingratiating way

Are just as hygienic and eupeptic;

Indeed, some experts are prepared to say

That as an antidote and antiseptic

The bland salubrious virtues of the Pyrus

Deprive the deadliest toxins of their virus.

I know, alas! that one good "pome" deserves

Another, and the consciousness dismays

The doggerel bard; and yet conviction nerves

My pen to indicate in one brief phrase

A taste from which my palate never swerves,

A virtue that demands the highest praise:

"Fate cannot harm me or disturb my peace

When I have lunched upon a ripe Comice."

Another Case for the N.S.P.C.C.

"Elizabeth found herself on a little stool by the nursery fire. . . . Securely pierced by a long brass toasting-fork she held a square piece of bread to the glowing flameless fire."—*Monthly Magazine.*



THE HEAD MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "GOOD BOY, HENDERSON. AS FOR YOU, THOMAS, I'LL SEE YOU LATER IN MY STUDY."



Wife. "JOHN, THERE'S A BURGLAR!"

Husband. "ARE YOU SURE?"

Wife. "ABSOLUTELY."

Husband. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, THEN, AS LONG AS YOUR MIND'S AT REST."

BETSY.

ONE fine Saturday Percival and I drove out into Surrey, bound for nowhere in particular. Taking lanes at random we eventually found ourselves in a remote little village near Abinger. Here we saw Betsy, and Percival stopped at once. He was obviously smitten and got out of the car with a glad eye.

Betsy was leaning coquettishly against the outside of a smithy and seemed to have been there for a long time. She didn't look very fast, but Percival ardently desired her, even though she possessed no brake and was minus several spokes. Betsy, by the way, was a bicycle. Not a common modern bicycle but a genuine high bicycle—a real old 1880 PENNY-farthing.

A man with an unpleasant face looked out of the door and Percival asked him if he wished to sell. The blacksmith leered and shook his head.

Percival suggested ten bob, but the owner merely said in a loud voice, "Ain't selling." He then looked up and down the road rather in the manner of a showman collecting an audience, and repeated even more loudly, "Ain't SELLING."

Two or three heads showed at windows and five children and a woman

appeared hurriedly from a cottage opposite as if anxious not to miss the fun. I could see that there was some trick toward, and next moment it came.

"But I'm giving 'er away——"

"Splendid! I——"

"To anyone that can ride 'er outern me sight."

Three more children, a couple of flappers and some labourers had now joined the group. All wore the happy anticipatory grins of an unsophisticated audience settling down to the first Act of a knock-about farce, in which, it was now obvious to me, Percival was cast for the part of leading clown. I even detected in the window of an adjacent cottage marked "COUNTY POLICE" an interested but unofficial head.

There was no doubt that this was one of the ancient sports of the countryside, probably called "Toff-Baiting" or "London Stranger's Falling Down."

The man Percival, however, is a fool. He said, "I say, do you mean that?" and seized Betsy by the arms. Betsy, in maidenly fashion, gave a protesting squeak but came to him.

"Yes, I do," sneered the owner. He had a nasty eye, acquired, I suppose, by years of getting the better of young men from London.

"Go on, Sir, do ee have a go!" shouted

a man with an antique straw boater, in false friendliness. Under his breath I heard him add hopefully to a neighbour: "Last gent tore his trousis and one afore 'im bust his collar-bone. Thought I should have died o' laughin'." There was no doubt the fellow had an atavistic sense of humour.

I ventured a protest, but Percival spurned it. Moreover, there was a hostile move on the part of the audience to lynch me for a spoil-sport. So I left Percival and Betsy to it. The outlook was not hopeful, for there was a straight run of fifty yards in each direction, between cottages on one side and a seven-foot hedge on the other.

Apparently you mounted the PENNY-farthing by putting one foot on a step at the back and vigorously pushing the contraption ahead of you with the other. When a sufficient speed was attained for you to leap up and forward, find the saddle with your seat, the pedals with your feet, and your balance with the whole of you—well, then you found you were riding the thing, unless you immediately fell over the handles or sideways.

Percival has a bulldog strain in him somewhere. Fivetimes he went through the above manœuvres and five times he found out at their conclusion that he

was *not* riding the thing. The audience, now some twenty strong and ever growing, laughed itself silly, except the man with the boater, who was still saving his mirth for broken bones. Then a sympathiser—probably the blacksmith owed him money—called out before he could be stopped, "Pull up with the same 'and, Mister, when you pushes down with your foot."

It gave Percival just the inside information he needed. Also he happened to be starting his sixth attempt a little way uphill from us. He came down upon the crowd like the Assyrian of old, and the crowd scattered into the gardens, the seven-foot hedge being impassable. All except the blacksmith. He alone stood his ground, luckily for Percival, who from his eyrie on the machine was able to remedy a terrific wobble by an outspread hand on the fellow's face.

Percival thanked him for his assistance and the man thanked Percival back again. In trying to retort, Percival got off abruptly into some sunflowers, his explanation being that from the height he was up he thought they were dandelions. Things began to look strained. One of the more excitable females of the crowd got hysterics.

"How far have I got to ride it?" asked Percival, seizing the bicycle once more.

"Outern me sight," growled the owner, adding, to make sure that Percival really should hurt himself before he gave up, "unless you're afeared."

"Who's afeared?" demanded Percival, and mounting once more he wobbled off uphill again almost as far as the corner. This time I thought he *had* broken something. Even from that distance I distinctly heard it snap, and the bloodthirsty man in the boater said it sounded just like collar-bones. Actually it was only another of Betsy's spokes.

For the next attempt, which was downhill, Percival determined to make the most of the slope. He achieved a truly wonderful speed with his propelling foot, leapt up and kept his balance. As he neared us the blacksmith saw fit to remark, "Just you mind my face this time!" and it proved his undoing. Percival, startled at being spoken to when he was busy riding, swerved violently and ran at high velocity slap into the seven-foot hedge.

It was not, after all, an impassable hedge, for Percival passed through it quite easily and disappeared into what sounded like a stream.

There was a silence, followed by a burst of laughter. Then some quick-witted humourist said to the blacksmith, "Well, 'e's outern your sight, George. It's 'is now." An award which Percival's voice was soon heard



"AND YOU SAY THAT'S REAL IVORY?"
"VELL—ALMOST."

confidently claiming from the other side of the hedge.

When he returned (wheeling the thing) by a lane at the back, the blacksmith tried to get out of it. But the onlookers, who had been watching all those years the downfall of "Lunnon toffs," had also to a lesser degree been watching all those years for the blacksmith's discomfiture.

A round dozen at once offered themselves as witnesses for Percival, including the village constable, who, seeing that the show was over, came out officially and said, "What's all this 'ere?" Percival, however, compromised on five

bob, then insisted on loading Betsy into my car and we drove off in triumph.

When people complain to me that the ancient sports are dying out in the English countryside I shall tell them I know one person at least who has had something to do with it. Meanwhile Percival has given the machine to his gardener's father. The old chap rides it with practised ease and says it makes him feel quite young again. A. A.

New Values for Old Words.

"No fewer than 12,000,000 women in this country have their hair permanently waved every month."—*Liverpool Paper*.

MISLEADING CASES.

XXIII.—WHAT IS A MOTOR-CAR?

Haddock v. Thwale.

THE Court of Appeal to-day gave judgment in this case, which raises an interesting point concerning the rights of the pedestrian and the legal nature of a motor-car.

THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS said: "This is an appeal from a judgment of the Lord Chief Justice dismissing an action for damages brought by Mr. Albert Haddock against Mr. Frank Thwale. Mr. Haddock, while crossing a public thoroughfare in London, was knocked down by Mr. Thwale's motor-car and received bodily injury. Such events are now so familiar a part of the life of our streets that few citizens any longer resent them or even remark upon them. But Mr. Haddock saw fit to make an accusation of negligence against Mr. Thwale and to demand compensation.

"Mr. Thwale replied that Mr. Haddock himself had been guilty of negligence in running across the road in front of his advancing motor-car, which was passing the cross-roads at a reasonable speed of thirty-five miles an hour; that Mr. Haddock was in fact what is contemptuously known as a 'jay-walker,' that is to say a pedestrian who obstinately refuses to fly, but may in the near future be expected to have wings. Mr. Haddock replied that seven minutes before the accident he had been a prudent and reasonable man, patiently waiting for the motor-cars to go by in order that he might cross the road and keep an appointment, which in his judgment was as important as any of the affairs of the various motorists whose vehicles blocked his passage; that he stood for several minutes under a board marked 'PLEASE CROSS HERE'; that he made five separate attempts to cross at that point, but in each case was driven back in fear to the pavement; that the constable on duty took no steps to arrest the stream of motor-cars; that the said stream continued, and threatened to continue, without interruption; that he was reluctant to spend the remainder of the day on the wrong side of the road; and that at last, growing desperate, he did, as he admits, run across the road to a refuge

eight yards away in the usual manner of the pedestrian—that is to say, as if they were a criminal in flight, a soldier pursued by a sniper, or a common hen; that he under-estimated the speed and ferocity of Mr. Thwale; that Mr. Thwale, though some distance away when the crossing began, was travelling too fast to avoid him, and that, if he is a jay-walker, Mr. Thwale may fairly be described as a jackal-driver.

"The Lord Chief Justice directed the jury that it was the duty of both parties to take reasonable care and to avoid as much as possible the consequences of the negligence of the other, and to recollect that what happened might have been due to the simultaneous negligence of both. The jury found that there had in fact been contributory

to keep out of the way or had omitted to proceed upon his hands and knees.

"But Mr. Haddock goes further. He has argued that this Court is bound by the celebrated case of *Rylands v. Fletcher* (L. R. 3 H. L. 330). In that case the plaintiff's property was damaged by water which without any fault of his, escaped from his neighbour's, the defendant's, reservoir. The House of Lords concurred with Mr. Justice Blackburn's memorable words:—

"We think that the true rule of law is that the person who for his own purposes brings on his land and collects and keeps there anything likely to do mischief if it escapes, must keep it in *at his peril*; and if he does not do so is *prima facie* answerable for all the damage which is the natural consequence of its escape. . . . The person whose grass or corn is eaten down by the escaping cattle of his neighbour, or whose mine is flooded by the water from his neighbour's reservoir, or whose habitation is made unhealthy by the fumes and noisome vapours of his neighbour's alkali works, is damnified without any fault of his own, and it seems but reasonable and just that the neighbour who has brought something on to his own property (*which was not naturally there*), harmless to others so long as it is confined to his own property, but which he knows will be mischievous if it gets on his neighbour's, should be obliged to make good the damage which ensues if he does not succeed in confining it to his own property. *But for his act in bringing it there no mischief could have accrued*; and it seems but just that he should at his peril keep it there, so that no mischief may accrue, or answer for the natural and anticipated consequence. And upon authority this we think is established to be the law, whether the things so brought be beasts or water, or filth or stench."



Harassed Elder Sister. "NAH THEN, ALBERT, DON'T GO THROWIN' THEM BANANA-SKINS ON THE RAILS OR YER'LL HAVE US ALL SKIDDIN' ORF THE LINE."

negligence on the part of Mr. Haddock, and returned a verdict for Mr. Thwale. Mr. Haddock appealed on the ground of misdirection of the jury.

"The appellant has conducted his own case with singular ability and charm, and he has advanced a novel proposition. He asks this Court to say that the Lord Chief Justice was wrong in law in placing upon all fours the negligence of a motorist and the negligence of a pedestrian. The appellant's contention is that a far higher standard of care should be demanded of the motorist by reason of his having brought upon the public roads a lethal instrument of great mobility and power. If, says Mr. Haddock, the respondent were to walk on a crowded pavement carrying a loaded gun and with his finger on the trigger, a pedestrian who was wounded by the accidental discharge of that gun would not be held guilty of contributory negligence by reason only that he had failed

the natural and anticipated consequence. And upon authority this we think is established to be the law, whether the things so brought be beasts or water, or filth or stench."

"Or motor-cars," Mr. Haddock adds. And we think he is right. Mr. Thwale's motor-car should in law be regarded as a wild beast; and the boast of its makers that it contains the concentrated power of forty-five horses makes the comparison just. If a man were to bring upon the public street forty-five horses, tethered together, and were to gallop them at their full speed past a frequented cross-roads, no lack of agility, judgment or presence of mind in the pedestrian would be counted such negligence as to excuse his injury. And the fact that the forty-five horses of Mr. Thwale are enclosed in a steel case and can approach without sound or warning does not diminish, but augment, their power to do injury. The ordinary walking citizen cannot be



Mother. "I HOPE THAT GENTLEMAN'S CIGAR WILL BE A LESSON TO YOU, PETER, NEVER TO START SMOKING."

expected to calculate to a nicety the speed, direction and future conduct of such monsters, for not even their own drivers can do that. And in the face of a procession of them the wise may well blunder, the brave falter, the resolute waver, and the swift be too slow. Mr. Haddock himself is of an athletic habit, a cool thinker, accustomed to danger, a good runner and jumper; but still his equipment was not enough to save him from a mauling. What precautions then can avail the aged and infirm, the deaf, the halt, the nursemaid and the child? If Mr. Haddock had been manifestly lame no jury would have excused Mr. Thwale for knocking him down; but the motorist is no more entitled to murder a man with two legs than a man with one. We all have a right to expect that people will not deliberately let loose mad dogs in the streets, expose us to the assaults of tigers or go about with dangerous explosives which they are unable to control; and if they do these things they do them at their peril. Mr. Thwale has brought on to his own property and allowed to escape from it on to the public highway, which

in a sense is the property of Mr. Haddock, as of all the King's subjects, a dangerous instrument 'which was not naturally there, harmless to others so long as it was confined to his own property, but which he knew would be mischievous if it got out. *But for his act in bringing it there no mischief could have accrued, and it seems but just that he should at his peril keep it there.*'

"It has been argued before us that his act is one sanctified by long popular usage; but we are concerned, not with popular usage, but with the law. The fact that this point of law has never before been brought to the notice of this Court does not deprive it of substance. Lord MILDEW said, in *Staggers v. The Metropolitan Water Board*: 'There can be no prescriptive right to murder or maim the King's subjects.' We sometimes laugh at our ancestors, who insisted that a red flag must be carried in front of every motor-car; but we begin to see that there was something in it. At any rate that precaution throws some light upon the juridical character of the motor-car at its

birth, and nothing, so far as we know, has happened to alter it.

"An act of wanton defiance or wilful carelessness in the injured party might be a circumstance which would justify a reduction or even denial of damages; but *prima facie* the owner of the wild beast, as we hold this motor-car to be, is liable for the consequences of his rash act. In any case we find nothing of the sort here. Mr. Haddock, while lawfully crossing the road, was injured by a dangerous and uncontrollable monster, which had been released by the act of the respondent; and he must receive damages of £5,000. We order the motor-car to be destroyed."

MUSH, L. J., and POPPITT, L. J., concurred. A. P. H.

From a statement made to a Press reporter by the Borough Surveyor of Hornsey:—

"One of the samples was taken from the bath when there were three thousand bathers a day. The water was shown to be similar to ordinary drinking water."

That's the sort of thing that discourages a Prohibitionist.

THE SADNESS OF AUTUMN.

POETS have ever loved to harp upon the melancholy of Autumn, and for the majority of them the sadness of this season arises chiefly from the fact that the leaves are falling or have fallen from the trees.

Since one rarely sees poets engaged in sweeping up fallen leaves or clearing them from gutters, it is a little difficult to understand their habitual lowness of spirits over a natural event to which the bulk of the human race has become fairly well accustomed. Poets, however, are apt to be affected by the pageantry of Nature in her melancholy moods, while ignoring many of the far more moving tragedies of life.

No poet—no artist, even—appears yet to have perceived that the crumpet, that autumn visitant, is pregnant with melancholy. The crumpet is not generally looked to for sob-stuff. On the contrary, seen in the mass, or rather in the pile, there are few more heartening objects for contemplation than the crumpet that so glisteningly reflects the cosy joy of a firelit tea-time. At the sight of a heap of well-buttered crumpets conversation becomes animated and long-distance visitors begin to feel glad they came. I have known even a stern business man, wearied and disgruntled by a disappointing round of golf, lean forward in his chair as the silver cover was raised and pat his child's face. It seems impossible that the crumpet could ever harrow the human heart. Other organs, possibly, but not the heart.

Yet wait. Gradually the pile diminishes until but one crumpet remains. Restrained by the high virtue of politeness or the ignoble pressure of repletion, each member of the company refuses to release it from its congealing solitude. Is there anything more poignantly sad than the sight of the last cold crumpet?

For the tragedy of the crumpet lies in the fact that civilisation has decreed that it shall not be warmed up. Other viands may experience joyous and tasty forms of resurrection, but the coldness of the crumpet is the coldness of the tomb; it leaves the table never to return. I remember once pleading for the lifeless body of a last crumpet to be accommodated in a bread-and-butter pudding, only to be told that in that house such a deed never had been and never could be contemplated, and the crumpet must depart with its true and honourable mission unfulfilled. Yet poets waste time moaning over fallen leaves.

In the autumn the householder is forced to think of coal; and from this reflection he passes into prayerful communion with the coal merchant or his

subordinate, who shares with the estate agent the peculiar privilege of residing in close proximity to the railway station.

It seems incredible that no poet should be moved to lyrical sympathy with the man who takes orders for coal. The coal retailer puts little baskets of coal in his window with a different designation on each basket, and that is that. He arouses no public interest. Children do not press their noses against his window: housewives do not gather in clusters on the pavement trying to make up their minds which lot of coal is likely to suit them best as being most calorific at the price.

The seller of coal sits in his little office, now and then picking up a ledger or day-book as it is shaken off its shelf by the repercussions of an express train. An order for coal or the sight of a possible customer arouses no joy of salesmanship. The customer does not ask to see a selection of coal; he knows what he wants, or, at any rate, he knows what he does not want, which is the beastly rubbish they sent along last time. No opportunity is afforded the seller for placing a lump of coal on the counter and patting its ebony flank and saying proudly, "Now, here is an entirely new line of coal which is selling very well just now." He cannot relieve the monotony of his life by calling at houses with lumps of coal and giving a demonstration. He cannot even have the fun of a Bargain Sale or entertain himself by marking his stock: "Suitable Wedding Gifts" or "Just the Thing for a Birthday Present." Yet no autumn-inspired poet, as he seizes the poker and batters at a sample of the coal-merchant's art, is moved to voice the little-headed sorrows of the man from whom he ordered the stuff. It does seem strange.

Again, what is the melancholy evoked by mist and falling leaf to the deadness of soul within a man whom autumn compels to purchase new winter underwear? I know men who would go to the scaffold with almost as sprightly a step as that with which they enter a shop to buy winter underwear. There is no joy in the purchase, no bewildering allurements of various hues and designs, no pride in the daring decision upon something startling and unique. Simply the soul-sickening sense of parting with good money for something the world will neither see nor wish to see and which the owner will wear without affection and with possible discomfort for many weary days.

And the poet, mooning over his beastly falling leaves, misses even that deadliest source of autumn melancholy.

D. C.

FALLIBLE FABLES.

THERE was once a Beautiful Actress who Averted a Panic when Fire broke out in her Theatre by Calmly Continuing in her part. Fascinated by her Performance the Audience Remained in their Seats, where they were in Grave Peril of being Burned to Death. But the Manager Saw the Danger and with great Presence of Mind he caused the Actress to Cease her Performance by Turning the Hose on her.

* * *

There was once an Explorer who Visited a certain Cannibal Island with a View to Observing the Habits and Customs of the Simple Savages. Now it Chanced that his Funeral Obsequies received Considerable Publicity, and the Island was shortly Besieged by Journalists who came to Inquire into the Manner of his End. And the Cannibal King, perceiving the Advertising Value of the Affair to the Island, Dictated an Article to them on the Subject of its Attractions. And shortly after they had Dispatched this Article to their Journals he Ate them Up.

* * *

An Idle young Reporter, dreaming in the Office that his Editor lay Gagged and Bound, Pinched himself and Found that, as he had Expected, he was Fast Asleep. He therefore took Courage to Express his Unfavourable Opinion of his Chief with much graphic Detail, Forgetful that in his Slumber he might Talk Aloud. But the Editor, who was Attracted by his Ravings and Amazed at the Fertility of his Vocabulary, Wakened him and Offered him a Staff Appointment.

* * *

There was once a Cinema Star who was Accustomed in the Weekly Press to Attribute her Success to a certain School for the Training of the Mind. But the Advertising Manager of the School decided that, in View of the Gratuitous Publicity she was receiving from her Appearance in the Press, her Honorarium should be Cut Down. Whereupon the Lady Embarked upon a Serious Study of the Course on Logic, and in a Short Time was able to produce Unanswerable Arguments in favour of the Resumption of her Original Salary, supplemented by a Handsome Bonus.

* * *

There was once a Parent who Professed that the Punishment he Inflicted on his Son was even Harder for himself to Bear. Whereupon the Youth's Sense of Justice was Aroused, and he Proposed to his Father that their Roles should be Reversed. But his Sire pointed out that the Knowledge of the Pain he



"'E'S ALWAYS BIN A SENSITIVE BOY, MRS. WHILKS. THE DOCTOR SAYS 'E'S TOO 'IGHLY SPRUNG.'"

was Inflicting would be Too Heavy a Punishment for so Sensitive a Lad, and Continued to Apply the Cane.

* * *

There was once an Ice-Cream Merchant who was Ignorant of the Theory of Relativity. Owing to the Expansion of his Business he Rebuilt his Premises on a Large Scale and installed an Electric Refrigerator. But in the Spacious Rooms his Wares Appeared much Smaller than before, so that his Custom Dwindled Away.

* * *

There was once a Young Cricketer who had Occasion to Ask Leave of his

Employer so that he might Attend the Funeral of his Grandmother. But the Employer happened to Know the Old Lady and, being a Hard Man, he refused the Application on the Ground that she was Not Yet Dead. Whereupon the Youth Burst into Tears and, Repenting of his Deceit, Vowed to Renounce Cricket and all other Evil Courses.

* * *

There was once a Poor but Earnest Temperance Lecturer who Suffered from Hiccough. And to his Mortification his Audiences took Delight in his Affliction and Laughed Heartily at his Efforts to Overcome it. And when the Manager

of a West-End Theatre Offered him a Dazzling Contract to Star in Vaudeville he Accepted it with Disgust.

* * *

There was once a Retired Bookmaker who Devoted much of his Time and Resources to the Upkeep of a Home for Aged Reprobates. But he was Loth to Curb his Gambling Propensities, and after a Run of Bad Luck at Monte Carlo he was Forced to Seek Relief from his own Institution. But the Committee Refused his Application with Regret, Intimating that his Past Character was Too High to Entitle him to Admission.

WITHOUT A SMILE.

I SUGGEST that by about 2000 A.D. the territories ruled by the Roman Empire will be very much the same as they were in the year 1. Whether this will be good for the world I cannot say.

Most people object to unfavourable comments on the active life of Signor MUSSOLINI, and I am not going to make any. I will admit that the 13.45, or whatever it may be, now arrives punctually at Spezia, and that you may not spit in it or put your feet up on the cushions, and that these and similar reforms are all for the best. And I will not stop there. I will consider with equal enthusiasm the rest of Signor MUSSOLINI's vast programme of reform.

His avowed ideal is a healthy, moral and enormously over-populated Italy. There are said to be a hundred State measures devoted to increasing the birth-rate, and birth-control is absolutely barred. So are breaches of the seventh commandment. A year's imprisonment with hard labour is the punishment in the new Fascist penal code for what is called "an erring wife." Her partner in guilt gets the same. That would keep the police - courts pretty busy in England. But it would no doubt revive the glorious ideals of Victorian family life, after a while, as well as producing a population which would be bound to emigrate or starve.

Bachelors are also taxed in Italy. The most harmless of hobbies are condemned. Signor MUSSOLINI does not allow gambling, except for the foreigner at San Remo, where the maximum stake is now higher than at Monte Carlo.

Signor MUSSOLINI has frequently declared that the Adriatic must be an Italian lake. In his unspoken thought I suggest that he substitutes the word Mediterranean for the word Adriatic. Italy penetrates Albania and terrifies Jugo-Slavia. She provides labour for French Colonies in Africa which the French cannot provide themselves. Whether she would care at all to take over the mandate for Palestine or Syria as the opportunity arose I should not like to inquire.

It seems sufficient to say that MUSSOLINI will have to do something with all these millions of babies which he is artificially incubating by his legal code.

I am not blaming him. People have built empires before. But there is no reason why, when they are doing so, we should not stand and gape a little in front of the foundation stones.

Let us therefore proceed.

The obstacle to any such design on Signor MUSSOLINI's part would appear to be the universal hatred of war. Throughout England and Germany, I gather, the book entitled *All Quiet on the Western Front*—surely a violent piece of pacific propaganda—is passing from edition to edition. The play called *Journey's End*, also somewhat anti-militaristic in tone, has a similar success. With a good deal of reason, in fact, most of Northern Europe and most of the United States of America openly and without affecta-

ney, and one would suppose that there was a certain activity in the Mediterranean sector.

Meanwhile I would point out that self-determination rages unabated in Egypt, in India and elsewhere. Nationalism has the support of all good pacifists, on the assumption, of course, that every nation can be self-contained. If Italian nationalism is going to be self-contained, there will not be much standing-room in Italy in seventy years from to-day.

Rather I think it likely that, while the remoter parts of Asia are reading *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by this time translated into every dialect on the globe, the Roman legionaries will be arriving to tell them, with polite apologies, that their country has been recently annexed.

We laughed at each other in 1910 for saying that sort of thing about the EX-KAISER of Germany, but nobody is allowed to laugh, and I am not going to laugh, at Signor MUSSOLINI.

I should have liked to laugh, two or three years ago, because they say that ridicule sometimes kills. But violent die-hards like Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW were so enthusiastic about MUSSOLINI that it was almost impossible to risk a smile.

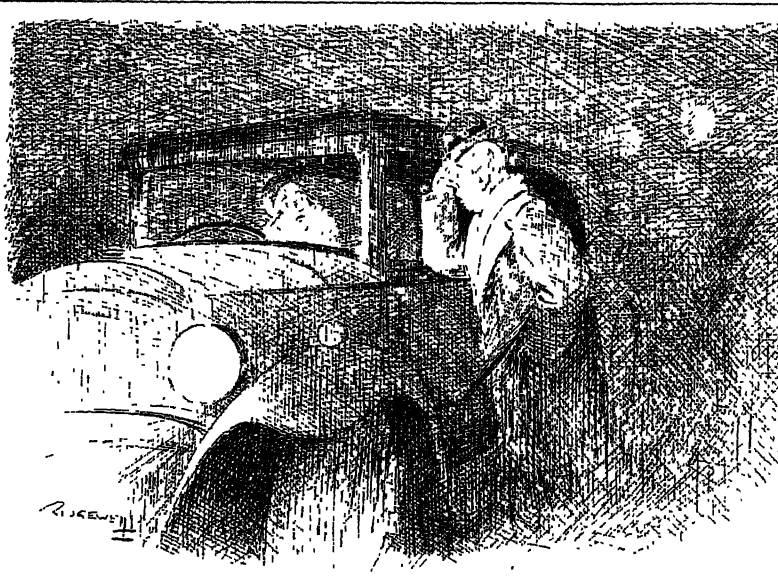
I do, however, defy anyone to find any complacently earth-shattering pronouncements made before 1914 by KAISER WILHELM II.

that have not been rivalled, since we all became pacifists, by Signor MUSSOLINI.

Italy no doubt possesses nothing tremendous in the way of armaments; but this is an age of science, and science is a wonderful thing. In the meantime most of Europe produces fewer babies and tells them of the beauties of peace, whilst Italy lays down cradle after cradle and instructs her babies about the splendour and nobility and patriotism of war.

Perhaps no fire will come of this smoke, on which we are forbidden to throw cold water. It is always possible to believe in luck. On the other hand there is every historical reason for believing in the possibility of a military empire. And if Italy is not out for one she has the most delicate way of hiding her purpose that can be imagined.

EVOC.



Pedestrian (completely fogged). "PARDON ME—IS THIS VERNON TERRACE?"
Motorist (equally so). "CERTAINLY NOT. THIS IS A MOTOR-CAR."

tion dislike war. It is painful, nasty and expensive.

One might have supposed that, even while manufacturing babies and casting a shadow over the Mediterranean, Signor MUSSOLINI would have rendered lip service to the pleasures of peace. His last quoted utterance on this important theme is as follows:—

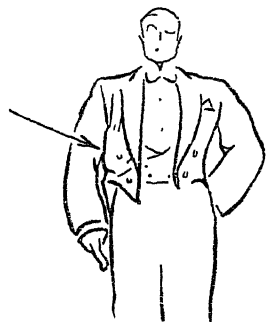
"There is too much talk altogether about peace. . . Not a single nation has really disarmed. . . We are a rising people. Of that I am profoundly convinced. . . If necessary all ex-Service men are ready to fight again, and conquer."

He was addressing ex-Service men when he made this speech, and one must make allowance, very likely, for Roman rhetoric. But I see nothing in these words of the note which runs through *Journey's End* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Italy appears rather to be at the beginning of a jour-

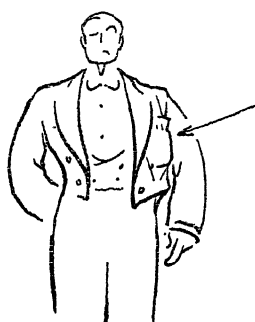
SMOKING IN THE EVENING.

JUST AS A MATTER OF INTEREST, WHAT DO YOU DO ABOUT SMOKING IN THE EVENING?

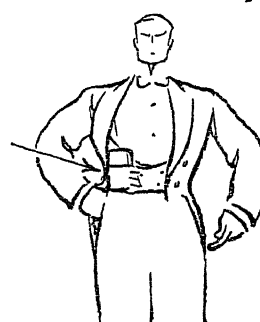
Fergusson



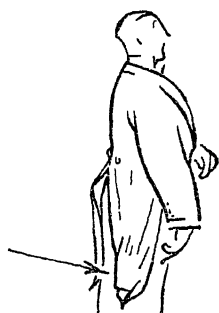
DO YOU CARRY YOUR CASE IN YOUR IN-SIDE COAT-POCKET?—



OR YOUR OUTSIDE COAT-POCKET?—



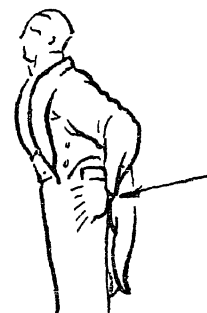
OR YOUR WAISTCOAT-POCKET?—



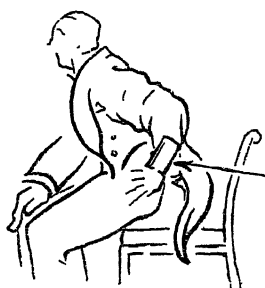
OR YOUR TAIL-POCKET?—



OR YOUR TROUSERS-POCKET?—



OR YOUR HIP-POCKET—



(WHICH IS REALLY ONLY A—



TEMPORARY RESTING-PLACE)?—



OR DO YOU COMPROMISE BY CARRYING AN "EVENING" CIGARETTE-CASE THAT ONLY HOLDS FOUR (THREE FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND ONE FOR YOURSELF—



WHICH YOU START TO SMOKE JUST AS YOU HAVE TO GO IN TO DINNER)?—



OR HAVE YOU HIT UPON THE BRILLIANT IDEA OF CARRYING A SOFT COMPRESSIBLE CASE WHICH DOESN'T SPOIL THE SET OF YOUR CLOTHES—



AND PRODUCES CIGARETTES LIKE THIS?

ATALANTA IN PECKHAM.

Run, woman, run,
Scuttle along like fun;
Seventy yards, and the tram won't wait;
And you must get home, and you're
rather late;
Run, woman, run.

Run, woman, run,
Think there's a race to be won;
Toddle away with your week-end
shopping;
Home's ahead, and the tram still
stopping;
Heaving a bit,
Panting a bit,
Go it, old lady, show your grit;
Run, woman, run.

Run, woman, run,
Never confess you're done;
Alas for the days on the village green
When you were a sinewy seventeen
Slight, slim,
Light of limb,
That was the time when you used to
skim
Low as a lapwing, quick as a wren
(You were a different figure then)
Showing the way to the village boys
Who couldn't catch you for all their
noise

Excepting Jim (if his name was Jim)—
You weren't so keen if it came to
him.

Now your heels are inclined to flag,
And your hat's askew and your long
skirts drag,
And you're carrying weight in that
tight-packed bag.
But the tram's still waiting, so keep it
up;

Fancy you're after a challenge cup;
Run, woman, run.

Run, woman, run,
That bag must feel like a ton.

* * * * *
Thirty yards, and the worst had
gone;

Twenty left, and her old face shone;
One last spurt and—the tram went on—
On—on—on—
Clumsily, bluntly, and left her there.

Heaving, panting, fighting for air;
And her bag dropped down on the
pavement, and
She clutched her side with a black-
gloved hand,
And, with never a thought of her sheer
bad luck
And a throbbing stitch and her wasted
pluck,

Would you believe it?—pumped but
game,

She burst out laughing, the stout old
dame,
As much as to say, "Well, *there* you
are!"

So we drove her home in a Rolls-Royce
car.
DUM-DUM.

SNAP IT IN COLOUR.

NOBODY has ever taken an interest
in my snapshots. Even my master-
piece of James reclining ghostily on the
roof of the church or of a herd of Lincoln
shorthorns browsing quietly in Aunt
Susan's drawing-room hardly aroused
the interest they deserved; while the
pictures of my travels have always been
passed over in silence. The Vicar turns
his into slides and people actually pay
to see them put into the lantern upside
down. But nobody will give so much
as a glance at mine, even though they
are pasted in my album right way up.
I don't understand this.

Yet as soon as colour films came on
the market everybody remembered that
old George had a camera, and forth-
with dressed carefully in their brightest
raiment and came round to have tea
with me. When the light promised to



Small Boy. "I SUPPOSE, MUMMY, THAT LADY'S WHAT THEY CALL A 'HIGH-BROW'?"

be good, my lawn presented a picturesque appearance—a little like the paddock at Ascot. All of my visitors were interested in photography. They condescended to look at my snaps. And some of them even listened when I talked of three-dimensional planes and the middle distance.

My friends who had cameras wanted to know what I thought of coloured snaps. They were all waiting, I gathered, to see what old George made of them. A man who could get Lincoln shorthorns into Aunt Susan's drawing-room was obviously the man to get colour into a snapshot. And as the cost per print would work out at half-a-crown instead of the usual sixpence they thought they'd wait and see how they turned out before they risked their money.

But any advice they could tender was unreservedly at my disposal. They warned me to risk nothing, to load the camera in an orange light, to use a bulb exposure with the shutter closed down to 32, and above all to choose a vivid subject.

Of vivid subjects I had plenty. My lawn (on photographic days) dripped with them. My visitors, having talked enthusiastically of colour-photographs, began to hint that they should be photographed.

Doris asked me outright to photograph her in colour. With Barbara's eye upon me, I hastily explained that her dress was hardly vivid enough, and that all the examples of colour-photography I had seen were of people in brilliant bathing-dresses. It seemed she had one of these and would be pleased to put it on. Of course it would look more in the picture if she were clinging to the lee scuppers or the binnacle stay-sheet, but one couldn't have everything, could one, and the gladiolas were rather nice.

I pointed out that my garden was a piece of land entirely surrounded by ardent Church workers and that it wouldn't do at all. Afterwards, at the seaside, perhaps. Then she suggested a punt on the river with vivid cushions and a Japanese parasol. That would make a good subject. It would. I could imagine Barbara speaking on that subject for quite a long time.

Doris then attacked from a new angle.

"Have you seen my new Chartreuse dance frock?" she cooed sweetly to Barbara. "No? Then I'll bring it round and the dear man can photograph it."

It was a sweet little frock and the dear man photographed it. It was a dear little photograph too. As soon as Barbara saw it she wanted to be colour-snapped in a sweet little frock. You've



Friend of the Family (inquiring for daughter of the house who has just become engaged). "IS MISS GWEN IN?"

Maid (hesitatingly). "WELL—YES, SIR, BUT—SHE WAS SUITED YESTERDAY."

no idea how expensive sweet little frocks are.

As soon as the glad tidings passed round that old George could photograph sweet little frocks almost as well as interiors with Lincoln shorthorns, the demands for my services increased. Elsa had to be snapped in her Lido outfit, Chloe had an evening wrap in blue velvet trimmed with ermine which demanded a photograph, Mabel had brought back from Paris an exquisitely cut sports model which deserved to be immortalised in colour.

Still they came, in colours which would melt the hardest lens. And from each creation Barbara picked up a hint for colour-snapshots of herself. I have

now photographed Barbara in her new sweet little frock, her new Lido outfit, her new evening wrap and her new Paris sports model.

When my photographic friends come round to know what I think of coloured snapshots, they will be surprised to hear how expensive they are. I wish I had stuck to my studies of Lincoln shorthorns with drawing-room backgrounds. Indeed I am writing to the film company to ask what they are going to do about it. I don't think a coloured print ought to cost £15 7s. 6d. W. E. R.

Schoolgirl's Answer: "Excommunication is when burglars cut the telephone wires."



Customer. "THESE SHOES I BOUGHT FROM YOU ARE TOO FLIMSY TO WALK IN."
 Manageress. "OUR ESTABLISHMENT, MADAM, DOES NOT PRETEND TO CATER FOR PEDESTRIANS."

NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA.

"We are living in a golden age, and I say with great deliberation that the English people to-day are better clothed, better fed, better housed and better educated than they have ever been in the history of our country."—
Sir GEORGE NEWMAN, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health.

Now is there joy, now exultation,
 In Charles Street and Whitehall,
 The high Saturnian jubilation
 Suffuses one and all;
 Now bring the pipe, now beat
 the tabor,
 Be merry, Ministress of Labour,
 And thou, thou Board of Education,
 Leap to the madrigal!

Dejection, hence! and go on hencing
 With weeds of dismal black;
 The world's great age is recommencing.
 The golden years come back.
 Ring out the bells from every
 steeple!
 Put on your Sunday best, ye
 people!
 Behold, the fountains are dispensing
 Pop and canary sack.
 The sparrows on the housetops chirrup,
 The doves have cooed "Amen!"
 Rides RAMSAY forth, and at his stirrup
 Go marching miners ten;
 And BEAVERBROOK, with mien
 adoring,

And simple BIRKENHEAD out-
 pouring
 His cornucopias of syrup
 Softly on WEDGWOOD BENN!

And who goes here in gilded raiment
 Before the festal rout,
 With open purse-strings showering
 payment

On suitors round about?
 'Tis THOMAS on his fiery jennet,
 And all the leaders of the senate
 And MAXTON, with his voice reclamant,
 Answer him shout for shout!

With careless hand and leaning idle
 Over the laughing throng,
 See SNOWDEN plucking at his bridle,
 Humming an old-world song;
 The Minister of Health and
 Housing
 Has been with him to-day
 carousing;

Sweet Thames meanwhile (except
 where tidal)
 Rolls limpidly along.

From windows where they drain their
 coffees

The mandarins of War,
 The pundits of the Scottish Office
 Swell the advancing roar;
 And all the presses of Great
 Britain

Their delicate romances written
 For simple children sucking toffees
 Re-publish more and more.

The careful motor, hardly hooting,
 Forgets to caracole;

The Church no errors is imputing,
 And young men round the bowl

The lovely eyes of maids are
 toasting,

And LANSBURY stands in Poplar,
 roasting,

For eager cits in velvet suiting,
 Imperial oxen whole! *EVOE.*

A Stupefying Glimpse of the Obvious.

"But all the advantages do not lie with the
 'buses. For long train journeys, for instance,
 nothing can beat a train."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Decorum at a Discount.

"The committee of the Women's Institute
 reserve to themselves the right to exclude any
 woman whom they think proper."
West-Country Women's Institute.

"The sale will be held on the afternoon of
 Wednesday. Mr. — will preside, and will be
 opened by Mr. —, M.A."—*Scots Paper.*
 Anyhow the president has had fair
 warning of his autopsy.

"Two wild swans flew into these wires and
 were killed, the male bird remaining dead,
 whilst the female recovered after some time
 and flew away."—*Electrical Paper.*

Madame PAVLOVA, on the other hand,
 never does this until the curtain is down.



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

VOICE FROM WIRELESS OPERATOR. "BIT OF A TYPHOON REPORTED FROM WESTMINSTER, SIR."

SIR JOHN SIMON. "AH!" (*Goes on with his job.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 4th.—Captain CROOKSHANK must have been surprised to learn that the cost of turning the British Minister in Warsaw into a full-blown Ambassador is a beggarly five hundred pounds a year. But has not some eminent diplomat observed, upon being asked to define the difference between a Legation and an Embassy, that an Ambassador's cook *must* be above suspicion?

Mr. HENDERSON's effective rejoinders to the questions of the breezy Member for Dulwich were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD amid loud cheers. These were presently supplemented by a few words of graceful welcome from Mr. BALDWIN, who assured the PRIME MINISTER that the place had not seemed the same without him.

The LORD PRIVY SEAL has been so long rolling up his sleeves and telling us that there is going to be no deception that the House expected, if not the fat rabbits of electoral promise, at least the guinea-pigs of anticipatory eloquence. What emerged from Mr. THOMAS's agile sleeve can best be described as a litter of immature but none the less ridiculous mice. And they weren't even pink mice at that. Some were blue, others yellow. In another respect they differed from the rest of their kind; they looked like taking a long time to grow up.

Mr. THOMAS's supporters listened glumly while he lifted each little creature by the tail and assured the House that in the course of a year or so it would grow into a fine fat fellow. There were plans for more roads and more Tubes and more bridges, and bigger and brighter freight-waggon (when the good terminals had been made over to accommodate them), and anyway trade was looking up, so why not be cheerful? Only one proposal—to collar the unearned increment on land improved by road schemes—won a wan approval from the Socialist benches.

Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS was naturally an amiable critic, since the LORD PRIVY SEAL's programme largely endorsed the notorious Conservative view of the essential limitations of all schemes to relieve unemployment that do not involve the revival of industry.

The real critic was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, whose own unemployment scheme—a veritable hippopotamus—still languishes beneath the Liberal hat. He called Mr. THOMAS's proposals "pusillanimous," and declared that they would not give employment to thirty thousand men this winter.

It was also the winter of Mr. MAXTON's discontent. He besought Mr. THOMAS to abandon the Tory philosophy of unemployment and adopt the Socialist philosophy. Mr. THOMAS, who knows a few things that are not dreamed of in any Party's philosophy, looked bored.

Tuesday, November 5th.—Parliament



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.
LORDS PARMOOR AND PASSFIELD.

ranged to-day from Russia's icy mountains to India's coral strand. The Commons frigidly explored the Steppes leading to the new Anglo-Soviet agreement. The Lords stuck to the coral strand.

Among the latter Lord READING was explorer-in-chief. He called it "inaugurating an interrogatory debate." He asked why Lord IRWIN's pronouncement had been made without consulting the Simon Commission. He invited the Government to make it plain that the reference to "Dominion status" was merely a reaffirmation of the ultimate goal of British policy in India and not, as many Indians were assuming it to be, a promise that the next task of the Simon Commission would be to frame a Dominion constitution for India.

Lord PARMOOR at great length gave

the assurance, and explained the Government's failure to consult the Simon Commission by saying that it "trusted the man on the spot."

Lord BIRKENHEAD forgot to be interrogatory, as he usually does when Lord PARMOOR catches his eye, and became purely lambastory.

Lord PASSFIELD tendered apologies to the Simon Commission in the interests of harmony all round.

Mr. HENDERSON, despite the large army behind him, found the road to Moscow arduous. Indeed, it might be said that he never got beyond the "White Hart" at Lewes. For, though he and M. DOGVALEVSKY agreed that simultaneously with the exchange of ambassadors both Governments would give a solemn pledge to refrain from propaganda, he did not succeed in securing M. DOGVALEVSKY's agreement to the view that the Soviet Government and the Third International are one and the same thing. Everything else is to be settled by negotiation *after* diplomatic relations have been resumed, not before, as Mr. MACDONALD had insisted in 1924. On the other hand there would, Mr. HENDERSON explained, be no British Government guarantee of any Russian loans.

"An abject surrender," chorused the Conservatives, not unjustifiably; but then, as Mr. BALDWIN acidly pointed out, resumption of relations with Russia was the only Election pledge that the Government had any real expectation of redeeming. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, his eye still on those bulging bins, supported Mr. HENDERSON. He pooh-poohed propaganda, declaring himself less afraid of the success of STALIN than of the failure of Mr. J. H. THOMAS. He added cheerfully that he hoped Mr. HENDERSON would not break with Russia the first time the Russian Government broke its word. Mr. DALTON replied vaguely on the question of the extensive diplomatic privileges that the Russian trade delegation might again expect to enjoy, and the House passed Mr. HENDERSON's motion by a substantial majority of 125.

Previously the PRIME MINISTER had read a statement about his trip to the United States, its melodious and appreciative phrases being later matched by

those in which Mr. BALDWIN congratulated the PRIME MINISTER on his notable achievement. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE added his mite of praise and asked one or two additional questions. At this point the almost lyrical quality of the proceedings suffered a change for the worse. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY declared that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's speech was mischievous. Mr. JACK JONES scandalously referred to Colonel GREY as the "Hon. Member for Bass," and Lady ASTOR meaningly declared that all *sober* people were behind the PRIME MINISTER. There, perhaps fortunately, the matter was allowed to rest.

The really important item on the day's menu was Mr. GRAHAM's announcement that in the spring the Food Council will be replaced by a Consumers' Council, which will have power to compel evidence, and whose views as to prices the Government proposes to seek powers to enforce. We hope our butcher is trembling in his boots.

Wednesday, November 6th.—The efficiency with which income-tax and surtax are collected requires no elaborating for most of us, so why analyse the grisly figures with which Lord ARNOLD, at the instance of Lord MONKSWEIL, confronted the House of Lords?

It would be more profitable, if one knew the facts, to ponder on the meteoric career of Lord GREENWOOD, which began, as all adventurous Canadians would have it begin, in a circus, continued on the temperance platform, reached its zenith with the invasion of Ireland by the Black and Tans, and now culminates for the time being in a ringside seat of the noblest circus of them all. Another and less meteoric nobleman, the Earl of ROSEBURY, was also introduced.

Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER refused to accept Mr. LEWIS's contention that a recent case had proved that, in the Navy at any rate, beer is a cure for beri-beri, or to make provision accordingly. Mr. LANSBURY reluctantly admitted to Captain BOURNE that the pelicans which flew from the St. James's coop last July were now classed as "wilful missing" and written off the strength.

It is now thought that their departure was actuated by the exhibition, in the vicinity of the Park, of an Empire Marketing poster saying, "Eat More Fish."

A debate on accidents in coal-mines could scarcely be of a controversial character. That raised by Mr. GORDON MACDONALD and Mr. ROWSON, both examiners and newcomers to the House, produced some rather harrowing statistics and left listeners with the impression that, in view of the vast and expensive efforts that are being made to make the world a place fit for heroes to live in, precious little has been done to make the coal-mines a safe place for heroes to work in.

Thursday, November 7th.—Mr. BALDWIN opened the Indian debate, giving,



BENN-INDRA.

Among other names descriptive of his functions Indra is known as Wielder of the Thunderbolt, Upholder of the Universe, Friend of Man and Slaughterer of Enemies.

in denial of certain allegations in the Press, a frank account of his own connection with recent events to a House that has never at any moment doubted the propriety of his actions. He asked the SECRETARY FOR INDIA to say that there was to be no departure in policy from the declaration of 1917 and the preamble of the Government of India Act of 1919. He passed on to a survey of Anglo-Indian relations in the lofty phrases of philosophic eloquence of which Mr. BALDWIN alone in the House of Commons is truly the master.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE caught the spirit and delivered himself in eloquent terms, but it was an eloquence with a sting in it.

He also asked for a declaration that there had been no change of policy, but

plainly doubted it. The Indian National Congress, he pointed out, clearly took that view. And why had Mr. LANSBURY danced before the Ark except because he thought the SECRETARY OF STATE—that pocket-edition of MOSES—had smashed the old Tables and put in new ones.

This was too much for Mr. WEDGWOOD BEN-MOSES. "At least," he interjected, "I have not worshipped the Golden Calf." The quick retort got under Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's armour, but he countered with the remark that the calf which the SECRETARY's new friends had killed for him had a certain amount of gold in it.

Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN made a very frank and earnest speech, in which he praised Mr. BALDWIN's loyalty, disclaimed any intention of being discourteous to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in not consulting him, stressed Lord READING's objection to the course the Government proposed to take, and the desire of the Simon Commission to be dissociated from it.

He went on to declare, rather weakly, that the Government "had governed," and pleaded the need for understanding of and sympathy with India's aspirations; but in place of a handsome peroration the House heard Mr. BENN immovably refusing to say whether the interpretation put by the Indian National Congress on the VICEROY's speech was inaccurate or not.

Sir JOHN SIMON explained that he broke the Commission's self-denying ordinance of silence only to say that the Commission had dissociated itself from the Viceroy's report because it was deter-

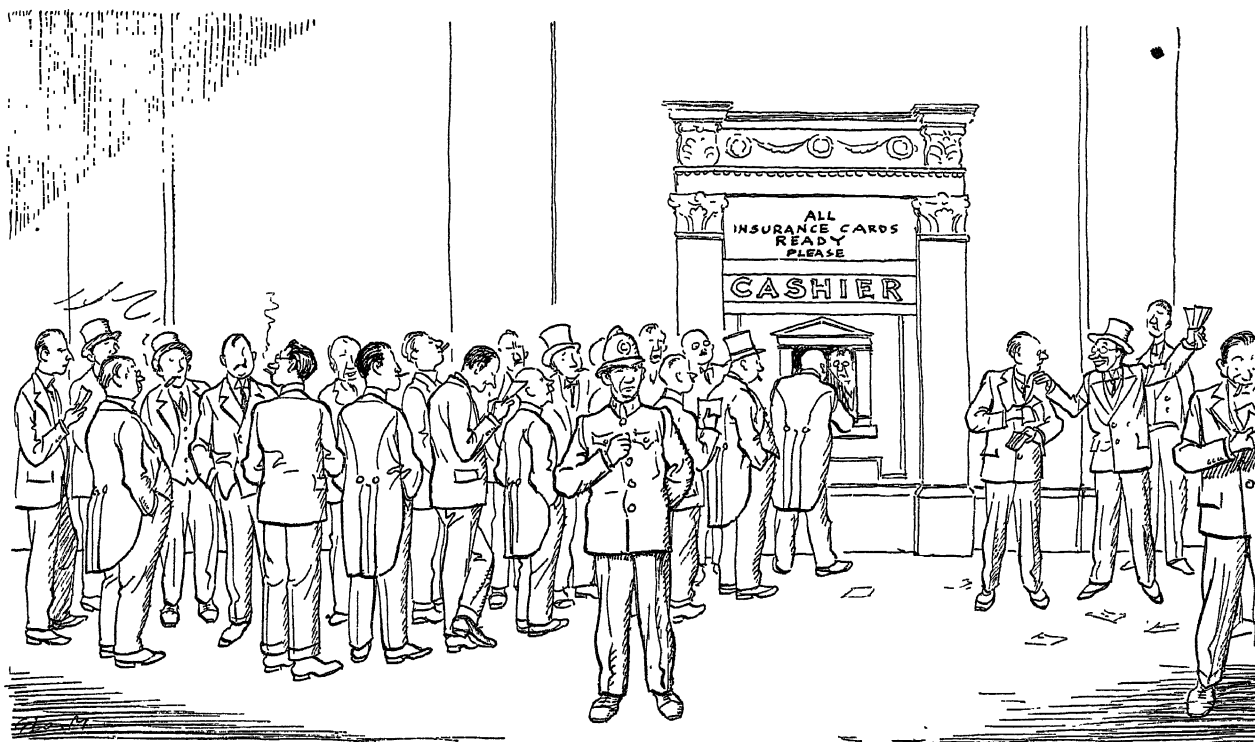
mined to do nothing that might be construed as an interim report or an advance instalment of its ultimate decisions. The PRIME MINISTER briefly explained the circumstances under which the Government had decided to act as it did, and the House wisely refrained from reducing what had for the most part been a dignified debate to the customary wrangle.

Things which Might have been Expressed less Zoologically.

"BRITISH PREMIER EXHIBITS HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS."

Headline in Canadian Paper.

"Lost nr. Wizard. Alderley Edge, Red Silk Scarf; reward."—Advt. in Manchester Paper. By now it is probably a white rabbit.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"PAY-DAY" AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE SPOOFER SWATS.

It all began with the swatting of Mr. Spoofer by an American actress at the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Spoofer is, of course, the well-known student of the drama whose weekly essays on the art of the theatre are looked forward to with such delight by all lovers of English prose. On the fatal day Mr. Spoofer, as his custom is, was studying the drama in the celebrated Grill Room to which he owes so much. Many great writers have gone to queer places for inspiration. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT walks about the London streets working out plots; BYRON composed in his bath; Mr. Albert Haddock thinks best on the Underground; and Mr. Spoofer gets his ideas in the Grill Room.

About midnight many of the theatrical profession take the principal meal of the day; and it is one of the prettiest things in London to see Mr. Spoofer strolling, like some benevolent bee, from one table to another, picking up a new thought here, a fresh aspect of the drama there, and generally leaving behind him some charming *mot* or fragrant reminiscence. There are smiles everywhere for the well-groomed figure, for while it would be an exaggeration to describe him as a universal favourite there are few actors and actresses who do not recognise his power for good. He has made enemies in the world, as

great men must, but none (as a rule) is so cruel as to confess himself in Mr. Spoofer's native Grill Room. For all his eminence, he has no false pride, and may even be persuaded to take a little food with a humble mummer or two.

And then there is something pathetic—what is the word?—*wistful*—about the man. Many feel that he has wasted his great gifts upon a barren and ungrateful soil. Which of those actors, authors, nay, managers themselves, who owe all their success to his unselfish and fearless recommendation and advice, will shed a tear when Spoofer is gone and say, "Poor Spoofer! He made me." Will even those gentle essays be very much read? To-day they have a power which none can deny, but it may be that their charm is ephemeral, too slight and dainty to survive. It may even be that a generation is now growing up to which the works of obscure writers like Mr. Albert Haddock will be familiar and precious while the name of Spoofer is utterly forgotten. And so there are smiles everywhere for the wistful, lovable figure; and at the gay tables they nudge each other and say, "Here comes Spoofer; let us be kind to him."

But, alas! it is already the past of which I speak. The violent hand of an actress has broken the spell. To say of an actress that she cannot act is nothing new. We have all said

that. And it has been Mr. Spoofer's painful duty to say it many times. We know that it hurts him more than it hurts her. But this actress, it seems, fresh from the cloistered atmosphere of the New York theatre, did not know that. And she struck him in the face.

Mr. Spoofer ignored the affront with quiet dignity and contented himself with writing an article about it. The incident passed off quickly, and at first the management of the hotel were not disagreeably impressed by it. Indeed it is rumoured that a small plaque is to be placed on the wall at the historic spot, recording that "HERE, IN OCTOBER, 1929, MR. SPOOFER WAS SLAPPED"; and I know of many morbid-minded persons who in the succeeding days took special meals in the Grill Room in the hope of seeing Mr. Spoofer slapped again.

Nothing, however, happened and the thing might have blown over. Unfortunately I hear that certain prejudiced actors, playwrights and managers have formed themselves into a kind of club with the sole purpose of slapping or molesting Mr. Spoofer in the Grill Room of the Savoy. They call themselves "The Spoofer Swats," and the question, "Are you a Spoofer Swat?" is already a commonplace of the dressing-rooms. The only rule of the club is that any member who enters the Grill Room must swat Mr. Spoofer,



Ernest H. Shepard

Douanier. "AVEZ-VOUS RIEN À DÉCLARER?"

Old Lady (very slowly and distinctly). "I AM JOINING MY HUSBAND AT VICHY. HE IS SUFFERING FROM RHEUMATISM."

as one swats a fly, before he takes food or drink. There is no ostentation or fuss. Quite casually a member will cuff Mr. Spoofer as he passes to his own table; another will tweak his nose; some, more exuberant, take a running kick. Mr. COCHRAN, I am told, pulls Mr. Spoofer's hair; actresses, as a rule, stick pins into the back of his leg. All this did not much matter so long as it was confined to the theatrical profession, for Mr. Spoofer himself took it all in good part, and was even, it is understood, flattered by the attentions.

Unhappily the thing has spread to the general public; and now *everybody* in the Grill Room swats Mr. Spoofer before they sit down. It has become a sort of ritual, a custom of the house. Americans add insult to injury by kicking Mr. Spoofer first and asking for his autograph afterwards. And in the opinion of the management the thing has gone too far. An occasional assault on their premises is one thing, but to make a habit of it is another. And, patient and dignified though Mr. Spoofer is, there is always the danger that one day somebody will

pull his hair too hard and there will be a breach of the peace.

The management therefore are credited with the intention of desiring Mr. Spoofer not to enter their Grill Room again. And it is this ghastly possibility which I wish to avert. Already, I understand, he is excluded by several discourteous managers from their theatres. This is no great obstacle to his work, for a man of Mr. Spoofer's peculiar gifts is not precluded from criticising a play by the trivial circumstance that he has not seen it performed. *But to exclude him from the Grill Room*—the very fount of his inspiration! As well exclude Mr. EDEN PHILPOTTS from the county of Devon or forbid the late Mr. HARDY to reside in Dorset. This were cruelty to Mr. Spoofer and a crime against the nation! How then should we hear the intimate affairs of managers and authors: what Gus This said to Sid That at the dress rehearsal, and what Mr. Spoofer said to both; how much was taken on the first night and how little on the last; the salaries of actresses and the private lives of actors, and all those human personal matters which are heard in the Grill Room, and, being written down, compose the Higher Dramatic Criticism? Then indeed would the drama languish and the theatre be dead. Then indeed would the managers, like rudderless ships, charge aimlessly about the dangerous seas, incapable, as before, of managing their own affairs. And so I implore all men and women of goodwill not to swat Mr. Spoofer as they pass to their tables in the Grill Room, or, if they cannot keep their hands off him, to take their meals elsewhere. Let us all be kind to the wistful fellow.

A. P. H.

JESSICA GOES TRAVELLING.

III.—THE PORPOISE.

OUT of the sea a porpoise came,
OUT of the sea for a racing game;
From wave to wave he went leaping
along,
He looked so jolly and free and strong;
And think what a clever fish he must be
To have found our ship in this great
big sea.

R. F.

Mésalliance in Mexico.

"Special despatches from Otumba, state of Mexico, say twenty bandits pillaged the nearby town of Metusco, escaping before the authorities could muster sufficient forces to co-operate with them."—*Canadian Paper.*

How a Church Roof Was Blown Off.

"Harvest Festival services were continued at — Church on Sunday. At the evening service the anthem 'To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise' was rendered by the choir. The work of re-roofing the church began on Monday."—*Manx Paper.*

AT THE PICTURES.

A DETECTIVE FILM-STORY.

ALTHOUGH one still has the opportunity of guessing who the criminal is, and of guessing wrong, just as in a mystery book, the screen cannot be called a very good medium for a story of crime



J.H.D.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE HANDS.

Philo Vance . . MR. WILLIAM POWELL.
Sergeant Heath . MR. EUGENE PALLETTE.

and detection. In print there can be the steady and stealthy unfolding proper to such problems; on the screen it must all be quick and emphatic. None the less and in spite of many absurdities I found *The Greene Murder Case* sufficiently full of false trails and other excitement. Judging by the specimen photographs in the lobby of the Plaza, the film once had even more revolvers in it than have remained, but there are thrills enough; and since, until a very few moments before the end, I was—after a life too much wasted on this branch of literature—still suspecting the wrong persons, I can award it marks. Whose hand it was that went so steadily through the numerous and exceedingly unpleasant *Greene* family nothing would make me divulge.

Apart from the interest that goes with guessing the murderer, the film is instructive in showing the methods of American detectives, who appear to hunt only in couples, who treat everyone with a brusqueness that should rightly be reserved only for the guilty, and whose attachment to their hats and canes is such that they carry them even to the bedside. Their readiness to be called away in the middle of the most vital inquiries also struck me as odd. Even more odd was the total absence of mourning among the bereaved *Greenes*. Brother *Chester* met a bullet, but no one changed into darker clothes; Brother *Rex* met another, and still light

materials prevailed. Even when the old and sinister mother was "bumped off" (as the detectives say) no one thought of black, while the police doctor was funny about her autopsy. Death becoming so common, the audience lost decency too, so that the loudest laugh of the evening followed a line in the Burial Service as spoken by a deranged parlour-maid.

The Greene Murder Case is an all-talkie which makes itself heard. The incisive tones of *Philo Vance*, the chief sleuth, as played by MR. WILLIAM POWELL, are penetrating, while his coadjutor, *Sergeant Heath* (MR. EUGENE PALLETTE), booms forth his suspicions and insults distinctly to the farthest gallery seat. All the horrible *Greenes* and the rest of the household are excellent—in their own way; but of the house that holds them it is not possible to be so enthusiastic. Its general architecture and the roof-garden which these curious people frequent in the depths of winter demand a very lenient eye.

Although the word "educational," which can introduce us to some very frivolous films, is omitted from the preamble to *On with the Show* at the Tivoli, that all-talkie can instruct too—this time in the manners of American theatrical managers. If the evidence of this entertaining medley of stage life is trustworthy, one learns that over there an expensive show, with a huge chorus and elaborate scenes, can be put on



J.H.D.

ON WITH THE DOUGH.

THE PRODUCER AND HIS UNPAID ARTISTES.

without a single cent in the manager's pockets and nobody concerned in it paid. It seems also that page-boys in buttons are next to the manager in authority, and cloak-room girls can at a moment's

notice deputise for leading ladies. But, even should this information be not general but peculiar to this film, it doesn't matter, because *On with the Show* is not to be taken seriously. Although as an entertainment it is continually losing its grip it is also continually re-



J.H.D.

THE COLOUR QUESTION.

Bernice from Birmingham (Miss *ETHEL WATERS*) sings: "AM I BLUE?"

Voices from *Auditorium*. "WE ARE, ANYWAY."

gaining it, and in the long run amusement prevails. The loss is when the film is occupied with the show itself: a musical comedy without any fun, hampered by too much dancing and handicapped by a very dreary and unmelodious negress called *Bernice from Birmingham*.

But if everything done as on the stage is tedious, the drama in the wings is vivacious enough to have made a play in itself. Here we find some excellent acting, particularly by Miss *BETTY COMPTON* as *Nita* and Mr. *SAM HARDY* as the harassed manager, while there is plenty of American slang for the connoisseur of words.

On with the Show is, I should add, an all-talkie in colour—the first I have seen. The effect is admirable, bringing the illusion much nearer life. E. V. L.

"NOVELTY! WORLD PATENT! NOVELTY!"
'TIP.'

THE IDEAL TROUSERS FLOP.

Always wanted but never found till now. Never more polished trousers and couching of the stuff. The trousers remain as new ironed."

Notice in *Hungarian Hotel*.

Oh, happy is the Magyar,
So valiant and farouche,
No more his trousers baggy are,
They show no shine or couch.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ROOF" (VAUDEVILLE).

THE Paris of Mr. GALSWORDTHY'S ingenious piece of mechanism reminded me of those Insurance Companies which combine the business of Life with that of Fire. Young *Fanning* regarded it as a place for seeing life, and so, more innocently, did the little girls in Bedroom No. 1; but the most vital thing they saw in the play was a hotel fire. Mr. Beeton, a middle-aged provincial, used an epithet which embraced both phenomena, life and fire (though he was only thinking of the latter), when he described Paris as "an inflammable place."

The action of the greater part of the play covers only some twenty minutes. Starting punctually at midnight (the regulation zero hour for life in Paris), we have six scenes of which the events are supposed to be simultaneous. The first two—in the dining-room on the ground-floor, and the lounge (an unusual place for a lounge) on the first-floor—are of moderate interest, the only exciting occurrence being the almost inconceivably silly practical joke which causes the fire, and this is invisible behind a curtain.

Then we mount to the four bedrooms on the second floor, each with its twin beds, identical doors and window and suitable variations in the accessories. No. 1 contains two little sisters; No. 2 a provincial couple; No. 3 a runaway wife and lover; No. 4 the parents of the little girls, the father in the grip of a mortal malady. The first two of these scenes are pleasantly light. The small girls behave in the best *Peter Pan* vein, but a little sophisticated; and the provincial couple say and do things (including a mosquito-chase) that are funny enough but might not have seemed so funny anywhere else than in a bedroom. As we approached the third room, occupied by what the little girls in their innocence called the "honeyspooners," I confess to having felt a certain nervousness, tempered by my confidence in Mr. GALSWORDTHY'S discretion. Here we became fairly serious. The two lovers, in full evening-dress (I was right in relying on Mr. GALSWORDTHY), discuss the measure of their passion. He looks on this night as the beginning of an eternal devotion; she as a "try-out" which may or may not warrant continuity. A supper of caviare and hock (she was hungry after a bad Channel crossing), followed by the re-

cital of a poem which he has made in her honour, encourages her to take a rosy view of the situation.

The last bedroom scene gives us tragedy. The doomed man, author and egoist, philosophises in a series of well-studied phrases. Left alone for a moment

He has a terrible seizure and dies in the act of attempting, under strong pressure from his nurse, to find safety from the fire. I hope he got his satisfaction; certainly he died well.

I was equally impressed by the coolness of everybody on the announcement of the fire. The little girls of course treated it as great fun; but the provincial couple took up an extraordinarily creditable amount of time in making themselves presentable and packing up before they ascended to the roof. The lovers too were leisurely in their retreat.

When all were assembled on the roof, with no sign at first of any chance of escape, we naturally expected that Mr. GALSWORDTHY would utilise the situation for the dramatic purpose of showing how deadly peril affords a test of character. But he made very little discrimination in its effects on his various types. Nobody lost his head; the whole company behaved with slightly varied degrees of courage and propriety, the bravest of all being the villain, who made amends for his practical joke by rescuing its intended victim at the risk of his own life. It is not for me to blame Mr. GALSWORDTHY for his neglect of a great moral opportunity; I merely record it. In justice to him I should add that he allowed this ordeal to affect the resolution of the runaway wife. After passing through the fire with her lover she decides that her love has had an adequate trial and can safely be regarded as a permanency.

So realistic were the glare and smell of the simulated fire that there were moments when I thought my own courage would be put to the test and wondered whether I too should make a good end. Much more credit is due to the persons who manipulated the conflagration than to the author who invented its origin. A man, being a bit intoxicated, might resent the interference of a head-waiter who suggests that he ought not to make an innocent boy drunk; but it would be most unusual for him to revenge himself by laying a train of paraffin in the fellow's service-room with the idea of setting his hat on fire. Yet this was the confession that Mr. ERIC MATORIN (Mr. Brice) made on the roof, and it might easily have ruined a scene with less exciting action in it.

I absolve Mr. GALSWORDTHY of the suspicion of any particular purpose in his play. He was just entertaining



MARK OVER!

(Opening of the Mosquito season.)

Mrs. Beeton MISS HILDA SIMS.
Mr. Beeton MR. BEN FIELD.

he is a prey to the last infirmity of the self-conscious, the fear of showing fear in the face of death. It is not a question of the value of courage on a battlefield or in any circumstances where it might serve the need of others, but just of the satisfaction of making a good end.



Gustave (Mr. HORACE HODGES) to Mr. Brice (Mr. ERIC MATORIN). "VEREE 'OT, VEREE SMOKEE!"

himself (and us) with a tricky feat of construction very adroitly contrived. I admit that our foreknowledge of the fire that was to come at the end of each of the bedroom scenes gave a mild touch of Greek irony to the situation; but he took little advantage of this except in the last of them.

Of course he seized now and again the chance of making his characters assume the Galsworthy manner, which was not always appropriate to the speaker: as when the eloping lady introduced the Biblical statement that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

It was a really admirable staff—Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, as the man who wanted to die well; Miss CECILY BYRNE as his wife; Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD as a nurse, very cool and attractive; Mr. FRANK LAWTON, as the youth who was getting his first baptism of life and fire; Mr. BEN FIELD and Miss HILDA SIMS as the bedroom humourists; Mr. ERIC MATURIN as the sinister man who made the fire; Miss ANN CASSON as one of the little girls; Miss MADELEINE CARROLL as the trier-out; and others almost as good. But I liked best Mr. HORACE HODGES' *Gustave*, the gentle tired head-waiter, who was everybody's good angel; very humble and aware of his place and yet capable of intervening with suggestions of his own when the boy was being made drunk, and when the uninstructed lover had to be told, quietly but firmly, that hock, and not Château Yquem, was the wine to go with caviare. O. S.

"HE'S MINE"
(LYRIC, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE).

No doubt Mr. ARTHUR WIMPERIS has tactfully mitigated the irresponsible naughtiness of M. LOUIS VERNEUIL's French original, but he has left enough of it to entertain the light-minded and, with the help of Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD at her most vital and outrageous, "*He's Mine*" should manage to disedify the town agreeably for some months to come.

The Duc de Belencontre (Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH) is one of the three representative survivals of the old noblesse. His tyrannical Duchess (Miss HELEN

HAYE) rules him and their second son, *Etienne*, destined, as are all second sons of the *Bellencontres*, for the Church and the episcopate, with a rod of iron, ruling herself less strictly and being less interested in her pompous lord than in another unattractive nobleman, the *Marquis de Chantalard* (Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ). *Maxime* (Mr. HENRY KENDALL), the heir of the *Bellencontres*, has been gaily living in Paris with (I think) an American lady, *Wanda Myro*, but must now, at duty's call, range himself and marry *Chantalard's* pretty stupid daughter, *Simone* (Miss SUNDAY WILSHIN). He is expected within a week or so to come and make acquaint-

twisting everybody round her active little finger, and obviously bent on keeping him for her own. *Maxime* sets himself to thwart her, not that he does not love the minx, but because he does not choose to reopen a closed question or dare to offend his father. With what complicated manoeuvres and counter-manouvres of the opposing generals the campaign works itself out it would take too long to tell—but naturally there is a Louis XV. bedroom and a roomy cupboard therein, and *Wanda* has compromised everybody sufficiently to make them her unwilling allies, and the young *Maxime* is at the last landed, and submits with a good enough grace.

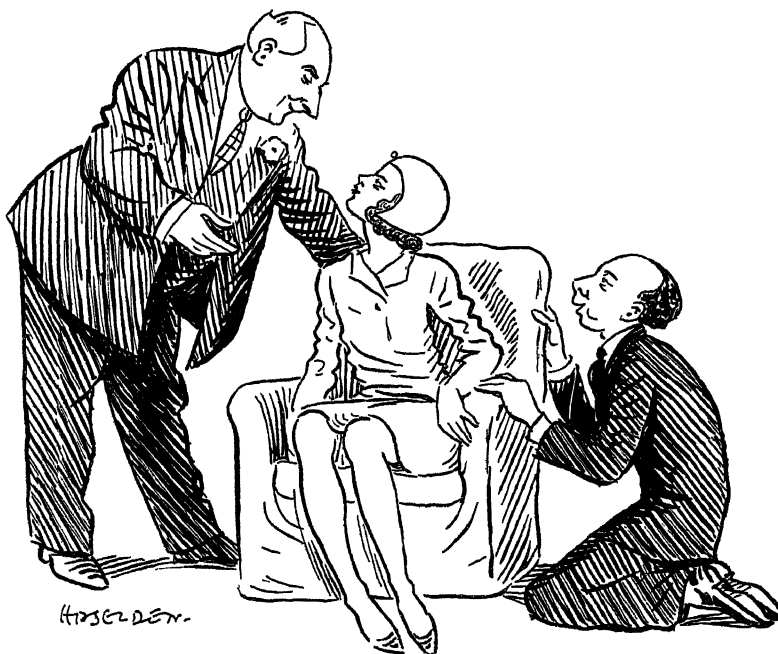
With Miss BANKHEAD using with untiring energy every resource of the unscrupulous pursuing female and Mr. HENRY KENDALL playing lightly up to her, the duel between these two is lively and amusing enough. We should like to have seen more of Mr. Howe's cleverly played *Etienne*, but perhaps he was a little too Gallic in the original and his part has been compressed. Miss HELEN HAYE, Miss SUNDAY WILSHIN, Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH and Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ served as excellent foils to the rather overwhelming heroine. T.

"BEAU AUSTIN" AND
"MR. GLADSTONE'S
COMFORTER"

(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

It seems almost incredible that authors of the weight of HENLEY and STEVENSON should have manufactured this picturesque trifle and have offered it to the public apparently in all seriousness. Of course R. L. S. was an impenitent romantic and possibly infected his more practical collaborator and friend.

No doubt also it would be easier for the less intrepid Victorians of the adventurous 'nineties, still ignorant of the cocktail, the *coupé* and the jazz, to imagine that a beautiful, intelligent and virtuous young woman of bad KING GEORGE's artificial days would suffer such transports of grief, remorse and despair about an error of judgment, and that a spoilt accomplished *roué* such as the *Beau Austin* of this comedy would undergo so sudden and so spiritual a conversion as is here shown to us. But one can guess



THEY'RE HERS; OR, THE CHÂTEAU SURRENDERS.

The Duc de Belencontre . . . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
Wanda Myro . . . MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.
Etienne de Belencontre . . . MR. GEORGE HOWE.

ance with his destined bride. And meanwhile a voluble Serbian Princess, deposited by a deliberately careless chauffeur in a ditch on the Belencontre estate, is carried in and promptly inflames the hearts of the still susceptible Duke, of the *Marquis*, who promptly forgets his duty to the austere Duchess, and of young *Etienne*, who, though outwardly a model of piety and discretion, is privily no end of a lad. Even the Duchess, who doesn't quite believe in the genuineness of the accident and resents the new preoccupation of her lover, is won over by the boisterously winning ways of the Princess, who naturally is no other than the handsomely-paid-off *Wanda*.

Maxime, having made up his mind to his fate like a man, arrives to find the sham Princess paramount in Belencontre,

what the young men and maidens of this year of grace think about it all!

It would appear that beautiful *Dorothy Musgrave* had fallen under the spell of *George Frederick Austin*, professional heart-breaker and a "man of honour" who had killed his best friend in a duel for a hasty word. Now he is growing grey and stout, but is still handsome and immensely resourceful in the routine technique of gallantry. Noble handsome young *Fenwick*, of Allonby Shaw, comes to offer his heart to the lovely *Dorothy*. Alas, she cannot love him; her heart and more have been given to another, and this other has behaved like the military gentleman by the Banks of Allan Water. "By Heaven, he shall pay for this with his blood!" says *Fenwick* of Allonby Shaw. "Oh, no, not that," says the sweet saint; "I love him still, alas! alas!"

Off prances the young squire to beard the *Beau* at his dressing-table, who is so touched by the young fellow's nobility of soul that he promises—though the business is obviously a bore—to wait upon Miss *Dorothy* and formally offer to make an honest woman of her. "Have I sunk so low as that?" says she, unexpectedly deflating the airy gallant. Young *Anthony*, *Dorothy's* handsome brother, cornet in the Prince's Own, coxcomb and Corinthian of the best, will smack the great man's face on the Pantiles; does so in the presence of Royalty and Royalty's mistress; and the converted *Austin*, now at length realising what he has lost, nobly swallows the insult and humbly announces his rejection by the beautiful *Dorothy* to the assembled company. Whereupon with a stifled cry—"My Hero!"—the lovely heroine flings herself upon his bosom and all is well. An epilogue by Mr. NOEL COWARD showing the happy pair some six months later would suitably round off this picturesque and highly unlikely affair.

Mr. BERTRAM WALLIS's *Beau Austin* is a fine figure of a man, and he presents a character judiciously outlined. Miss MARIE NEY plays the heroine skilfully and with immense seriousness and is most effective in the quieter passages. If she would believe that, whatever may happen in real life, deep distress upon the stage is not best conveyed by long-continued wailing, but should be suggested rather than fully expressed, she would improve her thoughtful performance. *Fenwick* and the young Cornet (Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY and Mr. ROLAND CULVER) are almost too handsome to be true, and Miss WINFRED EVANS, looking adorably "Empire," plays the chaperon aunt very attractively.

Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR has most nobly resisted his besetting temptation to apply the Hammersmith formula—a temptation which must have been almost irresistible, especially in the last Act. I am not at all sure that it would not have been better if he had fallen.

Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN's *Mr. Gladstone's Comforter* was offered as a curtain-raiser and very interesting it proved in itself and by way of contrast. Mr. BERTRAM WALLIS's presentation of the G.O.M.—at eighty-five, after the resignation consequent on the wrecking of the Second Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords—was extraordinarily convincing to look at and indeed to hear. Miss WINFRED EVANS was a most plausible *Mrs. Gladstone*, and Mr. A. E. FILMER's grave *John Morley* (tactfully breaking the serious news to the old lady) helped to make almost uncomfortably real this charming peep behind the scenes of a Victorian idyll or legend. T.

POSTMEN AND PETS.

WHY do our dogs, who fawn on most men,

Exhibit such dislike of postmen?

Why do these fellows, leaving letters,
Arouse such rage in Irish Setters?

Why are they met on such occasions
By angry Airedales and Alsations?

Why is it their devoted band is
Anathema to Danes and Dandies?

Why is the hall a den like DANIEL'S
When posts arrive among the Spaniels?

Why, when they come for Christmas-boxes,

Have they to cope with furious Foxies?

I have a theory; it is that
Our dogs have heard of their "rat-tat,"

And, being mostly ardent ratters,
Are out to tear it into tatters.

W. H. O.

WHEN OUR VILLAGE PLAYS SOCCER.

It was suggested that we should arrange with the authorities to broadcast a running commentary on last Saturday's home engagement with Slaughter-under-Weatherley, the present holders of the District Hospital Cup. The proposal, however, was turned down, and perhaps this was just as well, for the narrator, scandalised by the language of exasperated players and spectators, would certainly have spoilt his description of the game with the frequent ejaculation: "I hope you didn't hear that."

Our matches rarely start at the advertised time, and in this instance play was delayed even longer than usual owing to the fact that our opponents, who travelled on an ancient motor lorry,

walked up several hills at the urgent request of the driver and down several others by their own desire.

The game merits but little comment. Apart from the fact that nineteen goals were registered, of which we claimed one (a penalty), the afternoon was almost devoid of sensation, to the great chagrin of our ambulance men, who naturally were anxious to use the stretcher recently made and presented to them by the local branch of the Women's Institute.

The most exciting event was the sudden collapse of the grand stand, overcrowded at the moment by noisy supporters of Slaughter-under-Weatherley. Farmer Porrett, who was very much upset by this unfortunate occurrence, assured us that such an accident is not likely to happen again, as, after the necessary repairs have been effected, he intends to nail strands of barbed wire along the top of the gate.

It is perhaps only fair to our players to mention that, soon after half-time, we were seriously handicapped by the enforced absence of William the blacksmith, our goal-keeper, whose punches out would, we felt confident, have altered the face of the game, as they had already altered that of at least one of our opponents.

Our custodian's retirement was demanded under somewhat unusual circumstances, for William, annoyed by the tactics of the visitors' little centre-forward, had as an act of protest thrown him at the referee.

After the match was over we decided to strengthen the front line in our next engagement by transferring Samuel Broody from left back to centre-forward, as he gave every indication that he is qualified for attack rather than defence. Not only did he seem likely to score whenever he made contact with the ball, but was actually responsible for a considerable number of the goals credited to the visitors.

"WHERE WOMEN DON'T VOTE.
UPHILL CAMPAIGN IN SWITZERLAND."
Headline in Daily Paper.

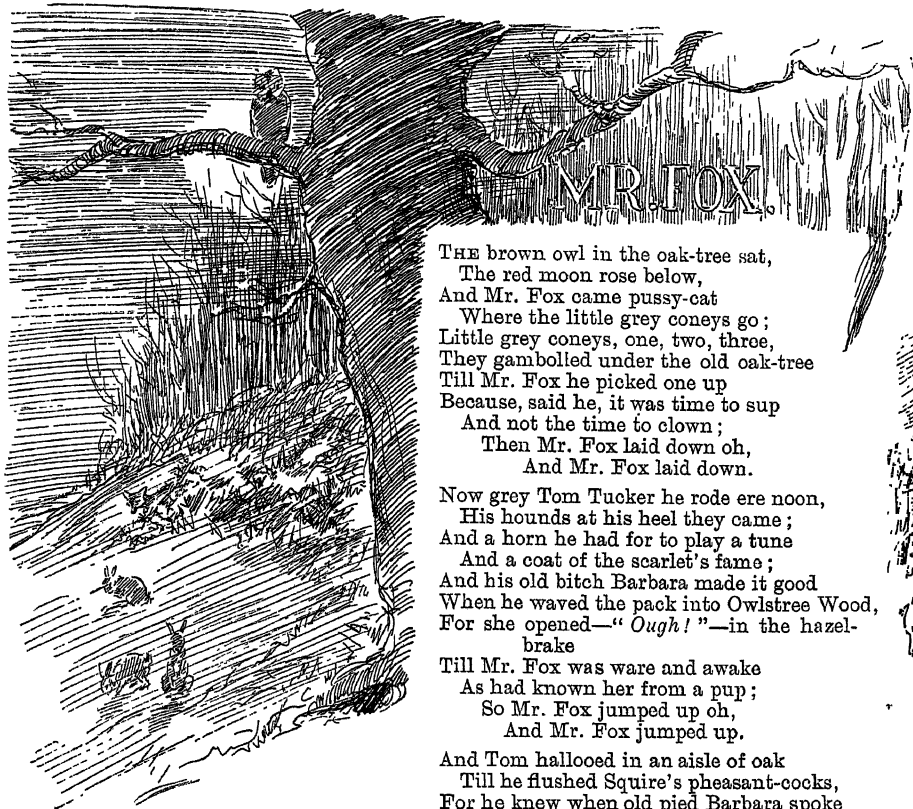
That's the worst of the Alps.

The articles in a contemporary on the domestic happiness of some of our distinguished men, written by their wives, recall the famous lines:—

"Wives of great men all remind us
They have made those lives sublime."

"Tight hat can be stretched. Damp the head with steam from a boiling kettle."
Scots Paper.

We have always considered that the heads of some of our friends could do with a little re-blocking.



THE brown owl in the oak-tree sat,
The red moon rose below,
And Mr. Fox came pussy-cat
Where the little grey coneys go;
Little grey coneys, one, two, three,
They gambolled under the old oak-tree
Till Mr. Fox he picked one up
Because, said he, it was time to sup
And not the time to clown;
Then Mr. Fox laid down oh,
And Mr. Fox laid down.

Now grey Tom Tucker he rode ere noon,
His hounds at his heel they came;
And a horn he had for to play a tune
And a coat of the scarlet's fame;
And his old bitch Barbara made it good
When he waved the pack into Owlstree Wood,
For she opened—"Ough!"—in the hazel-brake

Till Mr. Fox was ware and awake
As had known her from a pup;
So Mr. Fox jumped up oh,
And Mr. Fox jumped up.

And Tom halloosed in an aisle of oak
Till he flushed Squire's pheasant-cocks,
For he knew when old pidd Barbara spoke
That she spoke of Mr. Fox;
And all her mates in gold and white
And black came racing to show her right;
And they showed her right in a tumbling cloud
That out of the high wood poured aloud,
Like milk that's spilt from the pan,
Where Mr. Fox he ran oh,
Where Mr. Fox he ran.

Now Mr. Fox must surely run,
Though little the rogue did reck;
And he stopped at Syllabub Farm for fun
And he bit through the red cock's neck;
And when he could run no more he hopped,
And when he could hop no more he stopped
And turned him short in the blackthorn rows
And pinned old Barbara by the nose
And died of a brigand fate;
So Mr. Fox was ate oh,
So Mr. Fox was ate.

* * * * *
The red moon hangs in the old oak-tree,
As nightly doth occur,
And Master Owl for company
He sits along o' her;
And little grey coneys, one or two,
Frisk like shadows across the dew;
And some sit down and one sits up
And smooths his whiskers in paws a-cup,
With a "What, if you please, of Mr. Fox
Of the pointy nose and the eye that cocks?
Old Barbara's cooked him brown,
And Mr. Fox is down oh,
And Mr. Fox is down—
Down oh, down oh,
And Mr. Fox is down."

P. R. C.





Heavy Young Man. "MISS JONES, I WONDER IF IT HAS BEEN APPARENT TO YOU THAT FOR SOME TIME PAST I HAVE ENTERTAINED FOR YOU A SENTIMENT BEYOND THAT OF MERE FRIENDSHIP?"

Young Lady. "GO ON; I'LL BUY IT. WHAT'S THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HOPE no one will be deterred by a glance at its excellent photographs—which seem to reflect the normal hospitalities of a great French hostess to a spruce series of British officers—from making the acquaintance of that noble and humorous book, *Open House in Flanders* (MURRAY). Its authoress, Baroness ERNEST DE LA GRANGE, held out, in her château between Hazebrouck and Béthune, from the beginning of the War until 1918, and left, feeling "like an *embusqué*," when her tenure was ended by shell-fire. She was the hostess of a score of English and Australian commanders, from ALLENBY to BIRDWOOD; and when HAIG and his staff made their entry into Paris their sabres flashed out in unison to greet "the Mother of the British Army." But all this glory—for glory it signally became—was entirely unsought. The Baroness stayed on at the front to look after her son's people: to share her abounding faith, hope and charity with village mothers, to feed and house refugees, to keep order (if necessary with a revolver) when hatred of the incoming Germans rendered her tenants panic-stricken. And this part of her diary when, her servants fled, she held the château with one Sister of Mercy and a dachshund, is to my mind the most enchanting of all. To put an end to Uhlan terrorization, she offered the

château as a stronghold to General BIDON, in a letter which, if it miscarried, meant death to the writer. English support arrived, and the château became for the next three years headquarters and "home" to corps after corps. Naturally the record in these circumstances deals rather with guests than hostess; and great as the guests are, and charmingly as they are described, I miss the preponderance of the unique and lovable *châtelaine*.

The professional reputation of Sir CECIL SPRING-RICE was founded mainly on his almost uncanny ability to enter into the mentality of foreign peoples, to summarise their emotions and to foresee their probable action. He was incessantly insistent in declaring the catastrophic ambitions of a Germany in arms, and he warned the Foreign Office in unequivocal terms that America would not follow President WILSON into a League of Nations. In *The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice* (CONSTABLE), a record of his life, to which Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN has added the necessary connecting links with a brilliant and balanced conciseness, his letters and despatches need comparatively little but the replies of his friends to establish a continuous history. Remembering Colonel HOUSE's rather unhappy comments on some part of Sir CECIL's work as Ambassador in Washington during the War, one may turn first to the passages where his somewhat fabulous suggestions are not so much

refuted as happily dispersed in the light of fuller knowledge; but the lover of real Englishmen and real books will not spend much time on this passing controversy. President WILSON was a "hardened saint," Colonel HOUSE a charming peace-maker. No wonder if SPRING-RICE, loving America only less than England and agonising in the world-struggle, sometimes exploded in wrath at a neutrality which cried "peace where there was no peace." This book is big enough to have done without the War altogether. It is well to pass lightly over the burdened later chapters, only noting how supremely successful in fact was Sir CECIL's advocacy; but it is immensely worth while to linger with him in America of the "eighties," or in Japan or Persia, making friends again with his friends—with THEODORE ROOSEVELT or Sir EDWARD GREY or H. E. LUXMOORE—and reveling in the delicate fancy, quick fun and underlying idealism that spiritualise all his writing.

It's some little while, I think, since "O"
Began to let us into the know
Of the quaint little traits behind the bluff
That's covered by ermine and silk and stuff.

Fables—these are his lay—designed
With a special appeal to the legal mind;
But, though they're deep, there's never
a one
Too deep for a layman to share the fun.

Twice already his shafts of wit,
Which always tickled and sometimes
bit,
Have filled a booklet. The present
batch
(From BUTTERWORTH) makes a third
to match.

And readers will note with keen regret
That he's given them now the last
they'll get,
For he means what he says when he
clearly labels
The volume, *Final Forensic Fables*.

What I like about Miss MARY GRACE ASHTON's novels is their blend of insight and charity. A purblind benevolence is of course one of the first requisites of a vulgar best-seller, just as an equally purblind malevolence is often the due accompaniment of a refined one. But to perceive sensitively, magnanimously, above all where conflicts of race and faith are concerned—this is no small merit; and it is a merit which, with all its faults, *The Sons of Jacob* (MURRAY) signally possesses. I wish Miss ASHTON could be induced to bestow a little more of her alert and ethically austere young mind on style. I find it distressing to read a novel whose narrative is nearly as colloquial as its dialogue. Perhaps the creator of *Jacob Rosenbaum* will give attention to this matter in future? For the present, how good of its



J.H.D.W.D. 29

Old Lady. "WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THE CHILD WHAT HE WANTS JUST TO PACIFY HIM?"

Little Mother. "WELL, 'E WANTED ME TO PICK A BUNCH O' THEM CHERRIES OUT OF YER 'AT."

sort is her tragi-comedy of a middle-aged Jew returned, after his war-exile in Germany, to his English business, home and children! We see him land, poor *Rosenbaum*, at Dover, his wife dead in his absence, but his three sons and the firm surviving. And then we realise that *Wolfe*, his eldest-born, has engrossed the firm, that *Maurice* has drifted out of it and married a Catholic wife, that *Jay* is slipping into physical and mental degeneracy—and that there is no place for a manager and father still able and authoritative. How *Rosenbaum's* place is re-created and by what unforeseen instruments Miss ASHTON indicates with delightful plausibility. The only psychological hitch I

note myself occurs in the relations of the Catholic *Margaret* and the feckless *Maurice*. I can credit the powers given the girl to carry on, but not the inspiration that led her to undertake the marriage.

When a new book comes out, to read an old one by the same hand as soon as possible afterwards seems to me the greatest compliment that can be paid to the author. I am quite sure that readers of a certain type who meet Mr. GERARD HOPKINS first in *Something Attempted* (GOLLANCZ) will hasten to ask at the library for his earlier works. Readers of another type will probably not trouble to finish it, for it is one of those books which are rather more or less—it depends on taste—than a novel, and people who like a novel to be a novel, so to speak, will find it heavy going. It is the story of a young Canadian journalist who comes to England and meets a middle-aged man, an essayist, from whose early works she has imbibed hero-worship for the author and views on marriage and kindred topics which she feels are as beautiful as they are advanced. But her hero does not fill the bill, and *Monica Whyte* comes slowly to understand him, first to set him back on his pedestal and finally to take him down again tenderly and humorously, aware that it was never in him to be as good as his written word. *Monica* herself and *Everard Martin* are fine and living portraits, particularly the man; most of the other people are only slightly indicated, but there is a pleasant young man, *Tommy Raite*, who speaks delightfully in character and might with advantage have been made to materialise a little further. But, though it looks a slight story, Mr. HOPKINS' *Something Attempted* is indeed something done, and well done too, and the queue I shall find at the library trying to get his early novels will be thick with the nicest and most discriminating people.

The *Laughing String* (BUTTERWORTH) challenges so obvious a comparison that it would be sheer affectation not to make it. Except in component numbers there is a strong family resemblance between *Sanger's* famous Circus and the peripatetic household of *Andrew Clayton*, that brilliant but socially difficult artist. And *Anna*, *Andrew's* daughter, is, as ultimately transpires, a very constant nymph. There is, however, a marked difference between the fates of *Anna* and of *Tessa*. Miss MARGARET KENNEDY's pathetic little heroine had, it will be remembered, a host of brothers and sisters into whose more or less sympathetic ears to pour her joys and sorrows. *Anna*, except for one not very satisfactory brother, stands alone. Her story indeed might be described as a study in loneliness—the loneliness of a neglected childhood in her ramshackle and ever-shifting home—and of her trials when she ventures from the coast of Bohemia into a more conventional world. She goes to a polite finishing-school in Bruges and finds herself

a fish very much out of water there. She gets engaged to a nice young man, but is utterly unable to rise to the standards of Wimbledon. Meanwhile her *Lewis Dodd*—a very different person from that *farouche* musician—has married her best friend. We last see *Anna* munching biscuits in a train corridor, bound southward with her extraordinary father. And we wonder what will happen to her next, which is a tribute to the interest excited by her story. Miss HILDEGARDE HUNTSMAN, if she has hit on a theme similar to Miss KENNEDY's, has treated it in a fresh and individual way.

I cannot imagine a more perfect lover than *Andrew Glenlitten*, "sixth marquis, sunburnt, blue-eyed," who under conditions that would have made men of commoner clay at least a little restless and suspicious, never ceased to adore his wife, *Félice*. *The Glenlitten Murder* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) took place in *Félice's* bedroom, where she was found in a state of collapse, "as white and still as death itself." But presently she recovered from her fright, and as time went

on it became increasingly evident that she knew more about this murder than she was prepared to disclose. Not for a moment, however, did *Glenlitten* lose faith in her, nor did he blink so much as an eyelid when he discovered the arm of a not especially reputable young man encircling her waist. I confess that I found the noble marquis almost too nobly unsuspecting to be credible, but for the rest I admired wholeheartedly the unfailing resourcefulness of invention with which Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM has contrived to make an exciting story out of



The Cause of the partition-wall collapse. "OF COURSE IT WAS VERY CARELESS OF ME TO HAMMER SO HARD, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND I THINK IT OUGHT TO BE RATHER JOLLY ALL LIVING TOGETHER LIKE THIS."

rather ordinary and unpromising material.

Mr. RODNEY GILBERT's tongue must have been adjacent to his cheek when he christened his adventurous tale *The Indiscretions of Lin Mang* (MURRAY), for it is difficult to imagine a more unprincipled or shameless villain than the narrator. "What a glorious age," he gloats towards the end of his reminiscences, "this has been for the well-equipped scoundrel. Never in our history have chaos and confusion been so thoroughly exploited, the people so prostrated and harassed to yield stupendous fortunes in official loot." Indeed *Lin Mang's* depravity was so stark that to some readers it may seem to be incredible. Nevertheless, when Mr. GILBERT tells us in his preface that "the types presented have existed and do still exist in modern China," I absolutely believe him; and I think that anyone who has tried to follow China's past and present troubles will share my belief, and not be intensely surprised by *Lin Mang's* "indiscretions" as he fought his foul way from poverty to wealth.

Mr. Punch welcomes *My Dog and Yours* (WARD, LOCK), a collection of verses by JOE WALKER, many of which have appeared in these pages. It is delightfully illustrated by G. L. STAMPA.

CHARIVARIA.

AN expert game-shot is quoted as saying that any bird flying higher than the Duke of York's column may be reckoned out of range. The provision of replicas of this monument at shoots would save much waste of cartridges.

A young artist's declared preference for living in the native quarter of a small North African town, where he can forget all about civilisation, is regarded as a nasty knock for Chelsea.

A magistrate has remarked that the steam-roller seems to be the safest of road vehicles. You rarely hear of a driver of one of these locomotives cutting-in at a dangerous corner.

"London police are polite and good-tempered," says a visitor. It is a lesson in self-restraint to see a courteous constable gently brushing off a two-seater that is trying to climb up his trousers.

As a rule the horse knows what is expected of him, says a well-known breeder. This never seems to be the case with the ones we put our money on.

A Leicester ex-soldier has lately had intimation from the authorities that he is dead and that his grave needs attention. That's the true British spirit. He doesn't even know when he's dead.

"Life is a heterogeneous collection of irreconcilable phenomena," says a scientist. Film-producers have known this for years.

Residents in an American prison receive three hundred newspapers every day. That ought to make a lot of them promise to be good.

They are also allowed to go fishing. We understand that each man is put on his honour not to sling his hook.

A prominent actress, we learn, is known to her friends as "Boo." She would, however, resent being thus addressed by the gallery.

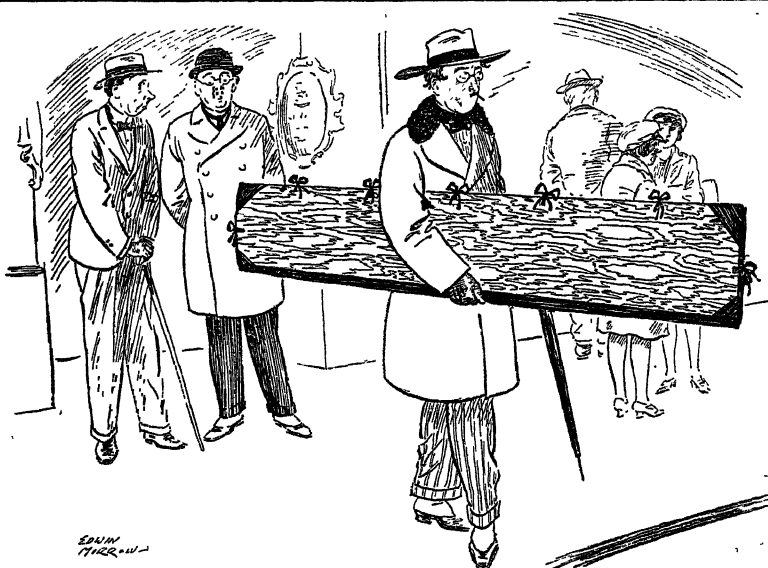
Finsbury Council is reported to be compiling a list of snow-clearers.

Locally this is regarded as an indication of a mild winter.

Ex-Cabinet Ministers are observed to have discarded their morning-coats on leaving office. It is understood, however, that these garments are kept in readiness for political emergencies.

The demonstration in New York of a telephone which speaks automatically into the ear of the operator is regarded as a big step towards the elimination of the subscriber.

House-trained wolves, we are assured on the authority of a sporting peer, are wonderful with children, particularly with little girls. This is hardly sup-



"THAT'S ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN ARTISTS IN FLEET STREET."
"WHAT'S HIS LINE?"
"COMIC STRIPS."

ported by the experience of *Little Red Riding Hood*.

By attending glove-fights, it is claimed, women have given boxing a dignity and a tone which were lacking in the old days. They haven't yet done this for the Sales.

A Scottish naturalist claims to have an owl that talks. Its scornful "Hoots!" is said to be very realistic.

A pure red cat has been exhibited. It is believed to belong to the species which Socialists let out of bags.

Anxiety is expressed in an evening paper as to the non-appearance of the muffin-man. It is feared that he may be suffering from loss of memory.

The artistic possibilities of a dentist's lighting arrangements inspired Sir JOHN

LAVERY to paint a picture of a patient in the chair. We ourselves have been blind to the beauties of this environment.

After elaborate operations lasting some hours, burglars made a haul of a few shillingworth of postage-stamps. It would have been more honest, and hardly more difficult, to obtain them from the young lady behind the counter.

In the course of a newspaper interview Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW said that Mr. H. G. WELLS was old-fashioned in his worship of science. But not, we imagine, in his worship of Mr. SHAW.

"Are you in love with your job?" asks Brigadier-General F. P. CROZIER in the course of a recent article. We have moments of depression when we think of Mr. SNOWDEN'S passion for his.

In the courts the other day Mr. Justice ROCHE said he could not understand why people made fun of tripe. It is pretty generally agreed that tripe is no joke.

We read of an Inverness-shire traveller who has carried a three-penny-piece with him for twenty-nine years. Perhaps he fears that, if he once broke into it, it would go bang.

According to a news-item, NADIR KHAN, the new ruler of Afghanistan, intends to introduce Prohibition in his country. If he really wants it, America has quite a lot of it that she isn't using.

A serial-writer declares that he believes in re-incarnation. Naturally he favours "continued in our next."

We learn that on the occasion of its three-hundredth performance a certain West-End revue is being entirely re-undressed.

Little Bo-Peep is to be one of the pantomimes this year. There seems to be no sign of a slump in the vogue for crook stories.

We understand there is no truth in the rumour that the Nobel Peace Prize is this year to be awarded to the man who decided not to fight PRIMO CARNERA.

THE FAKING OF HANSARD.

[Mr. AMMON, when questioned about a correction that he had made in the official report of his remarks, admitted with engaging candour that he had substituted what he ought to have said for what he did in fact say.]

How happier far the House would be,
How it would lose its worst of terrors,
Were every politician free
To fake the records of his errors,
And make it seem that he had said
Not what he did say, but the truth instead!

While still the damning proofs are wet
With floaters easily detected,
He'd play the Ammonite and get
His inexactitudes corrected;
He would—to make his stuff look better—
Insert the spirit and delete the letter.

So, too, by labour of the file
During a night of lucubration,
Lapses in literary style
Might, after much amelioration,
Take on the polished grace that pleases
CICERO'S lovers or DEMOSTHENES'S.

The humour which his speaking mind
Mislaid when overwrought and moidered
He would retrieve, and we should find
A soporific speech embroidered
With sparkling *mots*, a brilliant sally, a
Jewel of exquisite *esprit d'escalier*.

Also an adversary's eye
Might thus be wiped, his shafts be shivered;
LLOYD GEORGE might go and stultify
The repartee that BENN delivered:
"A pocket MOSES" he could chuck
And substitute "a pocket HABAKKUK." O. S.

POINTS OF VIEW.

It is always pleasing to liberal-minded lovers of the arts to hear of even the slightest unbending of official commendation from its traditional conservative standards. The latest evidence of such a departure comes, not inappropriately, from the U.S.A. and indicates what can only be described as an entirely new angle of vision for art criticism.

The American National Academy of Design, it seems, relenting of a conservatism which had fettered its judgments for many years, decided this year to show its thorough appreciation of the modern school of painters and bestowed its award on a certain canvas entitled "The Fossil-Hunters." Not very much might have been heard of this had not a press-photographer, summoned to take a photograph of the painting, expressed his opinion quite gratuitously that the picture was hung the wrong way, that indeed the thing was on its side. The artist when consulted appears, somewhat ungratefully, to have concurred in this view, and we gather that in the result the judges are not quite clear what can be done about it.

The incident raises some interesting issues. For example, would the Courts, if the matter were referred to them, hold that the award was valid? One does not want to say anything which might prejudice the outcome of such a delicate question, but it would seem that quite a good case could be made out by the Academy if they revoked the award and the artist contested their action. They could say that what they gave the prize for was a representation

of fossil-hunters in the vertical (or the horizontal, as the case may be), and that, if this picture purported, as the artist now claimed, to be a painting of fossil-hunters in the horizontal (or vertical), then clearly their award at once became void. On the other hand the artist might contend with some show of reason that the picture was appraised by the judges as in effect a certain combination of brush strokes spread over a given and constant area of canvas, and that the particular way you chose to look at it was not a material consideration.

However, let us leave that to the Courts. A question with which we are more concerned is whether this incident will not tend to encourage the practice, already growing in favour with a certain section of artists, of painting pictures which are by deliberate intention capable of alternative hanging positions, and whether such a development would or would not be desirable. The device is of course not without its convenience for the members of hanging committees where wall space is limited. These gentlemen must experience on occasion the same sort of difficulty as confronts ourselves frequently in arranging our holiday snaps in an album. It is clear too that in these days of smaller houses a picture might command a readier sale if it carried a guarantee that it was capable of being hung either laterally or longitudinally without prejudice to its artistic value.

It is no doubt arguable that the artist is not necessarily himself the best judge of which side up his picture should be hung to be most effective, and cases could probably be cited of pictures which are now hanging upside down in private collections and are all the better so.

Nevertheless when it is borne in mind that there are four possible positions for every picture, there will, we think, be a general measure of agreement that an artist who is seeking to exhibit his pictures in public—especially where some sort of diploma or award is at stake—ought not to have to rely so largely on chance. We think therefore that he should for exhibition purposes be required to nominate his intentions. He should be asked when sending in his canvas to state clearly which side up in his view is the right one, and he should be required to give an undertaking to abide by the judges' verdict upon his work as viewed in the position selected.

INTROSPECTION.

["A neurotic young thief who studies psycho-analysis and magic has been saved from a whipping by the plea of a doctor that he is 'too introspective' for such a punishment to be safe."—*Daily Paper*.]

Poor Burkanhare's disgusted, though his counsel made it plain

That, to an introspective man, conviction must give pain;
The jury brought in "Murder," and, to aggravate the case,
They failed to add a rider recommending him to grace.

Though a jury all uncultured treat psychology as fudge,
One looks for understanding in a so-called "learned" Judge,
And it piqued the prisoner deeply when the Judge dispelled
that hope,

Approved the monstrous verdict and consigned him to the
rope.

But Burkanhare will now appeal; it surely cannot be
That *all* our Judges set at naught the higher psychology;
And the point his counsel's going to make, as strongly as
he can,

Is that hanging might prove fatal to an introspective man.

Suitable Gift for a Liberal Leader.

"Georgious tame talking acclimatized Amazon Parrot, almost human, follows owner anywhere."—*Live-stock column in Provincial Paper*.



A GOOD DOG.

MOTHER HUBBARD-SNOWDEN. "I REGRET TO SAY THAT THE RESOURCES OF MY CUPBOARD ARE NOT INEXHAUSTIBLE."

LORD PRIVY SEALYHAM. "MY DEAR LADY, I APPRECIATE YOUR DIFFICULTIES. I AM NOT AS OTHER DOGS THAT I COULD NAME. I RECOGNISE THAT NOT EVERY PROBLEM CAN BE SOLVED BY A LARGESSE OF BONES."

[“He applied himself to his task in a somewhat different spirit from that of some of his colleagues, and brushed away those who told him that the only way to the solution of unemployment was by the mere spending of money.”

From report of a recent speech by Mr. J. H. THOMAS.]



Father (to Betty, who has laughed derisively at her young brother for using a long word in the wrong place). "WELL, BETTY, ARE YOU SO SURE YOURSELF THAT YOU ALWAYS KNOW THE MEANING OF SOME BIG WORDS YOU USE?"

Betty. "I MAY NOT KNOW THEIR MEANING, BUT I DO KNOW WHERE TO USE THEM."

THE HOUSE-AGENT.

WHY is it that a house-agent is always on the other side?

Why is it that, if you are trying to find a flat, flats are in such request that you must surrender at every turn to the terms of the only tenant in London who has one to dispose of?

Why is it that, if you want to dispose of a flat, there is so little demand for them that you can get rid of it only at a sacrifice?

To me the house-agent has always been a matter for pained perplexed thought: how he becomes one, whether directly or because he has failed in other walks of life; how he continues to be one and is allowed to prosper at it; whence came his slippery tongue; what kind of man he is outside the office, and particularly at home, under a searchlight; what his children think of him, and if he brings them up to be like himself or as worthy citizens.

It is not only his bewildering parti-

sanship and his mendacity that astound me, but also his denseness. Thus:—

Client. I want a service flat—unfurnished. Piccadilly district. Two bedrooms, one sitting-room, bath-room. Within five minutes' walk of a tube station. Rent not to exceed five hundred pounds. No premium. Immediate possession.

House-Agent. You want a flat, do you?

Client. I have just said so.

House-Agent. M'—yes. A service flat?

Client. A service flat.

House-Agent. What part of London?

Client. The Piccadilly district.

House-Agent. M'—yes. What accommodation?

Client. Do you mind writing it down? Thank you. Then I'll begin again. A service flat. Piccadilly district. Two bedrooms, one sitting-room, bath-room; within five minutes' walk of a tube station. Rent not to exceed five hundred pounds. No premium. Immediate possession.

House-Agent (consulting books). Here's one in Albemarle Street, if you don't mind six hundred pounds.

Client. I do.

House-Agent. Then what about Buckingham Gate? One bedroom. Charming situation.

Client. Two bedrooms.

House-Agent. Here's the very thing. Bayswater.

Client. Piccadilly district essential.

House-Agent. The north of the Park is very popular.

Client. Piccadilly district.

House-Agent. Well, here's one in Sackville Row; Jerrybuilt Mansions. Highly recommended block. Seven hundred pounds rent and owner will sell fixtures and carpets at a valuation.

Client. My limit's five hundred pounds and I don't want the carpets.

House-Agent. Some of the best people live there—Lord Gravie, Sir Ribston Pipp. It's a bargain, I assure you.

Client. Is possession immediate?

House-Agent. In three months.

Client. You're only wasting my time. Have you nothing else?

House-Agent (again consulting books or affecting to). Nothing. You will be making a great mistake, if I may say so, in not taking this. I've inspected it personally. Besides he might take less. It's a sub-let anyway.

Client. And if he won't leave for three months?

House-Agent. He might be induced to go earlier. Allow me to telephone. (*Goes to telephone and mumbles.*) I think we can arrange matters. My client says that, in consideration of your taking over the fixtures and carpets at a valuation and paying six-hundred-and-fifty pounds a year rent, he will vacate in four days. I assure you this is a bargain, and flats are being snapped up now directly they're vacant. People are sitting on the mat waiting for them.

Now supposing that the client, having no alternative, took the flat, paid two hundred pounds for the carpets and fixtures and a week later was ordered a year's travelling for his health, what would happen? The client would hastily again seek the house-agent, and this would be the conversation:—

Client. You remember that flat in Sackville Row that I took through you last week?

House-Agent (*without enthusiasm*). Let me see. At Shorttration House, wasn't it?

Client. No, at Jerrybuilt Mansions.

House-Agent. Oh, yes.

Client. Well, I want you to find a tenant for it at once. I have to go abroad. (*Tells his sad tale.*)

House-Agent. I'll take the particulars, but I'm afraid it won't be easy. There's no demand for flats just now. A most curious slump.

Client. And yet new blocks are going up everywhere.

House-Agent. I know. It's very odd.

Client. Well, you must do your best.

House-Agent. Of course. But I'm afraid you mustn't expect to get full rent. And what about fixtures?

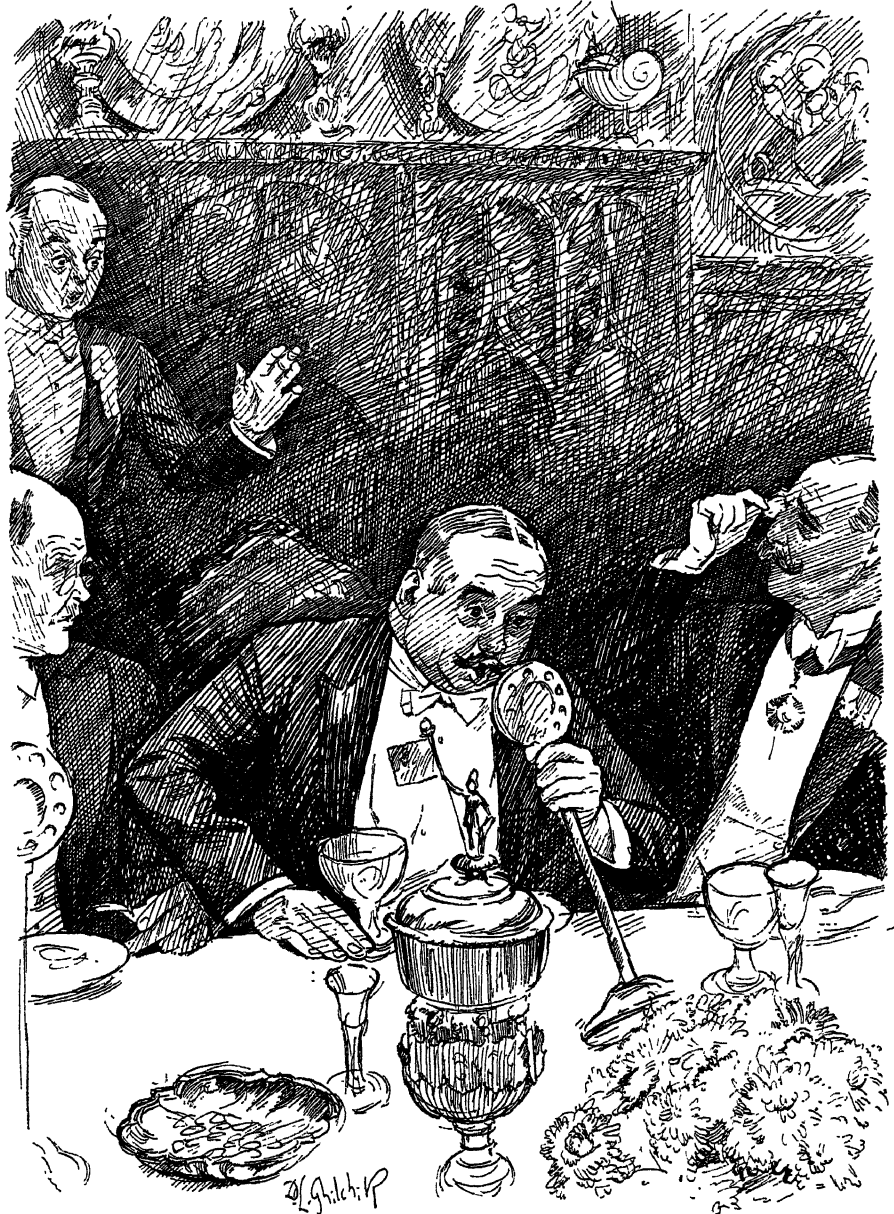
Client. Well, I paid two hundred pounds for them and they can hardly have depreciated in a week.

House-Agent. Very unlikely that anyone will give as much as that.

Client. But you told me they were cheap. "Dirt cheap," you said.

House-Agent. Well, I'll see what I can do.

A few days later the agent writes to the client saying that he has an offer for the balance of the rent at five hundred pounds, and fifty pounds for the fixtures and carpets, and in view of the fact that flats are at the moment in no demand he strongly advises its acceptance.



Newly-appointed Councillor (at civic function, imperfectly acquainted with use of microphone). "HALLO THERE! MORE CHAMPAGNE AT THIS END, PLEASE."

And there you are!

How amusing and refreshing it would be to find a house-agent with a passion for the truth: one who would say that the other man's fixtures were too dear; that the other man's figure was too high; that the street was too noisy; that the service was bad. But then of course he wouldn't be a house-agent; he would be something else and therefore outside the borders of this analysis and indictment.

E. V. L.

"An interesting address on the value of Sir John D. Birchall, M.P., a member of the Church Assembly, was given by Major the House of Laity."—*Chatham Paper*.

These old houses can get away with almost anything.

A Well-dated Fixture.

"CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY VERSUS GUY'S HOSPITAL."

Poster Displayed in Cambridge on Nov. 5th.

"Six Queens of Beauty, previously selected by coupon ballot from photographic reproductions in the local Press, to parade in the flesh for final judgment at the Town Hall (inside and out)."—*Durban Paper*.

It sounds rather like the Judgment of Paris (Folies Bergère).

"The pressure of the wind forced in a heavy window on the third floor of *The Daily* office, and the window swung at the end of its cords until a strip of food six feet long was nailed in place again."—*Northampton Paper*.

We know many newspaper offices where big strips of transparent tripe are constantly in stock.

A USE FOR EVERYTHING.

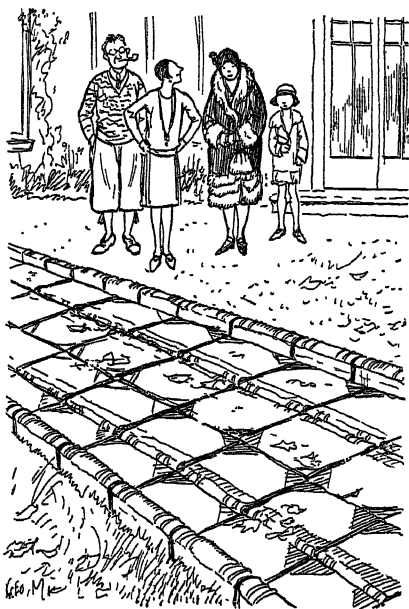
(Another of Mr. Punch's Helpful Talks for Tiny Homes.)

"WHAT am I to do with my *Encyclopædia Britannica* now that the November days are drawing in?" asks Natalie, and many a young housewife will echo her despair. Boreas is blowing and the red-and-gold leaves of the Virginia-creeper fall sadly on the immense pile of volumes stacked in front of the portico. The van has departed; the first instalment has been paid. Now, certainly, is the moment to beautify the little estate with all this wealth of material put suddenly at our disposal, unless we are to regret the bargain that we have made.

My friend Daphne, after wrinkling her pretty forehead for some time, decided on

PAVÉ FOR THE GARDEN PATH.

Though ordinary crazy paving has become somewhat *démodé*, the regular rectangles of the *Encyclopædia* form a delightful substitute and make a solid footway which on a fine afternoon none of us need be ashamed to exhibit to our friends. The cracks between the volumes can either be cemented or left open for the penetration of a nodding narcissus or heavenly blue squill when winter again relaxes its hold and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

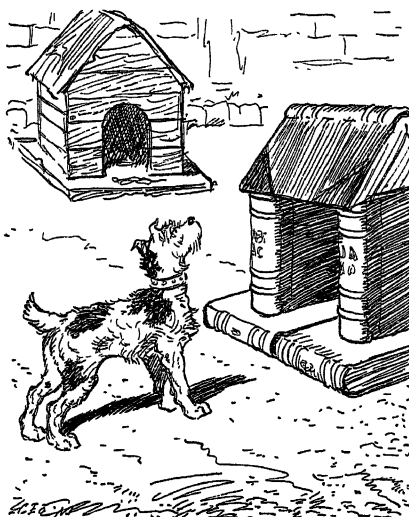


A CRAZY PAVEMENT OF ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.

The volume laid in the centre can be bored for a stone sundial or, better still, a fountain with a bronze nymph or Muse perched on the brim. And if any books are left they can be piled at hap hazard in one corner of the plot. Here at once is a nucleus for

THE CHARMING ROCK-GARDEN

through the chinks of which we shall welcome in due course *Veronica alpina*, *Myosotis alpestris* and *Azalea procumbens*, not to mention *Opus terribile* and lovely little *Editio stupendosa*, if Sol and Zephyrus prove kind.



"A KENNEL FOR FIDO WAS INDICATED."

"Jack and I laid our *Encyclopædia* in three afternoons," said Daphne, "and our garden is the envy of the whole neighbourhood. At the end there were one or two superfluous volumes, and

A KENNEL FOR FIDO

was immediately indicated. With the aid of a little glue we soon had it completed, and a single volume, half open, was placed on the top as a roof or watershed to protect our furry companion from the inclemency of *Atrax hiems*. Doggy likes his new abode much better than the ramshackle old quarters he used to have."

For some, however, intensive horticulture has little or no appeal. The rhythmic exercise of the body means more to them than quiet labour with the trowel and the colourful beauty of the flower-border. They value Science and Literature, in fact, as an aid to Exercise rather than Art.

Petronella, I find, is turning her *Encyclopædia* into

A HARD TENNIS COURT,

sprinkling it loosely with red gravel and marl, and using plasticine between the joins. She beats the whole down with a mallet and rolls it firmly afterwards with a rolling-pin. There is no waste here, as the bookcase can be utilised for spectators to sit on, or to hold cocktails, biscuits and orangeade.

The peculiar resilience of the surface makes the court faster, she says, than any composition or even than wood.

"Half-a-dozen sets on my *Encyclopædia*," Petronella avers, "followed by an hour's face massage, give me the

smooth flower-like skin that is half the battle of life for we girls."

I do not recommend a squash racket court. Even if the material is sufficient the welding of the volumes is too ambitious a task for the amateur. The danger of a sudden collapse more than counterbalances the pleasure you are likely to derive from the sport.

I am inclined to think that Drusilla has been the most ingenious of all my friends. With the aid of a few cross-beams and a little assistance from the local carpenter she has converted her *Encyclopædia* into

A SERVICEABLE GARAGE

wherein to house the midget four-seater which was her husband's present after the great motor-show.

But another pretty fancy is that of Eunice, who is devoting half her volumes to the construction of a rose-arbour and the rest to a pigeon-loft.

Of indoor uses for the *Encyclopædia* I shall speak later, only mentioning here that they include

the ornamental wine-rack,
the home billiard-table,
the sponge-squeezer and
the temporary dancing-floor.

"In a thousand simple ways," said Barbara (or was it Dulcinea?) to me the other day, "the *Encyclopædia* is making us realise that before one had it I hardly knew how to live." EVOE.

SAFE DEPOSIT.

"EDWARD," I said to old Edward, the safe-deposit commissioner, "I have just thought of an excellent idea for a thrilling story."

"Very good, Sir," said Edward.

"Edward," I said, "this corridor is remote."

"Isolated," Edward agreed.

"Precisely. Nobody can see what goes on in it unless he happens to be in it himself. Now imagine my strong-room to contain something of value."

Edward shut his eyes and swallowed.

"Gold bars," he murmured, "diamond ta-ra-ras and etceteras, to the tune of a quarter-million or it might be a half."

I felt that this was handsome.

"News as to my possessions," I continued, "having leaked out, a master-crook rents a strong-room in this corridor. Picture me in my strong-room. The master-crook, having followed me (ostensibly on his way to his own strong-room), stuns me by a sudden blow on the head with a blunt instrument, secures his booty, locks the strong-room with me inside, pockets my keys, and with the utmost nonchalance effects



Indignant Waster. "AND AFTER I'D SPILT A CUP OF CONSOMMÉ ON THAT BLOKE, FOR WHICH I'LL BE FINED A BOB, 'E GIVES ME A BLINKIN' TANNER!"

his escape. Let us visualize the sequence of events."

Edward shut his eyes again and swallowed again.

"Half-an-hour elapses," I went on. "You, in your usual place by the lift, reflect, 'Mr. Skiffins is an unconscionable time in his strong-room. I will go round and enjoy a little conversation with him.'"

"It not being one of my busy days," said Edward.

"You find my strong-room locked. You reflect, 'Strange! Can it be that Mr. Skiffins has walked up the stairs while I happened to be in the lift? I will inquire of my brother-commissionaire at the exit.'"

"I might," conceded Edward, "and then again I might not. There's no getting away from that, try as you will."

"Having ascertained that I am still on the premises, you become somewhat perturbed."

"Ah!" said Edward thoughtfully.

"You institute a search and on this proving unsuccessful you in a state of great anxiety communicate with my firm; but before my firm has awoke to the sinister significance of the situation and caused the strong-room to be broken

open, I, after regaining consciousness, have perished from suffocation, thus dying one of the most terrible deaths possible for human imagination to contemplate."

"Capital!" said Edward heartily. "Capital!"

AN ESSEX TRAGEDY.

[According to a Leigh-on-Sea fisherman, "shrimp-fishing is dying out. The young fellows don't like early or late hours." *Evening Standard.*]

No matter what time, late or early,
Our fathers were called to the quest—
When the dew on the meadows was pearly

Or shadows invited to rest—
If only the tide was propitious
These constant and valorous imps
Went forth to ensnare most delicious
And succulent shrimps.

And, if the elusive crustaceans
From shore to deep water withdrew,
With the zeal of amphibious Alsatians
Their enemies after them flew;
Their eyes were as keen as an eagle's,
They saw like a cat in the dimps,
They were tougher and stouter than
beagles,
These hunters of shrimps.

But they're gone with the Knights and Crusaders,

And latter-day Essex abhors
The sight of tarpaulins and waders,
Preferring the lure of plus-fours;
While it readily must be admitted
That trousers ballooning like blimps
Are garments completely unfitted
For coping with shrimps.

For the zeal of the Spartan and Stoic,
Which kindled the souls of their sires
And nerved them to actions heroic,
No longer young Essex inspires;
He shrinks from the blast of the blizzard,

His hair matutinally crimps,
And he rather would lounge with the lizard

Than grapple with shrimps.
There are other and greater abuses
That clamour for instant redress,
But that is the worst of excuses
For failing to deal with the less;
And what could be wiser than setting
Our wasters and sluggards and simps
At regular work on the netting
Of nutritive shrimps?

The New Cosmetic.

"LET US SPRAY YOUR BODY WITH CELLULOSE & Co."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

FROST.

A SEVERE winter is prophesied with a frost equal to, if not harder than, that of last year. Well, I am ready for it this time. It will not disorganise me again. For I have spent the long hot summer afternoons, when work was impossible, in writing in advance all the letters and other communications which experience has shown will probably be needed on the occasion of a heavy frost. Not only did this occupation keep me cool in the depths of August, but it will ensure the minimum of dislocation from my work. When the frost does come I shall just plunge my hand into a drawer and bring out the requisite letter for any emergency, without any interruption of my working leisure.

A.—PHONE MESSAGE.

Will Messrs. Solder and Wrench please send a plumber at once to No. 14 to mend a pipe burst by the frost?

B.—POSTCARD.

To Messrs. Solder and Wrench.

DEAR SIRs,—Please send a plumber round to No. 14 as soon as possible to mend a pipe burst by the frost. I have tried to phone you three times, but your instrument is out of order.

C.—POSTCARD (SIX COPIES).

To Messrs. Solder and Wrench.

DEAR SIRs,—No plumber has yet come to No. 14 to mend pipe burst by the frost.

D.—POSTCARD.

London Telephone Service.

DEAR SIR,—Please send a man to Messrs. Solder and Wrench to mend their telephone, presumably burst by the frost.

E.—TELEGRAM (TWO COPIES).

Solder and Wrench. Please send plumber immediately number fourteen mend two burst pipes.

F.—LETTER.

To J. Tinsmith and Co.

DEAR SIRs,—Please send round immediately twelve large pails and six hip-baths. On appro.

G.—LETTER (TWELVE COPIES).

DEAR —,—We are sorry we cannot accept your kind invitation for to-night. The frost has burst two pipes, one, as usual, over my dressing-room, and I haven't a dry thing left except my bathing-suit, which was luckily in the linen-cupboard.

H.—LETTER.

DEAR AUNT,—We are terribly sorry, but we must ask you to cancel your visit to us, to which we were so looking

forward, as the frost has burst our pipes and the spare room is full of water.

I.—TELEGRAM (THREE COPIES).

Solder and Wrench.

Send plumber immediately, number fourteen, mend several burst pipes.

J.—POSTCARD.

Metropolitan Water Board.

DEAR SIR,—Please send a man at once as I have forgotten where I turn off my water at the main. I thought I remembered, but it is apparently the gas.

K.—LETTER.

To Messrs. Footweare and Son.

DEAR SIRs,—Please send round to No. 14 as soon as possible two pairs gum-boots (knee)—size 9 and size 6.

L.—LETTER.

To Messrs. Footweare and Son.

DEAR SIRs,—Please send round to No. 14 as soon as possible two pairs gum-boots (thigh)—size 9 and size 6.

M.—LETTER (TWENTY COPIES).

DEAR {UNCLE
AUNT
COUSIN},—Thank you for your letter. Yes, we have suffered from

the frost too, and have {one
two
three
several} pipe(s)
burst, one over the {drawing-
dining-
bed-} room,
and one as usual over my dressing-room.

Yes, we also are having {some
great
enormous
a hell of a lot of} trouble in getting a plumber. We expect one {this year.
next year.
sometime.
never.}

N.—LETTER.

To the Comet Insurance Company.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to make a claim under my policy for damage done by a burst pipe.

O.—POSTCARD.

To the Comet Insurance Company.

DEAR SIR,—Why should it be an Act of God?

P.—POSTCARD.

To the Comet Insurance Company.

DEAR SIR,—Oh, all right then.

Q.—NOTE (SIX COPIES).

Awfully sorry we can't come as you suggest. We have some burst pipes and the plumbers are in and so we don't like to leave the house.

R.—NOTE (SIX COPIES).

Yes, rather. Delighted to come. We have some burst pipes and the plumbers are in and so we are only too glad to get out of the house.

S.—LETTER.

To Messrs. Solder and Wrench.

DEAR SIRs,—Herewith cheque in settlement of enclosed account. I should like to suggest once again that the work could have been both taken in hand and completed much more expeditiously.

T.—LETTER (ONE COPY, JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT).

To the Editor of "The Daily Blurb."

DEAR SIR,—All through the summer I have been able to obtain a plumber for any trifling little job at a moment's notice: yet the minute we have a heavy frost with its train of burst pipes—jobs that are really urgent—it apparently takes days to obtain a man capable of repairing them. Of course with a Labour Government what else can one expect? But is not this surely a little too much? I am a constant reader of your excellent paper and consider my day ill-spent when I do not read at least two copies of *The Daily Blurb*. I hope you will consider my letter worthy of the high standard set by your Correspondence Column. A. A.

A PROMISING TEN-YEAR-OLD.

[To the League of Nations, which publicly celebrated its tenth birthday last week.]

PRODUCT of sword and pen,
Hope of war-wearied men,
Atat already ten—
Hail, League of Nations!
Fortune attend your quest,
One surely of the best;
Herewith my heart est
Congratulations.

Progress you've made, though slow,
Since you commenced to grow;
Foiled the potential foe;
Side-tracked the sinner;
Bade the plague backward roll;
Soothed Europe's troubled soul—
Not so bad, on the whole,
For a beginner.

What though detractors rude
Deem you too frail and crude?
Since for ten years you've stood
Steady upon ward
'Gainst a new earthly hell,
Not mine your faith to quell;
"Half a League!" scoff they? Well,
"Half a League, onward!" A. K.

Remorseless Revellers.

"At the Port Chalmers Magistrate's Court two seafaring men were charmed with being drunk and disorderly."—*New Zealand Paper*.



Grocer. "HERE'S A FINE NEW KIND O' TEA, MA'AM. WE'VE TRIED IT OURSELS. IT'S MAGNEEFICENT. IT TAKS A FIRRM GRIP O' THE THIRRD WATER."

THE DAILY SEVENTEEN.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—A rather serious word in your ear.

On the morning of Monday, November 11th, Armistice Day, I found in small type in *The Times* the usual Monday bag of motor-murders, euphemistically described as "Road Accidents."

Twelve citizens were murdered (not counting those mutilated or maimed) in or by motor-cars in or about London during the three preceding days.

Perhaps, Sir, you will think some of the details worthy of larger type.

EIGHT OF THE TWELVE WERE PEDESTRIANS.

FOUR OF THESE WERE CHILDREN UNDER TEN.

THREE OF THE TWELVE WERE PASSENGERS.

TWO ONLY WERE DRIVERS.

NO ONE WAS ARRESTED OR EVEN CENSURED.

The speed of the guilty motor-car is only given in one instance, and in that case (the common story, slippery surface—sudden emergency—brake—skid—crash) the Coroner said:—

"There was no question of criminal negligence on the part of the driver.

HE WAS GOING TOO FAST, but no motorist thought anything of thirty miles an hour these days."

The jury returned a verdict of "Death by Misadventure."

At the other inquests the verdict was "Accidental Death."

In the same issue of *The Times* I read a very serious leading article on "Measles," the tone of which contrasted strangely with an almost light-hearted leading article on road accidents which appeared a few days earlier. The article on "Measles" concluded.—

"Public money could not be devoted to a better object, for *this*

disease is the greatest of all the dangers to child life in this country."

I am sorry to have to say it, but this statement is fantastically erroneous. The greatest of all the dangers to child life in this country is the motor-car and nothing else. Ask any village mother which she fears most—measles or motors. Listen to them crying down the road as their children go off to school, "*Mind the motors, Maggie!*" It is the ruling terror in their minds, the first word on their lips. And, supposing they knew anything of statistics, they would have statistics to back them, for the measles mortality is negligible beside the motor mortality. Our charity

and the doctors are bringing down the infantile death-rate by leaps and bounds, but the motor-cars are sending it up much quicker than that. You may say "Nonsense!" I answer sadly, "It is a fact."

And I do not venture to blame *The Times* either for its optimism or its error, for we are all in the same boat, the boat of complacency and resignation; and only you, Sir, perhaps can get us out of it. If as many people were dying by measles or machine-guns or railway accidents as are dying by motor-cars—what is it?—six thousand a year, or SEVENTEEN A DAY in England and Wales—there would be a national panic; we should stop going to the theatres. But somehow we have got it into our heads that highway massacre is natural and inevitable. I venture the wild suggestion that it is not.

"*He was going too fast, BUT. . .*"

That sort of sentence must somehow be torn out of our minds, coroners, juries and all. If I ran at my full speed along a crowded pavement and knocked down and killed an old woman or child there would be no "buts"—slippery "surface," child playing with hoop, slip, stumble, error of judgment, bad lighting or anything else. It would not be "Accidental Death," it would be "Manslaughter," and rightly.

Excellent gentlemen like Mr. MERVYN O'GORMAN write expert, charming and learned letters to *The Times* enumerating the various "buts"—the bad surface, the bumpy road, the jay-walker,

the child at play, etc. They suggest that there should be wider roads, more foot-paths, more intelligent children, more agile and clever pedestrians. Certainly. But they never add that *until we have these things* the motorist must adapt himself to the present imperfect conditions. For all the experts have the fixed idea that the one thing that really matters is, not human life, but speed. The speed of motor-cars has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Mr. MERVYN O'GORMAN tells us complacently that "safety in traffic can only be reached by study of its multifarious conditions." Excellent! Keep an expert watch on the doomed seventeen every day and see how they die.

had one bottle and got drunk—here is the key of the cellar." Whatever speed-limit is fixed for the public road should be enforced as strictly as the drinking-limit of the public-house. Indeed our roads have many drunkards on them—drunk with speed, impatience and power. For the present generation of drivers and walkers I should fix the limit without hesitation at thirty. It does not move me that "*no motorist thinks anything of thirty miles an hour these days.*" They must be made to think something of it. I would have pasted on every wind-screen—

SEVENTEEN CITIZENS ARE DYING ON THE ROADS TO-DAY.

EIGHTEEN CITIZENS WILL DIE TO-MORROW.

BY SUNDAY IT MAY BE TWENTY—IS IT WORTH IT?



Visitor (relating adventures). "MY DEAR, THE WHOLE HOUSE WAS ABLAZE, AND WE HAD TO GET OUT AS BEST WE COULD AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

Friend. "MY DEAR, HOW TOO APPALLINGLY EARLY!"

And meanwhile, says the expert, *remove the speed limit altogether!*

I advance the perhaps daring thesis that motor accidents are caused in the main by motor-cars, and by motor-cars going too fast to avoid an accident—too fast to brake without skidding, too fast to stop in time, too fast to avoid the jay-walker (if any). *Seventeen citizens died to-day on the high roads. Eighteen citizens will die to-morrow. Four-hundred-and-fifty will be injured. Very few of them would be saved by better "surfaces" or more foot-paths; a few might be saved by driving tests for drivers; none would be saved by removing the speed limit; many might be saved by enforcing it. I hope, Sir, that you will resist the total abolition of the speed-limit tooth and claw. We do not say to the drunkard, "You have*

or that means I will bring the death-rate tumbling down, and bring it down at once—narrow roads, jay-walkers, slippery surfaces or no."

I, Sir, am modestly prepared to say that. It can only be done by stabbing the imagination of every driver on the road; and that can only be done by measures drastic, dictatorial and mad. I would proclaim a Reign of Terror on the roads—a six-weeks' campaign for the saving of life. During that six weeks whenever two cars crashed I would send the surviving driver or drivers to jail, innocent or guilty. Whenever a pedestrian was injured he would go to prison for three months, but the driver would get six. Very few pedestrians would die an "Accidental Death" by motor-car; in most cases it would be either manslaughter or



ASPECTS OF MODERN ART: PRIVATE VIEW OF THE "PETS" PORTRAIT SOCIETY.

Lady with Cat. "I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE FATIMA HOME AND BRING HER WHEN THE PLACE IS EMPTIER. SHE CAN'T LOOK AT THE PICTURES IN ALL THIS CROWD."

murder. For "if a man do a thing deliberately which is calculated to endanger the life of another, and it causes his death, he will be guilty of homicide"—and that is the law. In a county which had more than a certain percentage of accidents all motor-traffic would for six weeks be prohibited. To travel over thirty miles an hour in any circumstances would be "dangerous driving"—as it generally is—and punishable with imprisonment. To enforce these measures I would employ the British Army and give them useful occupation. During this mad six weeks there would be many hard cases, *but the death-rate would come down.* And I do not think we should find that the national life suffered in any way whatever. Not even the traffic would be dislocated. The reckless week-end might have less time at Brighton, *but the death-rate would come down.* At the end of it we might hope to have implanted a new psychology of the roads; the motorist would have ceased to "think nothing of thirty m.p.h."; and on that basis we could return to normal laws and some of the experts' pretty ideas. But

at the first sign of a relapse—the moment the death-rate rose—my Minister of Transport would have power to declare martial law on the roads again. The expert may smile at this and the motorist may spit, *but the death-rate would come down.* And so long as they have nothing better to suggest than the abolition of the speed-limit I shall continue to shout at them—

"SEVENTEEN CITIZENS WERE KILLED TO-DAY.

EIGHTEEN CITIZENS WILL BE KILLED TO-MORROW—

IS IT WORTH IT?"

I know that we are all motorists now, and that is why we are so difficult to rouse from our complacent calm. In any other context those figures would make us hysterical; and perhaps we ought to be hysterical.

It is evening. Most of the seventeen will be dead by now. Two women have been burned to death in a ditch; another was thrown through a wind-screen and cut to pieces; an old man was killed as he was leaving a tram; a young girl was flung through a shop-

window; two children were crushed by a lorry at the door of their home; a motor-cyclist has been beheaded; three "jay-walkers" were killed on the pavement. "Accidental deaths!"

Worse things have happened on the British roads to-day than happened many a day in the whole British front line. More deaths too. And the expert says, "More speed." And Mr. O'GORMAN says, "Abolish the speed-limit." I tell you, Sir, if a Parliament of motorists abolishes the speed-limit I will lead the patient, scuttling, terrified host of "jay-walkers" down to Whitehall, and we will stop the traffic until Parliament puts it on again.

Ten o'clock. The seventeenth citizen is dead. Doubtless a "jay-walker bent on self-destruction." A. P. H.

How to Make our Children Tough.

"Grease new twins thoroughly and bake them slowly in an oven for an hour or so."
Cooking Notes in American Paper.

No Robot Need Apply.

"Required for a Lady. Nurse; full hospital training, yet human."—*Daily Paper.*

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE REVOLUTION.

ONCE there was a King who didn't behave at all well in his kingdom, because it was quite small and his subjects worked hard but they didn't earn very much, and he would go on spending a lot of money and putting on taxes until at last they got quite sick of it.

Well the King wasn't satisfied with his palace, which was a very nice one that Americans often took photographs of, but it was old-fashioned and not nearly so grand as one he had been invited to stay in belonging to another King who was a friend of his.

And when he got back home he said to the Queen I shall build myself a new palace, really I should be quite ashamed of asking anybody to come and stay at this one. Why there is only one bathroom, and we had to give up quite a good dungeon for that.

And the Queen said well I don't know where the money is to come from, there is a lot owing to the tradespeople, and the subjects don't cheer us nearly so much as they used to when we come out on to the balcony. I sometimes think they are getting rather tired of us.

And the King said well I am getting rather tired of them, and I shall tell them so if they are not more careful. This palace may be bad for bathrooms but it is quite good for dungeons, and I shall remind them of that when I put on the new taxes.

And the Queen said well I don't think it will answer, but I shouldn't mind moving into a smaller palace with fewer rats in it, so you can try it and we will see what happens.

Well what happened was that when the King told his counsellors to put taxes on bicycles and silk stockings so as to get enough money for him to build himself a new palace they said the subjects would never stand it. And the King said well then they'd better sit, and all the counsellors laughed because they didn't want to offend him especially when he mentioned the dungeons.

But they had a meeting about it among themselves in a coal cellar, so that the King wouldn't know about it, and one of them who was called Jacob said well it can't go on like this any longer, I think the only thing to do is to have a revolution. And they thought

that wasn't a bad idea, but they said what are we to do after that?

And Jacob said oh we must have a republic, it is quite in the fashion now, and much less expensive, because a President doesn't cost nearly so much as a King, he doesn't have to have so many uniforms. And he said I don't mind being president myself if nobody else wants to. I would do it cheap, and I shouldn't want to live in the palace because I have got quite a nice house of my own, I have just finished paying off the instalments on it.

And they said well what are you

haven't seen them for some time and I don't remember what they are like.

And the King said oh I will soon show you what they are like, and they went down to the dungeons and the Queen went with them. And when they got to the deepest dungeon of all the King said I thought of keeping this one for the counsellors if they don't do what I want, do you think you could make yourself fairly comfortable in it?

And Jacob said well I would rather have more light and fewer rats, is there a good lock on the door?

And the King said oh yes I have had all the locks oiled. You can try it yourself if you like.

So Jacob took the key and locked the King and the Queen in the dungeon, and it was no use their banging on the door because it was so far underground that nobody would hear them, and he went back to the other counsellors and said I have got them safely locked up and we can get on with the revolution now.

So all the counsellors went out on to the balcony of the palace and Jacob made quite a good speech and told the subjects that they were going to have a republic now, and everybody would be made better off because of having fewer taxes, and they cheered him and went home to their dinners.

Well all the counsellors looked at one another and one of them said well it seems almost too easy, what are we going to do about the King and Queen? and Jacob said oh leave that to me, and he went down to the dungeon, but he thought he had better take two soldiers with him in case

the King turned nasty, and as they went down the stairs he said I don't want to have any shooting because of the League of Nations, but if they give any trouble I shall keep them in the dungeon and you two will have to guard them and take them their meals. I suppose I can trust you.

And they said he could if he gave them their pay, which they hadn't had for some time. So that was all right, and Jacob talked to the King through the keyhole before he unlocked the door, and he said we have just had a revolution and this is a republic and I am president of it, so you are my subject, are you going to behave or not?

And the King was furious and said he should have Jacob's head cut off when he got out of the dungeon, but



"AND THE KING SAID OH YES I HAVE HAD ALL THE LOCKS OILED."

going to do about the King? And he said oh leave that to me.

So they left it to him, and he put on his dress-suit and went to call on the King. And the King said well I suppose you have come to see reason now, I have thought of another tax because I don't think those two would bring in quite enough money, I shall put a tax on arm-chairs.

And Jacob said well I don't think that's a bad idea, but I'm sure the subjects won't stand it, and if you take away their arm-chairs they won't be able to sit it either. And the King thought this was rather a good joke because it was like the one he had made himself, and he laughed and said would you like to see my dungeons?

And Jacob said yes I should. I

Jacob said well you won't get out until you promise to behave, so presently the King said he supposed he should have to, and he asked Jacob what he was going to do with him and the Queen.

And Jacob said well I thought of sending you to America. They will make quite a fuss of you there, and I should think you could both get a job in the talkies if you want to. Of course you can't go on living here because it would only be making trouble, I shall have quite enough to do ruling the country without that, you know what it is yourself.

Well the King couldn't do anything because none of the soldiers were on his side as he hadn't given them their pay for such a long time, but he didn't want to go to America so Jacob allowed him enough to live on in a suburb, and he turned over a new leaf and got elected to the Town Council where he was very useful in keeping the rates down.

And Jacob made quite a good president of the republic until they got tired of him, because they said it was so dull having a president instead of a King, and Mrs. Jacob didn't know what to say to people when they had a garden-party.

So they elected another president who had made a lot of money when there was a boom on the Stock Exchange, and he did up the palace and went and lived in it and gave very nice dinner-parties, and he had plenty of fireworks to amuse the subjects. And they were all pleased with him and said it was almost as good as having a King except for uniforms. And Jacob didn't mind much, because he hadn't been making any money out of being President. But he said it would only be fair if they put up a statue to him and put on it that he was the saviour of his country.

So they did that, and they got on quite well as a republic, and often used to talk about the glorious revolution and how clever they were to have had it without bloodshed. A. M.

OUTSIZE.

A LADY in the current news
Says that she takes size 1 in shoes.

This, though a natural source of pride,
Betrays an inconvenient side,

Merely because size 1 is not,
For all her efforts, to be got.

And every shop to which she goes
Greets her with ribald Ha's and Ho's,
Informing her that 8's and 9's
Are the more favoured Georgian lines,

While trivial 1's are never made
(Not being asked for) by the trade.

And, as the world would think it odd
Were she to go about unshod,

She asks the world to show its wit
And tell her how to get a fit.

It would appear a happy stroke
To get those articles bespoke,

But the solution comes so pat
That probably she thought of that.

It seems, then, as she cannot meet
With shoes adapted for her feet,

She must—indeed, she cannot choose—
Adapt her feet to fit her shoes.

Tennis will do the trick, and golf
Will work a lot of smallness off.

By these, and walking with the guns,
Her shoes, instead of being 1's,

Seen only by a powerful lens,
With diligence, may turn to 10's

In men's. DUM-DUM.



Hostess. "MUST YOU LEAVE SO SOON?"
Celebrity. "YES, I THINK EVERYONE HAS SEEN ME."



House-Agent (to young couple wanting small flat). "ONLY YOURSELVES, I SUPPOSE? NO OTHER CHILDREN?"

OUT OF THE DARK.

NOVEMBER streamed into the room,
The earth, the sky was dead;
There seemed no comfort in my gloom
Till suddenly I read:

"The antlers of a fossil roe
Have recently been found,
That forty thousand years ago
Once walked on English ground."

"Now Heaven be praised," I cried aloud,
"For this our daily Press,
That when the heart with grief is bowed
Thus cheers our loneliness!"

And all day long a fount of song
Welled up within my breast
In thinking of that ancient stag
Gone long ago to rest.

Near Reading-town he laid him down,
He quaffed the Berkshire air,
Though Reading had no station then
And Didcot was not there.

Far off beyond the feverish woes
That make our modern lives
This fine old hart performed his part
And married numerous wives.

Before the Roman legions came,
Before QUEEN ANNE, before
The public-house was built at Thame
His branchy tines he bore.

KING ALFRED had not bound the
Danes

To keep the Wedmore frith;
Nothing was going on at Staines,
Henley or Hammersmith.

Lone on the skyline there he stood;
The future breathed no word;
The west was grey, the U.S.A.
Had not been disinterred.

Unpiled the cromlechs of Stone-
henge,
Unfired the axe by forge,
And no good Liberal vowed revenge
On Mr. D. LLOYD GEORGE.

The Armada had not sailed the seas
Nor Domesday book been penned,
There was no Court of Common Pleas,
Nor trust stock dividend.

He walked upon the untrampled downs,
He fed on bits of fern;
If prowling men disturbed his den
He prodded them in the stern.

He chased his nimble hinds for sport,
He barked, he belled—I fear
Zoology is not my forte;
I am not sound on deer.

Only by natural ills perplexed
He chafed his velvet horns;
No BEAVERBROOK campaign had vexed
The non-imperial morns.

SELFRIDGE was not; the Norman
spears

Had sprung not from the bay;
Darkling amidst the woof of years
LYONS and WOOLWORTHS lay.

No Niobe in marble wept
Nor MELCHETT dreamed in stone;
CÆSAR and MUSSOLINI slept
Unheard of and unknown.

By flight of light and link of wire
The world was still unhalved;
Skirts were, if anything, much higher
When this wild thing was calved.

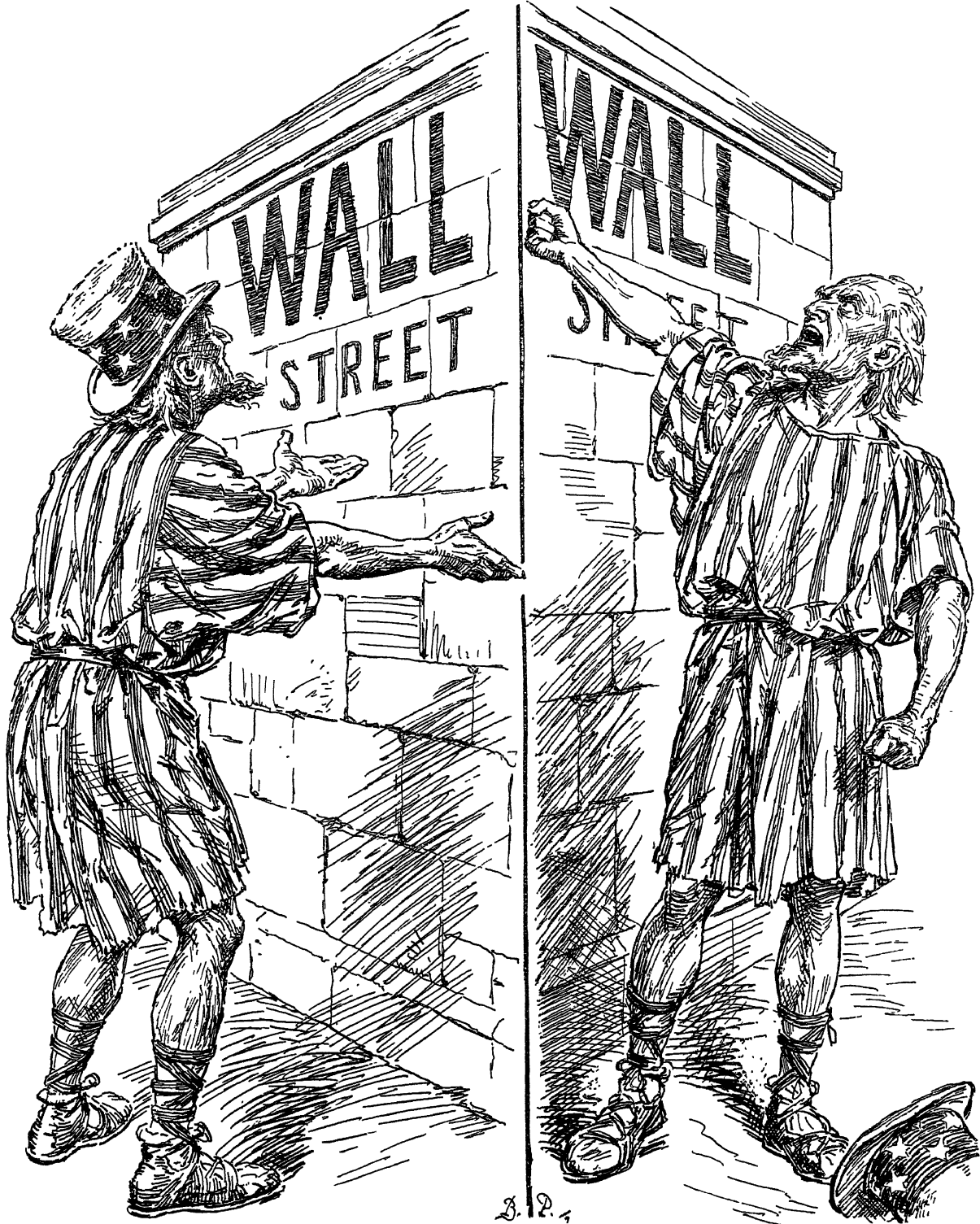
Undreamt within the womb of Time
Were patent foods and pills;
Lord BIRKENHEAD had not been bred,
Nor PASSFIELD strode the hills.

Nay, had my Muse ten thousand wings
All worked by gasoline,
She might not say the uncounted
things

This old brute had not seen.

The more I muse upon his fate
The more it seems to me
That fine old buck had all the luck:
I wish I had been he!

And most for this, that, being born
There in the nick of time,
And re-exhumed, he stands illumed
By this immortal rhyme. EVOE.



AN AUTUMN NIGHT'S NIGHTMARE.

SCENE I.

PYRAMUS of U.S.A. (*on speculation bent*)—

"THOU WALL, O WALL, O SWEET AND
LOVELY WALL,
SHOW ME THY CHINK!"

SCENE II.

THE SAME (*after failure of speculation*)—

"O WICKED WALL, THROUGH WHOM I
SEE NO BLISS,
CURSED BE THY STONES FOR THUS
DECEIVING ME."

(*A Midsummer Night's Dream, V. 1.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 11th.—The Office of Works is the Government's Universal Provider, which supplies the State with anything from an office chair (made in Austria) to a pair of pelicans. It is only right therefore that it should have its WILLIAM WHITELEY (borrowed from the Treasury) to provide the House of Commons with information. He provided Mr. BROAD, who fortunately is not as broad as his Question, with the information that contractors are not required to grant holidays to the workmen employed by them on the Department's work.

Have you seen those natty little new one-piece ear-and-mouth telephones that Messrs. LEES SMITH and VIANI, of St. Martin's-le-Grand, are showing? At present the demand exceeds the supply, but at the end of the year it will be possible to supply all old customers. Of course they are a bit dearer than the old two-piece hammer-and-tongs telephone, but one has to pay to be fashionable.

Why will Members put down some of their most interesting Questions for *written answers*? Had Colonel WEDGWOOD introduced the subject of his friend HAMDI BEG BABAN in the House, some Supplementary seeker after truth would certainly have ascertained for us who HAMDI (may his tribe increase!) is and what (may jackals howl on the graves of his enemies!) the Government did to his property in Bagdad that he has had to claim compensation. As the Government has already paid him one-hundred-and-eighty-seven pounds ten shillings and has offered to give him twenty-five pounds and a free passage to Iraq (where the arbitration is to take place), and another fifty pounds when he gets to Bagdad, it really looks as if HAMDI's middle name is BEG from choice and not from necessity.

The Widows' and Orphans' and Old Age Contributory Pensions Bill may not be so simple as Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE would have us believe, but Lady ASTOR should surely have known that, in Committee on an Amendment to confine the measure to *necessitous* widows, for her to divagate in the direction of all sorts of other widows, young widows and widows with children, crippled widows and policemen's widows and widows in by-streets, would bring the CHAIRMAN about her ears.

She might equally have known, one feels sure, what sort of widows are included in the Bill. As it was, her peroratory remark to the effect that a pre-Act policeman's widow's life is not a happy one was deprived of most of its fire and effect by Mr. GREENWOOD's

interjected observation that pre-Act policemen's widows are within the scope of the Bill. Lady ASTOR switched bravely over to the case of a sailor's widow, only to be assured by that hateful SUSAN LAWRENCE that sailors' widows, being likewise in the Bill, need no longer care. "Am I to understand that *all* widows are in this Bill?" asked the noble lady in desperation.

"Read the Bill," ordered Miss LAWRENCE severely. "It's not so easy as all that," chipped in Mr. E. BROWN, gallantly coming to the rescue of beauty in distress; and Lady ASTOR echoed that it was not easy at all. What about Mrs. Beat, the policeman's widow, Mrs. Salt the merchant marine



"SIMPLICITY."

(After the painting by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.)

"I AM A SIMPLE WOMAN."

LADY ASTOR.

widow, Mrs. Pipeclay and Mrs. Bowline, and Mrs. Quill and Mrs. Birch, and all the other widows? "I am a simple woman," she added somewhat irrelevantly. "Only a wandering woman," the CHAIRMAN intimated, pointing out that the Amendment under discussion was still concerned solely with "*necessitous*" widows. To these the House declined to confine its bounties and passed on.

Tuesday, November 12th.—Lord STRICKLAND's beneficent rule has not up to the moment brought Malta, the jewel of the Mediterranean, all that its heart desires, so yesterday he looked into the House of Lords to see if he could not get a little something to take back with him.

What Malta wants is more aerodromes and seaplane stations—lots of them—and Lord STRICKLAND even went so far as to hint darkly that the bare

thought of taxation without aeration made the knightly blood of Malta boil. Lord THOMSON declared himself to be profoundly in sympathy with Lord STRICKLAND's ambition to make Malta the air Clapham Junction of the Mediterranean, but intimated that Clapham Junctions are not built in a day.

The Commons, foreseeing the grim struggle awaiting it on further instalments in Committee of the Widows' Pensions Bill, decided to get all the entertainment it could out of Question-time. Most of the entertainment was got out of the LORD PRIVY SEAL, whose orotund repartees always tickle the risibles of his tormentors, especially when, as to-day, it is the Socialist Ginger Group that plies the goad. Indeed the only person to get anything except entertainment out of Mr. THOMAS was Mr. HORE-BELISHA; but then there is something irresistible about Mr. HORE-BELISHA. He wants up-to-date communication between Plymouth and Cornwall—nobody knows exactly why—and Mr. THOMAS as good as promised he should have it. I am not surprised. There is an Olympian quality to Mr. HORE-BELISHA that makes you feel that what he asks for is probably a sound thing and that anyway he will get it.

Curiously enough Mr. THURTLE, whose manner is also impressive but whose matter is of a very different calibre from that of Mr. HORE-BELISHA's, seldom seems to get what *he* wants. To-day, for example, he wanted the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR to emulate the Air Force and discontinue the practice of wearing side-arms in church. In Mr. THURTLE's view there is little to choose between KIPLING's "eathen in 'is blindness" who "keeps 'is side-arms awful and leaves 'em all about" and the onward Christian soldier who wears them to church.

There were so many questions to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER about the new Conversion Loan that Mr. SNOWDEN decided to answer them all at the end of Question-time in a written statement. And this he did, but not until Mr. CHURCHILL had expended some needless vehemence in denouncing the CHANCELLOR for not being in his place to answer on these grave matters of policy. Mr. SNOWDEN had been down to the Law Courts to prick Sheriffs, and entered the House just in time to prick his predecessor in office with the remark that the Right Hon. Gentleman must not think that he, Mr. SNOWDEN, was afraid to face him.

His statement was no doubt satisfactory to those who heard it. From the fragmentary sentences that actually

floated up to the Press Gallery it was gathered that Mr. SNOWDEN hotly denies the suggestion that he has been feeding the Golden Calf on Fatted-Calf rations.

Before the commencement of Public Business the PRIME MINISTER, answering Mr. BALDWIN, expressed the modest hope that by Thursday's adjournment the House would have polished off the first fifteen clauses of the Widows' Pensions Bill. Derisive howls greeted the suggestion, howls later to be translated into a tooth-and-nail fight by Mr. GRAHAM and Miss LAWRENCE for their clauses. At midnight they were still fighting bitterly for Clause 1, and the fray looked like going on indefinitely.

The one bright remark came from Mr. HORE-BELISHA, who said he supposed that fifty-five was fixed as the pensionable age because Ministers were usually about that age and realised that it was the age of incapacity.

Wednesday, November 13th.—Lord DANESFORTH drew attention to the action of the Irish Free State in legislating British subjects out of their constitutional right of appeal to the Privy Council. Lord PASSFIELD urged that little nations in their commonwealths should agree, but, if they cannot, at least their Parliaments should refrain from criticising one another.

M.P.'s on the whole looked none the worse for having only desisted at 8 A.M. from the previous day's labours, lady Members in particular giving evidence, if that is any longer needed, that nowadays the female of the species is quite as hardy as the male.

Nobody was surprised when Mr. ALEXANDER explained to Sir A. SINCLAIR that work on the Singapore base was being slowed down and hinted that under certain conditions it might cease. No doubt it consoled thrifty Labour Members to be reminded that the money already spent was contributed by the Dominions and Singapore itself, the decision to cease work having been reached just in time to save the British taxpayer his admittedly handsome contribution to the enterprise.

"I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little fountain-axe," confessed George Washington AMMON when Mr. HORE-BELISHA reluctantly pointed out that an answer to himself by the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY had been altered in the *Official Report*. Mr. AMMON admitted to changing what he said to what he ought to have said, and the SPEAKER showed no inclination to define the extent to which Members are entitled to revise their speeches and answers.

United in the face of Socialism, Tories

do not present the same undented front where Palestinian affairs are concerned. Colonel HOWARD BURY insisted that the shrine of the PROPHET'S Companion at Haram-al-Sharif had been looted. Mr.

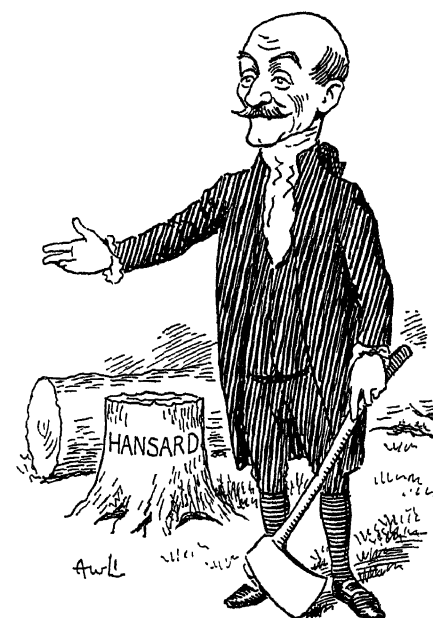


A KNIGHT OF MALTA IN SUPPLICATION.

[The PRIME MINISTER of Malta prays that Malta may be made the Clapham Junction of the Mediterranean Air Service. Estimated cost £25,000,000.]

LORD STRICKLAND.

ORMSBY-GORE said the report was entirely erroneous, according to his information. Earl WINTERTON suggested that before answering specific charges of that character the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR



A CHAMPION OF THE TEREWTH.

"I CANNOT TELL A LIE."
MR. AMMON.

THE COLONIES should await the report of the Committee of Investigation. So the matter of the PROPHET'S Companion's tomb, like the coffin of the PROPHET himself, remains in suspense.

Public business found the House discussing the raising of the school age, which Sir DONALD MACLEAN urged should be proceeded with without delay so that our young can compete on even educational terms with Norway, Switzerland, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa.

Sir C. TREVELYAN, after handsomely complimenting his predecessor in office, promised a short Bill before Christmas. He was not going to hold up the raising of the school age, he said, because in some parts of the country organisation had not been going on as quickly as it should.

Thursday, November 14th.—Lord MIDDLETON, formerly ST. JOHN BRODRICK, and famous in his day at the War Office as the inventor of what WALTER EMANUEL called a "new head-jeer for the Army," called attention to the fact that the smaller the little British Army becomes the more bloated grow its military and civil staffs, and urged that the time had been reached for the former to cease growing beautifully less and for the latter to stop waxing expensively more. Lord ALLENBY echoed the first half of these sentiments but omitted, doubtless at the dictates of *esprit de corps*, to applaud the second. Lord DE LA WARR for the Government replied disarmingly that the Government wanted time to consider the whole position. Meantime Lord MIDDLETON had not taken into account mechanized warfare.

"Bears!" cried Captain HUDSON, meaning the L.C.C., which, he said, has been treading on some or all of the London squares with an eye to building-sites. Mr. GREENWOOD said legislation would be introduced.

Answering Mr. GIBSON, Mr. SNOWDEN observed rather bleakly that "uncertainty was incidental to a Tariff policy"—a characteristic suggestion that Governments may come and Governments may go but Free Trade goes on for ever.

Other things go on for ever too. It looked at one time as if they would include Clause 1 of the Widows' Pension Bill, but it was passed this night with only one minor amendment. When it comes to low motion the "mills of God" have nothing on the wind-mills of Westminster.

"Mr. Gittens recommended his men hearers to set their faces against lipstick and powder."—*Evening Paper*.

Mr. GITTENS' audience claim that this procedure had already occurred to them.

AT THE PICTURES.

ERIC VON STROHEIM.

IN so far as the actual drama is concerned, "*The Great Gabbo*" is one of the best talking-films we have had. And how much better it would be if, in the need or presumed need to occupy an



THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

NOW AND THEN "*OTTO*," THE DOLL, SEEMS TO BE WORKING *GABBO*, THE VENTRILOQUIST (MR. ERIC VON STROHEIM).

hour-and-a-half, it had not been padded out and extended by every kind of extraneous vocal, musical and terpsichorean device. These active capering choruses, male and female, these vapid "production numbers" from which no cinema audience can now escape, are becoming an infliction; but never have they been so grossly out of place as in "*The Great Gabbo*," where they interrupt or dilute some very remarkable acting and a story so notable for its consistency and novelty that it should have received every kind of consideration. Since *Gabbo* is a ventriloquist, and most of the incidents occur on the stage or behind the scenes, a certain amount of footlight atmosphere is proper; but not these full-company parades and processions and interminable leg-liftings. There is one saccharine song, "I'm in Love with You," which, coming just when poor *Gabbo's* fortunes are more than ever in our minds and we are impatient for the next move on *Marie's* part, gives the impression of lasting for hours. This strikes me as a very serious defect on the part of Mr. JAMES CRUZE, to whom (among the usual army of odd-named co-adjutors) is given the credit for directing the film. Mr. HUGH HERBERT, described as responsible for "continuity and dia-

logue," must have his thoughts on the matter too. Continuity indeed!

But these remarks of mine must not be allowed to deter anyone from seeing "*The Great Gabbo*," for, owing in part to the curious quality of the story itself, adapted from something written by Mr. BEN HECHT, and in more considerable part to the film genius of Mr. ERIC VON STROHEIM, who plays *Gabbo*, it is both moving and memorable. It also contains—which in itself is commendation enough—something new. Never before have I, at any rate, met with the idea of a ventriloquist's dummy uttering thoughts of his own. They are not really his own, of course, for his master is there and mechanically active, but they are sufficiently in contrast with his master's superficial mood for the suggestion of independence to be conveyed. Strictly they represent his master's more profound feelings or doubts, and as such form a real contribution to the revelation of character; clumsy perhaps and even grotesque, but new and effective. I have not read Mr. HECHT's story, but obviously here is a case where the screen can add enormously to the vivifying of the printed word. No amount of literary skill could make the reader hear the ventriloquist at work; the talkie alone could do it.

By degrees of course the least life-like dummies of the least capable ven-



COLD COMFORT.

GABBO'S BETTER HALF, *MARIE* (MISS BETTY COMPTON), MAKES A FUSS OF HIS OTHER HALF.

triloquists begin to force their personality upon us, until we come to believe them real. Everyone must have noticed that; while, when these dummies are in the hands of such masters as CORAM and Mr. ARTHUR PRINCE, there is no

question at all: not only are they real but they are the wittiest people in the house. *Gabbo's* dummy, "*Otto*," has not the instantaneous "come-back" and amusing effrontery of those two famous dolls, and his three songs are deplorable; but he has instead a wistfulness, an irony and an understand-



Marie. "AND REMEMBER, YOU ONLY GET OUT OF LIFE WHAT YOU PUT INTO IT."

Gabbo (slipping into the skin of his impersonator). "WELL, I HOPE IT'S LIKE FILM-MAKING. I'VE PUT A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY INTO THAT."

ing of the human heart which even on the screen make him real too.

Incidentally "*The Great Gabbo*" marks an advance in being the first talking film—at any rate that I have seen—to employ the screen's best ally, and almost earliest ally, so soon to be given the cold-shoulder: magic. For not Mr. ERIC VON STROHEIM, with all his gifts—nor indeed Mr. ARTHUR PRINCE or CORAM—could make a dummy do what "*Otto*" does. It is for this reason that "*The Great Gabbo*" is so peculiarly and essentially stuff of the talkie. On the stage it could not be made convincing.

The story is almost too sad. For *Gabbo* is mad—insane with egoism—and what we see is the bitter process by which he passes from his self-conscious greatness to failure, first spurning the only true fidelity he ever attracted, then desiring it again but too late. The beauty and force of the film reside in the superb performance which Mr. VON STROHEIM gives. He never relaxes. Equally persuasive when arrogant and when relenting, he is almost unbearably pathetic when broken at the end. His progress down the passage of the theatre, with his inseparable "*Otto*" limply hanging from his hand, and his dragging footfalls the only sound, is not soon to be forgotten. In this film ERIC VON STROHEIM comes very near to the great EMIL JANNINGS. E. V. L.



C.I.D. MAN TRYING TO IDENTIFY AN ABSCONDING CASHIER (EX-ATHLETE) FROM THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH HE CAN GET OF HIM.
[Inset: THE PHOTOGRAPH].

MISLEADING CASES.

XXIV.—WHAT IS FOX-HUNTING?

Rex v. Leather.

MR. JUSTICE MUSH gave judgment to-day in the Harkaway Hunt case. His Lordship said: "These proceedings have been instituted by the Crown against the Master of the Harkaway Fox Hounds for non-payment of Entertainment Duty. This tax is a singular product of modern times. Our fathers regarded the entertainment of the citizen as a lawful and desirable business, and the Roman Emperors went so far as to provide free entertainment for the people, ranking this in importance next to the provision of bread. But the King of our realm, by the advice of his Ministers, has seen fit not only to withhold all assistance from the purveyors of public entertainment, but to levy a heavy duty upon them—a duty so heavy as to partake almost of the nature of a fine. It is only exceeded in severity by the duties on the sale of spirituous liquors, and it may therefore be argued that in the mind of the Crown the two things are coupled together as harmful practices deserving of discouragement.

"The tax is not a tax upon profits but upon gross receipts; and it has been proved in evidence before me that a theatre which is not attracting the public

for the reason that it is presenting one of the plays of the national poet, SHAKESPEARE, and is therefore making a weekly loss, will still be required to render a weekly payment to the Exchequer representing about one-sixth of its takings. That is to say, the management may receive one hundred pounds from the public, pay seventeen pounds to the Crown and retain nothing for themselves. It may be said that anyone who presents a play by the national poet has only himself to blame; but it is certain that no other profession would cheerfully endure a tax of this character and severity.

"It is within the knowledge of the Court that the bookmakers of our land were recently required to pay a duty of only two per cent on their receipts; but so violent was the objection of these valuable citizens to a tax which had no relation to their profits that it was removed. The Entertainment Tax ranges from sixteen to nearly twenty per cent, varying with the prices charged for the entertainment. The impost is a strange one in an age which announces as its chief objective a general increase of recreation, and, in so far as entertainment is founded upon literature and the arts, the tax may be said to be a tax upon education and the mind.

"These considerations have a relevance, which may not immediately

appear, to the question which the Court is called upon to answer: *Is fox-hunting an entertainment?*

"The defendant, Lord Leather, is Master of the Harkaway Foxhounds, and he has in the box given us a clear and straightforward account of his proceedings, which I am prepared to accept as the truth. As I understand him, the country district in which he resides is subject to the ravages of a cruel and voracious quadruped of the genus *Vulpes alopec*, commonly known as 'fox.' This creature is of a carnivorous habit and preys upon the poultry of the peasants and farmers, causing much distress of mind and monetary loss; it is cunning, swift, difficult to catch and a prolific breeder. The defendant, therefore, a public-spirited man, has taken certain measures to rid the district of this pest and so to secure the livelihood of the poultry-keeper and the food supply of the country. He has purchased a number of specially-selected dogs and has trained them to pursue the fox across country, guided only by their sense of smell, which is exceptional. He has also organised a band of ladies and gentlemen who, like himself, have the interests of British agriculture at heart and are willing to assist him, at whatever personal risk. These helpers, loosely called the 'Hunt,' are mounted on horses, and by their mobility and know-



Aunt. "I HOPE THAT BIRD DOESN'T USE BAD LANGUAGE?"
Nephew. "OH, HE'S ONLY A MOVIE, AUNT, NOT A TALKIE."

ledge of wood-craft render invaluable aid in the intimidation, apprehension and destruction of the foxes. Many of them, the defendant has told us, are willing to give up a day's work in the metropolis and make a special journey to the country in order to play a small part in one of his concerted operations against the common enemy. These operations are conducted, sometimes three or four times in a week, with tireless vigour all through the winter months; but even so it has been found impossible to exterminate the pest. It was not made quite clear to me why the defendant relaxes his efforts in the summer time; but I understand that once again he has been guided by his solicitude for the farmer, whose standing crops might suffer damage from the exertions of the defendant's dogs. The fact remains that during those months the fox is unmolested, as free to multiply his own species as he is to diminish that of the hen. Indeed the witness Turmut, a farmer, some of whose rather noisy evidence I ought not perhaps to have admitted, maintained with some heat and no little ingratitude, that the defendant and his helpers would do better to conduct their campaign against the fox with rifles and

shot-guns, both in winter and in summer. But I was assured by the defendant that for technical reasons this is wholly impracticable.

"The procedure of a hunt, as I understand it, is as follows: The fox is alarmed and dislodged from its lair by the loud barking of the dogs and the playing of musical instruments. Should the quarry escape into the open country, as, to the chagrin of the Hunt, it commonly does, the dogs at once give chase, and the horsemen follow the dogs: other helpers follow in motor-cars along the nearest road, and many of the poor follow on foot. Now it is the case for the Crown that all these persons, although as practical men and women they genuinely desire to rid the neighbourhood of a carnivorous animal, find a keen enjoyment in the process of destruction for its own sake. No one has ventured to question the single-minded purpose of the defendant, but it is argued that what for him was originally, and indeed remains, a crusade has become for his helpers an enjoyable spectacle, excitement, gratification—in a word, an entertainment. The witness Turmut strongly supported this view; and he pointed out with some force that the number of the defendant's helpers is in

fact far in excess of what is practically necessary or useful, and that it is still increasing. He went so far as to say that many of the helpers did more harm than good; but that portion of his evidence did not favourably impress me.

"If the contention of the Crown be correct, there is here a development not without parallel in other departments of the national life. It is common knowledge that the devoted persons who conduct and regularly attend our horse-races do not do so because they like it, but for the benefit of the breed of the English horse. But their operations have attracted many thousands of citizens who do not conceal that they visit horse-races for their own selfish pleasure. Accordingly the State imposes an Entertainment Tax upon their tickets of admission; and a member of the Jockey Club would not be excused on the ground that his purpose at Epsom was to watch and foster the English thoroughbred.

"The relevance of my observations on theatres will now begin to appear. The defendant has admitted in evidence that he collects an annual tribute from his helpers, and from farmers and others who habitually attend his operations and enjoy the spectacle of his dogs and horses at their pious labours. These contri-

butions are necessary for the maintenance of the dogs and their keepers and for other purposes; and they are willingly given by the ladies and gentlemen of the Hunt in return for the pleasure or entertainment which the defendant has provided. The Crown says therefore that he is liable to pay Entertainment Duty on the sums so received, at the statutory rates, that is to say, two shillings on the first fifteen shillings received and sixpence for every five shillings or part of five shillings over fifteen shillings.

"The defendant's answer is that although the fox may be said to enjoy the hunt for its own sake—and even the dogs and horses—his human followers are actuated only by philanthropic motives, and that his takings are devoted to a philanthropic purpose, the destruction of vermin and the preservation of poultry, and should therefore be exempt under the Act. Unfortunately for him this plea is disposed of by the precedents of the racecourse and the theatre. There is a school of thought which still holds that the plays of SHAKESPEARE have an educative and uplifting character; but even if that could be established it would not exempt the rash man who presented them from handing over nearly a fifth of his takings to the Exchequer. In my judgment the contention of the Crown has substance. I hold that fox-hunting is now an entertainment; that the monies received by the defendant from the hunters and farmers are by way of payment for that entertainment, and that it must, like other entertainments, make its proper contribution to the public revenues according to law. Lord Leather is, as it were, the manager of a theatre: the Hunt are his audience and the dogs his actors. If, after remunerating his actors and paying the duty, he is out of pocket, it cannot be helped. It is a dangerous thing to give pleasure to the people. He has been Master for sixteen years, and he must pay duty not only in respect of the current year but for every preceding year since the institution of the duty by the Act of 1916. It has been urged before me that this will be a hardship; but, as Lord Milford said in *Mope v. The Llandudno Sewage Commissioners*, 'Nullum tempus occurrit regi'—or, 'Time is no object to a Government Department.' Costs to the Crown, *pari passu*."

A. P. H.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" (ADELPHI).

MR. JACK HULBERT builds for us a very pleasant house with the assistance of a very jolly guild of builders—Mrs. JACK, Mr. RONALD JEANS and Mr. DOUGLAS FURBER; Mr. IVOR NOVELLO; Mr. DONOVAN PARSONS; Mr. VIVIAN ELLIS and Mr. ARTHUR SCHWARTZ; Miss HELEN BURNELL, a new arrival from America; Miss IRENE RUSSELL, Mr. BOBBIE COMBER, Mr. IVOR McLAREN, Mr. LAURENCE GREEN and some thirty young ladies who have signed on for



"A MUSICAL EFFORT."

MR. JACK HULBERT'S EXUBERANT VITALITY BREAKS DOWN UNDER THE STRAIN.

the building operations, which it is to be hoped will take the best part of a year.

There is one depressing feature—ladies of the Chorus are definitely going to be plumper this season. This however is perhaps not to be a permanent change of fashion but is due rather to the fact that this is very definitely designed as a singing review, and the gift of song carries, by a profound law of compensation, a certain penalty in the way of added bulk. But let no one suppose that there is any lack of shapeliness and comeliness, of vigour and precision of movement in this admirably drilled team. On the very contrary. It is the more dangerous on that account and may create a sinister precedent.

It is of course expected of those laughter-provoking, versatile and indefatigable comedians, Mr. JACK HULBERT and Miss CIOELY COURTNEIDGE, that they should do the lion's share of the work. Miss COURTNEIDGE as a red-haired widow hearing her dissolute departed's will read in a room in Harley Street (where her infant had turned on the tap of a cylinder of laughing-gas), with her rather unfeeling references, such as "And now twenty chorus-girls have gone back into circulation"; as a post-mistress, plain to poignancy, but with a comforting sense of her personal charms, busy keeping customers waiting, with spasmodic bursts of stamping fragile parcels; as a grimacing équestrienne; as an elderly fairy pantomime queen, tripping from and over a blasted oak, and much incommoded by her head-gear, wand, skirts and legs; as a formidably respectable matron of well-behaved Harringay—so different from Clacton—over-careful of her aspirates and reproving her daughter too fresh from a week-end at the latter haunt of vice and gaiety; as a middle-aged valetudinarian and coquette—in all these characterisations this highly competent impersonator lets herself and her face go for our entertainment.

Mr. JACK HULBERT's chief hits were as the fatuously complacent player of a cello obbligato; in a tuneful and very well-invented song, "She's Such a Comfort to Me"; as the irrepressible defendant in a motor case conducted as no case has ever been since Mr. Blank made hay in the court of the then Mr. Justice Dash; as the lugubriously facetious Mr. Carroway in the Harringay villa; and as partner with Mr. LAURENCE GREEN in a dialogue on industrial matters, punctuated by cheek-slappings of a primitive but highly diverting nature.

Mr. HULBERT's step-dancing still shows a sound invention in detail and is a very much more difficult affair than his studiously easy manner and technical mastery make evident. Excellent also was the irrelevant grotesque dance (with Miss COURTNEIDGE) of the elderly Spa-haunters.

Spectacle too has not been neglected, culminating in a Venetian scene in which Mr. ROBERT NAYLOR as a lover, clinging fondly to his topmost notes, in vain tries to persuade an indifferent Doge that he is a more appropriate bridegroom for his beautiful young ward (Miss HELEN BURNELL—a distinct ac-

quisition, who sings, poses and dances delightfully throughout the revue) than the supercilious nobleman to whom she has been officially betrothed—a sound enough bit of Wardour Street sentimental operetta.

Miss IRENE RUSSELL's clever impersonations of Miss BANK-HEAD, Mrs. PAT and Miss MARION LORNE, and her excellent little sketch of the young American girl plaintiff in the afore-mentioned motoring case deserve high marks.

And then there was the well-favoured Chorus, offering the finished results of intelligent training and hard work, smiling with apparent spontaneity, and perhaps touching their best achievement in the well-conceived ballet of the Rugby match, which is, like so many good ideas, so obvious as to make us wonder why it was never carried out before.

Good nonsense was woven through the pattern of this bright show, which it is the more comforting to be able to recommend with enthusiasm to all types because some darkening of the faculties caused me, I was assured by colleagues whose judgment I trust, to be unjust in my estimate of its predecessor, *Clowns in Clover*. T.

Miss D'ARANYI and Miss HESS will play at a Concert to be given at Kent House, Knightsbridge, on Thursday, December 5th, at 9.0 p.m., in aid of the Westminster Hospital's Radium Annexe. Tickets (two guineas and one guinea) may be obtained from Miss PHYLLIS HORNE, Hon. Secretary of the Concert, at 110, Mount Street, W.1.

Those who would like to associate themselves with this great scheme for the treatment of cancer may have their names recorded as "Founders" of the Radium Annexe by sending a single donation of ten pounds or an annual subscription of two guineas to the Chairman (Mr. K. A. WOLFE BARRY), Westminster Hospital, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.1.

"MR. HERBERT SMITH WALKS OUT."
Newspaper Poster.
"Fie, and him a marrit man!"

THE NEW REALISM.

ONE of the sensations of the Portrait Painters' Exhibition this year is Sir



"When you do dance I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."—*The Winter's Tale*.

MISS HELEN BURNELL.



FLAT-RACING.

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE IN A DARING EQUESTRIAN FEAT.

JOHN LAVERY's striking picture, entitled "The Dentist," showing a patient in the operating chair about to submit to professional attention.

The pictorial representation, in a serious vein, of the minor discomforts of life constitutes a new art-phase which should appeal to our jaded critics. Thus:—

The Cold in the Head is a colourful study of a middle-aged gentleman with his feet in hot water. It would seem that his cold is advanced to the third stage. The subject is apparently in the act of sneezing; with his right hand he is tremulously grasping a glass of hot whisky-and-water with a slice of lemon in it. On a table are phials of eucalyptus and ammon. tinc. quin. The dominant note of colour is in the sufferer's nose, which stands out in bold relief. A vivid study.

The Unspared Rod.—This is a composition of a boy about to receive corporal punishment from his parent. The slipper is up-raised; the look of resignation on the lad's face is tinged with cynicism. He has apparently just been asked to consider the allegation that "This hurts me more than it does you, my boy." A striking picture.

A Bad Crossing.—The figure in the foreground, leaning over the side of the ship and wearing the checked cap and muffler, is obviously not a good sailor. The greenish note of his complexion is a clever disposition of colour. The tense look of hatred as he glances at another figure in his vicinity smoking a cigar is very subtly conveyed. A piece of work notable for its repression.

The Banana-Skin.—The sitter (on the pavement) has just come in contact with a banana-skin, with the usual result. His acute discomfort and the amusement on the faces of the passers-by are arresting features. A forceful conception with great breadth of feeling.

F. A. K.

The Times we Live In.

"For Sale.—New baby carriage, bought in error; never been used; too busy with politics. A bargain at \$15."

Advt. in New York Paper.

"Good (hot) trumpet open for first-class gigs: from stage band."

Advt. in Manchester Paper.

We should have thought it was better suited for a hot dog-cart.

BRIGHTER CONVERSATION.

EVERYONE knows how difficult it is to maintain an easy flow of natural conversation at any time and in any company. Even in the most favourable circumstances awkward pauses, tedious longueurs, and unfortunate allusions occur only too frequently, and it is the hardest task in the world to be interesting to every member of your audience.

A happy solution seems to be suggested by the conversation of people in advertisements; it is always eloquent without being verbose, easily sustained without being too colloquial, and positively altruistic in its ideals and purpose, which is always to avoid egotism and help others out of difficulties by the light of personal experience. I can see no reason why this method should not be adopted in real life, for this is an age of big business, and, if one is not interested in proprietary commodities, what, may I ask, can one possibly be interested in? As an example of this method the following dialogue may serve as a model and should be quite self-explanatory. Note in particular how, at the outset, *Magnolia* adroitly avoids the possibilities of tension which *Valerian's* embarrassing greeting so ominously foreshadows:—

Valerian. So here you are, darling! How divine you look this morning—your exquisite hair, your sparkling eyes, your clear complexion!

Magnolia. Don't flatter me, *Valerian*. My hair used to be too dreadful at one time—thin, straggling and toneless. Then I tried "Haircharm," and after one shampoo the difference was amazing. You see, it brings out the natural lustre as well as thoroughly cleaning the texture and strengthening the roots. I assure you I'd rather go without my tea on Wednesdays than miss my weekly hair-health exercise with "Haircharm."

As to my eyes, they used to be very dull and lack-lustre before my good angel recommended me to take "Froot-ozone" (pronounced "Fruit-Ozone") to tone up my whole system and bring back that girlish sparkle to my eyes. It's made up of luscious fruit juices, compounded, according to the latest methods discovered by chemical research in the "Frootozone" laboratories, with health-giving ozone from the seashore.

But of course it's my complexion that's most important. My skin was dreadfully blotchy at one time, and I could never get anyone to dance with me. Then I discovered the reason—a clear skin is the secret of a woman's charm. So I tried a two-shilling jar of "Yum-Yum" skin cream—it contains more than double the quantity of the one-and-three size—and since then

I've used it constantly. I never have any difficulty in finding partners now, thanks to "Yum-Yum." But why are you so late this morning?

Valerian. Well, as a matter of fact it's because of these confounded new shoes of mine. They—

Hector (entering suddenly). What! Still troubled by uncomfortable shoes? Why don't you buy "Kozi-Ped," the footwear suited to modern conditions? "Kozi-Ped" eliminates discomfort, for it embodies the latest discoveries of doctors and scientists who have calculated to three places of decimals the exact pressure each bone and joint of the foot is capable of supporting. Wear "Kozi-ped," old man, and welcome the milestones.

Valerian. Thanks. I'll certainly bear it in mind. (*To Magnolia*) Will you have a cigarette?

Magnolia. Rather, if it's a "Zodiac" 321/4! And can I have the coupon too? I never have to buy my own perfume now, because Dick's saving up coupons too, and so is Father. You can get heaps of other things with them too. I've got a top-hole set of Tolstoi, bound in leather, and I only want another hundred-and-forty-four coupons for the dinkiest edition of MARCEL PROUST. And such wonderful tobacco too—not the slightest risk of adenoids!

Valerian (now thoroughly warmed up to the method). Yes, and have you tried—

Hector. Hullo! Here comes Lobelia.

Valerian (determined to have his boost). Yes, and she's got her "Cine-Bijou-Reflex" model 5b with her too. You can take one-hundred-per-cent all-talking, all-dancing, all-colour pictures with them now, and they're so convenient because you can easily fold them up to go in your handbag or season-ticket case.

Lobelia. Yes; but first I must play you some of my new "Kleertone" gramophone records.

Magnolia. Aren't they the kind which famous people can distinguish blindfold?

Lobelia. That's right. And have you read about the latest test? DEAN INGE was blindfolded, manacled and gagged, and even so he had no difficulty in recognising "Hittin' the Trail or Honolulu," played by Gus Ikemann and his Coney Island Boneheads, from four inferior records of the same tune.

Valerian (defiantly). "The Hand-cuff Test proves 'Kleertone' best!"

Hector. Talking of records, did you see that the Helsingfors Grand Prix has been won for the fifth time on—

But the ice has now been thoroughly broken, and everyone talks with verve and animation about patent motor-

spirit, patent medicines, patent milk, patent mattresses and patent marmalade until tea-time. I hope I have sufficiently indicated the advantages of this way to better and brighter conversation. It is so helpful, so convivial and so good for trade.

BY A BIRD.

How singularly silly are
The false emotions stirred
In bosoms unfamiliar
With different breeds of bird.

Observe how pretty Paula made
A face as plain as muck
To hear her Percy call a maid
(Another one) a duck.
Why is her stupid noddle's whim
To cry her eyelids black?
A duck can only waddle, swim,
Lay eggs, be cooked and quack.

But Paula's back again in form
And chuckling like the deuce
To hear her fickle swain inform
The other she's a goose.
What moves her spirits thus to swell?
What comforts her in this?
A goose can waddle just as well,
Lay larger eggs and hiss.

Then Percy has to smother his
Desire to hide and howl
When Paula says another is
As knowing as an owl.
But what has he to bicker at?
What sours his honeyed speech?
An owl can only pick a rat
To bits and hoot and screech.

But Paula, fearing gruesome things
Regarding Percy's suit,
The one who lately knew some things
She calls a crazy coot.
A coot insane? To dream of it
Would cause a minnow pains,
And give a crafty bream a fit
That laughs at human brains.

And, when in fair Elysium
They vow their mutual loves,
Then idle tongues will busy 'em
With talk of turtle doves.
Such semblance human dolts allot
To pairs with amorous views—
A dove, that merely moults a lot
And bills a bit and coos!

How singularly silly are
The similes preferred
By persons unfamiliar
With different breeds of bird.

C. B.

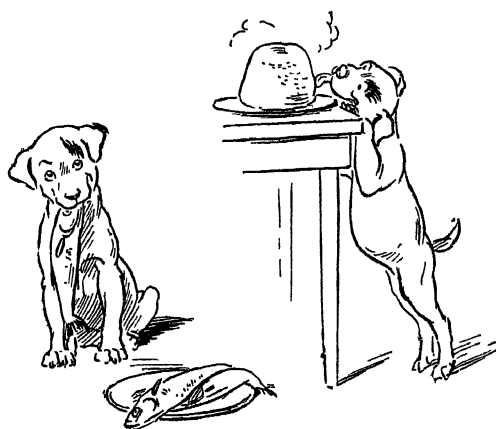
"MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

The Rev. ———, who has wore a maize-coloured lace over-dress years, has decided to take up the pastorate of ———.

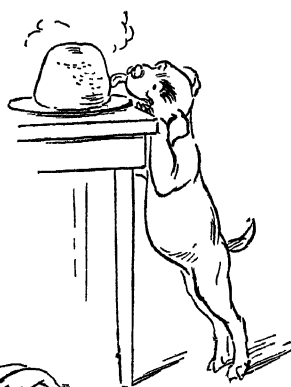
Liverpool Paper.

We trust that his new flock won't find him too dressy.

HIS CONSIDERED JUDGMENT.



DEAR SIR—



AFTER—



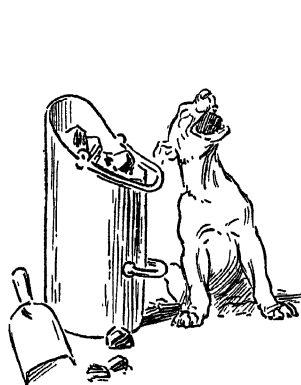
HAVING—



GIVEN—



THE—



MUCH—



BOOSTED—



EIGHTEEN—



DAY



DIET—



A TRIAL—



I HAVE NO—



HESITATION—



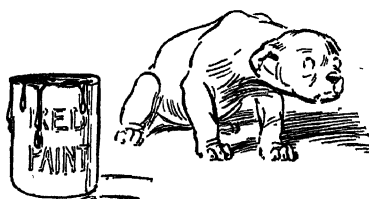
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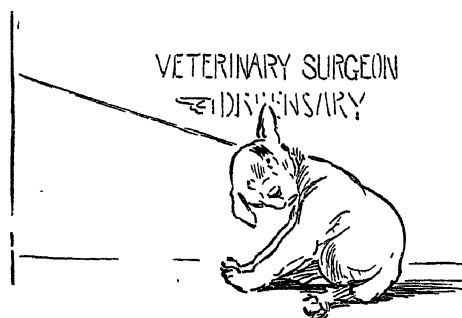
THAT I'M NOT—



FEELING—



ANYTHING LIKE—



SO WELL!

L.R. Brightwell.



Applicant. "DO YOU—ER—WINK AT FOLLOWERS IN THE KITCHEN?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE publication of *Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Letters to her Sister* (MURRAY) is a literary windfall indeed. A hundred-and-seven letters were written to HENRIETTA; and HENRIETTA's descendants not only preserved them but preserved an MS. copy enriched with notes. This has simplified Mr. LEONARD HUXLEY's editorial labours—wisely restricted to the provision of biographical comment and the pruning of domestic minutiae. For this is the ultra-feminine Mrs. BROWNING, providing "slip-slop about Baby . . . love and housekeeping" for a sister engrossed in similar ecstasies; a sister who will probably be shocked by *Aurora Leigh*, who can be counted on to detest "dear Henry" (HUME) as much as ROBERT did, but a sister for whose letters "Ba" herself waited "with two open palms." The correspondence starts during the BROWNINGs' wedding-tour and ends in 1859 on HENRIETTA's death. With a few exceptions the letters are Italian in setting and ROBERT, WILSON, "FLUSH" and the baby "PEN" are the stock characters. WILSON, the long-suffering maid, introduced to Chianti in tumblers on page 11 and scorned as "a weak medium" on page 209, is the finest portrait. "PEN," with his curls and *Fauntleroy* suits, becomes almost as tiresome as the spiritualism he is allowed to dabble in. ROBERT is a background understood rather than emphasized: "full satisfaction for earth and a hope over for the grave." There are comparatively few political disquisitions save a tribute to the Liberal efforts of Pio Nono, and Paris during the *coup d'état* is chiefly memorable as providing a field-day for "PEN." Yet with all their deliberate one-sidedness the letters are great letters.

The poet emerges in such phrases as "whole ribbands of long bright morning" and the masculine judgment in such delightful cynicism as "Rome is too much like . . . Cheltenham."

To enjoy *Whiteoaks* (MACMILLAN), by Miss MAZO DE LA ROCHE, it is not necessary to have read *Jalna*. *Experto crede*. For, without having read *Jalna*, I have read *Whiteoaks* and enjoyed it to the rather bitter end. Nevertheless I wish that I had read *Jalna* first, for it is obvious that in that book a number of strands were woven of which *Whiteoaks* shows the—by no means complete—unravelling. The *Whiteoaks* were a family. But that, seeing how many dreary books have in our time been written about families, is not saying anything very attractive. The *Whiteoaks* were a family of a special sort. They lived on an estate in Canada, "between the desert and the sown." They had English blood in them of the quality which makes folk arrogant and exclusive. They were inbred and self-sufficient. Each one of them was flagrantly—it might be said outrageously—individual; yet there was a common factor—the mere fact of being *Whiteoaks*—which united them against the world. The way in which Miss DE LA ROCHE has exhibited this unity in diversity, or diversity in unity, proves her, I think, to be a writer of outstanding merit. She has made of the *Whiteoaks* an entity, and at the same time has particularised every one of them—uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, and that magnificent centenarian grandmother: a character to live, I verily believe, with the greatest in fiction. It would be impossible in a paragraph even to begin to indicate the complicated relationships of these violent, subtle and fascinating kinsfolk. Suffice to say that, having read *Whiteoaks*, I propose to read its

predecessor, and then to live in the hope of its successor. Miss DE LA ROCHE, it seems to me, is at work upon an epic.

Where greenwood waves or, wavier,
Grey waters rise or run,
Bird Haunts and Bird Behaviour
Was pondered and begun
By Canon CHARLES E. RAVEN,
A Chaplain of the KING,
Whose heart is surely haven
For all the birds that sing.

So we may visit dippers
Where moorland water frets,
Or take a peep, as trippers,
At Texel's avocets;
Then Kerrywards we'll wander—
Cliffs, billows *quantum suff.*,
A holiday to squander
Upon the cheerful chough.

And here are all the singers,
"God's jocund lyttel fowles,"
And oh! those wondrous wingers
Of Skellig where he scowls,
The fulmars sailing, soaring . . .
Yet come you home to Thames
Where pochards mate at Goring
And grace our willow stems.

This feast of jot and tittle
And photographs a few,
Has pleased me not a little,
And you will love it too;
Its scholarly delighting
In birds, beloved each one,
Is yours by merely writing
To MARTIN HOPKINSON.

I suppose what most strikes one about the Russian fiction and drama which filter to England through the inevitably impoverishing medium of translation is their want of manliness. By this I do not mean a lack of that bluff assurance which is as often as not less assurance than bluff; I mean an inability to rise above circumstances, which is always the mark of the beast, though not necessarily of the bad beast. *Short Stories out of Soviet Russia* (DENT) display for the most part this mentality of cattle in the cattle-truck. Some of them are quite amiable cattle, and spaced out in a green pasture would look as beatific as Herr CAPEK's Southdowns.

Here their horns get into each other's eyes and they simply can't help it. Eleven writers are laid under contribution by Mr. JOHN COUNOS, who has admirably translated and discerningly prefaced sixteen of their stories. Modern Russians are mostly, he says, recorders, not inventors. Of the "outward influences and properties of ourselves" which go to a work of art they overestimate the former. There is one exception here, the satirist EFIM ZOZULYA, whose "A Tale about Akand Humanity" and "The Mother" show a strength of critical ferocity worthy of SWIFT. Of the work of contemporaries more supine under the bludgeonings of chance I recommend for attention LEONOV's "Ivan's Misadventure,"



Sailor (to Officer's Guest). "EXCUSE THE SHIP BEING IN SUCH A MESS, SIR; BUT SHOULD YOU GET OIL ON THAT NICE OVERCOAT O' YOURN IT'LL EASILY COME OUT IF YOU BOIL IT."

SERGEEV-TZENSKY's "The Man You Couldn't Kill" and ALEKSEEV's "Other Eyes," all of which have in varying degrees the distinction and poetry of their fatalism. The defects of the method can be observed in "The Human Wind," by PILNIAK. Mr. COUNOS roundly accuses the whole school of a lack of tragic dignity in dealing with tragedy. This, he says, is a defect of individual genius and not of political doctrine; but I doubt it.

Miss EVELYN D. SCOTT, in a very long essay-novel, *The Wave* (CAPE), suggests the thousandfold influence of war—of any old war—with great assiduity, its grossness and

brutality with well-studied precision, its fog and obscurity as to the manner born. The gallantry with which novelists once properly concerned themselves she has never heard of. The particular conflict selected is the American Civil War, and, though she has been unable to resist a temptation to deal freely with LEE and GRANT and LINCOLN, most of the author's hundred or more chapters and sub-chapters are concerned, as is the way of wars, with totally insignificant persons feeling unexpected impulses in one surge of common movement that stirs and sways them all. Occasionally from the chaos and cloud there emerges a vividly-lighted patch of summary action, snatched before completion back into tantalising darkness, but generally one is left peering into brown and rather dirty cloud-swirls where statesmen and "hoodlums," Jews and negroes, assassins, aristocrats prostitutes, cowards and madmen, with even an occasional plain soldier, are all pushed about in a welter of new and raw emotion. If there is a genuine hero concealed in the murk I missed him, though I liked the harmless little lady who, utterly to her surprise, found herself raiding a bakery in a bread-riot. Miss SCOTT's method has the grave defect of burdening the reader with a quite unreasonable number of fresh beginnings, and she is often almost maddeningly obscure. She uses nasty words, and even nastier inverted commas and italics, all too often; and when she synthesises phrases such as "the milky thunder of a big moon" or "the glaring platitude of road," one is hardly more startled than annoyed; yet when all is said her work has something of real intensity and power to lift it at least well above the commonplace. A thirty-per-cent pruning and cleaning-up by an English—not an American—editor might even make a great book of it.

Messrs. E. E. FREE and TRAVIS HOKE, the joint authors of *Weather* (CONSTABLE), are perhaps hardly accurate in describing their theme as "a little studied subject," in view of the fact that it regularly provides the material for meteorological reports on the wireless and in the Press, hundreds of articles, both well and ill informed, in the popular newspapers and magazines, and, last but not least, a very large proportion of the daily conversation of the people of these islands. At the same time a book dealing with its various aspects in a popular way is one for which there is distinctly room. It cannot be said that Messrs. FREE and HOKE's handling of the task of providing one is by any means ideal. It is written in that rather irritatingly facetious style which for some reason the purveyor of science for the million so frequently adopts; and moreover, being an essentially American production, it naturally deals principally with weather manifestations familiar on that continent. Nevertheless it contains quite a number of useful meteorological facts in tabloid form, and incidentally a perusal of it should suggest to the captious Briton that, whatever the vagaries of his island climate, they have the merit of being at least

comparatively mild compared with those observable on the other side of the Atlantic. One of the most interesting chapters is that which deals with the use of "smoke-pots" for combating frost in the orchards of California and Florida.

At once we are plunged into the mystery that Mr. FRANCIS GRIERSON has given those amiable sleuths of his, *Professor Wells* and *Inspector Sims*, to solve in *The Yellow Rat* (COLLINS). Sir Roger Bleyne, an important financier, when escorting his daughter into a famous Westminster church for her wedding, suddenly "stopped, swayed uncertainly, and then crashed on the flagstones in a crumpled heap." Although not a sound of firing had been heard he had been killed by a bullet, and people in high places were exceedingly peevish with the Criminal Investigation Department for allowing such an untoward event to happen. Some time, however, passed before *Sims* and *Wells* got on the track of the gang, among whom was a man who with some reason

they called a "Master Murderer," and the method by which these miscreants carried out their crimes was so ingenious that I can forgive the astutest detective in the world for being completely baffled by it. Possibly Mr. GRIERSON is allowing the mannerisms of his famous couple to become a little too pronounced, but all the same I should be sorry to miss any hunt in which they are engaged.

I feel that *The Unknown Goddess* (HUTCHINSON) is a little tarnished by provocative statements and by careless writing. Of the police, for instance, Mr. AUSTIN PHILIPS says:—"... and tens of thousands of policemen will strain a point and break a rule in spirit to get a statement from a suspect by means fair or foul, and willy-nilly. Even Nelson put his glass to his blind eye and broke the rules to

win a victory. The police do this sort of thing habitually." Tens of thousands! Think of that. And here is a sentence which, thank the gods, I have never had to translate into Latin: "The latter went out now with Staplehurst, who was twenty years younger than himself, and whom he had not known when at Headquarters ten years ago, but with whom he had become friendly through Susan, who received so many visits from her brother, and who herself was now an old friend of this Brinetown postmaster, of whom Duncan Lemesurier approved strongly." But whatever may be Mr. PHILIPS' defects as a novelist he can create an atmosphere of suspense, and in this tale of murder, robbery and mystery you will be left guessing until nearly the last page. An exciting though irritating story.

All Quiet in the Territorial Home?

"XVII.—CASUALTIES.

All ranks are reminded that all Marriages, Births, etc., are to be reported to the Orderly Room as they occur."

From Regimental Orders of the H.A.C.



"HI! PUT THAT CLOCK DOWN."

CHARIVARIA.

A GOSSIP-WRITER says that Mr. HENRY FORD never allows himself to become excited. So much for the theory that he made his first car in a fit of temper.

Among members of the Men's Dress Reform Party, we are told, shorts, breeches and the kilt all have their supporters. It would be most awkward if they hadn't.

An evening paper points out that Miss EILEEN BENNETT, when leaving the church after her wedding, made the mistake of leaning on her husband's right arm instead of his left. Under championship conditions she would have been arm-faulted for that.

We read of a butler who writes plays. Few butlers would condescend to this.

Complaint is made of the deterioration of manners in railway dining-cars. It is open to question, however, whether a passenger who sees cheese being eaten with a knife is justified in pulling the communication-cord.

A man who steals ladies' shoes off their feet has made his appearance in Stockholm. His success seems to be due to the fact that the ladies' feet don't feel the extra pinch.

On reading an article describing the strange hobbies of M.P.'s we were surprised to find no mention of politics.

Efforts are being made to discover the names of boys who are shown in photographs of Harrow elevens of about sixty years ago to be wearing beards. As it is now too late for disciplinary action to be taken, our feeling is that the matter should be allowed to drop.

Dissatisfaction with the arrangement by which Danes have the right to fish in Icelandic territorial waters is said to be the chief cause of the agitation for separation from Denmark. Meteorologists, however, reject the theory that it contributes to the famous depressions.

Burglars who raided the larder of an Epping hotel and ate a hearty meal failed to enter the bar. It is suspected

that they would not have shrunk from drinking during prohibited hours.

A *Times*' reader advocates the widening and deepening of the water-course which formerly made Thanet an island. Lord ROTHERMERE is expected to issue a warning to the rest of England against a policy of isolation.

Conversation is said to be coming back into fashion. Soon everybody will be talking about it.

A duke's visiting-card has been dis-

cheeses. It is his proud boast that he has never raised his hand against one of them except in self-defence.

The chauffeur who recently robbed a Paris tax-collector certainly set the fellow a good example. He did have the decency to stun his man first.

An American writer declares that many of his countrymen just flirt with anti-Prohibition. They are only shoe-leggers.

A news item mentions a man of seventy years of age who is learning to play the violin. It is believed that his ambition is to become the World's oldest infant prodigy.

We hear of an old lady who refused to let a man described as a "strip artist" because she objected to painting in the nude.

A London coroner says that if pedestrians carried a newspaper it would help motorists. If they were reading it, it would certainly help motorists.

In view of the threatened Paris hairdressers' strike, wise customers are said to be taking the precaution of having two or three consecutive shaves before the men leave work.

A man has written his will on a piece of asbestos. But why? Nobody can take his will into the next world.

In a recent football match at Highbury the referee stopped the game because the white lines had been washed

out by heavy rain. Motorists would never allow the obliteration of the white lines to interfere with the day's sport.

More ancient relics have been unearthed at Stromness golf-course. Members are requested to replace the divots.

During his stay in America Mr. EDGAR WALLACE gave eighty interviews and wrote six articles and three stories. He has now returned home to start work again.

We learn that a well-known bantam-weight has refused to fight CARNERA, as he fears he might be disqualified for hitting him below the knee-cap.



Outraged Assistant. "No, MADAM, WE HAVE NO GRAMOPHONE RECORD OF 'THE RED FLAG' PLAYED BY THE MASSES BANDS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS."

covered on the summit of an African mountain. Explorers of the old school took the precaution of turning down a corner of the card to show that they had left it personally.

"Christmas is coming," says an evening paper, thus confirming a widespread rumour.

It is rumoured in motoring circles that one of this year's pantomimes is to be called *Ali Baba and the Forty Garage Proprietors*.

A newspaper mentions the case of Mr. JAMES PAUL, a London man who has spent thirty-eight years of his life among

MORE WORK FOR THE EMPLOYED.

[Showing a variation on the old adage:—
"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."]

THE unemployment figures rise;
Heavier weighs its weekly toll;
And soon, if all goes strong and red,
We'll find that on the claimant's
head
No more the painful onus lies
To prove he's earned the dole.
Sullenly on a steeper quest
The sombre feet of MAXTON pad;
He'd like the House to make a law
That those who haven't worked
shall draw
Full wages from the country's chest,
The same as if they had.
The PRIVY SEAL is feeling ill;
His pledge to end the idle queue
Sticks in the throat of Sunny JIM;
But SNOWDEN smiles a smile that's
grim,
For SNOWDEN finds new business still
For busy hands to do.
On you and me, the lucky folk,
Who have our job and win our wage,
Fresh taxes he intends to set,
Meaning for us a lot more sweat
(Please to remark the patient moke
On the ensuing page.) O. S.

BRUSH UP YOUR MANNERS.

It is really very kind of *The Daily Mail* to help its readers to brush up their French, even employing the services of Dr. HARTOG (M.A., Officier d'Académie) to that end.

I love the characters of M. and Mme. Dupont, who provide the dialogues. There is something so beautiful about the disposition of Charles. He is, it appears, aged forty. He is discovered, oddly enough, sitting in the drawing-room of his London home at nine o'clock in the morning; but this does not deject him, for he is in a brightly conversational mood. No doubt he is glancing through the snapshots of last summer's holiday in the Tyrol, never suspecting the blow that is about to fall upon him, when his wife (aged thirty) says suddenly: "Charles, j'ai besoin d'un changement d'air. Allons à Paris" ("Charles, I need a change of air. Let's go to Paris").

You will see that she employs no subterfuge, makes no attempt at coaxing, says nothing to justify her sudden whim.

And what does Charles do? Does he become sarcastic, indignant or merely stare at Mme. Dupont (aged thirty) as though she had taken leave of her senses?

Nothing of the kind.

He replies at once: "Mais certainement, ma chérie. Allons-y" ("Why, certainly, darling. Let's go there").

It is not surprising that Madame embraces him, declaring that he is "Vraiment gentil." But she keeps the business of the day well in hand by cooing in his ear, "Mais quand partons-nous?" Truly Frenchwomen are subtle. I feel sure that I shall learn a great deal from the deductions of Dr. HARTOG.

Charles replies, "Demain matin, si tu veux" ("To-morrow morning, if you like").

Here we will leave them consulting "l'indicateur," discussing the "traversée," etc., though Charles declares that she needn't worry about any of the arrangements. He has one excellent phrase, for he says grandly, "Je ferai le nécessaire."

How happy French people must be in their domestic lives! Let me, for example, try to depict a similar scene in my own establishment.

SCÈNE—*La salle à manger d'une maison à Londres. C'est l'heure du petit déjeuner*

(SCENE—*The dining-room of a London house. Breakfast-time.*)

Moi (gaiement). Comme il fait froid ce matin, Henri! (How cold it is to-day, Henry!).

Henry (grommelant). Mph! (*This sound can be expressed in several languages and is not translatable.*)

Moi. La froideur me fait mal, Henri. J'en souffre (I suffer from the cold).

Henri. Mph!

Moi. En hiver il faut que je fasse attention à ma santé. Je ne suis pas trop forte moi (In winter I must take care of myself. I'm not too strong).

Henri. C'est inutile. Je ne puis pas te donner des fourrures neuves cet hiver (It's no use. I can't give you a new set of furs this winter).

Moi (blessée). Comment! Qu'est-ce que tu veux insinuer? (Why, what are you insinuating?).

Henri. Rien. Seulement, tu ne sentiras pas le froid si tu porteras la laine auprès de la peau. (*Il s'enfouit dans son journal.*) (Nothing. Only you won't feel the cold if you wear wool next the skin.) (*Buries himself in his newspaper.*)

Moi. Que tu es une brute! (What a brute you are!)

Henri. Mph.

It will be seen, even from this brief sketch, that Mme. Dupont has every advantage over the average British housewife. Perhaps Dr. HARTOG could give me a hint at this point. I should be so delighted to hear Henry make the declaration, "Je ferai le nécessaire" ("I'll cough up the needful"). F. A. K.

THE BYRONIC REVIVAL.

[The Men's Dress Reform Party has issued a Report condemning trousers and boots but declaring that the "so-called Byron collar meets all needs of aesthetics, convenience and hygiene."]

THOUGH daily fewer of our bright young folk

Can conjugate *amo, amas, amamus*,
Emancipation from the classic yoke

Does not imply that you're an
ignoramus,

And some of them, I fancy, know who
"woke

To find himself" all in a moment
"famous,"

And, after a brief spell of notoriety,
Was cut and ostracised by Smart
Society.

Some might be able to describe the
wreck

Of his career, the smirching of his
title,

And trace the course of his erratic trek
Across the Continent; but their

recital,
While owning that he "got it in the
neck,"

Would fail to recognise his fine
requital

In striving with magnanimous temerity
To emancipate the neckwear of posterity.

For, though as poet he has lately shrunk
In stature to dimensions microscopic,
Though critics rudely call *Childe Harold*
"bunk,"

Deride his mood as pseudo-misan-
thropic,

And stigmatize *Don Juan* as "old
junk"—

Yet even those who find his views
myopic,

His rhetoric the rant of a barn-stormer,
Welcome his efforts as a dress-reformer.

Thus, while the Party of Men's Dress
Reform,

Of rational attire the stout espousers,
Desirous to upset the modish norm

Are anti-Savile-Row-rebellion-
rousers,

The Byron collar is acclaimed with
warm

Approval by the foes of boots and
trousers,

As fully meeting, in its grace Hellenic,
Æsthetic needs as well as hygienic.

For BYRON never was a Borogrovian,
At least he was not mimsy—that I'll

swear—

And never looked more radiantly Jovian
Than when he left his Adam's-apple

bare,

And, as became an eminent Harrovian,
Resolved, by his example, to declare

War to the neck on Eton, famed for
scholars,

But also for the tyranny of her collars.



PARTIAL SOLUTION OF THE EMPLOYMENT PROBLEM.

PATIENT ASS (to Mr. SNOWDEN). "WELL, NOBODY CAN SAY YOU HAVEN'T FOUND MORE WORK FOR ME."



Hired Butler (announcing guest at fancy-dress ball). "TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!"

PARISH CHESS.

My Aunt Araminta has recently been part of a parish bazaar—an important part, needless to say, for Aunt Araminta does not accept insignificant rôles. Or perhaps I should say that, if she does, they no longer remain insignificant.

My Aunt Araminta's part in this particular bazaar was the provision, the embodiment and the execution of a Grand Idea. Indeed it was more than that, it was almost a Feature. It was, in short, the staging of a game of Human Chess. The pieces were to be the children of the local Sunday-school, and the players Miss Sofar of the "Infants" (white), and Miss Nofurther of the "Boys" (black). AKBAR the Great Mogul, I believe, had the same sort of idea before my Aunt Araminta, but then his chess was Persian rather than Parish and his pieces were the lighter ladies of his Court. I don't think Aunt Araminta would have thought of that somehow. Anyway it would hardly have been suitable for a Church Bazaar.

The game opened with an explanatory announcement by Aunt Araminta and a Grand March Past of all concerned, during which the White King's Rook's Pawn got stage-fright and fled to her mother. She was eventually calmed by a promise that she should be "taken" as soon as possible after the game started and then was led by her parent on to the Field of the Cloth of Black and White.

With a certain amount of confusion the pieces were distributed on to their squares and all the Pawns at once began to make faces at their opponents. Aunt Araminta was telling off as many as she was able to catch, and Miss Sofar had already cleared her throat preparatory to doing the King's Pawn gambit when some stickler in the audience called out, "Excuse me, but oughtn't the White Queen to be on her own colour?"

"Of course," said Aunt Araminta. "One minute, Miss Sofar." Then, addressing the White Queen with decided *lèse-majesté*, she snapped, "Daisy, get the other side of the King at once!"

"Please, Miss," objected Her Majesty, "I was always on his left before—between 'im and Tommy."

"Yes, Miss, next me," corroborated Tommy eagerly, showing signs of amatory interest in his sovereign highly unbecoming to a Bishop.

Aunt Araminta now inspected the Black Queen. "Rose is all right," she said; "she's on a black square."

"Yes, Miss," piped Her Black Majesty, picking up her crown, which had been built for a bigger queen; "me square's the right colour, but I'm reelly the wrong side of Joe—I mean the Black King, please."

The audience grew restive and Aunt Araminta annoyed. She was beginning to speak quite severely to the Royalty for lack of application to detail when the stickler again interrupted.

"I think the mistake is that all your players are facing *across* the board," he pointed out. "You have a *black* square at the lower right-hand corner, and it should be white."

There was a general *mêlée*, during

which Aunt Araminta threatened a cheeky Pawn with instant capture and removal from the board, if not loss of a good-conduct stamp, and Miss Sofar hastily made the first move. None of your high-class "KP to KP4" stuff for her; it was, "Dickie, stop sucking your teeth and go up two!"

Miss Nofurther's play was hampered after the first few moves by the understanding that she had to take her opponent's King's Rook's Pawn—still standing tearfully in her corner. This was accomplished by a sulky Bishop, who was removed next minute himself by a Rook, but not before presenting his aggressor with a secret and very unsaintly hack on the shin.

Thereafter play progressed on more or less normal lines, though both Miss Sofar's and Miss Nofurther's strategy was regulated by an endeavour to move every child in turn and so keep it from fidgeting, playing and losing either its square or its patience or its clothes, rather than by any consideration of future victory. This brought Royalty into unexpected positions of danger, but imparted a breathless rapidity to the game which was only interrupted by either a Knight's move, necessitating detailed instruction to the cavalier concerned, or by Aunt Araminta's holding up everything while she told off a Bishop for pinching a small female Pawn. Seeing that the gate-money was destined for the Church, it was regrettable that the cloth was showing up so badly.

After twenty minutes a very necessary interval was called, to straighten the game out. First those pieces which had been captured once but from sheer keenness had wandered back on to the board again were driven off with ignominy, and those pieces which had not been captured but from sheer boredom had wandered off the board were hauled back. Then, at Miss Nofurther's urgent request to be allowed just the possibility of winning, it was explained to Miss Sofar's King that, whatever he thought, he could not possibly have been captured.

He was therefore restored to the centre of the board and as a compensation an overlooked Black Pawn, who was sobbing bitterly because she hadn't been moved, was allowed to put him in check, for which, being his small sister, she was severely dealt with afterwards by His Majesty in person. Rose was allowed to put stuffing in her crown, and the White Queen's Knight was told to stop eating sweets and to get to QR6 out of it. All this of course doesn't often happen in real chess. A pity, I think.

Play was then resumed, and after five minutes Miss Nofurther won, chiefly



"AND YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU 'VE SPENT TEN THOUSAND ON A STRING OF PEARLS?"
"WELL, JOHN, ONE MUST LIVE."

by the aid of a Bishop, who was discovered in a commanding position, to which Miss Sofar acidly hinted he had never officially been moved. The victory, however, was allowed to stand, though I feel it would not have been if Aunt Araminta had seen what I subsequently did—the collection of a tupenny bet for a Black win by the unprincipled prelate concerned. For myself, I wouldn't have missed it all for worlds, though some people—CAPABLANCA, for one—might have grudged the sixpenny entrance-fee. A. A.

JESSICA IN NEW YORK. ELEVATORS.

Up and up and up we go,
Higher and higher and higher;
Part of me feels a tiny bit queer;
And how would you like to live, my dear,
At the top of a tall church spire?

Down and down and down we go,
Oh, such a marvellous rate!
But when we get to the ground I find
Part of me seems to be left behind
And lands a little bit late. R. F.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. TIMSON.

SOMETHING had been troubling Mr. Timson for a long while now, something which had no connection with politics, business nor, in the ordinary way, with the state of his health. He was thirty-five years old, short in stature, a little inclined to plumpness, sober, industrious, and compelled to wear glasses for reading figures and print. He was quite contented with his job. He played a fair game of tennis and golf. He lived quietly in lodgings at Finsbury Park. The only thing that peevish him was that he was a were-wolf.

After three or four months of it he decided to consult a specialist.

A cheerful fire burnt in the specialist's consulting-room. There was a large mahogany desk in it, and on the desk stood a typewriter, two photographs in silver frames, and a vase of flowers, so as to inspire patients with the feeling that medical science is not only efficient but humane.

Mr. Timson coughed nervously.

"What exactly is the trouble, Mr. Timson?" said the doctor, putting the tips of his fingers together. "A little overstrained, are we, or a little run down? Do we see specks in front of our eyes? Or have we a buzzing in our head?"

"Not in the least," replied Mr. Timson, coughing again. "Nothing of the kind. The fact is," he hesitated—"the fact is that every evening, after 5 P.M., I am turned into a wolf."

"Tut, tut," murmured the specialist. "That must be very awkward. And what are you, if I may say so, when you are not a wolf, Mr. Timson?"

"A chartered accountant," said Mr. Timson proudly, "and doing very well."

The specialist meditated for a while. He had had many patients but he had never in the whole of his experience come across a chartered accountant who was a wolf in his spare time.

Encouraged by the silence, Mr. Timson went on.

"There is lycanthropy in the family," he said, "due, I believe, to some old Hungarian strain. I had a great-great-uncle who faded habitually into the forest at week-ends and lived almost entirely on human flesh."

"And does it take that form with you?" inquired the physician, not without a tinge of alarm.

"Far from it," returned Mr. Timson

stiffly. "I am not that kind of wolf at all. I look like a rather tubby Alsatian with short legs. Or you might compare me with *Canis hodophylax* of Japan; I am yellowish but rather jolly, as were-wolves go. I never attack human beings. I fawn on them and wag my tail. In fact I have to. I get so tremendously hungry, you see, when I happen to be a wolf."

"But doesn't all this startle your—er—friends, Mr. Thompson?"

"They don't know about it. I told you it only happens when I am alone."

"Indoors or out-of-doors?"

"Both. When it happens indoors I

with your evening's recreations, Mr. Jackson."

"It does indeed. I am especially fond of dominoes."

A log fell in the grate. The specialist was considering. Then he walked to his bookcase and looked up *Demonology* in a medical encyclopædia.

"Various remedies are prescribed for these cases," he said after a while. "For instance, you could kneel in one spot for a hundred years."

"Don't be silly," said Mr. Timson. "I'm a chartered accountant."

"Or you could be buried and have a stake driven through the middle of your heart."

"I can't see my way to that," said Mr. Timson.

"Well, then," continued his adviser, "you can be exorcised by the Church."

"I sing in the choir," said Mr. Timson rather gloomily. "It would be all over the parish in no time. I daresay you don't know St. Agatha's, Finsbury Park."

"Well, what do you say to being struck three blows on the forehead with a knife?"

"How hard?" inquired Mr. Timson. "And do these things have to be done while I'm a wolf or while I'm a man?"

"While you're a wolf, undoubtedly."

"But I never am a wolf when I'm talking to anyone I know. And I have to dodge the police for fear of being taken to the Battersea Home."

"The only other way, so far as I can make out," said the doctor, "is to be addressed three times by your baptismal name and at the same time lose three drops of blood. What is your baptismal name, by the way?"

"William," said Mr. Timson.

The specialist thought hard.

"Supposing," he said, "next time this de—this ob—this affliction comes over you, you run round as fast as you possibly can to my house and whine outside the drawing-room window. I will have an air-gun and some darts ready, and we will see what can be done."

"Thank you," answered Mr. Timson, but not very gratefully. "Where do you live?"

"Near Guildford," answered the specialist. "I will give you a card."

The next two evenings were wet. The thought of galloping to Guildford all the way in the dark and then being shot at with an air-gun was distasteful to Mr. Timson, and he slept in the kennel as usual. On the third night,



"WHEN HE CAME TO A COFFEE-STALL HE SAT UP AND BEGGED."

jump out of the window on to the roof of the scullery and so into the backyard, where there is a kennel. I sleep in that till cock-crow and then I become a man again."

"And it never happens by day?"

"Sometimes, when I'm taking a long walk in the country by myself, and once on the golf-course when I was playing round alone without a caddie."

"What did you do it in?" asked the specialist with some curiosity, for he was a golfer too.

"It was on the seventh green," answered Mr. Timson with dignity. "I was thirty-four at the time. I left my clubs and began hunting for rabbits and field-mice. Players who followed me supposed I had been taken ill and gone home."

"All this must interfere very sadly



Mistress. "HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?"

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE I RUBBED IT TOO HARD, MA'AM."

Mistress. "WELL, YOU 'D BETTER GO AND CLEAN-THAT SILVER AT ONCE."

after a long busy day at the office and a cheerful dinner in Soho with two friends, he turned softly into a wolf, and at half-past eleven could be seen trotting across Hammersmith Bridge, feeling a little sad in his mind, for who could say whether the specialist would not hit him in the eye with the dart? He smiled amicably at all the dogs he met, shuffled rapidly past the policemen, and when he came to a coffee-stall sat up and begged.

"To-night," he thought as he bolted a piece of plum-cake, "I shall be free!"

But near Esher a terrible misgiving came into his mind, a misgiving that all too soon reached the dimensions of a certainty. He could not remember the doctor's address. Nor would he ever remember it. Accurate as a chartered accountant, in his wolf-mind he had no memory whatsoever for numbers or words. He gave a low howl of despair and began to creep homewards again. Should he jump into the Thames? But if he did would he be fished out by the river police as a wolf or a man? He went on to South Kensington. The streets were filled with mist. As he came drooping round a corner he was startled from his melancholy by the apparition of a huge Alsatian dog, which

sprang out of an open door barking loudly at him. Adopting his usual practice, Mr. Timson flattened his body towards the pavement, put on a mild and deprecating expression, lowered his ears and wagged his tail. Alas! it was no use. The Alsatian growled fiercely and sprang upon him. Days of chartered accountancy and a gentle happy disposition had not fitted Mr. Timson for street-fighting. But there was good stuff in him, and when the great dog rolled him over and death and dishonour stared him in the face he snarled as loudly as he could, put a fierce green glare into his eyes and with a violent effort wriggled himself free.

Then at the house-door he noticed a slim figure.

"William!" cried a girl's voice. "Come off it, William!"

But the fight went on.

"William! William!" cried the girl. "Come off it, you bad dog!"

There was no answer but noisy scuffling and furious snarls.

"William! William! William!" screamed the girl, running out into the road.

There in the fog stood Mr. Timson, a little ruffled, holding the Alsatian by the collar and bleeding profusely at the nose.

"Thank you ever so much! How splendid of you! How brave you are!" said the girl gratefully. "What on earth has happened to that other dog?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Timson. But he did. It had disappeared for ever. He dabbed his nose with his pocket-handkerchief. She was a very beautiful girl. They talked politely for several minutes in the gloom.

Almost the only trouble of Mrs. Timson's married life is that her husband will not let her keep any dog larger than a white Pekingese. EVOE.

On the Second Crop of War Plays, Books and Films.

In Flanders fields the guns are still Ten years and more, but here we kill Twice nightly. Death's a *Standard* stunt.

All's noisy on the West-End Front.

"Mocking Bird has finished his racing career. The ten-year-old has won 18 races for his owner, Mr. W. Wyllie, who for sentimental reasons will not spend the rest of his life in the paddock."—*Daily Paper*.

Even Mr. SOLLY JOEL sometimes goes home.

MY PRIVATE SECRETARY.

["If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."—*Old Wheetse*]

To me there is something truly admirable in the way a talkie Captain of Industry disembarasses himself from any of his assistants who have incurred his displeasure. He must know perfectly well that his stenographer has a crippled mother, a paralysed father and a hooch-drinking younger brother all dependent on her earnings, for all stenographers on the talkies have these encumbrances, but that does not deter him from discharging her at a minute's notice for some trivial offence. "Yo' fired," he remarks succinctly, and fired she is, and away she goes without argument. Her sobs, bellowing from the microphone, leave him unmoved. I wish I were more like that.

Or alternatively I wish I could hire a Captain of Industry by the hour and get him to deal with Miss Moberly for me. Miss Moberly is my secretary, whose duty it is to type the brilliant thoughts which flow with such facility from my pen and despatch the type-script to various editors. In due course, if the editor be a man of sound judgment, a cheque arrives, and it is Miss Moberly's duty to enter the amount of this in a cash-book. In the case of editorial inefficiency it is her business—and possibly pleasure—to place the article in a file marked "Rejections."

The trouble with Miss Moberly is that she is absent-minded. It is no unusual occurrence for a manuscript to return, on the day following its despatch, new and clean in all its pristine freshness because she has posted it in the envelope provided for the editor's reply. When this happens, Miss Moberly, red with mortification, confesses her fault, says she is *most awfully* sorry and works like a slave for the rest of the day "to make up."

Now none knows better than I that I should be perfectly justified in fir—I mean discharging—Miss Moberly for incompetence. A Captain of Industry would

have done it during the first week without giving a hoot (save the microphone's gratuitous one) for her *fiancé*. But I cannot do it. Often I rise from



"I BELIEVE IN TALKING OUT."
MR. T. P. O'CONNOR OPPOSES THE
CLOSURE.

(Reproduced from "Punch," June 22, 1921.)

the breakfast-table determined to accomplish the feat, but the resolve vanishes at the sight of Miss Moberly

day, when they have got a home together, this nebulous fellow and my secretary are going to be married, and it is to that end that Miss Moberly works for me, the salary she draws from me going towards the nest-building fund. So who am I to—well, I'm not a Captain of Industry anyhow.

But there is a rift in the cloud.

"Would you mind *awfully*," asked Miss Moberly a few days ago, "if I took three days' holiday next week? You see we've got nearly enough money now, so my *fiancé* thought that we ought to be looking for a house. I'm afraid I shall be leaving you soon, Mr. Crow."

"Why, this is splendid news," I said—"about the house," I added hastily. "Of course you can have a holiday."

"Thank you frightfully," she replied. "There's a rejection this morning from *The Marble and Granite Monthly*—that story, you know, 'The Glow of the Yule Log.'"

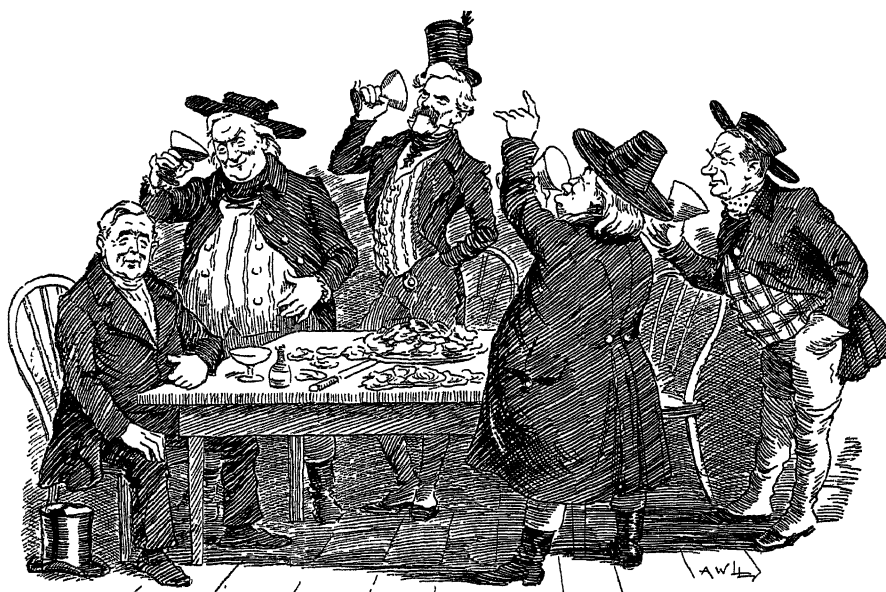
"Miss Moberly," I asked accusingly, "did you really send that story, full of plum-pudding and Christmas cheer, to *Marble and Granite*, which is a magazine devoted to the headstone industry?"

"Oh, dear," said Miss Moberly, "I remember now. I sent it off at the same time as that article 'Epitaphs for all.' I must have put them in the wrong envelopes; I'm most *terribly* sorry."

"Please write to the Editor of *Hale and Hearty* and ask him to return the obituary article," I said.

Miss Moberly has gone on her holiday. I have just received a letter from *The Hale and Hearty Magazine* stating that "the article would have been returned sooner had any name and address been enclosed." Miss Moberly again!

I really think that I shall have to rid myself of her, for she gets more and more careless every day. I hate doing my own secretarial work, as I am doing at present, but at least I know



THE ALL-PARTIES LUNCHEON TO "THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE."
(MR. T. P. O'CONNOR).

After PHIZ's picture of "Weller and his friends drinking to Mr. Pell."

(Reproduced from "Punch," May 16, 1923.)

waiting patient, pencil poised, with an air of expectation like a goldfish which has been promised an ant-egg. It is then I remember the *fiancé*. Some

that it is being properly done. Still, I wish I were a film Captain of Industry.

[Will the writer of this article please send his name and address?—ED.]



For Punch

Gentleman (being shown round garden of country-house). "I SUPPOSE YOU SELL A LOT OF THE PEACHES. THERE MUST BE FAR MORE THAN YOU WANT."

Butler. "OH, NO, THEY'RE NONE OF THEM SOLD. YOU SEE, THERE ARE TWENTY OF US IN THE HALL, AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S THE FAMILY."

MISLEADING CASES.

XXV.—BACK TO THE CONSTITUTION.
Haddock v. The King; Haddock v. Constable Boot; Haddock v. The Southern Railway.

A DECISION of the highest constitutional importance was given in this case by the House of Lords to-day.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said: "These three appeals have, by leave of your Lordships, been treated as one appeal. The facts are quickly stated. The appellant, Mr. Haddock, presented himself

at Victoria Station with a railway and boat ticket for the French port of Calais, issued to him by the Southern Railway. The official at the barrier of the platform inspected the ticket and requested Mr. Haddock to exhibit his passport. Mr. Haddock replied, in direct but courteous terms, that the Southern Railway had contracted to carry him to Calais, that it was not a term of that contract that he should exhibit or even carry a passport, and that he declined to exhibit his passport to a subordinate official of the Southern

Railway, who would be better employed in making his journey comfortable than in barring his passage and thus unnecessarily augmenting the nervous strain incidental to a journey. There was some debate, but at length the official, either impressed by Mr. Haddock's personality and command of language or preferring to leave the responsibility of a decision to his colleagues at Dover, permitted him to pass on to the train.

"At Dover, when Mr. Haddock approached the steam-packet, the same

request was made and was again refused. But here the official was not to be persuaded, and, although satisfied that Mr. Haddock's ticket was in order, would not allow him to approach the vessel, but even offered him physical resistance, amounting technically to an assault. Mr. Haddock insisted; the attention of Constable Boot was attracted; the constable and the official conferred together; it was decided between them that Mr. Haddock's refusal or inability to exhibit his passport was a suspicious circumstance suggesting that he was a criminal fleeing from justice, and Mr. Haddock was detained—or, to use the proper term, arrested—for inquiries. Mr. Haddock immediately presented his banker's letter of credit and various documents and photographs which established his identity and respectability; but these were not considered sufficient and the vessel proceeded to France without him.

"The Southern Railway have attempted to justify their conduct by pleading that they acted as they did under the orders of His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Haddock was ill-advised enough to bring in the first place an action against the Crown for inducing a breach of his contract with the Southern Railway. Here, as the Courts below have successively decided, and as he himself must be very well aware, he has no title of a case. *The King can do no wrong*, either by his servants or otherwise, and therefore he cannot induce a breach of contract or be liable for any other tortious act. This may seem strange to those students of history who supposed that the despotic privileges of the Crown were surrendered or destroyed in the seventeenth century, but that is the law. In this case therefore Mr. Haddock's appeal must be dismissed.

"But the quaint old rule that the King can do no wrong does not mean that he is entitled to command his subjects to do wrong, or to save them harmless if they obey him. It would not, for example, be a good defence to a charge of murder that the King, through the Foreign Secretary, had expressed a dislike for the murdered man; though the King in his clemency might graciously pardon the murderer *after he had been convicted*. This distinction is important; indeed it is fundamental.

"The appellant (who cannot, we think, be quite so guileless as he appears to be) then brought actions against Constable Boot for false imprisonment, and against the Southern Railway for assault (by their servant) and breach of contract.

"It is admitted by the Crown that the Foreign Office did, and does, issue instructions to the Southern Railway that they are to carry no person to France except such as exhibit a passport satisfactory to the Foreign Office. But the Foreign Office is not entitled to issue an instruction to any subject unless that instruction is authorised by an Act of Parliament or by some still surviving, and indubitably surviving, remnant of the prerogative of the Crown.

"In this case there is no such Act of Parliament, and the Crown's advisers have not even pretended to discover

Magna Carta it is clearly provided and promised by the Crown—'for us and for our heirs for ever'—that:—

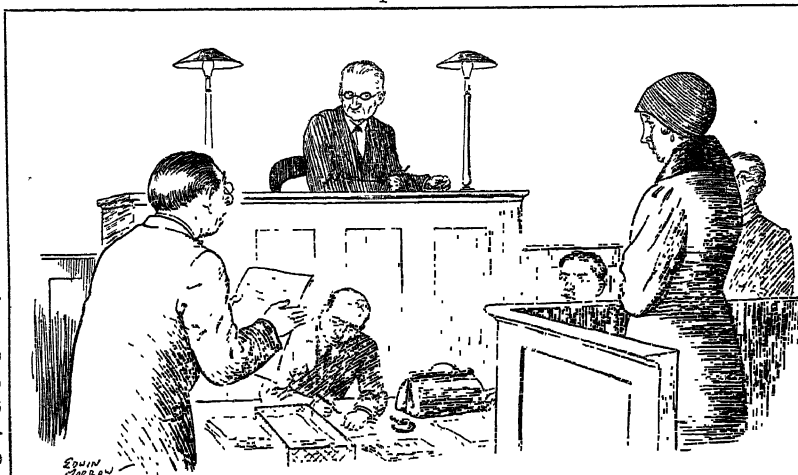
"All merchants shall have their safe and sure conduct to depart out of England, to tarry in and go through England, as well by land as by water, to buy and sell, without any manner of evil tolls, by the old and rightful customs, except in time of war."

"The power which was wrested from KING JOHN at Runnymede has not been restored to the Crown by any subsequent enactment or decision; and in this old-fashioned House we hold that Magna Carta, except where it has been expressly superseded, is still the law. It would be strange if it were otherwise. The King's Dominions and possessions beyond the seas have been conquered, held and maintained in prosperity

through the readiness of his subjects to leave these shores and venture abroad. And that readiness has been in a large measure the fruit of liberty. In times of peace, for many centuries, it has been the unwavering policy of the King and Parliament to extend to the subject who is willing to travel in foreign parts not merely consent but encouragement and even inducements. And one of these inducements has been the personal passport.

"What is the passport? It is a document signed by His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs 'requesting and requiring in the name of His Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow the bearer to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need.'

"Evidence has been given in this case which shows that, even where the subject is in possession of what is called a valid passport and obsequiously exhibits it to all who desire to inspect it, the document is in fact productive of more 'lets and hindrances' than any other circumstance of a journey abroad. But in essence the possession of a passport remains a privilege. For the British subject it may even be a right; but it can never be a duty. The distinction of its origin, the use of His Majesty's name, and the generous enthusiasm of its language, may suggest, and is without doubt intended to suggest, that the bearer is a person especially dear to the

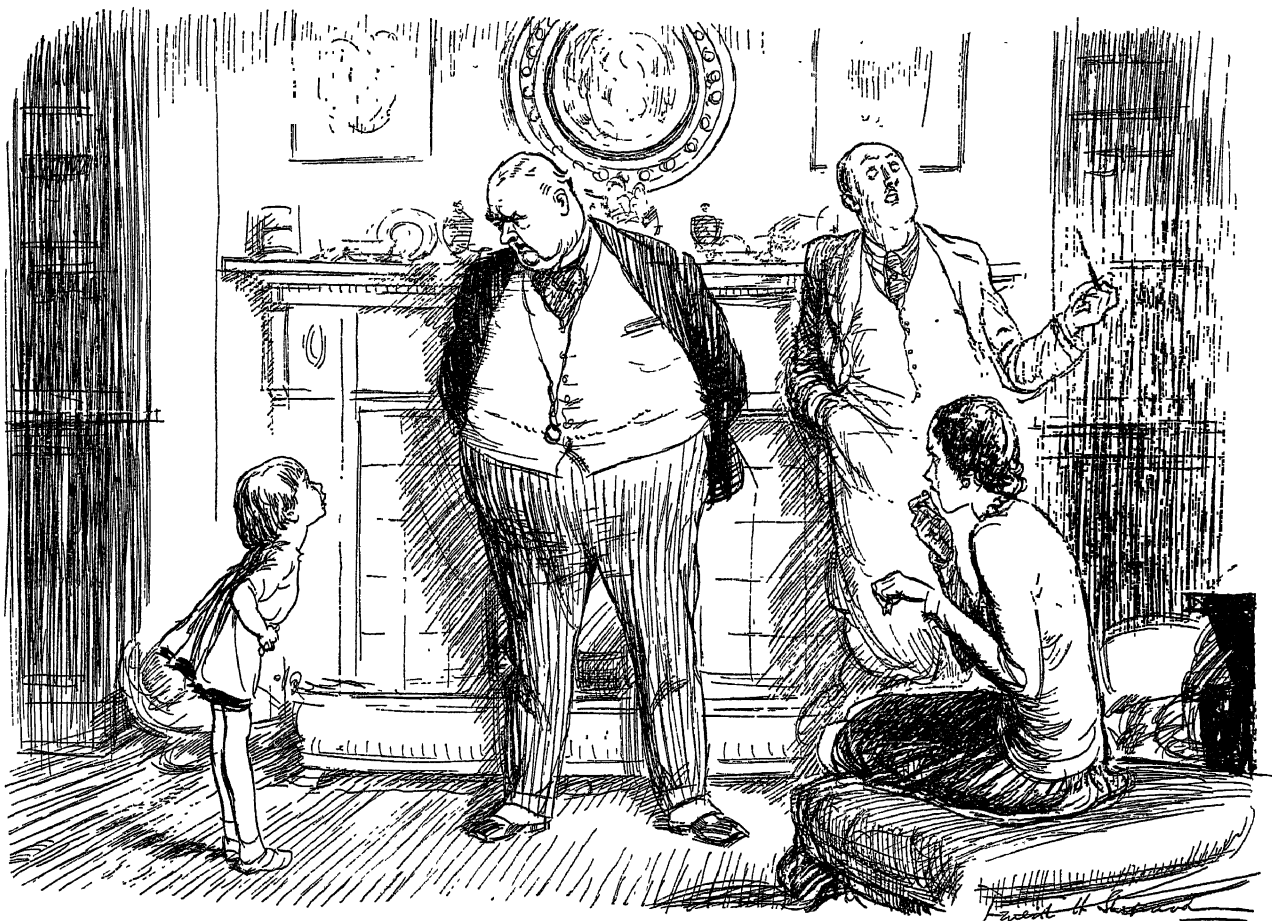


"ONE THING I WOULD URGE IN FAVOUR OF MY CLIENT. SHE SHOWED THAT SHE HAD THE INTERESTS OF THE PLAINTIFFS' BUSINESS AT HEART BY DOING HER CHRISTMAS SHOP-LIFTING EARLY."

one. The Foreign Office issues a somewhat peremptory pamphlet entitled 'Passport Regulations,' in which it is stated that every British subject who leaves these shores 'must' do this or that in relation to passports. But it is nowhere stated on what authority that 'must' is founded. And unless it can be shown that these commands and regulations are made by virtue of the Royal prerogative they have no better juridical sanction than the rules of grammar or the canons of metrical composition.

"Is there any such prerogative? Has the Crown, as such, without the authority of Parliament and in times of peace, a power to forbid the subject to leave the kingdom unless he has the consent of the Foreign Secretary? We find that it has not.

"On the contrary, our researches have led us to the singular conclusion that such a power or custom did once exist but has been expressly taken away. In



Small Girl (suddenly, to influential relative). "WHY DO YOU STAND LIKE THAT? MUMMY ALWAYS TELLS ME TO KEEP MY TUMMY IN—LIKE THIS."

Crown and therefore of high moral character. But no man is entitled to argue the converse.

"Nevertheless, by the arrogance of the Crown's servants and the weak compliance of the subjects, the character of the passport has been in fact transformed. What was a privilege has become a duty; what was a protection has become a peril; what was intended to facilitate free movement has become an engine of obstruction. In time of war the Crown has an undoubted prerogative to restrict and regulate the movements of the subject. But, my Lords, we are not at war. We are at peace; and it is desirable that the subject should go about the world as readily and as freely as before. It is said that in recent times the readiness of our citizens to venture abroad has diminished, and we are told that the Colonial Office is making special efforts to induce a greater number to leave this country and seek their fortunes over the seas. These efforts are not wholly successful, and, now that we have heard of the obstacles to travel which have been placed by the Foreign Office in Mr. Haddock's path,

that does not surprise us. We were told that these Passport Regulations (so-called) are of assistance in preventing the undesirable alien from entering this country; but this is a somewhat fantastic reason for preventing the respectable Briton from leaving it. We were told that they are of use to the police in the apprehension of escaping criminals. But this has nothing to do with us, with Mr. Haddock, or indeed with the Foreign Office. The police must devise some method of apprehending the guilty traveller without obstructing and persecuting the innocent.

"We were told, again, that the regulations are made for the convenience of the traveller. We do not believe it. They were made for the preservation, in peace-time, of an autocratic power justified only by a state of war, and for the benefit of the passport officers in this and other countries. But whether or not these defences have been erected in sincerity they have no foundation in law. If it is necessary for the good of the realm that such restrictions exist, then Parliament must say so in clear and unmistakable terms. Parliament has not said so, and Mr.

Haddock is entitled to proceed to France without exhibiting his passport to any man in these islands. If the French authorities refuse to admit him without a passport that is his own affair. He had in fact a valid passport on his person, which he judged, and rightly judged, was only of interest to the foreign persons to whom it was addressed. Constable Boot and the Southern Railway have injured the appellant; and they may not shelter behind the instructions of the Foreign Office, for those instructions were *ultra vires*, unconstitutional, against public policy and an 'evil toll' such as is expressly forbidden by Magna Carta. They must pay the consequences. The damages claimed are not extensive, and I recommend that in addition Mr. Haddock receive a grant of £5,000 from the Crown in recognition of his public services. There is something to be said for the view that the Passport Office might be indicted as an unlawful conspiracy; but that question we are not called upon to determine."

Lord SWEET, Lord ARROWROOT, Lord LICK and Lord SHEEP concurred.

A. P. H.

SIMPLE STORIES.

MR. BALGOMERY.

WHEN Mr. Balgomery was about forty he had made so much money in his business that he thought he would like to get married and spend some of it, and he asked his head clerk what he thought about it.

And his head clerk whose name was Mr. Popplewell said well I believe in getting married if you are rich enough to afford it, but it might be difficult for you to find the right sort of wife as you are not a gentleman.

And Mr. Balgomery said well I know I'm not because I wasn't brought up to it, but I have often been taken for one in trains and buses because of my trousers being so well creased.

And Mr. Popplewell said oh that's no good, directly you open your mouth everybody can see you are as common as dirt. Still people don't mind that so much as they used to as long as you are rich enough. You could marry my daughter Elsie if you like, I would rather she married a gentleman as I am one myself though I am only a head clerk, but she is getting on now and doesn't look like going off, so I would put up with it.

And Mr. Balgomery said oh I couldn't marry the daughter of a head clerk even if she were pretty, and you know quite well that Elsie is perfectly hideous.

Well Mr. Popplewell knew that it was no good expecting him to marry Elsie, so he wasn't very disappointed and he said I don't know why people should mind marrying girls who are rather ugly because you soon get used to them and they make just as good wives if not better. And you don't know any other ladies do you? How are you going to get to know one?

And Mr. Balgomery said well I thought of putting an advertisement in the newspaper to say that I am very rich and should like to marry the daughter of an Earl.

And Mr. Popplewell said well that isn't a bad idea, and of course there are Earls and Earls, you couldn't expect all of them with daughters to answer your advertisement but some might, I will see after it if you like because I can spell better than you can.

Well only one Earl answered the advertisement, and he said that he hadn't got any daughters because he wasn't married, but he had an aunt who

hadn't gone off yet and if Mr. Balgomery would pay him a thousand pounds he would tell her that she had better marry him, and he would come to the wedding himself and give her away so as to do the thing properly. But Mr. Balgomery wrote back and said that he didn't care about marrying anybody's aunt and he had something better to do with his money than to pay an Earl a thousand pounds to come to his wedding.

And the Earl wrote back and said well what would he pay? And he said he might pay five pounds, but it was no use talking about it because he

than he had expected. So he said well I shall go and see about it at your Bank, and if I find you are telling the truth I don't mind marrying you.

But the Earl's aunt didn't see why she should marry him, because she was quite comfortable as she was and had plenty of dogs and cats and canaries. Still she liked money too, and when she found out how rich Mr. Balgomery was she said perhaps she would. And by this time he wanted to marry her rather badly because of all her money, so he gave her quite an expensive diamond necklace, and then she said oh very well, I would rather marry a gentleman,

but as one has never asked me I may as well put up with you, you are very common but I dare say I can improve you, it will give me something to do in the evenings.

So they got married, and it wasn't so bad at first because they could each talk about how much money they had, but presently Mr. Balgomery got tired of always staying at home in the evenings and being taught how to be less common, but she wouldn't go out because she was afraid of the night air. And he said well then I shall go out by myself, and she said you dare.

So then they had a regular quarrel, but Mr. Balgomery had got used to being married to an Earl's aunt by this time and wasn't so much afraid of her, so he said I shall do exactly what I like, and she began to cry. And he said stop that snivelling, your nose is quite red enough as it is, and he walked straight out of the house.

Well after that the Earl's aunt couldn't do anything with him at all, and she complained to the Earl. And by

this time the Earl had married Elsie Popplewell, because he rather liked ugly girls and she was very nice and looked after his money, though he had spent most of it, and made him comfortable. And Mr. Popplewell was very pleased at Elsie marrying an Earl, and Mr. Balgomery had made him a partner in his business because of it, so he was quite well off now and made Elsie an allowance.

And when Mr. Balgomery complained to the Earl about his aunt he said well she complained first and I can't do anything for either of you, you ought to have married Elsie when you had the chance, she is worth six of my aunt and I am very glad I met her at your wedding, I thought I should only get five pounds out of it, but I have got



"SO HE GAVE HER QUITE AN EXPENSIVE DIAMOND NECKLACE."

Elsie, and when Mr. Popplewell dies he has promised to leave her all his money besides.

So then Mr. Balgomery saw that he had made a mistake, and he was very annoyed with himself about it, but it was too late to get it altered and he had to make the best of it. But he didn't really make the best of it, because he was very unkind to the Earl's aunt instead of taking care of her and reading to her in the evenings when she was in bed with bronchitis and rheumatism in her knees. And presently she said well I don't see what I am getting out of this, I shall go and live by myself again and keep a parrot, but you will have to pay me a thousand pounds a year, besides what I have got myself.

So Mr. Balgomery did that because by this time he couldn't bear the sight of the Earl's aunt, and she wouldn't go for less. And after that he was very miserable because he had had all the expense of the diamond necklace and the wedding and had to pay a thousand pounds every year besides. And it preyed on his mind so that he got careless about his business and didn't make

nearly so much money out of it as he had done before. But Mr. Popplewell was so pleased about everything, and especially about having grandchildren with titles, that he got quite good at doing business, and presently he said he couldn't have Mr. Balgomery as his partner any longer but he would make him his head clerk if he liked.

So that was what Mr. Balgomery got by being too fond of money and marrying somebody he didn't love; but the Earl was quite happy because he really loved Elsie although she was so plain. And she was happy too and seemed to get a little better-looking as she grew older. A. M.

DISTRACTION.

[Boredom rather than actual fatigue, a labour expert states, is to be regarded as the prime cause of loss of efficiency among our workers.]

DEAR ladies, all three of you, Clarice
And Mabel and Eve, who adorn
My room in the office of Solomon
Harris

And Company, Brokers of Corn,
As a toiler, I will not dissemble,
I'm woefully tardy and slack,

And you may have observed that I frequently tremble
Right plumb on the edge of the sack.

But is it ennui that is able
My energies thus to unscrew?
Could a fellow be bored sitting opposite,
Mabel,

So piquant a charmer as you?
Could he falter and fail and grow weary,
O Clarice and Eve, could he yawn
While he gazes at you who are each a
young Peri

As fair as the flush of the dawn?
Nay, perish the thought! And, if
Nemesis

(In the shape of Sol. Harris) decree
That your post be finally pushed off the
premises,

This let his epitaph be:—
"Fired out for neglect of his duty,
No more with the firm he is leagued;
It wasn't the ledgers that bored him,
but Beauty
Too deeply enthralled and intrigued."

"SPECIAL BUNK FOR GIANT BOXER."
Newspaper Headline.

Yes, we've read a lot of it.



"GRANNY, DARLING, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE JOAN AND CHARLES HAVE GONE TO-NIGHT? I WAS TO MEET THEM."
"I THINK THEY SAID THEY WERE GOING TO SOME PEOPLE CALLED 'WHOOPEE.'"



ASPECTS OF MODERN ART.

Proprietor of Gallery (displaying work of latest genius). "OF COURSE HE HAS HAD NO EDUCATION OR TRAINING WHATEVER, AND IS COMPLETELY IGNORANT OF ALL THE PRINCIPLES OF ART. IN FACT, UNTIL SIX WEEKS AGO HE HAD NEVER HANDLED A BRUSH."

Enthusiast. "LET US PRAY HE WILL NEVER LEARN!"

AN UNBEATEN RECORD.

CAN you beat it? I ask you! His bag for the day (The first that he spent in my house, by the way) Included a sitting of pedigree eggs, A pair of silk stockings (one foot and both legs), The housemaid's new apron, a hat of the cook's, The covers of two of my favourite books, A piece of the hearthrug, a blue satin slipper, The half of a ham and the whole of a kipper; My best shaving-brush and a Waterman pen Completed the tale of enormities. Then, The household, *en bloc*, for his punishment clamouring, I told them to bring him to me for a hammering, Repaired to the hat-rack, selected a crop ("I'll teach him that this funny business must stop"), Retired to the smoking-room, scowling, to wait The New Dog's arrival and well-deserved fate. A pause . . . "voices off" . . . then enter my daughter Who bears in her arms the lamb for the slaughter— A thing like a mop-head, diminutive, fluffy— And says with a giggle, "Here, Daddy, here's Wuffy!" Deposits her burden; it capers around, Then leaps from the floor to my knees in a bound, This case-hardened criminal, breaker of laws, Effusively waving impenitent paws! "Another big Human! Enchanted to meet it!" And I?— Oh, well, dash it! I ask—can you beat it?

In a Good Cause.

The PRINCE OF WALES is to preside at the Inaugural Dinner of the King George Hospital, on Wednesday, December 18th, at the Mansion House. This new Hospital will serve a district of Thames-side—Barking, Becontree, Ilford and Manor Park—where some half-a-million people have settled since the War, for whose needs the existing hospital at Ilford is quite inadequate. In part of the area there are fifty thousand children, for whom not a single hospital bed is at present provided. Those who live in this district are far away from the centre of London's splendid voluntary hospital system. Though they have done their share in the great efforts that are being made to raise funds for the necessary hospital accommodation they are mostly wage-earners, and their call for help should make a strong appeal to the more fortunate of London's citizens.

The KING and QUEEN have visited this area and contributed to the Fund for providing it with a hospital, which by special permission will bear His Majesty's name. It is intended, before the year is out, to lay the foundation of the first block, which will contain one-hundred-and-forty out of the three hundred beds required.

Mr. Punch earnestly begs his readers to help to ensure that the PRINCE's Dinner List may be worthy of the occasion. Cheques should be made payable to The Treasurer, King George Hospital, and addressed to The LORD MAYOR, Mansion House, E.C.



“EXPRESSIOR!”

“... A YOUTH WHO BORE, MID SNOW AND ICE,
A BANNER WITH A STRANGE DEVICE.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 18th.—It was Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON's turn to stand up and be shot at. As is the habit of Ministers when the bombardment becomes too hot, he took final shelter behind the bomb-proof formula, "I have nothing to add to the answer I have already given"—a formula particularly devastating when everybody is aware that the answer the Minister has already given has no relation whatever to the question he is now seeking to evade.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN led the attack on the Government's Russian policy, but Captain EDEN and Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON helped to press it home. So did Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT, who so far forgot himself as to remark that the Minister had "fooled" the House. One must not say that of any Minister, although as a matter of fact fooling the House is one of the things that every Minister does; so, in response to angry shouts and the SPEAKER's rebuke, Sir HENRY reduced the offending verb first to "deceived," and, upon that proving equally unacceptable, to "misled."

The Minister's answers as a fact did not justify the suggestion that he had fooled the House, but they more than justified the suspicion that M. DOVGALÉVSKY had fooled Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON. At any rate the FOREIGN SECRETARY was forced to admit that ambassadors had been appointed; that the Soviet pledge to abandon propaganda would only be given when the Russian Ambassador presented his credentials; that meanwhile the Soviet neither showed, nor apparently was expected to show, any signs of curbing its propagandists as an earnest of its good intentions; and that even when the pledge has been given there is no reason to suppose the propaganda will really stop, because the Soviet Government has positively declined to accept the British Government's view that the Soviet Government is responsible for the propagandist activities of the Third International.

The House passed to less contentious matters: Disablement Pensions, as to which Mr. ROBERTS announced that there would no longer be any time limit; the Electoral Reform Conference, which the PRIME MINISTER said had not yet been constituted, and the success of Mr. SNOWDEN's Conversion Loan, in respect of which the CHANCELLOR, being asked if he did not consider that the success of the loan went to show that his gift of half per cent to certain brokers was a waste of money, replied somewhat airily that it might not always be apparent on the surface what

was the purpose of his actions, but the House could always rely on the fact that there was an absolutely satisfactory answer.

What care-free, irresponsible lives Ministers would lead if they could always answer awkward questions in that fashion! The House passed on to a further instalment of the Committee stage of the Widows' Pensions Bill and made quite a lot of progress with it. Not altogether unused to the spectacle of Satan rebuking sin, it yet derived some cynical amusement from the spectacle of Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN moving an amendment designed to curb the Minister's bureaucratic powers!



Lord ROTHERMERE (as Lord BEAVERBROOK takes the plunge) "WHY, THERE'S MAX ACTUALLY GONE IN."

Tuesday, November 19th.—There is no doubt that the Briton is feeling his oats, but unfortunately they are German oats, and the feeling is not as exhilarating as it ought to be. Lord DE LA WARR admitted as much to Lord BLEDISLOE, though he made the reservation that he had no "precise information" as to the cost of producing oats in this country. The thought obtrudes itself that, if the Ministry has not the precise information, it is precious little good as a Ministry, and, if the British farmer has not supplied it to the Ministry, he is precious little good as a farmer.

The House of Lords is not exactly the home of lost causes, but it is a long time since it functioned as the cradle of a new idea. It could claim that distinction this afternoon, when Lord BEAVERBROOK chose it as the forum in which to deliver himself of Empire

Free Trade. The Imp of Shoe Lane was just a shade inaudible, but made on the whole an effective speech. And at least he was visible, which is more than can be said of the equally vociferous seer of Carmelite House. There was an absence of particularity about it, however, which enabled Lord ARNOLD, who once more trotted out all the old Free Trade shibboleths, to say with some show of truth that the noble Lord's policy was remote from reality. Lord CUSHENDUN sympathised, but also saw nothing substantial in the proposals. Lord BLEDISLOE asked bluntly where the British farmer came in under Lord BEAVERBROOK's scheme, and Lord SALISBURY took occasion to demand in derisive tones what the Government's Imperial policy was.

In the House the appearance, at the beginning of the Order Paper, of Questions to the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND seemed to indicate that Mr. MACPHERSON and his compatriots have gained their point. Twenty-nine Scottish Supplementary Questions were asked, the persistence of the questioners being in inverse proportion to the importance of the topic. For example, Mr. MACPHERSON drew attention to the fact that at this time of the year deer in the Highlands raid the crofters' root crops. Could not arrangements be made which would permit the outraged crofter to shoot, say, the two leaders? "And how are ye to know which are the leaders?" replied canny Mr. ADAMSON.

The House polished off the Widows' Pensions Bill. A plea by Mr. SHAKE-SPEARE for the deserted wife so moved Miss LAWRENCE that she agreed to give the matter consideration. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared, on motion for the Third Reading, that the Bill would place the first nail in the Government's coffin, while Mr. BROWN and Mr. GREENWOOD, supporting it, took occasion to compliment Miss LAWRENCE on her fine work in connection with the Bill.

Wednesday, November 20th.—Lord ARNOLD, when questioned by Lord BAMBURY about the Conversion Loan, could hardly take Mr. SNOWDEN's high and mysterious line. Instead he assured the noble lord that the bargain-counter price offered to certain brokers was a "prudent insurance carried out on fair terms"—an explanation which, Lord DANESFORT said, did not explain.

On the other hand Lord THOMSON's explanation to Lord NEWTON of why the projected joy-ride of both Houses in the Government's new gas flivver, the R101, was postponed was a model of sympathetic tact. It was not the velocity of the wind, he explained, because the swifter the gale the more desirable it

was that the airship should be cruising round instead of having her nose pulled out of joint by the mooring mast. The Members' trip was postponed because it would have been made entirely through rain-clouds, whereas the great advantage of the airship as a form of locomotion—an advantage which would certainly make it popular—was "the spacious prospect, the magnificent view that was obtained from it, far superior to anything to be obtained from any other vehicle."

Lord NEWTON, who had stigmatized the airship as "a form of public extravagance largely stimulated by the Press and a concession to sensation," was so overcome by this spacious eulogy of the ether as a place where every prospect pleases and only the weather is vile that he failed to return to the attack.

The Lord Mayor's Show is a fine display but it has its drawbacks, said Mr. DAY. For example it always stops the legitimate trade of shops on the route, and would it not be a tremendous boon if they'd always have it on a Saturday afternoon? And why, supplemented Commander BELLAIRS, must it seek the congested thoroughfares? Why not push it along in barges, to be gazed upon from the river's margins? But Mr. MORRISON answered, "No." Tradition requires that the Lord Mayor's Show, which the public delights to gaze upon, shall go the way it has always gone; and as for making the thing aquatic, he deemed the advantages problematic and unlikely to win the approbation of the City of London Corporation.

The House indulged in a little acrid mirth when Mr. OLIVER BALDWIN, favoured by the luck of the ballot, announced that he would in four weeks' time call the attention of the House to the distribution of wealth. Sir ROBERT HAMILTON then moved that the state of the fishing industry called for action by the Government, and Mr. BUXTON reminded the House that QUEEN ELIZABETH had dealt with a like situation by a sort of compulsory "Eat More Fish" campaign. As for Government action, was it not conducting intensive researches into the life-history of the sprat?

Other Members indicated that the whale of depression would not be appeased by the sprat of Government encouragement and particularised the sort of action they thought the Govern-

ment of the Exchequer had "readily agreed to render a certain amount of assistance to the Scottish fishing industry." The House then proceeded, like SOLOMON, to speak of trees.

Thursday, November 21st.—The gnu may not know it but Lord PASSFIELD is its friend. The sassaby does not seek his assistance in vain. Miscreants who massacre rhinos from motor-cars may expect no mercy from him. All this transpired in a debate, initiated by Lord ONSLOW, on the wanton destruction of African fauna.

Meanwhile Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's elephant-gun was drumming heavily on the less pachydermatous portions of the Government's Bigger and Better Doles Bill. The attack came rather as a surprise. Major ELLIOT's frontal attack from the Conservative benches was expected.

Coming from the Party which can proudly claim to be the Father of the Dole, it naturally lacked bite.

It was Mr. MAXTON who was expected to do the biting, and it was with the idea of anticipating his assault that Miss BONDFIELD had framed her rapid-fire speech. But the blunderbuss that the Pirate King was expected to discharge at the Government never went off at all, while bullets from the Liberal volleys rained on the Government's astonished pelt. As for the new Father of the House, he lost no time in applying the parental shoe-leather where it would do most good. Liberals would support the Bill, he said, but he made it pretty plain that support will cease then and there unless the "young-age pension" is dropped. Mr. MAXTON's speech, compared with that of the Liberal leader, was a mere lifting of the finger, a mild "Tut, tut!" We left the Lords mourning the threatened extinction of the larger carnivora. We left the Commons wondering what Party game-warden had silenced the growls of the Clydeside man-eater.

A Watery Bier.

"The seven points by which England won in 1910 placed the tombstone upon what had been the flood tide of Welsh successes."

South Wales Paper.

They were indeed the last straw that nipped the Cambrian camel in the bud.



"THE CHALLENGE."

(After the painting by LANDSEER.)

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND MR. MAXTON.

"There might be some difference of opinion as to who were the leaders."

Mr. ADAMSON in the Debate on Deer in Scotland.

ment should take. Mr. ADAMSON threw a little cod-oil on the troubled waters by pointing out that the CHANCELLOR



DAVID, THE CHAMPION STONE-THROWER.

(A Study in Stained Glass)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE CHARGES THE GOVERNMENT WITH EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE PERFECT SHOOTING GUEST.

(After a Popular Model.)

FIVE minutes earlier than ten
His car is where his host expects him
And, greetings paid, he asks of when
And where the same, at eve, collects
him;
Click goes his gun to, smooth as rhyme,
And, rain-coat, extra ammunition
Arranged for, now on tick of time
Numbered he waits for "first position."

Lo, moving off, behold that gift,
A guarded tongue, in operation;
No coveys to the landscape lift
A head to hear *his* conversation;
Of *him* no host need make appeal
To the Olympian gods that they gag
A noisy brute; and at his heel
His grave old spaniel walks like AGAG.

So, at the bristling butts themselves,
He installs his "stick" both well
and truly,
Just feels the ambient "number
twelves"

Cold-rimmed upon his zone, then duly
Down in all confidence he sits—
You'd say a not unmanly study,
His gun as ready as his wits,
His face aware and brown and ruddy.

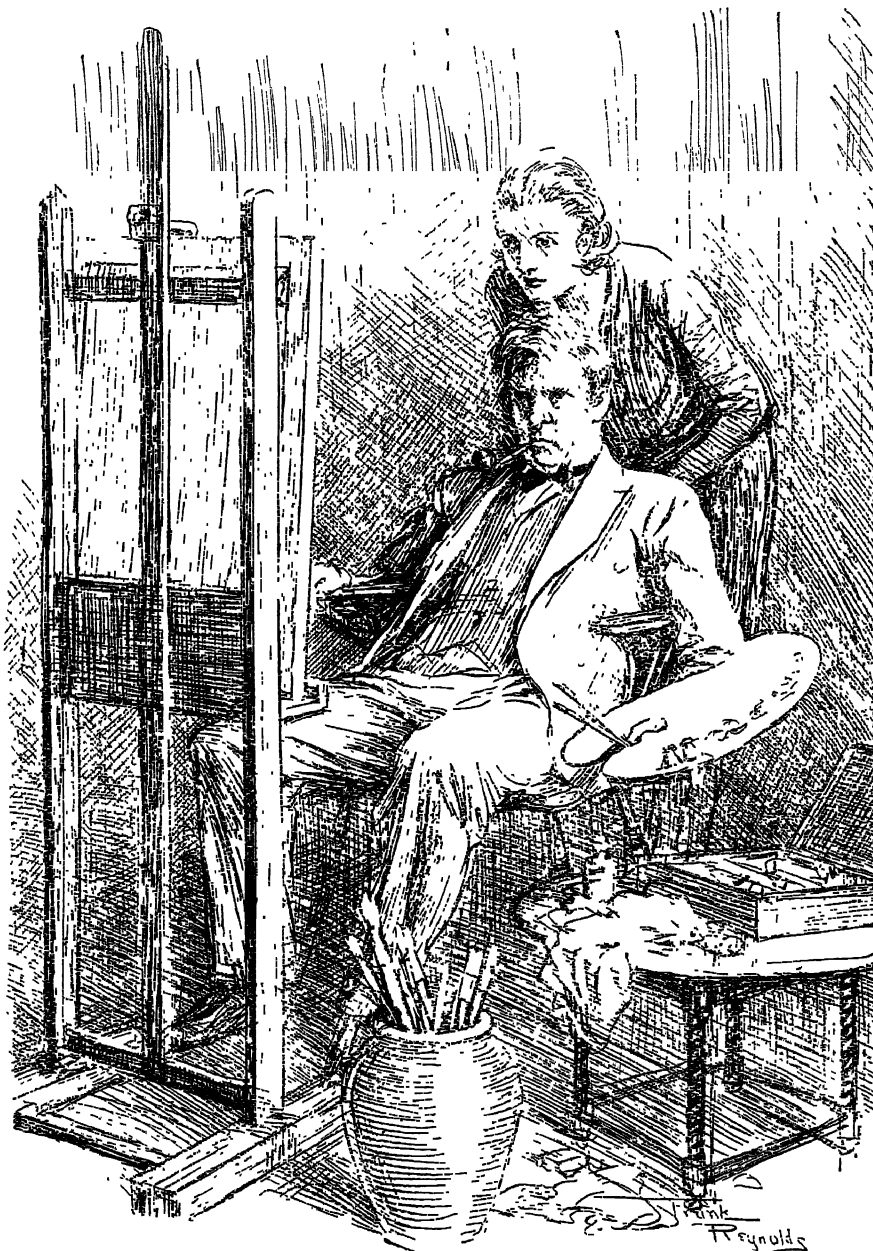
Though none could claim for him that he
Is match of WALSINGHAM or RIPON,
He'll gather one shot out of three,
A mean he keeps good daily grip on;
While for the rest, in brief effect,
He's of his ancestors' bequeathal
And bred from boyhood to respect
And treat a gun as something lethal.

He takes no "fur" that's far away
Nor any "feather" that's a vain one,
And, were you asked of him, you'd say,
"An unselfish shot and a humane
one;"

And busy (now we've done the drive)
Watch his old dog poke round precisely
And pick his master's four or five,
And find a neighbour's runner nicely.

How often has his tact consoled
A host whose gods against him go
all;
His compliment head-keepers hold
Beyond the Bradbury's deft bestowal;
And when the weather is a beast
Or when the bag goes unaugmented
Such trifles touch him not the least
Who looks and acts and *is* contented.

And, where the Irish stew is warm
And luncheon in the lodge most
pleasant,
Who's so delightfully in form
Among the agreeable persons present
As is our friend? thus when, anon,
The keeper, knocking, comes to tell us



Portrait Painter. "I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO SAY THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE EYES."

Loyal Wife. "MY DEAR, I THINK THEY'RE MARVELLOUS—EACH IN ITS OWN WAY."

That, please, his beaters have gone on,
Haply you'll find their zeal too
zealous.

So, when the last "Good-night"'s expressed
And Dian on the down-ridge
brightens,
You'll say about your fellow-guest
What's seldom said, I think, of
Crichtons,
Namely (I'll put it pat and plain
And in the putting it complete him)
That, when he's asked to come again,
You hope that you'll be asked to
meet him.

P. R. C.

Welcomes Which Verge on the Impertinent.

"The tolling of a church bell at Stowford, near Liffon, last week, announced to the parishioners the advent of a new vicar."

Local Paper.

"The home trade in Christmas puddings runs into tons, many households ordering as many as three dozen."—Daily Paper.

This seems to indicate the passing of the "Eighteen-day Diet."

"The growth of angling has inspired an Alabama farmer to start a farm for the production of worms on a large scale."—Evening Paper.
Any over six inches make us shiver.

AT THE PICTURES.

SHAKESPEARE VIA HOLLYWOOD.

The Taming of the Shrew has always been a problem to Shakespearean students. Once the Induction is finished they can find in it so little of the noble hand; and they are perplexed by the fact that *Christopher Sly*, having been laid in the lordly bed and fooled to the top of his bent in order to prepare for the performance of the strollers, does not, with his whimsical practical-joking host, reappear at the end when their play is finished. It is not like SHAKESPEARE to lose such a good jest as the awakening of *Christopher Sly* would be. It is not like SHAKESPEARE to refrain from rounding the thing off with some more graceful words by the master of the house wherein it all takes place. Mimmers who received so warm a welcome would be thanked and bidden God-speed. Many editors, dry and less dry, have done their best with the problem, and their sum of the matter is that *The Taming of the Shrew* is of composite formation, and, his Induction done with, SHAKESPEARE did nothing but touch up the remainder. I venture personally to doubt if he did even that. More likely, I think, the very inferior article was brought to him and he allowed himself to be persuaded to write a setting for it.

Since we shall never know, it is not worth while to labour the point. I am mentioning it now solely in order to warn readers who may think of going to the London Pavilion to see the Hollywood version of the farce that they will find no Induction there and therefore less SHAKESPEARE than the stage can offer. Nor will they find any of the intricate and tiresome plotting of the play proper, and none of its impersonations, with the one exception of *Hortensio* (Mr. GEOFFREY WARDWELL), who by dint of disguising himself as a musician with all the appearance of Mr. LYTON STRACHEY becomes *Bianca's* successful lover, poor *Lucentio* (who wins her in reality) being crowded out.

Since the story has been thus narrowed down to the relations of *Petruchio* (Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS) and *Katherine* (Miss MARY PICKFORD), and since the idea of the taming of shrews was an old one in dramatic literature before SHAKESPEARE got to work, his great name might indeed have been elimin-

ated altogether; for, although some of the printed words are employed, they are spoken with no respect for their cadences, while the crudity of *Petruchio's*

carry dog-whips) is beyond any of the harsh improbabilities of the play itself, which try one high enough. The principal scene, for instance, is the wedding, which in the play occurs off, and we hear of *Petruchio's* demeanour there only through *Gremio's* story. But here we see the bridegroom in his incredible disregard of the sanctities of a cathedral. In the play the horse also is kept consistently off; but here we see it, an outsize circus steed, on whose broad plateau of a back *Petruchio* can be acrobatic, and from which, reaching home in a deluge, he pushes his wife into the midden among the pigs and leaves her to flounder there: a very disgusting episode. Another incident of the wedding-night—entirely an innovation and a very un-Shakespearean one—is concerned with the supper. It will be recalled by those who know the play that one of *Petruchio's* taming methods is to deny his wife any food. No sooner is the joint ready than he vows it is ruined in the roasting and must away. And so on through the meal, so that they both retire unfed. Both. But in the film *Petruchio* steals downstairs again to enjoy alone a copious feast.

I have, I think, said enough to show that not only is it not *The Taming of the Shrew*

Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (as *Petruchio*, to shade of the Bard). "WHAT YOU WANT, WILL, IS A BIT OF CUSTARD-PIE PEP."

methods with his wife and of her normal conduct in her father's house (they both

that we see, but that nothing has been done to make that play a more living thing. Taking the film, however, as an entertainment, apart and wholly on its own merits, it may amuse. Mr. FAIRBANKS is always vital and virile, and he still leaps, laughs (far too often and too loud) and displays most enviable teeth. He is also, according to his reading of the part, an adequate *Petruchio*, but would, of course, have been well kicked, had the Paduans any decency. Miss PICKFORD is less well suited. She is not so much a shrew as a harriidan, a part that assorts ill with her pretty face. At the end she appears to be asking us to believe that she has been play-acting all the time and that *Katherine* was really a scheming dove underneath: a dove with a dog-whip.

The settings, worthy of a better story, are, I understand, largely the work of Mr. LAURENCE IRVING, grandson of that great and devout Shakespearean, Sir HENRY IRVING—at the mention of whose name it is perhaps well to stop.

E. V. L.



J. H. DOWD



MIDDEN-LARKS;
OR, THE SHAMING OF THE SHREW (AND
EVERYBODY ELSE).
Katherine . . . MISS MARY PICKFORD.



Little Girl (fumbling with her stirrup-leathers). "I WISH I COULD GET THESE THINGS PULLED UP. I CAN'T BOUNCE PROPERLY."

CONVERSATION.

I HAVE read recently that Conversation is coming in. Cards of invitation to dine have been sent out, according to a sensational rumour, with the word "Conversation" printed in the corner.

It is a curious tale. So many appliances and diversions, such as orchestras, cabaret shows and intermittent dancing have been employed now for so many years in order to drown conversation or render it unnecessary that one hesitates to believe in so violent a piece of anachronism. In any case I have always thought that conversation was rather an un-English proceeding. The common impulse is to refrain from speaking to your neighbours, in the belief that anything you may say is likely to bore them and any answer they may make is likely to bore you.

There are no rules for conversation. There is no moment at which it is obliged to start, as in cricket, nor is there any referee to prevent sudden interruptions from the right or left. After one bout or round it is never certain who

has the honour of starting the next. I have often felt that at some dinner-party it might occur—possibly it has occurred—that, through diffidence, delicacy or disinclination (growing naturally as time went on) no one ever started speaking at all.

Nor would this be in any way unphilosophical. We know that silence is golden. Employing the Aristotelian terminology, we might say that silence during meals is a virtue, being the mean between the two vices of Speaking on the one hand and Eating with a Loud Noise on the other. Certainly, where no actual instructions have been printed on his message of invitation, the guest might well argue that he had been summoned not to talk but to feed. And where instructions have been printed he might contend that they should be far more explicit as to subject matter and transition from one theme to another.

I should welcome, for instance, a dinner invitation in which the menu was supplied beforehand and annotated with suitable topics for discussion during every course. No man could com-

plain of being led blindly to his doom if the pleasure of his company was sought for—

<i>Œufs farcis.</i>	Bi-metallism.
<i>Tortue Claire.</i>	The Nude in Art.
<i>Filets de Sole Sauce.</i>	
<i>Tartare.</i>	War Books.
<i>Mousse de Fois Gras</i>	Unemployment In-
<i>en Gelée Aspic.</i>	urance.
<i>Noisettes d'Agneau aux</i>	
<i>Petits Pois.</i>	The Steel Golf Shaft.
<i>Faisan Rôti.</i>	Light Badinage.
<i>Langue de Boeuf Fumée</i>	Life after Death.
<i>Fruits Glacés, Petits</i>	
<i>Fours.</i>	Alpine Sports.
<i>Dessert.</i>	Relativity.
<i>Café.</i>	Traffic Control.

His plans would be cut-and-dried. His preparations would be made. And if it were furthermore indicated at what point he should turn from one partner to another, and who those partners were to be, there would be little danger of wastage. Not an epigram nor a *bon mot* would be fired into the shoulder of a waiter or lost in the wilderness of an elegant back.

So great an amount of prevision is probably unattainable. But if conver-

sation is to be revived certain rules of this almost extinct art should be learnt carefully and committed to memory.

Much depends upon whether conversation is to be a monologue or a dialogue. The man who wishes to make it a monologue, gaining the attention not only of both his neighbours but also of everyone within earshot, must of necessity study his tactics beforehand and omit no stratagem. One whom I knew well used to make a point of arriving last in order to become the focus of attention. His hair would be a little disarranged, and he would apologise by narrating a Providential Escape, his taxicab having collided with another, which contained the most notorious person, male or female, who happened at the moment to be in the public eye. His pathway was thus paved for the Brilliant Paradox or Mordant Cynicism which he had carefully prepared to follow his dramatic entry upon the scene. Nor from that fine opening was he ever wont to look back. And I have heard him engage as many as eight persons at once during the *entrée* in listening to a Fantastic Personal Anecdote which many had heard before and all knew to be untrue.

The dialogue, if it be nice, is full of traps for the unwary. It is not sufficient merely to pave the way for the Brilliant Impromptu which, when the time comes to utter it, secures the Tribute of the Genuine Smile. For the question immediately arises, How to proceed? The conversation has been shattered by the blow. The person addressed lies prostrate, the speaker himself is rattled, for anything he says next may have the sorry effect of an anti-climax. The impromptu cannot always be so timed as to come at the end of a bout with one partner and thus give a breathing-space for recovery. And always when I read of the marvellous repartees which have been uttered by giant conversationalists of the past, whether it were TALLEYRAND or JOHNSON or WHISTLER or WILDE or some other, I feel bound to ask myself, "Yes, but what happened next? How did dinner itself proceed? Did the knives and forks drop from the faint hands, and the hushed lips fear to profane the silence that followed upon the master-stroke?"

There are, however, Ways and Means, and of these perhaps flattery rather than self-glorification is the most simple and most sure. I had a friend who, when he had discovered or invented a

really good thing, would put it to his partner this way:—

"As you so charmingly (or, so delightfully) said to me not long ago—" and then let fly. And then, if she disclaimed the imputation, would transfer it grudgingly to the most notorious wit of the hour. This is called Self-Abnegation in the Cause of Art.

Much more might be added about the effect on conversation of Wine, Tobacco, the Introduction of the Names of Exalted Personages, the discovery that that which appeared to be an Ordinary Comestible is in reality Iced, the Exclusion (if possible) of the One Subject Likely to Cause the Listener Pain, and the Surreptitious Attempt to Discover, where no cards are provided, Who in Thunder the Listener May Be; and of conversation on the Left Hand with



A BOY'S BEST FRIEND.

Mrs. Scrutton (Miss LOUIE TINSLEY), introducing her son (Mr. HORACE LYONS). "AN' I'M SORRY TO SAY 'E'S A THIEF."

the deaf when one does not wish the Right Hand to hear.

The more I consider it the more doubtful it seems whether it is wise to reimpose the burden of conversation upon an innocent and unsuspecting guest. EVOE.

An Indian Chummymoon.

"The bride and bridegroom who left by car for their honeymoon in the Nilgiris had a most enthusiastic send-off. The officers of the 10/5th Marathas Light Infantry appropriately accompanied them on their journey."

Indian Paper.

We hope that the enthusiasm was reciprocated.

"... the Hudson's Bay Company, who have been established in the north for more than two and one-half centuries. Since the days of the Stuarts its steamers have gone through the straits on an average of once a year."—*Canadian Paper.*

Historians tell us how ladies, travelling in the post-Stuart period, complained of the vapours.

AT THE PLAY.

"THIRD TIME LUCKY" (AMBASSADORS).

I CONFESS that I suffered many doleful spells in the course of this improbable piece, comforting myself substantially with the consistently sound acting of Mr. HUGH E. WRIGHT as the *Rev. Arthur Fear*, Rector of Stoke Fernie. One would have thought that all the fun had long been extracted out of the mannerisms of the obscurer English clergy, but Mr. RIDLEY, having thought fit to deny this thesis, couldn't well have had a better ally than Mr. WRIGHT. At times the exigencies of ultra-farceful situation rather stretched the idiocies and gaucheries of the *Rev. Mr. Fear* beyond credibility and robbed the actor of his quietly and carefully-built-up effects; but, where the current of the play ran soberly, Mr. WRIGHT delighted us with some well-observed and not over-emphasised tricks of manner, speech and gesture, and succeeded in making us laugh with, rather than at, the worthy parson.

The Rector of Stoke Fernie had a ward, *Jennifer*. Her approaching twenty-first birthday was to mark the end of his stewardship. She was or was alleged to be a very bright modern cocktailing young person. And of course the Rector loved her, and of course his old housekeeper, who because she had of old washed his ears was very managing and motherly, approved of the marriage, and equally of course the bright young thing, *Jennifer*, had just fallen in love

with Someone Else and dashed the poor guardian's fond hopes by asking his blessing. She had also a dark secret. She had not long ago imagined herself in love with yet Another Body and had actually gone to his rooms. "Nothing more, I am sure you will believe me, nothing more." But she had written fond letters which were now in his safe, for he was a blackmailer by trade, and thought she would pay a thousand pounds to prevent him sending them to her new young man. Why not tell the new young man? "Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't!" The idea of any modern young woman feeling bound to hide from any modern young man the baleful secret that she had once actually been to a man's rooms quite innocently and foolishly is a genuinely comic idea which the author has unaccountably failed to exploit.

But you have not heard the worst. The new bad young man is in league

with the old for a commission on the blackmail turnover, but thinks he will do better for himself by marrying the rich young woman and getting a permanent income. "But what about your wife, Josephine?" says his chief. "Bigamy is a very serious crime." "Foiled again," says the bad young man in effect and gives up the fight after a last desperate effort to persuade Jennifer to proceed with him forthwith to some unknown destination on the strength of her promise to fly with him to the ends of the earth—the sort of thing that the modern cocktailer, I imagine, would rather die than say. Jennifer is such a profound ass that only the accident of seeing in the looking-glass of her vanity-bag the two scoundrels making obvious signs of guilty conspiracy to each other suggests the notion that her shifty-looking young swain may be possibly after her money. So, having thus picked two outsiders, she flings herself into the arms of her faithful clergyman and finds herself *Third Time Lucky*, which, if we mistake not, is more than the Rector of Stoke Fernie will find.

An interlude in which the Rector unwillingly assists a very free-spoken burglar to extract the compromising letters from the blackmailer's safe and its sequel in the appearance of the burglar disguised as an Archdeacon with an unusual vocabulary shows Mr. RIDLEY's strong suit to be rather (shall we say?) situation than character. Mr. FRANK BERTRAM made a good thing of the burglar and a better of the unlikely Archdeacon, and Master HORACE LYONS played with intelligence the part of a young scamp of the village with a blood-and-thunder complex. I feel bound to add that the audience (on the second night) seemed well satisfied with the fun and accepted the serious sentimentalities without obvious misgivings. This seemed to me remarkable. T.

"De Beers were flat in the Kaffir market, and Johnnies sagged with them."—*Daily Paper*.

Johnnies oughtn't to be so temperamental.

THE NEXT ADJECTIVE.

I HAVE never been really up-to-date, never *dernier cri*: the cry before last is about my mark. I did not become

fin de siècle till well into the nineteen-hundreds. But it has not mattered so very much, except with these adjectives. I will explain.

The first adjective I can remember being in trouble with was "ripping." Behind that, things are a blank—I was still in the chrysalis stage. But, I think about 1897, I discovered the word "ripping." Everything with me became ripping. Alas! by that time all the others, all the *dernier cri* people, had got on to "topping."

For years I stuck from force of habit to "ripping." Then suddenly I awoke one morning to find myself using "topping" instead. "Isn't this simply topping?" I cried, feeling myself no end of a lad. But my companions shivered a little. "Yes, top-hole," someone murmured. "Topping" had been *passé* for months.

All through the "top-hole" period my slow-moving mind stuck to its "topping." It wasn't till "marvellous" began that I passed to "top-hole." And things have been "top-hole" with me right up to the present moment, when I suddenly find myself using "marvellous" as to the manner born.

And now it is borne in upon me that "marvellous" itself is on the wane. "Amazing" is undoubtedly *le mot*. Well, what I want to know is—what is coming after "amazing"? You see, my idea is this. I must use "marvellous" now for a while. It would be useless to attempt to do otherwise. Then, in the ordinary course, I come on to "amazing." But if, by a stupendous effort of will I can cut out "amazing" altogether, I shall jump right on to "the next adjective" and find myself up-to-date at last.

But what will the next adjective be? If I can only get to know in advance it will be such a help. Can anyone tell me? A. W. B.

Banting in our Kennels.

"Dogs to-day are not nearly so thick as twenty years ago. They are lessening in density through the use of soft coal in the cities," he said.—*Aberdeen Paper*.

Toby considers charcoal biscuits a more refined diet.



William Meggitt, Burglar and Temporary Archdeacon (Mr. FRANK BERTRAM), to Mrs. Startwright (Miss MARGARET DAMER). "PLEASED TO MEET YER!"



A HIGHLY-SUSCEPTIBLE WARD.

Jennifer. "YOU'RE MY THIRD CHOICE. YOU SEE, YOU'VE ONLY DONE A LITTLE BURGLARY IN A GOOD CAUSE, WHEREAS THE OTHER TWO WERE DOWNRIGHT CROOKS."

The Rev. Arthur Fear . . . MR. HUGH E. WRIGHT.
Jennifer Elling . . . MISS JOAN HARBEN.

THAT TREE.

THERE is a tree that casts a heavy gloom
Bang through the window of the quiet room
Wherein I struggle day by day to drag
Some fruitage from my stubborn muse (the hag),
Sad toil, and one that calls for all the light
That it can get to keep the verses bright;
I often think it hard that I should be
So handicapped by that infernal tree.

It is my eastward neighbour's growth and stands
Close to the wall that separates our lands;
By "lands" I mean such as one gets in town
Wide as the houses, but a good way down.
Along that wall I have a border which
Comes out—or part of it—extremely rich
In bloom: Sweet William, pansies, lupin (stock
Particularly grows like one o'clock),
Our good old friend the antirrhinum too,
And something—I forget its name—that's blue;
I have tried roses, but they didn't do.

The sight, you'll understand, is full of charm,
But at the top end there's a silly arm
Stuck out from that vile tree which spoils the show.
Do you suppose a flower will grow there? No.
They wilt, they wane for lack of light and air
Despite lime, guano, hop manure and prayer.
Moreover, though some good, sound, healthy showers
Are life, especially in town, for flowers,
It turns them to a nasty drip, drip, drip,
Which would give any decent plant the pip.
So that my border, my delight and pride,
Is cut in two: the one part well supplied
With all that makes a poet's heart grow lighter,
The other—blank; due to that tree, the blighter.

But, when this tree begins to shed its leaves
In autumn, then indeed my spirit grieves.
I'm a keen worker, but I draw the line
At sweeping dead stuff up that isn't mine,
While every blessed leaf that wants to fall
Seems to come my side of the garden wall,
And then one has to cart them off and burn them,
And then their smoke gets in one's eyeballs, durn them.

And, worst of all, when the grey skies have wept,
There's always one vile leaf that won't be swept,
But flattens itself wetly to the ground,
And disregards the swishing broom—confound.
I have engaged before now in a duel
With one such laggard which was simply cruel;
I, sworn to make the pig-heart yield, and it,
Owning its master? Not one little bit.

Nor have I done. This tree is given to breed
A most objectionable form of seed,
Each with a kind of tail which brings it, head
Down, to an anchor in its narrow bed,
Border or grass, while many find a haven
Between the bricks with which my path is paven.
The point is that, as sure as sure can be,
Each one in time would make a brand-new tree.
And year in, year out—I could say a lot
Just here, but time is short and I will not;
I will but mention how my spirit bleeds
When I begin to think about those seeds.

My neighbour, though a decent man, in part,
Regards this tree as very near his heart.

His garden, though the larger of the two,
Is, I assure you, dreadful to the view.
His so-called lawn is rank, he plants no flower,
His soil must be particularly sour.
When I point out th' advantages to him
If he hewed down the monster, limb by limb,
Apart from those that would accrue to me,
He calmly says that he prefers the tree.

Therefore, O tree, I now compose this verse
To visit you with my most bitter curse.
May something happen (what, I couldn't say)
To stap your vitals and to cause decay.
Dry grow your sap, your inner health grow sere;
And, when you tumble (may it be this year),
Spare but my head, my path and border spare;
And, for my neighbour's noddle, I don't care.

DUM-DUM.

DEJOBBER.

(Being a letter from a dismissed employé in Nigeria.)

KIND SIR,—On opening this epistle you will behold the work of a very dejobbed person, and a very bewifed and much childrenised gentleman.

Who was violently dejobbed in a twinkling by your goodness. For Heavens sake SIR consider this catastrophe as falling on your own head, and remind yourself as walking home at the moon's end to five savage wives and sixteen voracious children with your pocket filled with non-existent £ s. d.; not a solitudery sixpence; pity my horrible state when being dejobbed and proceeding with a heart and intestines filled with misery to this den of doom; myself did greedily contemplate culpable homicide, but him who did protect Daniel (poet) safely through the lion's dens will protect his servant in his home of evil.

As to reason given by yourself goodself esquire for my dejobbment the incrimination was laziness.

No SIR. It were impossible that myself who has pitched sixteen infant children into this valley of tears, can have a lazy atom in his mortal frame, and the sudden departure of eleven pounds monthly has left me on the verge of the abyss of destitution and despair. I hope this vision of horror will enrich your dreams this night, and good Angel will meet and pulverise your heart of nether milestones so that you will awaken, and with as much alacrity as may be compatible with your personal safety, you will hasten to rejobulate your servant.

So mote it be—Amen.

Wasted Wonders.

[The crew of a North Sea trawler reports having seen six water-spouts in a row.]

CONCERNING this great spectacle, one thought
Obtrudes persistently, with sadness fraught:
Those simple seamen saw it, but it missed
Appreciation by a specialist.
Oh joy that might have been! Oh lost delight!
No plumber was on board to share the sight!

W. K. H.

"The article also added that it was believed Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden might soon introduce a land taxi."

Canadian Paper.

There is no need to introduce an air taxi to Prime Minister MACDONALD.

"Mr. Henderson (Foreign Secretary) was asked what part was played by the Agents of the Third International in inciting hostile demonstrations during the disturbances in South Africa."—Evening Paper.

Many people suspect the Soviet of trying to put a spook in our Colonial wheel.

HINTS FOR A CAPTION-WRITER WHO HAS TO COPE WITH A BATCH OF UNIDENTIFIED PICTURES.



THE CALL OF THE WILD; OR, LONELY PUPPY AT DOG SHOW.



PULLBOROUGH CENTENARIAN WHOSE ONE WISH IS TO GO UP IN AN AEROPLANE; OR, OCTOGENARIAN OF KIRKBY-LA-THORPE WHO HAS NEVER SEEN A RAILWAY.



A MODERN DARBY AND JOAN: AGED COUPLE OF PENZANCE WHO WERE MARRIED THE YEAR THE CRYSTAL PALACE WAS OPENED; OR, DIVORCED AFTER SIXTY YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE; OR, WON THE DUNMOW FLITCH THREE TIMES.



(If in Summer) HAPPY BATHERS AT OLACTON DEFEY THE HEAT-WAVE. (If in Winter) HARDY GIRL BATHERS DEFEY WINTER'S BITING BLAST AT A CORNISH RESORT.



FAMOUS SCULPTOR PUTS FINISHING TOUCHES TO BUST OF PEER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER; OR, CHELSEA ARTISTS PREPARING GROTESQUE MASKS FOR FORTHCOMING BALL ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.



PROUD OWNER OF BRAVE ALSATIAN WHICH SAVED A FAMILY FROM FIRE AT SLOUGH; OR, SAD OWNER SAYS GOOD-BYE TO HIS FAVOURITE ALSATIAN WHICH HAS BEEN CONDEMNED TO THE LETHAL CHAMBER FOR BITING A POSTMAN AT PEEBLES.



LITTLE SCHOLARSHIP-HOLDER SAVES KITTEN FROM REGENT'S CANAL; OR, BALHAM BOY, AGED SIX, WHO HAS NEVER LEARNT TO READ OR WRITE.



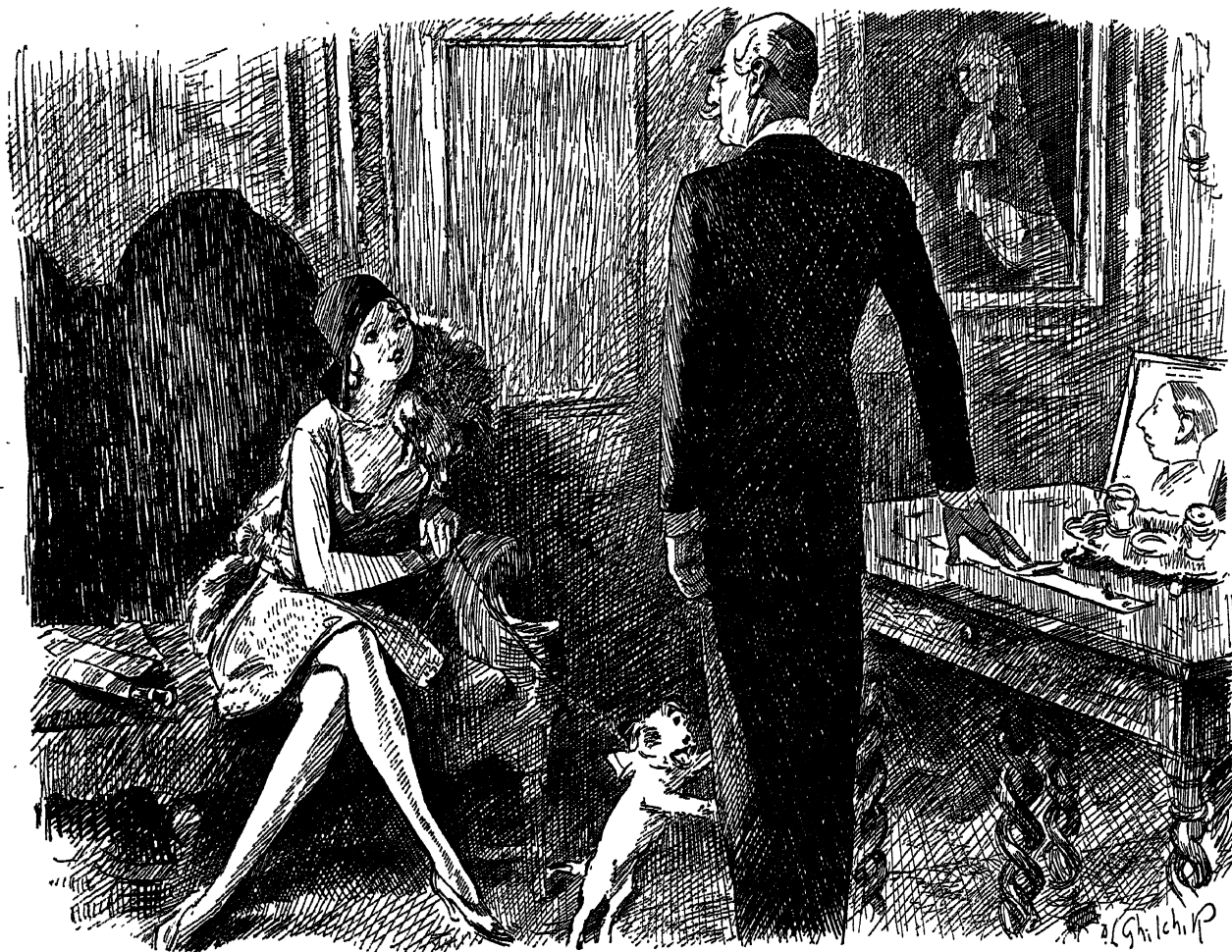
INSPIRE OF THE RAIN AND FOG SEVERAL GOALS WERE SCORED BY BOOTLE; OR, MEMBER OF VISITING TEAM LOSES HIS WAY AT TWICKENHAM.



JACK'S THE BOY FOR WORK—JOLLY TARS FROM GOSPORT ARRIVE AT WATERLOO FOR CHRISTMAS (OR EASTER, OR ANY BANK HOLIDAY); OR, A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY—HAPPY HANDY MEN LEAVING WATERLOO AFTER A HOLIDAY.



A DAINY DIANA—M.F.H. AT EIGHTEEN; OR, SCENE FROM NEW REVUE, TALLY-HO! REAL DOGS.



His Lordship. "THEN I UNDERSTAND YOU WILL ACCEPT A CHEQUE TO RELEASE MY SON FROM HIS OBLIGATION TO YOU. HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?"

Cabaret Lady. "WELL, HOW MUCH DO YOU USUALLY GIVE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN so far as Sir REGINALD BLOMFIELD has remained faithful to the device he has borrowed from STENDHAL, "*Le métier avant tout*," he has written, in *Byways* (MURRAY), a wholly enjoyable series of studies. Out-of-the-way architectural *trouvailles* in Provence, Southern Germany and Austria have mainly engaged his attention, and his observations on these are fired off with enchanting and effortless precision. As a critic of allied arts—painting, sculpture, landscape-gardening and what-not—his sense that these are and ought to be wedded to architecture gives his *obiter dicta* quite particular validity. His excursions into history I find less competent. Any man who can give you in a footnote the rights and wrongs of the CALAS case—a case which has held forcibly in abeyance the best expert opinion of to-day—should be suspected of partisanship; and frankly I find little else in Sir REGINALD's two chapters on the Camisards. For the rest, how exhilarating are his more knowledgeable prejudices: his perpetual insistence that the well-exploited site is half the architectural battle, his leaping for the unprepossessing appearance of archæological salvage, his dislike of the pipe-y tediousness which can be Gothic, his delight in the colour and bravura of good Baroque. His minor Austrian palaces are particularly interesting vestiges of a vanished world; and a kindred

study is that of the Wurzburg *Residenz*, in regard to which he walks—like Good King WENCESLAS's page, though not so reverently—in the footsteps of Mr. OSBERT SITWELL. Concerning modern work his chief hope lies with Sweden and England. Of devices worth "lifting" from the old to the new I commend that of the Roman statue at Vaison, which, complete with socket for removable head, is prepared to commemorate any hero fashionable at the moment.

When the pious Mussulman passes from this world to the next he must cross a bridge "fine as a hair, sharp as a sword," while all the events of his earthly life flash before him. In taking this fable as the text of his book, *With Pen and Brush in Eastern Lands* (CAPE), Sir VALENTINE CHIROL applied it with a difference, for the remembered scenes are there made visible to more spectators than one. In his weightier works he seldom allowed his strong sense of colour and of comedy to assert itself; not until he was near the very sea-mark of his utmost sail did he give full play to his delightful gifts both as a narrator and as an artist; and he incidentally bequeaths to us a posthumous book unlike any other from the same hand. That he did so is matter for gratitude. His "Eastern Lands" include Egypt, where Sir VALENTINE and three of his friends roused an Arab village with a "tremendous view halloo" from the moonlit summit of the Great Pyramid; Syria, where he spent a night with Kurdish shepherds at the foot of St. SIMON

STYLITES' own pillar; Persia, India, China and Japan. He was in Cairo within seven years of the opening of the Suez Canal, and in Asia Minor when the annexation of Cyprus by England had newly thrilled all the dominions of the SULTAN. Three years before Omdurman he was KITCHENER's guest on the marches of the Sudan, and he crossed the Persian Gulf with Lord CURZON in 1902, when not even the roughest waves could impair the Viceroy's Olympian calm. Unconsciously the artist that was in him has traced a self-portrait against a background bright with golden temples and silver peaks, the portrait of a great Englishman, courageous, imperturbable, humorous, compassionate, who, looking back, could see unrolled before his eyes the pageant of an Eastern world now hardly less remote than the Persia of SHAH ABBAS or the India of AURUNGZEBE.

In *Cousin Beryl* we receive
From J. C. SNAITH (and Messrs.
HODDER)
In modern guise what I believe
Is immemorial fiction-fodder;
We get the county family's son
(Whose past comes in for special
mention)
 wooing the parson's daughter, one
Who rather welcomes his attention.
That is, it must be safe to state,
The hoariest sort of situation,
But our young lady's up-to-date
And makes it seem a new creation;
She loathes her lover's kith and kind
And keeps him on the string to flout
them;
Then finally relieves her mind
By publishing a book about them.
They spot their neighbours' faults, but
fail
To see themselves as vivisected;
All of which makes a cheery tale,
But not so good as I expected;
For I remember this same pen
(How long ago! *Eheu fugaces!*)
Showing in *Broke of Coveniden*
Gifts of which here I find few traces.



Ex-Petty-Officer (acting as usher at Officer's wedding). "BRIDE'S FRIENDS TO PORT, AN' BRIDEGROOM'S PALS TO STARB'D."

The problems of the African water-ways that DAVID LIVINGSTONE tramped twenty thousand miles by desert, swamp and jungle to solve are now made clear on any school-room wall; the slave-routes that he traversed in agony of body and spirit have become highways for that commerce which he saw as the natural ally of religion; the diseases that slew his companions are yielding before modern science, and, best of all as the pioneer would have thought, that possibility of all-round development in the Bantu races which he was almost alone in asserting is gradually becoming an accepted fact. The descendants of the Boers who raided his mission-station have enclosed the site as a sacred memorial. In *Livingstone* (BENN), the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, with a certain amount of new material at his disposal, tells once more the matchless story of the

pathfinder's life and influence, and, though he does not always say most where one most wants to hear, on the whole he tells it well. He sees his hero, whether as a raw youth fleeing from his congregation with his sermon all gone out of his head, or a rather over-sure beginner entering the mission-field, or the leader of a party exacting miracles from ordinary followers—always a giant, perhaps a saint, yet a man essentially human, neither free from fault nor incapable of mistake, and the more lovable in consequence. He was human enough, just once, to carve his initials on a tree beside the Victoria Falls, which no white man had seen before. The writer admits that in the colourfully chequered history of the Scottish clans the LIVINGSTONES have suffered much at the hands of the CAMPBELLS. He has made honourable amends.

In *Ancestor Jorico* (LANE), Mr. W. J. LOCKE introduces us to a very pleasant crew of treasure-seekers, who are (with the exception of the narrator and *Lady Jane Crowe*, owner of a 1,800-ton yacht), all descended from a *Captain John Gregory Jorico*, pirate and slave-dealer. This *Jorico*, so *Sir Gregory Binkley* discovers, had hidden a chest full of money in a cave in Trinidad. Poor tedious *Sir Gregory*, who summons his relatives to hear the result of his record-searching, is the author's scape-goat, for out of his mouth come all the wearisome details of the family history. I am full of admiration for Mr. LOCKE's method in the early part of the book; since the details are boring, he allows us to learn them from the burlesque of a bore, thereby turning our yawns to laughter. Once the treasure-seekers have embarked on their yachting cruise, we have little excuse either for yawns or laughter, since days and nights are filled with adventure, peril, love, jealousy, shipwreck, death and the most dramatic discoveries regarding the relationships of the travellers. By far the most interesting people on board are two of the servants: one a deaf-and-dumb mystery man, and the other his cousin, a lady's-maid named *Ruth*. She is statuesque and Junoesque, a typical LOCKE heroine and "a damned great woman," as one of the voyagers says. It would not be fair to the author to divulge the plot of this story, which is far more intricate and melodramatic than anything else he has published, or to say what *was* found in the cave in Trinidad. I have only one quarrel with Mr. LOCKE, and that is a childish one: I do wish he had let his seekers listen to the chinking of old gold and to see its glitter. I know that his ending is artistic and happy and suitable, but it is difficult to be satisfied with the most generous substitute for solid treasure.

Odds and Ends of my Life

(MURRAY) reminds me of one of those enchanting Victorian "piece-bags" which held shreds of every gown, mantle and bonnet-ribbon worn by their fortunate owner. I say "fortunate" owner because most of Lady CAVE's shreds are silken ones; but so unassuming and graceful a taste has gone to their selection that her silks have the freshness and fragrance of dymity. You feel she would have been not less notable as a cottager's wife than she was as the wife of a Lord Chancellor; and her sympathies adjust themselves to every gradient of life without any shock of changing gear. A terrible niece in her own youth, she quotes an aunt's diary: "William's dear children came to spend the day with me. Gone! Oh, blessed relief!" But her own auntliness knows none of these *arrières pensées*. As an aunt, a dog-lover, a mistress of maids, a shopper and a gossip, I give her top marks. Her notes of her husband's life are almost too slight to be interesting; not so her

account of his official lodging. To the site of these Thames-side quarters she has heard assigned CANUTE's encounter with the waves; but a tablet not far from Southampton Docks indicates, I think, a more likely spot.

Saul Tevvis had written a "super-best seller" and was being fiercely acclaimed as "the long-expected great American novelist." But, wanting to write another book and seeing no chance of doing so while these acclamations continued, he bolted from New York and, changing his name to *Garry Keith*, tried to hide himself in Florida. Before, however, he arrived at his destination he received anonymous warnings that he was not wanted; and in *The Secret of Sea-Dream House* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH), you will, if not overcome by palpitations, discover why *Keith né Tevvis* had chosen a most unlikely spot in which to find solitude. Bootleggers, treasure-hunters, an Indian searching for the bones of an ancestor and a collector on the track of the MS. of *Don Quixote* combined to provide him, his man-servant and his dog with a constant succession of thrills and to prevent them from having a moment's peace. Even the furniture of this amazing house behaved none too well. In short, both for fertility of imagination and for the manner in which he keeps the pot of excitement continually boiling, Mr. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE takes high rank among sensational story-tellers.



P.C. "LOOK HERE—YOU CAN'T GO ABOUT LIKE THAT."
Absent-minded Party. "WELL, INDEED, HOW CARELESS OF ME! BUT, OFFICER, WHAT A STRIKING TESTIMONY TO THE GOLD-RESISTING QUALITIES OF THESE NEW WINTER WEIGHTS I'M WEARING!"

The Dark Journey (HEINEMANN), which has been admirably translated from the French original, *Leviathan*, by Mr. VIVIAN HOLLAND, contains scenes so vivid and terrible that they leave an indelible impression behind them. It will be, I truly believe, impossible for anyone who reads of the infamous *Madame Londe* as she presided over the evening meal in

her restaurant at Lorges to forget her. Even less possible will it be to rid one's memory of *Paul Guéret*, who, maddened by lust, committed crimes of monstrous brutality. The power of this tale and the skill with which JULIAN GREEN tells it are unquestionable. Quite clearly it is a story that will be admired by some readers as freely as it will be detested by others; and those who regard frankness as a cardinal sin in a novelist will certainly be wise if they leave this study of crime and French provincial life severely alone.

"PARLEYS IN FIVE CAPITALS."

We make it seven.

Daily Paper.

"Mr. W. NISBET WILLIAMS talks to the schools on Lake Tanganyika from all Scottish Stations this afternoon at 2.30."—*Wireless Paper.*
This famous African centre of learning must have excellent receiving sets.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that so much medical advice is being given in the Daily Press, one publishing house contemplates the issue of a first-aid book, entitled *What to do till the Newspaper Comes*.

With reference to Dr. C. W. SALERBY's intimation that he has never worn wool next his skin, we hasten to point out that no suggestion to the contrary has appeared in these columns.

By pointing out how closely akin the politician is to the doctor, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD has revived regrets that apples won't keep politicians away.

After parsons, we are told, there are fewer divorces among seafaring men than in any other profession. So much for the allegation that a sailor has a divorced wife in every port.

In view of Lord ONSLOW's indictment of hunters in motor-cars and his advocacy of a sanctuary for gorillas, we anticipate a retort on the subject of jaywalking in the jungle.

"The difference between us," said a woman at Willesden the other day, "is that while she sings and shouts I talk to my little bird in its cage." Willesden Canaries Sometimes Sing.

In view of the demonstrations of Swiss students against the exhibition of films which they considered, gave a distorted and unnatural idea of Alpine scenery, it is anticipated that caution will be exercised in the production of "Yodellies."

A gossip-writer is struck by the way in which well-known men of distinguished appearance can walk about London without anyone seeming to notice them. We attribute this to a general disinclination to be mistaken for gossip-writers.

Signor MUSSOLINI has presented MUSTAPHA KEMAL with an agricultural tractor of the latest type. The feeling in Angora is that this definitely establishes the DUCE as a distinct advance on CINCINNATUS.

Hungary, we are reminded, has no home ports. Her ships, however, are assured of the warmest of welcomes in the harbours of Thanet.

Sir HENRY COWARD is reported to have said a greater number of nasty things about "Jazz" than any other man living. Speaking for ourselves, we can only describe his claim as a rash one.

A novel present for a boy consists of sections of a clock which he can put

about Santa Claus. Too late. Children of that age have already told their parents.

A bookmaker has been fined at Birmingham for using bad language to a member of the Jockey Club. His colleagues in the profession are wondering where he could have picked it up.

The Master of a certain Hunt appeals to motorists not to head off foxes. Hunting men never spoil sport for motorists by heading off pedestrians.

A contemporary asks exactly what Mr. TOM SHAW meant in the House of Commons when he made his "sinister hint" about War Loan. If our contemporary ever finds out, it might let Mr. TOM SHAW know the answer.

We hear so much about pedestrians being a source of peril to motorists that we are glad to be able to deny the rumour that last week a London General omnibus was knocked down by PRIMO CARNERA.

Matches can be put to many varied uses, says a weekly periodical. Including that of lighting cigarette-lighters.

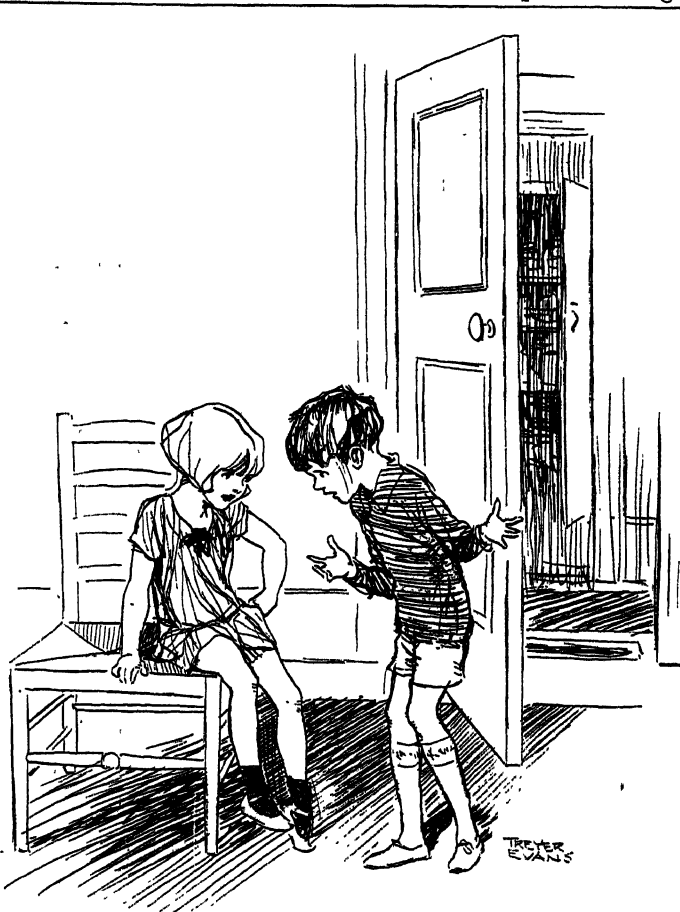
A well-known drapery firm is constructing alcoves between their windows, thus supplying the long-felt need of parking places for husbands.

When visiting Sing-Sing prison Mr. EDGAR WALLACE sat in the electric chair. Now he knows what it feels like to be the man who was hardly mentioned in the first chapter.

"Cannot American picture-producers do without crime?" demands a critic. It seems a *cine qua non*.

At a recent dance in London, guests were asked to attend in the costume of the character they most admired. Many of them were sorely tempted to wear ordinary evening dress.

"Helen said she hit Mary on the impulse of the moment."—*Daily Paper*. She showed wisdom in leaving the spur of the moment alone.



"I SAY, JILL, SHOULD YOU THINK INDIA-RUBBER WOULD GET FINGER-MARKS OFF BLANC-MANGE?"

together himself. This is, of course, a variation of the old idea of giving him a complete timepiece to take to bits.

According to a correspondent the newspapers contain little cheerful news for pedestrians of late. This is particularly true of the obituary columns.

A Hollywood film-producer complains that he has not been able to find a girl who could play the part of an exceedingly haughty princess. Has he tried our post-offices?

It is suggested that children over five years of age should be told the truth

A SPORTING EFFORT.

"MR. LANSBURY'S CASTLE,"
runs a head-line,

"IN THE HYDE PARK AIR."

He has proposed, according to the rumour, to build a vast open-air café, fully licensed, near the Achilles statue, where all London can sip its *petits verres* and listen to the music of the band.

I congratulate this cicala of the Board of Works. But will London allow itself to be thus de-naturalised? I doubt it. The Anglo-Saxon likes to immerse himself in marble or hide amongst barrels when he is athirst. The most you can do to him in the open air is to give him cups of bitter tea and watercress and buns, though when he is on the Continent the tiniest *auberge* captivates his fancy and invites him to repose.

"Let us linger for a moment," said Lord Everard, "at this small *osteria* and watch the pageant of life roll by."

"Agreed," said his companion. "*Deux cognacs, garçon,*" he observed in Italian to the bustling proprietor as they sat down.

"The Corso at that hour presented an animated appearance. . . ."

I have forgotten for a moment the name of the non-existent book from which I have misquoted these poignant sentences, but they give a brief glimpse of that pleasant life which Europe loves and which is so totally unknown to the greatest city of the world. Lord Everard cannot pause for a moment and watch the pageant of London life roll by. If he does he is butted in the back by a woman with a parcel and knocked off the pavement on to the road. A taxicab at once strikes him senseless and the pageant of life rolls by over his prostrate corpse.

It has been objected a thousand times that because of the weather, the dirt and the want of space we cannot have open-air cafés in this city. But I do not believe it. Open-air cafés need not be so rigorously *al-fresco* as that. The Continental restaurant which overflows so gaily on to the pavement in a spate of chairs can also retire modestly or even be protected by glass. None the less it is open to the public eye. There is nothing in the world so private as an English public-house. It is divided into weird little cubicles, as though for the stalling of beasts. It is entered with an air of furtive conspiracy and left not naturally but with a loud noise. All its arrangements seem to have been designed by Providence in order to present a joke to the music-hall stage.

The teashop in England is equally ~~modest and obscure~~. Like the tavern it is one of the spectacle of the world.

Creeping into its hot recesses the patient sits with haggard eyes looking at two pennies foundered in a pool of milk. After much delay he gives what is ironically called an order to some imperious young woman who forgets about him for a while and then, arriving like a thunderbolt, asks him if he is one large china and a toasted scone. He is not, but he says he is.

Lord Everard shuns both these extremes. He has a club. But, if he seeks any hostelry, it is a place which hurls him off his feet by means of a swing-door, takes him across an immense vestibule, causes him to give his hat and coat for sixpence to an attendant, have his two shoulder-blades tapped with a brush by another attendant for another sixpence, and finally plunges him in a half-empty palm-lounge, as safe and as far from London sights and London sounds as if he were in the Riviera or New York.

So compartmental in their habits are drinking-Londoners. Yet Mr. LANSBURY should be encouraged to persevere, whatever be the odds against him. KUBLA KHAN was not daunted, and there may yet be a magnificent *café* of the Continental type on the green spaces of Hyde Park.

I should like to see London thus lured away from the covert swilling of cocoa and the surreptitious absorption of ale. I should like to see it sit down like a man and a philosopher and contemplate its own life over an *apéritif* or a cup of tea. Londoners are not more busy than the people of other towns. There is nothing they are so fond of as wasting time. Give them an accident or a wedding and they will squander their working day with an ease that a Spaniard might envy. Yet a man who has an hour to wait for a train at Victoria is an outcast on the face of the earth. Nobody is getting married. The taxicabs are missing each other. He cannot face the thought of a museum or a picture-gallery. Why should he be driven away from the cheerful spectacle of life to sit in some vast subterranean chamber where he eats cut cake washed down with Oriental herbs amid circumstances of marmoreal gloom?

I will not speak here of the man who had an hour to wait for the train at Euston. He is dead. He committed suicide after four times placing a penny in the slot in order to work the model of Puffing Billy.

Let Mr. LANSBURY, however, do his best. Let him try to make London a city whose inhabitants sip their drinks and read their newspapers and converse jovially in full view of their travelling fellow-citizens, whether in the parks or elsewhere. And if he seeks first a suit-

able building for this purpose in Hyde Park I will recommend to him a building which has been there before. It was there in 1851. It will require a great deal of labour to transport it. But are there not many—alas, too many—of the unemployed? I refer to the Crystal Palace.

It is not of any great use at Sydenham, so far as I can ascertain. With a sufficient number of panes knocked out and the rest cleaned, it should make the finest cosmopolitan *café* on this earth. I think it possible that PRINCE ALBERT would have liked the idea, and that the then POET LAUREATE would have hailed it with a titanic outburst of song. Attracted by its vitreous beauty Lord Everard might linger there for a moment, talking French with his friend. Diplomats and dustmen would drink at neighbouring tables their cognacs and their beers. Nor would minerals and ham-sandwiches be forgotten. . . .

There would be a marvellous scene at closing-time. . . . EVOE.

OLD JAPAN.

A POET lived in Old Japan
Who loved a lass as poets can;
Her name was Honeysuckle San
And she was flowers to see;
Blue-black, blue-black her braids
she'd brush

And go in green slim as a rush,
And sweetly Honourable Thrush
Sang on the cherry-tree.

A cricket in a cage of chip
She carried on her finger-tip—
A cricket who could chirp and skip,
And skip and chirp most gay;
But oh! and he was prisoner
That only chirped and said to her
How much his freedom he'd prefer
Upon so glad a day.

The Poet chanced to overhear,
"O Honeysuckle San, so dear,"
Said he and drew her very near
Upon the mountain mead,
"Set Honourable Cricket free;
I—I can chirp as well as he
And ask no better than to be
Your prisoner indeed."

So back the tiny bolt she slipped;
Out Honourable Cricket skipped
And at his atom pleasure tripped
With never pause or hush;
Then Honourable Poet he
Took Honeysuckle San to tea,
And sweetly on the cherry-tree
Sang Honourable Thrush.

P. R. C.

"The programme was:—... 'Valse in a Flat' (F. Chopin). . . ."—*Rugby Paper*.
Mr. IVOR NOVELLO knows a joke worth two of that.



BACON AND EGGS: THE BRITISH BREAKFAST.

DEPUTATION FROM BRITISH FARMYARD. "ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOUR SO-CALLED BRITISH BREAKFAST HAS PROBABLY COME FROM A FOREIGN COUNTRY? WE WOULD URGE YOU TO ENCOURAGE LOCAL EFFORT BY A BETTER ORGANISATION OF THE HOME MARKET." (*John Bull proceeds unsympathetically with hearty breakfast.*)



Visitor. "MY DEAR, WHAT A LOVELY BUTLER YOU'VE GOT! HE LOOKS LIKE A LORD."
 Hostess. "GOOD HEAVENS! DON'T LET HIM HEAR YOU SAY THAT. HE WAS A REIGNING DUKE."

THE SUNK SOMMELIER.

THE other night Percival and I were in the Restaurant des Petits Pins, Soho, when it lost its wine-waiter. A strange affair; almost worthy at the time of the attentions of the police. I will endeavour, as Detective-Constable Gimlet says, to trace the ramifications of this phenomenal mystery.

On our arrival all was normal. The head-waiter flicked a card at us, reciting rapidly and with an absent mien the usual "*Hors d'œuvre*, salmon or grape-fruit, theek or clear, sole or whitebait, lamshop or tournedos, chicken yes, fruit salad or vanilleric." He then made a note or so on a small tablet, bowed with incredible suavity to us, handed the order with a look of incredible virulence to a table-waiter—and his place was filled by the wine-waiter.

The wine-waiter was small, dark and volcanic. He certainly seemed a little distraught even for a Soho wine-waiter, for when we asked about the respective merits of two brands of wine he merely remarked in an abstracted fashion that they were both going on nicely. This shocked us so much that we ordered a bottle of beer apiece.

He straightened up with a jerk, looked at us reproachfully and then fell back on the time-honoured "Will you give me da money, pleez?" Percival gave him a ten-shilling note and he went away. He went right away. We never saw him again that night.

At first we merely considered him a slow waiter. Then thirst roused us to action and I secured the table-waiter. Percival at the same moment got hold of the head-waiter—but then, of course, the ten-shilling note was his.

The head-waiter was desolated. He went "Tck! Tck!" with his tongue on hearing that we had nothing to drink. He went "Tck! Tck! Tck! Tck" when Percival explained that the wine-waiter had taken the money. He added that an overwhelming desire for his clients' comfort, a regard for the good name of the house and a passionate recognition of the injustice to which we had been subjected would ensure his giving the matter his personal and undivided attention. Whereupon he handed out a mouthful of Italian to the table-waiter, bidding him go and look for the wine-waiter, and himself graciously removed our empty plates. He then seemed to dismiss the matter

from his mind and abruptly left us for clients at the next table, who were drinking genuine champagne, not mythical beer.

The table-waiter returned some moments later, flurried but beaming. He announced that the wine-waiter had not forgotten our order; he had been seen to go out into the street. We were not particularly reassured by this: we said we would have preferred to learn that he had been seen coming back to the restaurant with our beer rather than going out into the great big world with our ten shillings. The table-waiter, a little dashed, considered a moment and then suggested that perhaps Benito had had the misfortune to fall and break the bottles and, so conscientious a fellow was he, had retraced his steps to buy new ones from his own pocket. Or, more likely, added Percival, a pessimist, from the change.

I pointed out that, however powerful Benito's conscience might be, he had now had nearly sufficient time to lose and rebuy an entire brewery. The table-waiter said "All-a-raighte" in a puzzled tone and faded out, his place being taken by an apologetic assistant-manager who had heard of our trouble.

The assistant-manager, except that he bore with him two bottles of beer, was neither helpful nor informative. It was regrettable, he said, that we should have been put out, but there it was. One could not dispute the workings of Providence. The wine-waiter had gone out into the outer darkness and simply had not come back. Like the *Marie Céleste* he had vanished. Mysterious Soho had claimed him—and a ten-shilling note of Percival's. The thing was an enigma.

We soon began to worry less about it as a financial loss and more as a problem which needed a solution. Perhaps, Percival suggested, Benito had been run over. Or perhaps, I added, he has been hit on the head by thugs and our beer stolen. Or even—the assistant-manager's romantic contribution—he had seen a girl he loved at first sight, except, he added as an afterthought, that Benito was happily married. We were all full of possible solutions, but had no means of ascertaining the correct one. At last we told the assistant-manager to let us know the Stop Press at any time and finished our meal in a preoccupied fashion. We hardly spoke. Conversation rarely got further than "Perhaps the fellow went . . . No, that couldn't be it."

Just as we left, the manager himself came up with news. Benito, so a witness said, had reached the pub safely, but on his way back had been accosted by a mysterious old woman who had apparently given him an important message. Whereat he had followed her into outer Soho. The manager talked darkly about bogus messages and bandits and was for ringing up Scotland Yard.

* * * * *

Personally I passed a worried night. I did not see what could have happened to Benito—and of course Percival's ten shillings—between the Restaurant des Petits Pins and the nearest pub. That Percival felt the same was made apparent by a wire from him next morning:

SUGGEST BENITO WENT HOUSE FRIEND CELEBRATING BIRTHDAY STOP STOPPED THERE STOP ADIEU TEN BOB.

I wired back:—

PERHAPS BENITO INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEF STOP ARRESTED ROUND CORNER STOP STOPPING NOW POLICE-STATION.

Anyway we simply had to go again that evening. The strain was getting too much for us.

* * * * *

Benito himself greeted us with explanations and apologies and eight-and-eightpence change. His delinquency



Old Lady. "I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND MODERN ART, MY DEAR, THOUGH I ALWAYS DO MY BEST TO MEET IT HALF-WAY."

had obviously been forgiven, for smiles were on everyone's faces. Benito's in particular wore a fatuous look of pride, which perhaps was only natural to one who has been initially responsible for the arrival of a small addition to London's Italian population—even though it was at an inconvenient moment. After all, the father of a potential Mussolini cannot be expected to bother about mere Englishmen's beer.

A. A.

Why Cooks Paddle.

"COMPÔTE DE POIRES.

Take some eating pears, peel them, and cook them slowly standing in water flavoured with one vanilla pod."—*Daily Paper.*

"The new Film Censor, Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., is a charming man. He is the son of a North-country clergyman, but wears an eyeglass."—*Daily Paper.*

That of course rather discounts the unworldliness of his origin.

MISLEADING CASES.

XXVI.—WHAT IS A BET?

Rex v. Skelton and Dew.

THE trial of this case was concluded at the Guildhall to-day before Alderman Moody.

The Attorney-General in his speech for the prosecution, said: This case, your worship, though it comes up for decision in a Court of Summary Jurisdiction only, raises issues of grave national importance. Otherwise, I need not say, I should not be appearing in person before a mere magistrate.

The Bench. Who are you?

Sir Ebenezer Bee. I am the Attorney-General.

The Bench. Ah, yes, we have heard of you. Proceed.

Sir Ebenezer. The prisoners in the dock, your worship, are charged with an offence against the Street Betting Act, 1906, by which "any person frequenting or loitering in streets or public places, on behalf either of himself or any other person, for the purpose of book-making or betting or wagering, or agreeing to bet or wager, will in the case of the first offence be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding ten pounds and for a second offence a fine not exceeding twenty pounds."

The prisoners are both members of the London Stock Exchange, Mr. Skelton being a broker and Mr. Dew a jobber.

A jobber is one who deals in a particular "market" or class of securities; and Mr. Dew deals particularly in the American market. Now the members of the London Stock Exchange have a large roofed building in which to transact their business; but such is their energy and zest that after that building is closed in the afternoon many of them continue to do business outside, in Throgmorton Street and the adjoining courts. It appears, your worship, that by long habit they have come almost to regard this thoroughfare as their corporate property: and I am told that, if a member of the general public ventures to loiter, as the stock-brokers loiter, on the pavement, remarks of an increasingly unfriendly nature are addressed to him, such as "Where did you get that hat?" For these rea-

sons, I understand, it will be argued by counsel for the defence that Throgmorton Street is not a "street or public place" within the meaning of the Act. But as to that, your worship, I shall call evidence to show that the public have uninterrupted physical access to the street at either end, and that they do in fact make use of it. Indeed it would be a strange thing if the long-continued arrogance of a few citizens could deprive the King's highway of its public character.

The Bench. Be brief, Sir Ebenezer. We are not accustomed to perorations here.

Sir Ebenezer. Your worship, the definition of a "street or public place—"

said: The facts, your worship, are as follows. On the 4th of this month, at about 4.30 in the afternoon, the prisoner Skelton approached the prisoner Dew in Throgmorton Street and invited him to quote a price for *Anglo-American Hot-water-bottles Deferred*. Dew replied 15½–16½; and Skelton then agreed to buy from him a parcel of five thousand *Hot-water-bottles Deferred* at 16½ in ten days' time. Your worship, that sounds a perfectly innocent transaction—

The Bench. Where do you get these tablets?

The Attorney-General. Spink's, your worship—Spink and Holiday, in Coventry Street. Now it appears that in recent weeks there has been a considerable decline in the market value of many American securities. Prices had fallen so low that on the date in question many people in this country supposed that their next movement must be an upward one. And it will not be denied that Mr. Skelton was agreeing to buy *Hot-water-bottles Deferred* at 16½ on the 14th in the hope and belief that in the interval the price would rise to 30, shall we say, and that he would then be able to sell them again at the higher figure, thus making a handsome profit. Mr. Dew, on the other hand, believed and hoped that prices would continue to fall, so that on the 14th he would be able to buy at 5 and sell to Mr.

Skelton, as agreed, at 16½. Mr. Dew had in fact, on the 4th no *Hot-water-bottles Deferred*, and Mr. Skelton did not in fact desire to possess any. Each party was speculating on the movements of the market; each was, as it were, "backing his fancy," Mr. Skelton betting on a rise and Mr. Dew on a fall. In other words, it was a gambling transaction, a wagering contract, a—

The Bench. We see what you mean, Sir Ebenezer.

Sir Ebenezer. Your worship, there are many thousands of respectable and God-fearing citizens in this and other countries who devote every working day of their lives to transactions of this kind. In the United States, your worship, a very moral country, which has thrust out the use of alcohol from the



"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR BOY TO BE TRAINED FOR THE NAVY?"
"OH, NO, SIR, WE'RE AMBITIOUS THAT 'E SHOULD BE A DUSTMAN, AND YOU CAN'T LEARN THAT AT SEA."

The Bench. Do not go on about that. We are with you.

Sir Ebenezer. I am obliged to your worship. Your worship, I need not say—

The Bench. Then do not say it.

Sir Ebenezer. Your worship is very good.

The Bench. I am not very good. I am very dyspeptic.

Sir Ebenezer. Perhaps your worship would care to try one of these infallible tablets? One or two, taken in a glass of water, your worship—

The Bench. Thank you. Usher, the tablets.

(His worship then took two tablets, and appeared to experience considerable relief.)

The Attorney-General, continuing,

national life, the operations of such persons have recently caused widespread ruin, distress and suicide, have shaken the financial and industrial fabric, and have even had disagreeable repercussions abroad. *Naturam expellas, your worship*—

The Bench. Who is he?

Sir Ebenezer. Man will have his indulgences, your worship; and it may well be that the time and treasure and energy which were previously expended on the habit of alcohol have been transferred to the habit of speculation, in which case the extent of the net national gain is dubious. None of our public moralists, however, has yet upon these events made any of those severe pronouncements which the spectacle of our other indulgences so often extracts from them.

The Bench. What has all this to do with me?

Sir Ebenezer. Your worship, the present Government has set its face against all manifestations of that vice which may be simply described as desiring something for nothing. For this reason the police are instructed energetically to enforce the laws against street-betting, a practice which above all forms of gambling is held to demoralise the poor. Any person suspected of loitering in public with intent to enable the poor to back their fancies on the race-course may be arrested without warrant; and in fact such persons have been reduced to the condition of pariah dogs, slinking guiltily from corner to corner. But, your worship, between their proceedings and the proceedings of the prisoners there is no distinction in logic or morals, except that one is assisting the citizens to bet on race-horses with money which they possess and the other is assisting them to bet with money (in many cases) which they do not possess upon the prosperity and health of the nation's industries. The share-capital of industry is the life-blood of a country, the fount of employment, the guarantee of progress, the foster-mother of invention. No man should be able to gamble with the life-blood of his country and to endanger by speculation the stability of manufactures and the employment of the people. Yet, as I have said, many thousands of citizens are occupied in doing this and very little else, and, so far as I know, no Bishop has ever lifted up his voice against them. The confused and wavering mind of the Legislature, your worship—

The Bench. I beg your pardon?

Sir Ebenezer. The confused and wavering mind of the Legislature—

The Bench. What about it?

Sir Ebenezer. I was saying, your worship, when your attention wandered,



Miss Blossom. "HA! LONG SKIRTS AND LONG HAIR COMING BACK AGAIN. I'M GLAD NOW THAT I DID NOTHING."

that the confused and wavering mind of the Legislature had left many gaps in the laws against gambling. And so long as the prisoners conduct their operations under a roof they would seem to be lawful; though there is some support for the view that an indictment would lie against the Stock Exchange for keeping a common gaming-house. But it is without doubt unlawful for a man to back his fancy in the public street, whether that fancy be a race-horse or a hot-water-bottle; and I ask for a conviction.

The Bench. Anything you say, Sir Ebenezer. They are convicted.

Sir Ebenezer. Your worship, that was in the nature of a test case. In the

next case five-hundred-and-seventy-three stockbrokers are charged with loitering with intent to commit the same offence.

The Bench. Can they all be convicted before lunch?

Sir Ebenezer. I think not, your worship.

The Bench. Then we had better have lunch. Can you spare another tablet?

The Court adjourned. A. P. H.

"C.U. v. THE ROYAL NAVY."

The 'Varsity playing unchanged were beaten 5-1 by a side which was always slightly quicker on the ball.—*Varsity Paper*.

We only hope they won't turn out at Stamford Bridge in lounge-suits.

THE PERFECT CHILD.

[According to the interim report of the Committee appointed a year ago by the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION to consider the problem of salesmanship, the chief requirements of a modern salesman are—

Good character;
Attractive personality;
Capacity for making friends;
Suitable social qualities and manners;
Knowledge of human nature;
Good general education, including especial foreign languages;
Ability to investigate and report;
Knowledge of the goods he has to sell;
Knowledge of the country to which he is sent;
Experience in selling;
The confidence of the firm.]

ATTEND, Apollo,
Slayer of wolves and Vanquisher of night,
Master of Song,
Bring with thee GLADSTONE, also Mr. BRIGHT,
And WORDSWORTH, if he cares to come along;
And with thee too let wise Minerva follow,
And Hermes, artful sprite.
Join the glad throng,
Adonis, whom the Cyprian goddess loved
(Thou whom the rude boar, rising from his wallow,
Went for and shoved
His tusk into for spite);
Hie thee with HANNAH MORE, who did no wrong.
BACON, the feast attend;
Lord CHESTERFIELD, be near with counsels wise;
CROMWELL, with gracious look
Over the cradle bend;
BAEDEKER, give the child thy perfect book;
PLATO, his nurture scan.
Help him, O LUNN and Cook—
This babe, in whom the hope of England lies,
This little man
Destined to sell her produce and by hook or crook
Her output advertise.

Banish his infant fears,
Ladies and gentlemen alluded to,
With age-old Wisdom and Experience!
Breathe in his tiny ears
(Now do!)

Industrial common-sense
To deal with merchandise.
Bid him be subtle as a Sherlock Holmes,
Earnest as LIVINGSTONE;
Let him unite the Pirate and the Don,
Who thus for England roams,
Trying to give her once again the pull
In Metal Industries or Made-up Wool;
Fine as Beau BRUMMELL but more beautiful,
A perfect Paragon!

To this small freak
Shall History speak,
And Nature mould him in her loveliest form;
Letters and Art
Shall play their part,
Language and Double Entry keep him warm.
To him, amongst the fields and lanes and woods,
Wherever he may stray,
The lisping leaves shall breathe the words,
The rabbits and the fluttering hedge-row birds,
The pixies and the elves
Continually say,
"Remember, child, remember, English goods
No longer Sell Themselves
As in the Former Day!
We are not as our Fathers were
Who long on velvet sat
And thought their thoughts and dreamed their dreams,
Forgetting it was Trade and Trade alone
That let them go to such extremes
And talk in such a high and mighty tone
Of this and that.
To-day there are five dogs to every bone;
Commercial Enterprise demands more care;
We must buck up, my Hat!"

To him, unwearying of these quaint remarks
Made by the Flora and Fauna of the Earth
When he is playing football in the parks,
Let visions come
Of all those Rude Adventurers of old
Who made the nations feel Britannia's worth,
Who bought and sold
To give the Kings, the Statesmen and the rum
Philanthropists their rather cushy berth,
Based upon Bags of Gold.

*This is the Perfect Salesman: this is he
Whom every Boy in Trade must Strive to Be.* EVOE.

OUR HEALTH PAGE.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Express.")

IN this age of hurry and strife a curious symptom which appears in a large number of people (otherwise normal) is a marked reluctance, often amounting to positive repulsion, to getting out of bed in the morning. I have discovered by special research that this failing is more pronounced in winter

than in summer and attacks subjects of all ages, from the school-boy to the centenarian. Sufferers need not get discouraged, however, if they will but adopt the sensible rules I prescribe. If you have not the habit of waking at a certain hour the purchase of an alarm-clock will surmount this difficulty. Leap up from your pillow at the first clarion call, firmly put back the bed-clothes and spring out on the floor. A plunge into cold water will dispel all symptoms of drowsiness.

One word more while on the subject. If during the night you feel chilly I should suggest the addition of extra covering; if, on the other hand, you feel too warm, a little less in the way of covering could be resorted to.

In these days of fierce competition toothache should as far as possible be mitigated. I am glad to be in a position to suggest a complete remedy for this painful condition. If you are on the telephone ring up your dentist at the first hint of trouble, arrange an appointment and he will get at the root of the trouble and remove it.

The modern passion for hustle, cock-tails, crossword-puzzles and greyhound-racing causes many otherwise moderate people to indulge in too much smoking. The symptoms which follow are too well known to describe here, but I am glad to be able to put a complete cure in the hands of our readers (registered), namely: Give up smoking altogether, when beneficial results, and probably a complete cure, will speedily follow.

TO-DAY'S HEALTH RECIPE.

Here is a soothing nightcap for restless readers (registered): Shred a few soapflakes lightly into a tumbler of warm water, add a soupçon of vinegar and the merest hint of garlic. Flavour the whole with the contents of your cigarette-lighter and drink rapidly on retiring. The result will exceed your anticipations.

THOUGHTS FOR TO-MORROW.*

"Teach me the art of forgetting, for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would."

THEMISTOCLES.

"Nature n'a créé l'homme que pour prêter et emprunter."—RABELAIS.

"Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own."

Sir J. M. BARRIE.
F. A. K.

* These passages have nothing at all to do with health, but they do liven the make-up of the page.



Welfare Worker. "DOES SNIPPY SNIPS REALLY INTEREST YOU?"

Cottager. "OH, YES, MUM; WE TAKES IT REGLAR. WE BE TERRIBLE BOOKWORMS."

WHY TWOPENCE?

THE Labour Party have slowly risen to power as the champions of the producers, the men who make, as against the parasites, the men who enjoy. And how the high gods must have laughed on Friday, November 22nd, 1929, when they saw a Labour Member introduce a Bill to take away the livelihood of the maker of music, largely at the instigation of the wealthy restaurants and hotels, the licensed victuallers, the proprietors of dance-halls and other "parasitical," "capitalistic" persons! For

these are the chief constituents of *The International Council of Music Users*, which promoted the Musical Copyright Bill, 1929.

This fantastic measure has been given a Second Reading *without a division*, by a House of Commons in which the "champions of the producers" are the largest Party. If it gets a Third Reading in its present shape the Labour Party will die of ridicule. Never again will they be able to tell us about the rights of combination, the sufferings of the producer, the fair wage, the workers' share, and all the rest of it.

For this Bill takes all these pretty phrases and tears them up and stamps on them.

The composers of music are not notoriously wealthy. You would not say that they would be the first profiteers to be attacked by the righteous Socialist. Yet it is provided in Clause 3 of this astounding Bill that for the public performance of "*any musical composition*" the owner of the rights shall not

"be entitled to demand any payment other than a fee not exceeding twopence per published copy, payable by any person who demands a copy,

upon the purchase or supply of each published copy."

And proof by any person in possession of a copy that he has paid his twopence "shall be conclusive evidence of the right of that person to perform the work in public."

What does this mean? It means that, if the Arthur Sullivan of to-morrow writes *The Mikado* and is rash enough to publish it, you may acquire the right to perform *The Mikado* by buying a "published copy" and paying 2d. extra. And you may perform it for that sum not once but a million times, and not this year only, but for ever! Where the W. S. Gilbert of to-morrow comes in is not quite clear. That is one of the many important points which do not seem to have occurred to the ignorant men responsible for this Bill. "Musical composition" must include songs and operas; but it is not explained whether the librettist or lyric-writer shares the 2d. with the composer and the publisher, or is permitted to make his own terms for the use of his words. But the "published copy" of an opera includes the words, and therefore it must mean that the librettist shares the 2d.—which works out at two-thirds of 1d. each.

"Performance" in law includes gramophone reproduction: and under this Bill there is nothing to prevent a gramophone company from making 100,000 records of a work for one payment of 2d. Indeed, from the nebulous language of the Mover, that seems to be the intention.

Another point. Are foreign musical compositions included? The Bill does not say. If they are not, we have the strange spectacle of Socialist legislators robbing the home-producer and leaving the foreign composer his usual royalties; and if they are, then the Bill legalizes piracy, shatters the International Copyright Convention and permits you to perform not only *The Mikado* of to-morrow but the *Meistersinger* of to-morrow on payment of 2d. For a bob you could run a repertory season.

We have already reached such an abyss of absurdity that it is hardly worth while to observe that it seems odd to put the same price on the performing of a fox-trot, a symphony, "Yes,

we have no Bananas," and a Grand Opera. Let us look at the excuses for this scandalous thing.

In 1914, having suffered from the stealing of their work too long, composers, song-writers and music-publishers formed themselves into a body called the Performing Right Society. It is against the "iniquities" of this body that the Bill is said to be directed, though it is nowhere mentioned in the Bill. The chief "iniquity" consists in their collecting the money due to the creator and handing it over to him. What with

carcass of composition"—strange language touse of a composers' trade union, which has, in fact, increased the income of composers.

It is complained, for example, that the society sends "inspectors" about; but it is difficult to detect wide-spread stealing without some system of inspection. Then it exacts "harsh terms." I know little of the society's procedure, but here are some of the "harsh" terms.

A very well-known London hotel paid last year £33,318 to its three orchestras and £186 to the P.R.S. as composers' fees. Another paid £26,745 to its orchestra and £153 to the P.R.S. for the composers. So of the total music-bill of these rich hotels about $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% was "exacted" by this "vampire"-body for the composer, the creator; and 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ % went to the executant, the mere interpreter, the saxophonist. But nothing was said in the House of Commons about limiting the remuneration of the orchestras; and no one ventured to describe the Musicians' Union as a wart or vampire.

Instead, they talked some sickening cant about "village institutes" and "charity concerts." As for village institutes, the National Federation of Women's Institutes pays the bloodsucking composer (through the P.R.S.) an inclusive fee, covering every institute in the country, of 2s. per institute per annum. As for charity, it is complained that the sums raised by charity concerts are reduced by the fees payable to the writers of music; but this complaint means nothing unless it means that composers alone of mankind are expected to contribute to every charity.

Nothing, again, is said about the soulless fellow who insists upon being paid for playing the music.

The methods of the P.R.S. may or may not need amendment—I do not know. But if everything said about them were true this Bill would still be indefensible. It has now gone to a Select Committee to be "amended." But the objections to it are not Committee points: the whole principle of the thing is stinking, and therefore it should never have had a Second Reading. The principle is that composers alone of the world's workers shall have their earnings limited by law, shall be forbidden to organise themselves and to



TARTARIN DANS LES INDES.

BOTH (together). "TIENS! LE TIGRE!"

[M. CLEMENCEAU has just sailed for India after big game.]

(Reproduced from "Punch," September 29, 1920.)

the gramophone and broadcasting, the composer's income from the sale of sheet-music is, generally speaking, negligible to-day. (I am told that Mr. FREDERICK DELIUS earned £20 in this country last year) and performing rights are his principal livelihood. This is now to be taken from him too, for many people have been shocked to discover that the composer, like other labourers, considers himself to be worthy of his hire. They therefore complain bitterly of the "procedure" of the P.R.S.; and Sir MARTIN CONWAY, who, as a University representative and the author of many books, ought surely to know better, described it (a) as "a wart" and (b) as a "vampire upon the

sell their work to whom they please for what it is worth. Imagine what would be said of a man who introduced a Miners' Maximum Wage Bill, which provided that the miner "should not be entitled to demand any payment other than a fee not exceeding 2d." per shift! But that is this Bill—a Bill to establish a Maximum Wage for the Composers of Music, a Bill to Impoverish Sir EDWARD ELGAR, a Bill to Confiscate Brains; and it is moved, seconded and blessed by Labour Members!

Honourable mention must be made of Sir GERALD HURST, Mr. YOUNG (Labour), Mr. STUART BEVAN and Mr. MACQUISTEN who opposed the nasty thing: but most of the speakers displayed an ignorance of the subject so profound as to make it impertinent of them to speak at all. One of Music's defenders spoke of the "long-haired fraternity which composes music." It is this ignorance which makes it necessary to treat the Bill seriously. Our legislators are quite capable of letting it

slip through a Third Reading in an odd ten minutes at an all-night sitting. It is impossible to exaggerate about this Bill. It is the most unjust, unprincipled, muddle-headed, ill-drafted, unworkable measure that was ever printed by His Majesty's Printers. No man should waste a minute in attempting to amend it; it must be killed dead, as an insult to the craft of music. And if there is anything wrong with the P.R.S. then let its enemies produce a Bill to deal with the P.R.S.

If there is to be a statutory flat-rate for the composers because of the alleged sins of the P.R.S., there is not the smallest reason why the operations of the Authors' Society should not be made an excuse for imposing a statutory flat-rate on the performing rights of Sir JAMES BARRIE or Mr. BERNARD SHAW. Let us have flat-rates for every form of art. Let us give 2d. to Mr. SHAW for *Saint Joan*, and 2d. to Mr. JOHN for a picture, 2d. for the *Forsyte Saga*, and 2d. for a CHAPLIN film. The makers

of soap and beer will still sell their services in the open market, but the "long-haired fraternity" who make music and poetry and plays do not need money. They live on air. Why give them 2d.? Why not 1d.? Why not $\frac{1}{2}$ d.? Heavens! why not make the composers pay? A. P. H.

Mediterranean Mascots.

"Nine stowaways were discovered aboard the Do.10. Italy has ordered two for the Mediterranean."—*Australian Paper*.

"OLDHAM CHILDREN'S PAGEANT."

... The pageant consists of ten episodes illustrating seafaring life, historical and modern, with interludes of Sea Scanties, &c."

Mission Leaflet.

We hope the Lido ladies won't find it too cold.

"A further huge sum for social services is about to be extracted from the empty pockets of the taxpayer."—*Leader in "Daily Mail."*

A statement which lends colour to the rumour that this is to be known as the Maskelyne Ministry.



PERIOD MANNERS.

SCENE.—FANCY-DRESS BALL.

"WHAT ABOUT A SPOT OF MINUET, OLD THING?"

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—One of your daily contemporaries recently published the portrait of a football-player for the truly remarkable reason that he had *missed a penalty goal the previous Saturday*. Moreover the cause of the mis-kick was given, namely, that the ball had gone off the side of his foot, and this was followed by some interesting personal particulars concerning the player in question.

I daresay the average reader would not perceive the amazing significance of this, but to me it heralds the dawn of a new era—an era in which the time-worn custom of adulating mere success is supplemented by one in which the man who fails has his share of the lime-light. How much more humane is this, how much more encouraging to the obscure! The successful man has the satisfaction of his success, but the man who misses the mark needs the encouragement of a public appearance. Should we not then richly welcome this new and delightful movement, and should not you, Mr. Punch, be in the van of it? Certain of your answer, I venture to submit for publication the portraits of a few of my friends for whose qualifications I can personally vouch.



This is Mr. Hildebrand Hoylake, who failed to win the October monthly medal at our golf-club. Fifty-two cards were returned and Mr. Hoylake came out fifty-second. He is a great diner-out and a keen golfer, though, owing to a tendency to protuberance of the abdomen, he has some difficulty in sighting the ball properly. He attributed his failure to the blasted allotments. You must not gather from this that the allotments which flank our fifth hole were actually blasted—I mean in the sense that the heath in *Macbeth* was blasted. They were undoubtedly dry owing to the prolonged absence of rain, but they have to my knowledge borne some excellent

crops of potatoes and other vegetables this year. No, it is simply that when you put three balls in succession into them you tend to dislike them. Such, alas! is human nature.



This is a speaking likeness of my son Bob, who on his return to school found he had failed to secure promotion to the third form. The French paper set at the end of last term appears to have been the cause of this. A youth named Wolby Tertius had, it seems, a misunderstanding with a little book he was using (possibly surreptitiously) to assist him with the translation—in fact he actually got on to the wrong page of it, with the most disastrous results. My son Bob, who was sitting next to him, was thus led completely astray. I must say it seems a little hard that one boy should suffer for the carelessness of another; but such, again, is the way of the world. Favourite hobbies: dough-nuts and ice-cream.



Here is William Dobson our plumber, who failed to find the leak in the bathroom last week. You will note the cheery optimistic face and the native grace of his bearing. The somewhat less distinguished figure in the background is his mate, who went back for the tools. Both are men of considerable social attainments, and I wish you could have heard them in the kitchen taking tea with cook and the housemaid; the

house absolutely shook with their laughter. I am unable to say precisely why William could not find the leak, but from what he told me it was the sort of leak which is invariably elusive, one in fact which will even change position and dodge when you are hot on the scent. William's hobbies are football competitions and striking matches to apply to a pipe containing a particularly unflammable (though none the less pungent) brand of tobacco.



Finally, Mr. Punch, I give a snapshot of a gentleman who failed to secure a single prize at our local flower and vegetable show, namely myself. The snap was taken by my son Bob and has not come out very well, but you may possibly perceive that I am pruning my roses. In my right hand is a pair of sécateurs, and on my left is the thick glove I always wear when pruning to prevent the thorns from pricking me. My feet are not visible, but they are encased in heavy gardening-boots. The smile on my face is the result of a most amusing gaffe perpetrated by my wife. "Don't prune that *Caroline Testout* too much," she said, and looked genuinely surprised when I broke into a roar of laughter. Even when I explained to her that it was an *Étoile de Hollande* I was pruning, she maintained an air of curious solemnity. But women, of course, have not our humour. In these days of autobiography I ought perhaps to say more about myself, but I am a modest soul and I will therefore conclude by stating that my hobbies are Virtue and Self-denial, and that I think very highly of our London policemen.

If you decide to continue this entrancing movement, Mr. Punch, I have quite a number of other friends who are qualified for a public appearance, and on hearing from you I shall be delighted to submit their photographs, with personal notes.

[Thank you, but we are sated.—Ed.]

C. M.

FOR CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

A NEW public school, designed to educate our future Captains of Industry, is to be opened. This is good news, and I am writing post-haste for a syllabus, for the question of Peter's future is causing us concern.

I had no idea Captains of Industry could be trained. I thought they just happened. A man had to be born, so to speak, with a hard face and the dictaphone habit. I didn't think schoolmasters could take a young innocent lad and mould him into an iron-jawed superman who could hold down a ten-thousand-pound-a-year job.

That salary, one would think, might attract a schoolmaster who knew how the thing was done. It would attract me, but then I do not know how it is done. It is very kind and self-effacing of the schoolmasters to stand aside and give the youngsters a chance.

I wonder whether the school guarantees a job at the end of the course. I must remember to ask the Head about that. I shouldn't like Peter to spend the happy days of childhood in acquiring the hard face of a Captain of Industry and then be unable to do anything with it. Unfortunately the face of a Captain of Industry is almost useless for any other activity. It wouldn't help its owner to be the commissionaire at a picture palace, a gossip-writer, or a beach musician. There is so little appeal in it. On the contrary, it might get him into trouble. Heads of departments would hesitate to employ a junior who looked like a Captain of Industry. There is only room for one Captain of Industry in each department. Can we blame the older man for turning down a young man with a face like his own?

And we must bear in mind that there will be a whole school of them to place. I don't see how the old country can support that number—unless, of course, another war breaks out. Still we think Peter ought to have his chance. If the worst comes, there are always the films. Almost every film features a Captain of Industry.

Peter perhaps may not like the school at first. He is looking forward to something like *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, with lots of football, a bit of fighting, and frequent visits to the tuck-shop. But I don't suppose football will be encouraged. I hardly think these young Captains of Industry will be taught the short passes of the Corinthian game. The only things they will be taught to pass will be dividends.

I doubt even whether they will be allowed to have a tuck-shop, except perhaps for experimental purposes. Floating or underwriting a tuck-shop



"MY DEAR SIR, IF YOU HEARD ME SHOUT 'FORE' WHY THE DEUCE DIDN'T YOU DO IT?"

must be tedious work, but the winding-up of it would have its points. I can almost see the young scamps disposing of liquid assets and bankrupt stock.

Apart from these experiments food would be regarded as a necessary evil. It is well known that Captains of Industry are abstemious men who rise before dawn, breakfast on a rusk, snatch a sandwich for lunch and repair the day's ravages with a cup of cocoa at nine. They have told us so in a thousand interviews. I suppose the school meals will be like that. The little Captains will troop into the dining-hall as we did, but only to see if tapioca has hardened. This will be dull for Peter.

It will not be so bright, either, for me. I had looked forward to visiting Peter at the old school. I hoped to wander with him through the ancient cloisters and along the flagged corridors. Peter, with pardonable pride,

would point out to me the celebrities of the school.

He may still do that, but it will be like this:—

"You see that fellow?" Peter will whisper enthusiastically; "he made a hundred yesterday."

"In a house match?" I shall whisper back admiringly.

"No," Peter will reply with a touch of irritation for my stupidity, "he made it in Hairpins Deferred."

I hoped to wander round the old schoolroom trying to decipher the names carved deep in the inkstained desks and wondering in what niche of the outside world those same initials are engraved. But there will be no inky desks for little Captains of Industry. Only polished mahogany, innocent of stains. I wonder, by the way, how naughty Captains of Industry will write their hundred lines? Will they



ASPECTS OF MODERN ART.

Artist's Wife (on right, to visitor). "OF COURSE THEY ARE RATHER STARTLING, BUT THEN YOU MUST REMEMBER MY HUSBAND PAINTS ENTIRELY IN COAL-DUST AND LIPSTICK."

dictate them to a stenographer or read them into a dictaphone? Or will an efficient secretary run them off on a duplicator?

And when the time comes for me to go to the station, that awkward moment when both of us are gruff and manly and inarticulate, I shall fumble in my pocket in the good old-fashioned way for the customary tip. But a budding Captain of Industry does not accept tips. He gives them. Shares that I can put my shirt on. Perhaps the old method was more human.

Yes, it will be hard at first, but Peter must think of the future, bright with racehorses, grouse moors, yachts and all the glittering prizes of big industry.

But I do hope the school guarantees a job at the end of the course. It would be awful having a disengaged Captain of Industry knocking around the house. Once he had "fired" the maids and the gardener, there would be nothing for him to do. I must certainly ask the Head for a guarantee. We would accept three thousand pounds a year for a start. W. E. R.

In Memoriam.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU.

BORN 1841. DIED NOVEMBER 24, 1929.

THEY are passing one by one
Beyond the kindly sun,
Beyond the imagined sky,
They to whom Victory bowed
Her bright head from the cloud
Of France's destiny.

And now he too has passed
To whom France gives her last
Uncraved-for tears to-night;
The indomitable man
Whose will could plumb and span
Fate's utmost depth and height.

In her tremendous hour
He was an adamant tower
Upreamed against the tide;
He was the helm of France,
The keen tip on her lance,
The strong blade at her side.

Some who were not afraid
Walked baffled and dismayed
And stumbled in the dusk;
And there were men whose faith

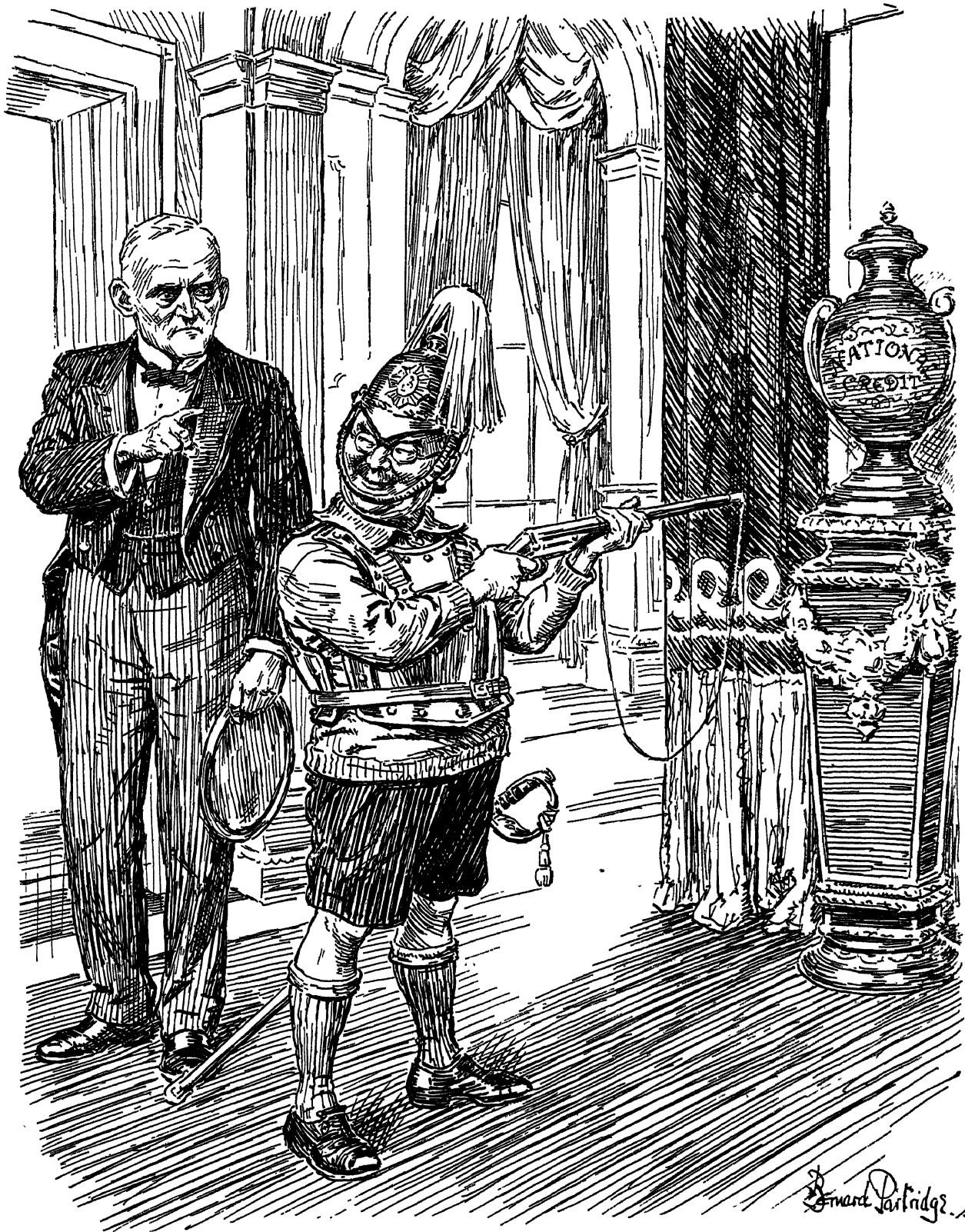
Blanch'd like a haggard wraith
Or crumbled like a husk.

Yet never through his mind
There drifted, cold and blind,
The phantom of despair;
He did not swerve or bend,
Because he saw the end
Far off, but good and fair.

Beyond this tangible scheme
There shone for him no dream,
Death had no alms to give;
But never faint or dim
The deep faith was in him
That his own France must live.

Empty the strong hand lies,
Veiled are the falcon eyes,
The undaunted heart is still;
Only the quiet clay
Will bear for one brief day
The impress of his will.

France not alone will stand
With solemn lifted hand
By her dead knight *sans peur*;
For in that noble, mute
Last gesture of salute
England is one with her. D. M. S.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

MR. SNOWDEN. "NOW, MASTER TOM, YOU LEAVE THAT VASE ALONE, OR YOU'LL GET ME INTO TROUBLE."

MASTER SHAW. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT; I DON'T SUPPOSE THIS POP-GUN WILL HURT IT MUCH; AND ANYHOW YOU CAN SAY THAT I TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 25th.—It was Mr. SMITHERS who wrung from the FOREIGN SECRETARY the degrading admission that British Ambassadors do not always ride in British cars. In some cases, Mr. HENDERSON explained, the absence of spare parts and service facilities rendered such a course impossible. It might have been pointed out to him that emergencies could be met by having one of the smaller British cars sent out in the diplomatic pouch.

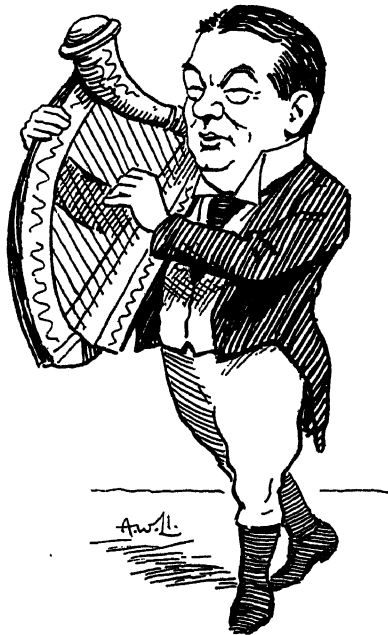
Mr. BOOTHBY asked the MINISTER of AGRICULTURE when they might expect to learn the Government's agricultural policy. "When some private Member puts down a motion on the subject," replied Mr. BUXTON in effect. Private Members, however, seem to have no intention of wasting valuable time finding out what Mr. BUXTON does not intend to do. He could not even tell Mr. SOMERVILLE what had been the monthly price of British eggs in London since the introduction of the egg-marking scheme. Once in London, it seems, an egg, as far as the Government statisticians are concerned, is just an egg, and lucky, if Lieut.-Colonel RUGGLES-BRICE is to be believed, not to have been made into an omelette by the railways.

Parliament is not supposed to concern itself with what goes on in Dominion Parliaments. But what if a Dominion Minister officially announces to his Parliament his Government's intention of repudiating an important agreement made with the British Government?

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD cautiously intimated that unless the intention was officially communicated to him he would diplomatically go on pretending to have heard nothing about it, and the SPEAKER backed him up. Obviously, however, if the Irish Free State proceeds to suppress Privy Council appeals without notifying the British Government officially of its intentions, Mr. MACDONALD and his colleagues will have to initiate a remonstrance. The more savoury topic of shell-fish supervened, Mr. BUXTON expressing his hopes for "results of a practical character" in the matter of reviving Norfolk's lost oyster fisheries. Mr. ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL, known to his intimates as the Oysters' Friend, looked sceptical.

The House got on with the Second Reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill. The

back-benchers had their innings but produced nothing startling in the way of a score. The surprise item was provided by Mr. TOM SHAW, who uttered what sounded like a formidable



The Minstrel Boy from the Wars has come,
In the ranks of Peace you 'll find him.

MR. JOSEPH DEVLIN.

if nebulous threat to extract from the holders of Government War Loan stock some imaginary increment resulting from deflation, that the WAR MINISTER thinks is most "unfair."

Mr. SHAW had preceded this utter-

ance by saying, "God speed the man, from whatever side of the House he comes, who can contribute a useful idea," and no doubt felt it was up to him to contribute first. The House was left wondering uneasily if Mr. SHAW was speaking in a Ministerial capacity or in the spirit of airy irresponsibility that the Savage Club engenders.

The event of the day was, of course, the speech of Mr. DEVLIN (Wee Joe), Member for Tyrone and Fermanagh, once a familiar figure in the House when he espoused the riotous cause of Irish freedom with a heart and voice out of all proportion to his inches.

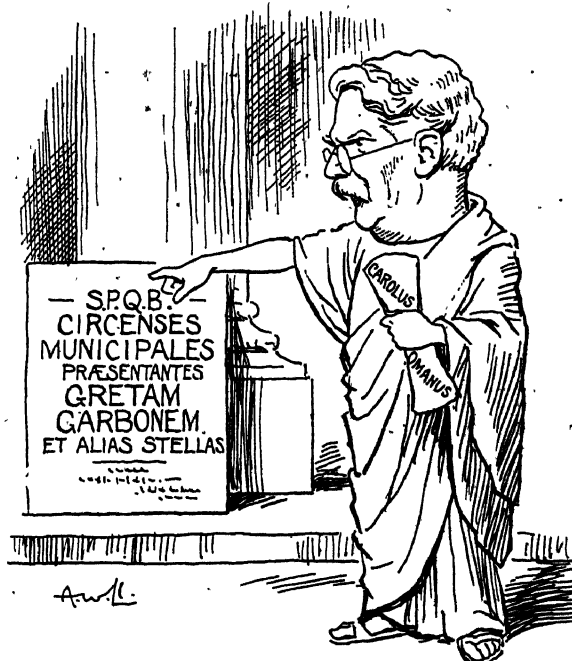
To-day, after an absence of many years, he surveyed a House of Commons such as he had never encountered in his hey-day, looking round him with such an air of interested benevolence as St. PATRICK himself might wear on being conducted round the reptile-house at the Zoo. In a charming little peroration Mr. DEVLIN intimated that in that place at any rate he had girded off the ancestral sword and was prepared to function exclusively with the harp, and not a "woild" harp at that.

Tuesday, November 26th.—It was only to be expected that Lord BANBURY, the ruthless slaughterer of countless innocents, would prove equally *farouche* in the presence of widows, and so, on the Second Reading of the Widows' Pensions Bill, he proved. But, whereas he declared (having heard Lord BUCKMASTER indicting the Government for not going far enough) that, when it came to using the taxpayers' money to buy votes,

Liberals and Socialists were birds of a feather, he made no secret of his belief that Liberals were the blacker of the two.

The Bill having got its Second Reading Lord NEWTON breezily invited the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR to consider the First of April next as a suitable date for the Parliamentarians' next air-jaunt. Lord THOMSON agreed that "atmospheric conditions were pretty good about that date," but roundly declared that he would fix no more dates for Members' air-rides if he could help it. Meanwhile, he pointed out, the R101 had safely weathered a gale so fierce that "bookmakers had ceased to quote the odds."

In the House of Commons Mr. ADAMSON deplored the Scottish fishing fleet disaster in tones of ecclesiastical sonority but failed to respond to the plea, advanced by Mr. MACPHERSON and other Scots, that the Government



CATO, CENSOR MORUM.
SIR CHARLES OMAN.

should not merely pass the hat for its credit's sake but should also contribute a trifle.

Mr. TOM SHAW may not be the type of true finance kept under, but the shrill silence that greeted a question by Mr. HORE-BELISHA indicated that the time has not yet arrived for the Treasury brigade with cold cascade to quench his prodigious blunder.

Public business revealed Mr. BECKETT under the Ten Minute Rule pleading that municipalities should be allowed to run their own repertory theatres—and levy a penny rate to do it on. "Bread and circuses!" exclaimed Sir CHARLES OMAN indignantly. Mr. BECKETT said he would not be surprised at anything coming out of Oxford University, but incautiously intimated that he had not caught Sir CHARLES's remark. "I said *circenses* as well as *panem*," retorted Sir CHARLES. "The addition of free shows to the free dole marked the end of the decadent Roman Empire." This earful from Oxford University quite cramped poor Mr. BECKETT's repertory style, but the House decided that, though the Omans might be unpropitious, the Bill should be introduced.

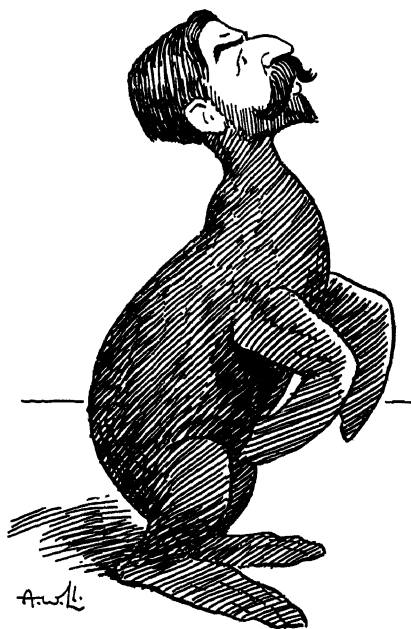
The Expiring Laws Continuance Bill provoked no deep concern, but gave Members a few points to bicker about. Commander WILLIAMS found justifiable cause for amusement in the Government's determination to continue a measure (Seal Fisheries (North Pacific) Act, 1885) confirming a Convention made with (*inter alios*) the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. Socialist back-benchers retorted with the rude badinage of their kind. Another Bill due for continuance brought Sir ROBERT HAMILTON to his feet in a lengthy homily on the habits of seals. With a more than Protean familiarity he distinguished between *Halichærus Grypus* and *Phoca vitulina*, whose appearance, he explained, is similar, but whose dentition differs. "Is a seal a fish?" asked Mr. MACQUISTEN innocently. "They are called fish," replied Sir ROBERT, mindful perhaps of the railway guard's decision that "tortoises is insects." The House's dentition proved unequal to Sir ROBERT's amendment, which accordingly was withdrawn.

Wednesday, November 27th.—A debate on ex-enemy property could hardly prove enthralling, except perhaps to the ex-enemies who want their property back, and even a speech in the highest vein of eloquence from Lord BUCKMASTER found their Lordships, if they had any tears, unprepared to shed them. Lord PARMOOR defended the Government's attitude so unctuously that Lord BUCKMASTER was moved to declare that he had no use for a man

who had denounced "confiscation" when he was in opposition and now defended the business just because he happened to be in power.

The House of Commons' blood must surely have crept when Mr. HENDERSON informed Captain PETER MACDONALD that the new Russian Ambassador would be allowed to bring emissaries of the OGPU with him in his diplomatic family.

What did Mr. MACDONALD mean when he told Commander BELLAIRS that there had been "a good deal of delicate and rather troublesome negotiation" about the Bill which is to indemnify the Government against having seven Under-Secretaries sitting in the House instead



A PROTEAN TURN.
SIR ROBERT HAMILTON.

of six? The Opposition can hardly have been unwilling to put matters right, so we can only conclude that the Under-Secretaries have found no suitable means of deciding which of them is *corpus delicti*.

The PRIME MINISTER having reiterated his indomitable intention to do nothing about the Irish Free State and the Privy Council until the time appointed, i.e., the next Imperial Conference, and Mr. LUNN having assured Mr. ORMSBY-GORE that the wild fauna of Malaya are not being unduly exterminated, or, if they are, that he will look into it, the House, at the instigation of Mr. ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL, deplored the ill effects of over-capitalisation. Mr. W. R. SMITH, for the Government, tellingly insisted that while the effects of over-capitalisation could be exaggerated, it would be impossible not to

have due regard for the question; and Mr. RUNCIMAN said he hoped Mr. SMITH would tell the various Committees of Inquiry what he meant by over-capitalisation. His own view was that the curse of British industry was the shortage of real capital.

Members who felt that the curse was not confined to industry nevertheless agreed to the motion without further ado.

Thursday, November 28th.—Second Reading in the Lords of the Mental Treatment Bill brought forth from Lord DAWSON OF PENN an eloquent plea that in law and not less in the public mind mental derangement should be treated on exactly the same basis as bodily disease. At present, he declared, there is always a sort of amiable conspiracy to conceal mental derangement at the time when treatment might effect a cure, chiefly because the customary method of treatment is to lock the patients up in a lunatic asylum and dub them insane. He welcomed the Bill as a belated attempt to adapt legal enactments to informed opinion.

Mr. CLYNES explained to Mr. EDE the nature of the existing by-laws relating to the deposit of litter in public places in the Metropolitan Police District. The police, it appears, are expected to notify the authority when they find litter loitering in a public place, but they have no power to make it move on.

Mr. SNOWDEN, as was expected, reassured the House as to the sacrosanctity of the Government's contractual obligations to its creditors. No names were named, but Mr. TOM SHAW assumed the expression appropriate to one who gets it where the chicken got the axe.

A slight tiff between Mr. LANSBURY and Mr. A. M. SAMUEL—the former taking umbrage at an imagined aspersion on his financial expertise—ended in apologies all round, and the House got on with the Unemployment Insurance Bill in Committee. On a Liberal Amendment, approved but not accepted by the Minister, supported by the Conservatives and by at least two Labour Members, the House thought fit to divide, but the expected rush of Liberals and Conservatives into the same Lobby did not materialise, although Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. BALDWIN were seen making for the same door in apparently grave discussion.

"RETTFORD COUNTY POLICE."

A 15-year-old Gamston boy was bound over in the sum of £1 for stealing pants from a lady's cycle."—*Local Paper*.

We don't know how the pants got there, but they should certainly be marked R.D. (return to drawer).



BEHIND THE SCENES IN BRITISH INDUSTRIES.

POETS SEEKING WORK AS EXTRA HANDS IN THE RUSH TIME AT A CHRISTMAS CRACKER FACTORY.

THE BANK RATE.

THE bank rate is a curious thing
Worked by a kind of hidden spring
That sends it up, by unknown laws,
Or down, for no apparent cause.
When up, the ambient air grows full
With roarings from the angry bull,
When down, a muffle of despair
Is quickened from the rumbling bear
(There is, I'm told, a stag as well,
But what it does I cannot tell).
And we observe about this rate,
So nervous in its mobile state,
That whether it goes down or up
Somebody's always sold a pup.
The metaphor is mixed, it's true,
But uppish rhymes are all too few.

For me, an honest man, I trust,
Though humble, not to call it bust,
Motions like these of high finance
Do not disturb my countenance;
They are but trifles; I express
A more wide-reaching bitterness.

This bank rate in its wayward flight
Has a connection, if I'm right,
With an expression, strange and deep,
That's known as Money being Cheap.
Cheap, do you take me? Money! Oh,
The word affects me like a blow.

I have lived long, and kept my eyes
Open, and am reputed wise.

I have seen much, but never yet
A thing most rare and hard to get
(Like cash) and sought for far and near
(Like £ s. d.) that wasn't dear.
To me, at any rate, it seems
The airy vision of one's dreams,
Yet there are men who just to heap
Insult on insult call it Cheap.
Cheap, quotha! When they talk like
that,
I want to bash them on the hat.

DUM-DUM.

OUR COMIC COURTS COMPETITION.

I.

(For this competition all British Courts or parts of Courts are eligible. Coroners, Magistrates, Judges and even juries may be entered. The one qualification is that the entrant must have by word or deed advanced the Sacred Cause of Speed or in some way helped to make the world more dangerous for democracy. All entries welcome.)

This week our prize goes to the Bench of magistrates at Woodbridge. For the particulars we are indebted to the daily Press:—

J. P. ACQUITTED.

"SPEED IN ITSELF 'NOT NEGLIGENCE'"
Quoted in Manslaughter Charge.

When Y, a landowner and J.P., was charged at Woodbridge yesterday with

the manslaughter of ex-Police-Sergeant X, the Bench by a majority dismissed the case.

X was riding a bicycle out of a by-road across the main road when he was struck by a motor-car driven by the defendant. The bicycle was thrown thirty feet and landed on a hedge, and X was killed instantly.

Witnesses estimated that Y was driving at sixty miles an hour.

Sir HENRY CURTIS-BENNETT urged that the question was whether criminal negligence had taken place, and quoted a recent case in the Appeal Court, in which it was laid down that "speed in itself does not constitute criminal negligence."

NOTE.

It has long been contended by the expert motorist that it is perfectly safe for a skilled driver to drive along a country road at sixty miles an hour, and this case shows how safe it is—for the driver. The proposed total abolition of the speed-limit should make it safer still. The experts' dictum, it would seem, has already the force of law.

School Recreations Which We Condemn.

"The last of the Eton College field game matches this season was played yesterday, when Mr. A. W. Whitworth's eleven beat the School decisively by two shot goats (6 points) to nil."—Sunday Paper.

AT THE PICTURES.

WILL ROGERS.

SUPPLY always in time following demand, the talkies are gradually evolving the best actors for their purpose. But I doubt if they have found the right material in WILL ROGERS, for WILL ROGERS is essentially an intimate monologist, not in the least suited to these stridencies. He needs the stage to himself and an audience very near him, as he had when he was at the London Pavilion three or four summers ago and told us how to deal with traffic complications and the tea interval in cricket. Standing there, with his swift disarming smile and his mobile lips working at the chewing-gum, he needed but to whisper his sage nonsense and was irresistible.

In the talking film, *They Had to See Paris*, he is dimmed; partly because his voice is quiet and his brand of humour subtle; partly because once again the laughs have not been timed; and largely because he is not an actor but a commentator. Perhaps in the hands of a very clever director he might be made also into an actor; but that has not happened yet, nor, I guess, does he want it to be. His position as an impudent yet acceptable critic of manners and morals is far stronger. Many men can act for the screen; WILL ROGERS



Mr. WILL ROGERS (as Pike Peters) being fussed by Miss FIFI DORSAY (as Claudine, a Cabaret artiste). "SO THIS IS THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND MY WIFE'S BROUGHT ME TO PARIS FOR."

alone can stand on a stage, without orchestra or limelight effects, and while hitting Americans where they live keep them in delighted laughter.

This is not to say that *They Had to See Paris* is a failure. Far from it, for, although WILL ROGERS is often inaudible, his personality is tremendous, and there is so much human nature in the drama, and his own part in it is

such a blend of simplicity and shrewdness, fun and pathos, that we cannot help being interested. After a very few minutes it is imperative that we know what is going to happen and how soon the *Peters* family will be convinced that they are being fooled.



MORE SOCIAL BACKGROUND, WITH TROUSERS IN MIDDLE DISTANCE.

The blot on the film is the absence of captions, for the talk, even if we could consistently hear it, cannot tell enough. For too long, for instance, we are unaware if the tall and plausible young Frenchman who, under the style of the *Marquis de Brissac* (Mr. IVAN LEBEDEFF), seeks the hand of *Opal Peters* (Miss MARGUERITE CHURCHILL), is an impostor or not. Long experience of films teaches us to believe him a mere fraudulent fortune-hunter pretending to belong to the French nobility; but he isn't: he is real. Now a caption would have told us that at once. Again, we naturally suppose that the other noblemen and noblewomen who receive so much a head to be present at a party given by *Mrs. Peters* (Miss IRENE RICH) are (like the guests in *The Golden Butterfly*) impostors too; but no: they are not. Even the Russian *Grand Duke* (Mr. THEODORE LODI), who is the most expensive of them—two thousand dollars for the evening—turns out to be real. It is in this party episode that WILL ROGERS is funniest; but half the fun is lost through our ignorance of what is really happening. If this aristocratic figure is really a Grand Duke in distress the situation as between him and *Pike Peters* is a rich one; if not, it is nothing. Similarly we should enjoy it more if we knew whether the stately white-haired lady who accompanies the *Marquis* as his mother the *Marquise* (Miss MARCELLE CORDAY) is really his mother bent upon examining the *Peterses* with her own eyes, or a

munmer engaged to bolster up the swindle, should swindle it be. So once again I suggest to those high-handed and too-little-thinking gentlemen, the producers, that they give the talkies captions too.

There is one moment in the play when WILL ROGERS seems to miss a good opportunity. The *Marquis* and *Opal* enter the courtyard of the chateau on horseback, just before the demand of the *Marquis's* lawyer for a dot of two million dollars has caused *Pike Peters* to put his foot down and stop the whole affair. It would have been a nice touch if the ex-veterinary surgeon, whose early days in that capacity are so frequently referred to, had quietly drifted out of the house, approached the *Marquis's* steed and scrutinised its teeth. He need have said nothing; just looked at them, looked reproachfully at the *Marquis* and returned to his room to the legal interview.

Since there is no mention in the programme that the film owes anything to a mere writing fellow, let me render



PIKE, FORMERLY A VET., EXAMINES THE HORSE OF HIS DAUGHTER'S LOVER.

Marquis de Brissac . . . MR. IVAN LEBEDEFF.
Opal Peters MISS MARGUERITE CHURCHILL.

[The above scene was omitted from the film.]

justice by adding that Mr. HOMER CROY's novel of the same title is its foundation. E. V. L.

"The new vehicle, tested in London yesterday, has a special machine for issuing tickets as well as heat radiators."—*Daily Paper*.

We have long felt that a roast chestnut buffet would liven up our London omnibuses.



Pillion-rider (listening to M.F.H. cheering hounds in covert). "I SAY, YOUNG MAN, IF THAT'S YOUR GUV'NOR IN THE WOOD WITH THE DOGS, YOU'D BETTER GO AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM. HE'S BEEN MAKIN' SUCH FUNNY NOISES."

A SNAPPY CHRISTMAS.

THE printed wishes on Christmas-cards are to be much briefer this winter, says a daily paper, and the matter is to be more characteristic of that punch which we usually associate with America.

Personally I shall miss my share of those verses to which I am accustomed. I always read Christmas-cards that are sent me from cover to cover, and I adore the messages of suffocating affection which thus arrive from mere acquaintances. And many a time has the design on the card, which led me to buy it as being suitable for old (and detestable) Uncle Walter, let me in for the dedication—"TO MY LITTLE FRIEND"

just when it was too late to do anything about it; for I will stand him fourpence, but eightpence—never!

I love the way in which the words "Holly" and "Jolly" annually set up house together, with "Foam" and "Home" in the same building as it were; and dear old "A Greeting True I Send To You," and all those aspirations of the "May" school—

"MAY JOY BE YOURS THIS HAPPY MORN."

And I have a respect for those cards which, not content with the King's English (indeed they are seldom that), burst into strange and jocular Mummerset, which the picture of a spray of heather tied with a clanless tartan bow enables one to identify as Scottish:—

"For Auld Sake's Sake an' times Lang Syne
Thy fistie I wad hauld,
An' hope all's braw wi' thee an' thine
Amidst the snaw and cauld."

I yearly catch this cauld, though commonly one whistles for the snaw.

And even the Utterly Maundering card has a place in my heart—the card in which it is confidently expected that I shall, upon receipt of it, be thrown into a confusion of retrospective sentiment by the "Mem'ry" of "Those Days Agone," assisted by obscure reference to "The Seas Which Now Between Us Roll." This card is usually pushed through the letter-box by my next-door neighbour at the last moment, she having never meant to send me one at all, and feeling exasperated at being put in the wrong by me, who stood her a Robin from the twopenny tray. The fact that nothing more than an iron paling rolls between us seldom affects her choice.

And I love and honour the Completely Irrelevant cards. These (it being the depth of winter) portray a country cottage garden stuffed to the chimneys with rambler roses and delphiniums, an "oilette" representation of a bowl of nasturtiums, or a pierrot, a pierrette and six coloured balloons.

So far our only attempts at terseness have lain in those cards marked "Best Wishes," "To Greet You," or "Merry Xmas," and I really dread what the Christmas-card of the future may become; our good wishes threaten to resemble those cards which, in some American offices, tell you to

SAY IT IN FIVE MINUTES!

YOU AREN'T SHAKESPEARE.

As, It's a Long Day; but Bedtime's Got To Come.

Or, Three helps of turkey? Think again!

Or, To guard against the season's ills
Don't forget the liver-pills.

Or, Can't write. Too tired.

Or, Gift O.K. Best thanks.

And I suppose the new method is

also to be extended to the 1930 calendars, and we shall have no more Great Thoughts, such as:—

When Life's Clouds are very grey,
Smile!

Dawn is darkest 'fore the day.
Smile!

What are lips if not for mirth?
Fight old Woe for all you're worth!

Prove your right to be on earth.
Smile!

Ella Wheeler Woolworth.

We shall learn to be purely practical, and the makers of "block" calendars will scrap their uplift, their tender, humorous, sporting and sweetly - pretty lines for others comprising culinary and general hints and tips. As:—

New Year's Day.—January Sales begin. Secure your bargains early.

January 2nd.—Start saving now for your income-tax.

January 10th.—Aluminium saucepans should never be cleaned with soda. Those in which mincemeat has been stirred should be put to soak overnight with a piece of soft-soap the size of a walnut.

March 10th.—Ask your banker for a ticket in the Calcutta.

April 1st.—Write to your landlady now. Avoid last August's disappointment.

RACHEL.

Peers at Play.

"THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN Takes a shot at the shooting party he held in his beautiful grounds at Dunraven Castle."
Caption in Welsh Paper.

Mechanical Eugenics.

"MACHINERY.

One single wagon; 2 ploughs, cultivators, 1 set spring tooth harrows, set zig-zag harrows, disc harrows, 2 cream separators, tools and other miscellaneous. The above cattle are of high-class Jersey breeding and in good shape."

Advt. in B.C. Paper.

We hope that a suitable mate may be discovered for the single wagon.

"The work included beautiful carpets made out of old stockings, dolls and jams."—*Bath Paper.*

Apple jelly reinforced with Dismal Desmonds and darning wool is said to make an excellent surface for informal dancing.

"Buff Orpington Ducks, best dual purpose duck on market, five months old, laying Half Guinea each."—*Natal Paper.*

The dividends from dual purpose geese are even more satisfactory.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HIGHWAYMAN" (COMEDY).

THE Highwayman (Mr. Richard Black) was, in the opinion of the countryside, a very terrible fellow, and

her parents, paying his title for her fortune. There is clearly no love lost between them. He proposes riding on to visit an imperious lady who is more to his taste, and, in a sporting spirit, to leave the poet, who is manifestly in

love with the bride, to console her. The clatter of hoofs upon the high-road warns us of the approach of the formidable Black, and there enters a masked figure with a gallant air who shows traces of having done some posthumous reading in penny and more expensive dreadfuls and semi-dreadfuls of the romantic school, and says things like this: "Would you have taken another ride beneath the pale compelling moon?" Clearly an exceedingly romantic comedy is in store for us.

Mr. J. JEFFERSON FARJEON is not, however, content with a plain tale. His characters have pretensions to subtlety. The lady has ideas about life and death, and danger turns her into a woman of fine courage. The poet is a craven who doesn't appreciate his luck; the nobleman makes a somewhat better showing and some epigrams, but is extremely unresourceful. Naturally he takes a second look at his bride in the changed circumstances and determines, now that his horse and pistols have been sequestered, to begin wooing her in earnest.

Charles, the boots of the inn, a man of finished manners, of gentle speech, of a wise and tolerant philosophy and superb physical courage, and evidently own brother or cousin to the gentleman's gentleman in Mr. ASHLEY DUKES's *Load of Mischief*, alone makes any attempt to deal with the tremendous Mr. Black, who, as no doubt you will have guessed, is now successfully wooing the fair Lady Farleigh in his own romantic way, offering her his pistol and begging

her to shoot him—one of those calculated gestures which have from long use a certain insincerity. The lady, bored not unnaturally with the proceedings, is about to shoot herself when our excellent Charles, having heroically jumped from a bedroom window some twelve feet above the ground and miraculously escaped



"... and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung."

Paradise Lost.

Lord Farleigh MR. ALLAN JEAYES.
Legg MR. TOM REYNOLDS.



THE HIGHWAYMAN'S WOOING: FINDING HIS WAY
TO HER HEART.

Lady Farleigh MISS MARY GLYNNE.
Mr. Richard Black MR. EDMUND WILLARD.

was expected at any moment at the lonely hostel with the sign of "The Three Crowns." A young and impecunious but prettily dressed poet seeks lodging for the night; and a noble lord with his lady are coming a-honeymooning. The lady is an heiress; her lord, a cold-blooded calculating cynic, has bought her from

injury, gently takes the weapon from her in the very nick of time and ceremoniously hands it back to the highwayman, by way, I suppose, of expressing his appreciation of the fact that *Mr. Black* is a better man than the poor creatures, peer and poet, who are contemplating the dreadful drop from the window of their bedroom prison and unable to make up their minds to it.

It is clearly a most unlikely tale as it stands, and not improved by these rather unintelligible embroideries of still less likely characterisation. However, many strange things may be done without offence in the name of romantic comedy. We all knew that the end would come with the gentleman of the road swinging the lady on to his brave Black Bess and galloping beneath the pale compelling moon to safety and perpetual bliss. And so it fell out in due course.

Miss MARY GLYNNE was very prettily brave and tender and unreasonable; Mr. ALLAN JEAYES looked very black and sinister; Mr. EDMUND WILLARD was a very gallant highwayman; Mr. ASHTON PEARSE went very solemnly through the odd antics of the highly improbable *Charles*, and Mr. TOM REYNOLDS doddered plausibly as the rheumatic landlord.

I may have somewhat unsuccessfully concealed the fact that this business was not much to my taste. But there were others, including a very charming modern and (nevertheless) romantic young lady in my company, who had the wit to think differently. T.

"TUNNEL TRENCH" (DUCHESS).

No man need be too much cast down because his reach exceeds his grasp. Indeed perhaps the very contrary is the truth. Mr. HUBERT GRIFFITH has in *Tunnel Trench* attempted something more than the stark realism of war. He has been inspired to try to give us, besides the horror and futility, something also of the fineness; of the romance of youth drawn to youth by the bond of perpetual danger shared (only to be misunderstood by the crooked-minded); of the chivalry of fighting man towards fighting foe.

He has had no small measure of success. In the dream scene in the dug-out opposite Tunnel Trench (the taking of which is so vital a part of the proposed operations, and for which so many lives are to be sacrificed and in vain)

there is real imagination and a not ineffective, if at first rather puzzling, admixture of realism and convention, of humour and depth of feeling. He is perhaps less successful in the rather arbitrarily arranged meeting of the two brothers in the shell-hole, though here again the scene between the wounded German lying beside his dead friend and the dying English boy is well-conceived and dramatically effective.

Tunnel Trench does not display the ruthless economy of means which makes *Journey's End* so satisfying artistically. To take an instance, Mr. GRIFFITH has, in the interests of a realism which has no dramatic significance, crowded his first scene with a dozen or more flying officers collected to listen to a necessarily

gave us an admirable Old-Billish, cheery, patient, puzzled, pathetic private.

The Brass Hats were, like the burglar's counsel, "gloomy beggars"—never looked like winning a battle. But the author does not make the mistake of loading the dice against the Staff in the now customary wise-after-the-event manner. The players of these parts succeeded in conveying sympathy but not in avoiding a certain dulness. The last scene—the tired and anxious *General*, with his worried second-in-command and his bored sardonic aide—was well enough conceived and written but, dramatically, an anti-climax. The anti-climax was no doubt intentional and logical, but, for the theatre, rather dismayingly tame.

Clearly any war play for some time must have shadows cast upon it by the abnormal success of *Journey's End*. Mr. GRIFFITH's play seems on internal evidence to have been written much earlier than Mr. SHERIFF's, at a time when the opinions of participants and observers had not yet crystallised into the mood of permanent disillusion and of practical effort to avoid a future catastrophe which is now happily dominant. It suffers something from this accident of time and mood; it also gains something. It is a play well worth rewriting, though the rewriting might improve it technically at the expense of its spontaneity. There is sincerity and a touch of poetry in it.

The Duchess is a very well-designed intimate little

theatre, whose walls, surfaced with artificial stone, are of a pleasant tone and texture, and the architect and intelligent patron deserve high congratulation. But certainly it does not empty anything like quickly enough either for convenience or for safety, and I shall be surprised if modifications are not demanded by the appropriate authority. T.

Headaches for Historians.

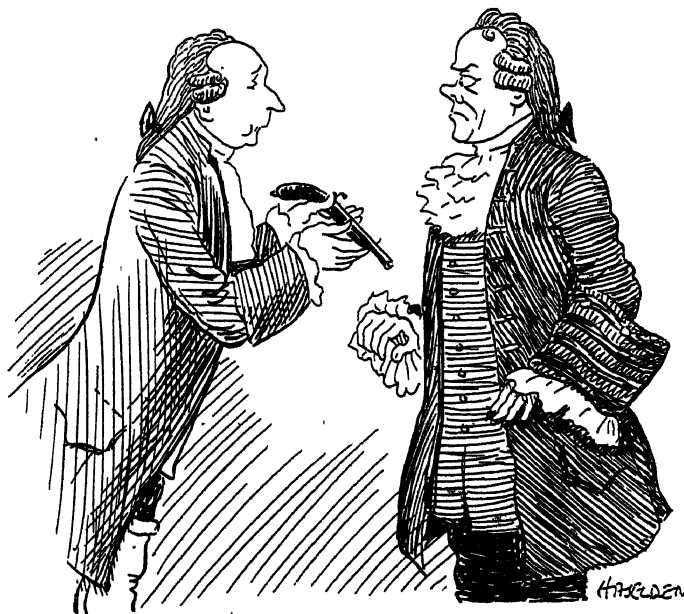
"Queen Maud of Norway, sister of King George, celebrated her 60th birthday yesterday at Oslo."

"The King and Queen visited the Queen of Norway at Appleton House, yesterday, and congratulated her upon the sixtieth anniversary of her birth."

Both from same paper, same column.

"Wanted companion for lady; fat; not over forty."—*Daily Paper*.

After that age they are apt to deviate into rotundity.



Mr. ASHTON PEARSE (*Charles*, prototype of the perfect stage butler) to Mr. EDMUND WILLARD (*Richard Black*). "YOUR PISTOL, SIR!"

rather dull scenario of the ensuing battle, relieved by the cheery lightheartedness of the Mess badinage. This is not a very effective scene in itself; moreover, as long casts are apt to mean indifferent playing unless there are considerable financial resources behind the enterprise, the presentation of his play suffers appreciably.

The acting indeed was not of a high order. Mr. BRIAN AHERNE's *Lieutenant St. Aubyn*, a romantic who loved poetry and music, was adequate but not deeply moving. Mr. WHITMORE HUMPHREY, his cheery low-brow hero-worshipping friend, was played with an attractive naturalness; but here the task set was simpler. Mr. WALLACE GEOFFREY's *Captain Carrington*, with an apt blending of authority and good fellowship, of stolid devotion to routine duty and intimate personal feeling, was excellently done, and Mr. REGINALD BACH

EVERYTHING TO DECLARE.

THE conversation had turned on smuggling—the only dishonesty which men and women of honour find it amusing to practise—and various triumphs in the way of defrauding this and other countries of their rightful revenue had been described. One man always brought his wife silk stockings from Paris tied round his waist; another always took to France with him tins of tobacco at the bottom of his golf-bag; and so forth. The only feat lacking was the introduction of dogs into England, although everyone had heard of the successful drugging of Pokes and the getting of them through the Custom-House as fur boas. This however was woman's work, not ours.

"You are all," said a little quiet man, "on the wrong tack. You are all taking risks. Now I know how to smuggle and yet be as pure in heart as the Chevalier BAYARD. I don't say the device will always work, because when these things become devices they can be dangerous; but it worked the other day at Harwich in an atmosphere of innocence, and that is how I chanced upon it.

"I have a small daughter, aged thirteen, who has been staying with some English cousins whose home is at the Hague. For her return I arranged for her to be put in the charge of the chief guard on the train and the chief stewardess on the boat. When I wrote to her giving her all the needful instructions, I added that she was to bring me five hundred Dutch cigars, which her uncle would get for me, and to be very scrupulous in declaring them.

"Very well. Off she set, had an easy crossing and arrived at the Custom-House very much on her own. I should add that she looks even younger than she is.

"And now, Missy," said the officer, 'please run your eye down this card and tell me what you have to declare.'

"Alice read the list of contrabands very carefully and said, 'Five hundred cigars.'

"The officer was enchanted. 'Only five hundred?' he said. 'Not a thousand?'

"'Five hundred,' said Alice, perplexed by his laughter, for she was feeling very proud of her position as an important traveller.

"The officer called his chief. 'I asked her what she had to declare,' he told him, 'and she says, "Five hundred cigars." The little smoker! Very long ones, Missy, I'll be bound?'

"Yes," said Alice.

"And strong?" the officer went on. 'Long and strong? I know the kind

you'd like.' He slapped his thigh. 'And you haven't got any Schnapps?'

"No," said Alice.

"Not a dozen of the best Schiedam?"

"No," said Alice.

"And which end of the cigar do you put in your mouth, Missy," the chief inquired, 'the flat end or the pointed? And how long will five hundred last you? A week, I suppose? That's the best thing I've heard for months.'

"Meanwhile Alice was proffering her keys, for she longed to show how straightforward she was being. But no, the officer wouldn't touch them. Instead, he called another of the staff—probably the man who weighs the silk and refuses to admit there's any cotton with it—and told him the whole delicious story. 'Look at this baby,' he said. 'Asked what she had to declare, she said, "Five hundred cigars." That's a good 'un. Can you beat it? Only five hundred. And long and strong. Well, well, my child, get along to the train; it's going very soon now. And have a good breakfast. Plenty of ham and eggs and coffee. And then settle down to a good smoke. It's the best of the day—the one after breakfast. I only smoke a pipe myself; I can't afford cigars. But you light one of the old torpedoes and put your feet up and enjoy it. Five hundred—that's rich!'

"So Alice never had her luggage opened after all.

"Not a bad tip," the little quiet man added. "Smuggling without deceit. But of course you must have the necessary ingredients: first, Custom-House officers who prefer chaffing and laughing to searching, and secondly a little blue-eyed daughter of thirteen. That's the catch. The officers may be more or less plentiful, but my Alice is unique."

E. V. L.

Speed with Security.

"This summer, as an experiment, I made the journey from London to Glasgow, in two stages, on a motor-coach. . . . I doubt if I could have improved on our running time unless I had had a particularly fast car. Of course it was all highly illegal, but I never once had a feeling of insecurity."

Article in *Sunday Paper*.

Is there a pedestrian so hardened that his heart is untouched by the *naïveté* of this last sentence?

"The articles appearing in next week's Number will be as important as the fiction. Among them will be a striking contribution, entitled 'What Another Big War Would Mean,' specially written by Boyd Cable, one of the most famous authors of the War."

Weekly Paper.

Nevertheless we consider that the verdict of History will be to exculpate Mr. BOYD CABLE.

THE MILKY WAY TO HEALTH.

"If Mr. Lloyd George's hair is white it is still plentiful, and the bloom of youth has never left his cheeks. He has found the secret of perennial youth. He attributes his good health to the fact that for years he has been accustomed to take a glass of buttermilk with every meal."—*Evening Standard*.]

GREAT ALEXANDER held the East in fee
But perished at the age of thirty-three;

Strong drink cut short his progress,
otherwise

He might have been preserved by
China tea.

"Brandy for heroes!" cried immortal
SAM

JOHNSON, who earned the title of "Great
Cham,"

Not from champagne, for, though he
relished wine,

In later years he never drained a dram.

The hardy Scythians of the frozen
Steppe

In Koumiss found a source of perfect
pep;

But mare's milk is not popular in the
land

Where affirmation is expressed by
"Yep."

Staunch vegetarians, who dispense with
chops

And steaks and joints, from tender
turnip-tops

Distil a bland non-alcoholic brew

Which they prefer to heady malt and
hops.

The bulbul's jug-jug in the wilderness
Held an elixir potent to redress

The tanning influence of the solar
rays

On the complexion of the shepherdess.

PINDAR, the Theban eagle, stout of quill,
Proclaimed the sovereignty of Nature's rill,

And athletes, emulous of Olympian
fame,

Their laureate's precepts faithfully fulfil.

But there's a liquor more efficient far
Than any artificial unguents are

In fixing Beauty's ensign on the
cheek

And washing out Time's wrinkle, Pas-
sion's scar.

For now we know that Cambria's
wondrous wizard,

Who rides the storm and regulates the
blizzard,

Owes to a daily dose of buttermilk
His blooming cheek, his adamant gizzard.

"Is INDUSTRY GOING SOUTH?"

North-Country Paper.

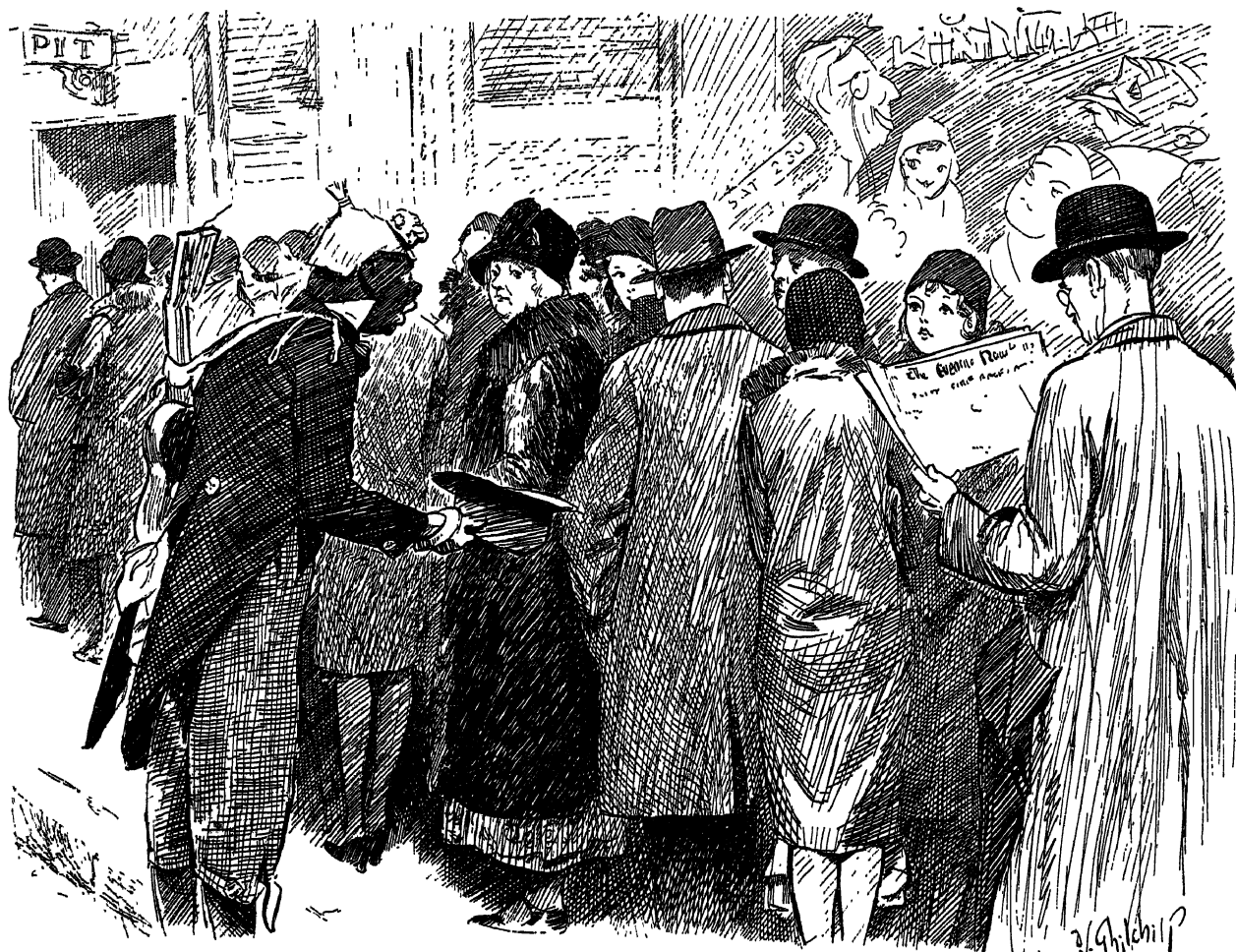
Many people declare that it has already
gone west.



MANNERS AND MODES.

[“The mode of Invited Guests sending Deputies to Wedding and other Receptions is spreading.”—*Gossip Column*]

Footman. “THE DUCHESS OF DILLWATER!”



Busker (completely ignored). "WOT, NOT A 'A'PENNY TO SPARE AMONG THE WHOLE LOT OF YER? LUMMY, DON'T TELL ME I'VE BEEN PERFORMIN' TO A LABOUR EXCHANGE QUEUE IN HELLOR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE other day, bandying conjectures about life and letters with an ardent and modest seventeen-year-old, I realized (in point of fact I was assured) that the newest youth was hard at work reconstructing and continuing pre-war traditions. Like a school of rural lace-making which just manages to acquire the stitches of the oldest inhabitant before that last repository of craftsmanship drops into the grave, I find my younger friends singularly inclined to begin where the Victorians left off. Victorians are becoming apprised of the situation—you see them stretching affectionate hands across the neo-Georgian Styx. And one of the most generous and attractive of these living and breathing *revenants* is "STET" of *The Saturday Review*. Like HANS ANDERSEN, "STET" is a trifle put out because he is beloved for what he does easily. Yet I feel that *Back Numbers* (CONSTABLE), for all its ease and licence of table-talk, is born of the same pangs as its writer's full-dress work on the English Romantics. Here undoubtedly "STET" is most himself when least cumbered with erudition; and of the fifty-odd gems of causerie reprinted I should particularly urge "Bret Harte," "Mrs. Oliphant," "Ibsen" and "Sixty Years of the Novel" on my neo-Victorian friends. As for those born, like "STET" and myself, *bonæ sub regno Victoria*, what a feast of recognitions awaits us! We have just enough matter for a legitimate grumble or

two—personally I find discernment inadequate in the case of GILBERT, ANSTEE, LEWIS CARROLL and DU MAURIER. The time, I think, will arrive when current estimates of the last-named will be revised on the lines of the present book's tribute to AUSTIN DOBSON—an exquisite vindication of genius which has passed too long for talent.

Lord FISHER, who foretold as early as 1908 a German attack in the autumn of 1914, and was recalled in war-time, when already seventy-three years old, to the principal executive post in the Navy, was reported, during an interim period of retirement, to be growing roses. The Navy's opinion was that those roses would blank well have to grow. Seeing that the bluejackets firmly believed he had invented electricity, and knew he had not only originated the *Dreadnought* but got her to sea in a year from laying her keel, the proposition seemed reasonable. It is sheer inspiration to read—in Admiral Sir R. H. BACON's biography, *Lord Fisher* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)—how this greatest of sailors since NELSON swept in a white wave of efficiency through the lumbered dockyards and sleepy offices, hurling in front of him useless ships, roundabout methods, piled correspondences and protesting politicians in one equal welter of antique litter, carried on the crest of his own infinitely buoyant and resistless personality. Midshipmen under FISHER who could not or would not dance found their leave stopped; and KING EDWARD himself on one occasion submitted to being pushed into a corner to afford

space for the Admiral to give a dancing-lesson to a Russian princess, the music being a MOODY AND SANKEY hymn-tune whistled by the instructor. If he loved anything better than a good dance it was a good sermon, and he had an inimitable trick of framing arresting phrases to startle his colleagues, reinforcing them with tags of Scripture and with underlinings up to fourfold that endure even in this printed biography. Admiral BACON, writing with an entire absence of troublesome impartiality—"favouritism is the secret of efficiency," said FISHER—is quite completely successful, I think, in presenting this human hurricane, this laughing volcano, in action. In repose he cannot present him, for in repose he never was, except in those quiet daily moments when he was wont to steal, alone, from the Admiralty to the Abbey.

Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL's new novel, *Miss Welby at Steen* (COLLINS), has quickened my belief in the agility of those wizards of the fairy tales who could turn themselves into anything they chose. He must have something of the wizard about him, since he has, for the space of a book, turned himself into a nursery-governess, has in fact become *Miss Welby*, and in this guise written a prim diary. Since wizards seldom assume an attractive form, it is not surprising that *Miss Welby's* virtues and class-conscious snobberies are rather provoking. We see her first as a school-mistress who wants to become a novelist. With this object in mind she takes the post of nursery-governess in a country-house and settles down to her diary in the evenings. In between her detailed accounts of family life she writes that she is small and plain, and constantly reminds herself that she must keep her proper place. All her little emotions—her sneaking fear of the servants, her appreciation of good food and easy manners, her worry over her clothes and her anxiety not to appear to

be "setting her cap at the son of the house"—are minutely recorded. Until the final chapters are reached nothing of much importance happens to *Miss Welby*, except the proposals of the son of the house. To divulge the occurrence that calls up all her virtues and self-effacement would spoil the dénouement of the book. I am not enamoured of *Miss Welby*—she is so exasperatingly correct—but I am full of admiration for Mr. MARSHALL's art. His leap into the skin of a nursery-governess is a remarkable feat, and the chronicle that results from his wizardry is well worth reading.

Given a family of limited means with six daughters, given that the daughters are well-behaved young women of average intelligence and that they really prefer home-life to career-making or husband-hunting—what is a mother to do? Is she to insist on careers—and finance them; or on husband-hunting—and finance that? Or is she just to trust in God and keep her powder dry till the right men come along?



Farmer (after the fire at which the brigade were late). "WELL, WHAT'S THE GOOD OF ARGUING ABOUT IT? WE ALL 'ELPED TO PUT IT OUT. WHY, 'ARRY 'ERE EVEN THREW 'IS BEER AT IT."

This last humane procedure is the one more or less adopted by Mrs. Brooke, whose sympathetic dealings with half-a-dozen daughters and their wooers provide the staple commodity of *Six of Them* (COLLINS). Mrs. Brooke, who tells her own story, displays the tender practical philosophy of "a born mother." That she has no more exalted preoccupation accounts perhaps for her chief maternal defect: an oversolicitude which takes heavy toll of its subject without particularly benefiting its six objects. The story opens with a silver wedding in a Cornish village, at which all the daughters except one assist. The exception, *Nancy*, a medical student, puts in an appearance later, and, with the normal perversity of the modern young woman on whom most of the family capital has been lavished, is almost but not quite the first daughter to marry. The similar feats of three of her sisters are engagingly described—indeed I found the main Cornish tracts of the story both entertaining and plausible. With *Hester*, however, we stray into Soho

and a darker atmosphere, an atmosphere that needs a sterner pen than *Mrs. Brooke's* to do it justice. Frankly I thought *Hester's* affairs, and the grimmer aspect of *Nancy's*, too tragic for the key of the book. Its clever author, Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, should not, I feel, lightly part company with the Comic Muse.

Experience has taught me to approach Big Game books cocksure of every shot in the locker, every plank in the machan. So I thought that I knew all about Mr. ARNOLD HODSON's *Where Lion Reign* (SKEFFINGTON) almost without opening it. I was wrong, for here is no book of bangs but a record of strenuous consular service on the "outposts of Empire"—i.e., South-West Abyssinia, where the Lion reigns indeed, for does not the NEGUS NEGUSTI bear the proud title of "Conquering Lion of Judah" and claim origin from SHEBA and SOLOMON? Mr. HODSON's headquarters are at Maji, an arcade of ivory poachers, raiders and gun-runners, and, though he toys in his lighter moments with an occasional "pride" (is there an Abyssinian Dame JULIANA?) of lions and shoots five or six and catches butterflies "like stained-glass windows, wonderfully beautiful," his book is an account, and a fine one, of his official progresses and tours. But lest tour and progress suggest the prancing proconsul, let me say that these promenades, hellish with insects, thirst and loneliness, are real records of daily danger and sudden death, and that Mr. HODSON writes of them simply, wittily and well. The book is a long one, and it is impossible, without much space, to do it the honour that I feel it deserves, so I will only say that *Where Lion Reign* is worth reading even by stay-at-homes, and that the appendices, which deal with shooting and trekking, especially trekking, should be invaluable to those for whom they are intended. There are numerous photographs, one of a python that would put Mr. KIP-LING's *Kaa* to shame, and there is for entomologists a paper by Professor POULTON on the butterflies of Abyssinia and on how Mr. HODSON has added to our knowledge of them.

It is not easy to believe that any youth of decent breeding could be such a dastard as Lord Edgeham in *After the Deed* (BLACKWOOD). The "deed" that he committed, when an undergraduate at Oxford, was to kill a bookseller whose daughter he was pursuing, and the immediate outcome of this disaster was that he allowed his younger brother, *Lawrence*, to shoulder the responsibility of it. So *Edgeham* remained in England, to be pampered by his doting mother, while *Lawrence*, with the help of a delightful filibuster, Captain Cartwright, bolted pell-mell from the country. The date of these events was early in 1914, and presently we find *Lawrence* fighting under an assumed name, and *Edgeham*—on the eve of going into action and suspecting (rightly) that he would be killed—making a written confession. But the end of *Lawrence's* ordeal was not yet.

His mother, backed up by a prig of a parson and a rascally lawyer, refused to believe that *Edgeham* had done the "deed," and even succeeded in persuading herself that the confession was incontestable proof of his noble character. It is a tale which does not give Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON a fair chance to reveal his remarkable abilities, but sentimental readers will be moved to tears of pity over the misfortunes of *Lawrence* as he bore the burden of his impulsive action. And they will rejoice that in the end he is freed from suspicion and achieves happiness.

So many people had sound cause to loathe *Sir John Palliser* that you will be clever if, without the aid of Mr. S. J. STUTLEY and Mr. A. E. COPP, you discover by whom he was murdered. The names of the collaborators in *The Melbourne Mystery* (THE BODLEY HEAD) are unknown to me, but, if this is their first appearance in the field of sensational fiction, they have made a remarkably promising debut. It would seem that a private detective in Australia is given a rather freer hand than is commonly allowed in this country; but, however that may be, *Gordon Trevelyan* did his work with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of fuss, and he was given a most intricate problem to solve. Domestic troubles are so ingeniously combined with matters of international importance that I can count at least four men who for different reasons thought that *Sir John* was an encumbrance. *Trevelyan* at the end of this vigorous story shows advanced symptoms of matrimony, but, whether bachelor or Benedick, I hope that his creators will let him loose to exercise his talents in solving another mystery.



THE WORM TURNS.

"NOW BEFORE I BEGIN REMEMBER SILENCE IS THE RULE HERE. I DON'T WANT ANY RACING TIPS, NOR GOLF ADVENTURE TALES, NOR CLEVER CHILDREN'S REMARKS, NOR ANY CONVERSATION FROM YOU, SIR, WHATEVER."
(It is the hairdresser who is speaking.)

It would be doing E. R. PUNSHON, Messrs. BENN and also the general public an injustice to say anything about *The Unexpected Legacy* which might give the slightest clue to its unexpected ending. The plot is of good construction, the tracks well covered and the false scents skilfully sprayed on. And, though it falls some way below E. R. PUNSHON at his best, the writing is readable enough to float the complications of the plot. Scotland Yard, I suppose, has grown hardened to the caricatures which our detective writers love to draw of its interior workings; but I can fully recommend this picture of his Alma Mater to any police-inspector who is in search of stimulating recreation. It is surely incorrect, by the way, to label this type of book a thriller. Opening with the crime already accomplished, it deals soberly with a scientific process of solution. It should certainly interest, but I fail to see how it can thrill. Publishers, please note.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Taken from Life* (ALSTON RIVERS), a collection of drawings by GEORGE BELCHER, some of which he sponsored; and a Calendar for 1930, published by G. DELGADO, LTD., 53-55, East Road, City Road, N.1, which contains pictures reprinted from these pages.

CHARIVARIA.

IN motoring circles there is a strong feeling in favour of inserting in the Traffic Bill a clause making the abolition of the speed-limit retrospective, so that those who have been fined for exceeding it may be entitled to get their money back. * *

The statement in a daily paper that civilian flying continues to progress by leaps and bounds is hardly fair. There is a marked increase in the frequency of sustained flights. * *

Fumes which caused tears to flow from the eyes of passers-by in the neighbourhood of Shoe Lane the other day were found to arise from a broken jar of ammonia, and not, as was at first thought, from a consignment of newspaper sob-stuff. * *

A London magistrate has pointed out that the only way to stop a woman talking is to get hold of her and kiss her. We hesitate, however, to adopt this method with the type that usually sits behind us at the play. * *

Dr. ANTHONY McCALL foresees the medical profession running a monster store, with the general practitioner as a shopwalker, directing his clients to the departments which seem suitable to their cases. We visualise a rush of hypochondriacs to the bargain-basement. * *

The ground floor of the new Mexican National Theatre is an art gallery. It is regarded as evidence of the changed spirit of Mexico that it isn't a shooting gallery. * *

The feeling in Chelsea with regard to the Staffordshire artist whose sketch from memory enabled the police to recognise a wanted man is that he evidently isn't an adherent of the advanced school of portraiture. * *

A newspaper reader tells of a sufferer from rheumatism who was benefited by going to live at Highbury, on a doctor's advice. Difficulty is often experienced, however, in persuading patients to try these drastic remedies. * *

Attention is drawn to the heavy liabilities that may be incurred by tele-

phone-subscribers who allow other people to use their instruments for overseas calls. It becomes more and more evident that telephones are undesirable things to have about the house. * *

Rival undertakers' touts in Liverpool are said to be using fast motor-cars. The thought that just any fast motor-car may be driven by an undertaker's tout adds greatly to the terrors of the traffic. * *

Sir JAGADIR CHANDRA BOSE has given a demonstration of a new apparatus so

It is claimed that the Lancashire dialects of to-day approximate closely to the original Anglo-Saxon. Latin influences contaminate much of what England says to-morrow. * *

An American has invented a piano with three keyboards. It doesn't look as though Mr. MACDONALD's visit to the States has been as successful as we thought. * *

The theory is advanced that deserters from the armies of ALEXANDER THE GREAT were the ancestors of the Marias, a mysterious tribe in India, whose Western origin is inferred from their strict code of morality and their comparatively pale complexions. Black Marias are unknown amongst them. * *

White turkeys are all the rage this season, but nothing is heard of novel shades for plum-puddings. * *

Hunter-breeding, we are assured, keeps many farmers on their feet. Other people are kept on their feet by the high price of horse-flesh. * *

Crooks turned out by a Sussex octogenarian are sent all over the world, we learn. Does Mr. EDGAR WALLACE know this? * *

Residents of the Becontree Estate are demanding a better fire-station. We are asked to deny the rumour that they have received a reply stating that they must first prove its need by having bigger and better fires. * *

Three editors in Cuba have disappeared and it is feared they have been kidnapped. Perhaps they will soon be returned with regrets. * *

In a newspaper article a lady-doctor discusses the physical and psychological causes of boredom. It is significant that she does not include the newspaper article. * *

A motorist complains that he was refused admission to a hospital after an accident because it was full. These pedestrians are becoming impossible. * *

A gossip-writer points out that Christmas Day falls on a Wednesday this year. It will be interesting to see if he is correct.



Wife (a hardened bungalow-dweller in flooded area). "If YOU'D HAD ANY FORETHOUGHT, JOHN, YOU'D HAVE HAD THIS WARDROBE FITTED WITH AN AUXILIARY ENGINE."

sensitive that it records the response of plants to wireless stimulation which is beyond human perception. To all appearances our aspidistra is an utterly indifferent listener-in. * *

Lord ASHFIELD's offices on the seventh floor of the new Underground building are reached by an express lift. Passengers for intermediate floors should be careful not to enter an Ashfield non-stop. * *

An M.P. observes that many Londoners who ask for gallery tickets appear to regard the House as a place of entertainment. Even in the theatrical world it is found that deadheads are not easily disillusionised.

A CHRISTMAS PEACE-PARLEY.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD TO MR. JAMES MAXTON.

"And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?"—SHELLEY.

EVEN jealous foes must credit
Me with this, if nothing more,
That I stand for Peace (they said it
Frankly in the recent War);
With this record it would shame me,
As the Good-will Season nears,
If I did not say, "O JAMIE,
Kiss again with tears!"

Look at HENDERSON embracing
Russia's envoy like a brother!
Look at me and HOOVER lacing
Arms and necks with one another!
Love, in terms of perfect parity,
Clicks with Love across the foam;
Yet I've always heard that Charity
Should begin at home.

What, I ask, did Mr. SHELLEY,
Back in 1820 say?
Love at strife, that hurts like hell, he
Found opposed to Nature's way;
Notice how the mistletoe, Jim,
Nestles to its chosen tree;
What's the good if you, my jo, Jim,
Nestle not to me? O. S.

A BAD HAT.

I DON'T usually wear anything on my head when I play golf except a certain amount of hair. But this seemed to be the windiest day of the year so far, and I thought I would put on a hat to keep out the draught. So I went back into the locker-room.

We didn't get the full force of the gale until the short third.

"Where do I have to go now?" said my opponent, who was new to the course.

"Just up there, about eighty yards. A mashie pitch," I said, pointing to the flag.

As I spoke my hat blew off and went on to the green.

"Shall I play, or wait?" he said. "I suppose if I hit it I lose the hole?"

"I'll go up and get it," I said.

He played. I was just going to follow him when my hat went on to the green again. He refused to fetch it so I played too. I hit my hat and lost the hole. This was rather annoying.

It blew off again at the next tee.

"Is that the line for the hole again?" said my opponent.

"No, a bit to the left this time, and further," I said. There was mud on the hat now and casual water, but I thought I had better go on wearing it from time to time when the wind did

not require it. I hate having my pocket full of wet things. I was sorry that we had started without caddies, especially as the gusts of wind were accompanied by a lot of rain.

Going to the fifth green my hat blew off again. I wasn't addressing the ball at the time, but the man on the fairway of the seventh, which runs parallel to the fifth, was. It took him in the mouth and chin, and he made a very bad brassie shot indeed. I went over to him and apologised, and he returned my hat to me with a muffled oath, muffled more by the wind than anything else.

The whole course seemed to be full of my hat. It was like a wild woodland thing. As we stood on the ninth tee it did actually scurry right across the plain towards a little coppice of beech-trees, which is out of bounds.

"This will mean speed as well as cunning," I thought. I turned to my opponent.

"I rely on your chivalry to assist me," I said.

"All right," he answered.

Together we ran, throwing our putters at it and picking them up again, watching keenly for a turn, as a greyhound watches a hare. We trapped it in a pot-bunker just before it reached the fence, and tramped back together across the long leaf-strewn sward. Only one pair had gone through. They had watched us for a few moments, but there was no sporting fire in their blood.

The hat was still recognisable as a hat. The component fibres of the material had not begun in any way to disintegrate, but it was heavy to wear and was beginning to assume fantastic modulations both in the crown and in the brim. It was not the hat of a man of fashion nor a man of pride.

It was quiet now for several holes, but at the fourteenth it spoilt my game as I was making a rather good approach shot. It was not merely the fact that it blew off my head that I minded or that it circled above me like a falcon, it was the fact that I played the ball straight into the lining of the crown. This hampered it in its flight and, as I think, actually helped to bring to earth the hat, but it spoilt the stroke as a stroke, nor was either of us certain whether this contingency was provided for in the rules, though, as I pointed out, it must often have happened in the good old days of the beaver and the wideawake, when golf was really golf. On windy days in the low countries, I said, a stroke of that kind must have been one of the commonest hazards of the play. But my hat, with the ball inside it, was now floating in a small ornamental pond, and I felt that a cor-

rect readjustment of the position would lead to endless dispute. So I agreed to lose the hole. I wiped my hat as dry as possible and put it on again.

At the fifteenth it flew into an elm-tree. The bough was bare and did not project very far from the trunk. With climbing-irons and a little caution I could easily have recovered it, but I had no climbing-irons. I was at a loss for some time, until my opponent suggested that I should climb on to his back and use the mashie-niblick. I brought it down at the fourth or fifth attempt, together with more than half of the projecting bough, which cannot, I think, have hurt his head nearly as much as he made out. He chose, however, to be a little sulky for the remaining three holes.

In spite of all my misfortunes we were square on the seventeenth green; and if the wind had not blown my last putt in a half-circle I maintain that I should have squared the match.

"Well, that was a tussle!" he said as he took up the long bamboo flag-pole and was about to jam the iron spike back into its socket again.

"Hullo! Look out!" I cried.

But I was too late. He jammed it straight through the crown of my hat.

"What about leaving it there?" he suggested.

But I would not. I pulled up the pin and bore the battered relic away.

Just as we were entering the clubhouse a caddie ran up to me.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said, "but the secretary's compliments, and are you a member of the club?"

I was very indignant.

"Of course I am!" I said. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Nothing, Sir; only the secretary noticed you as you was coming in and said he didn't recognise you."

I saw the secretary in the locker-room. He said he was sorry for the mistake.

"It's all right," I said; "I think it must have been my hat. I don't usually wear one, you know."

I showed it to him.

"It's mine," he said.

So it was. My own was hanging on a peg.

I was rather glad.

EVOE.

A Glimpse of the Obvious.

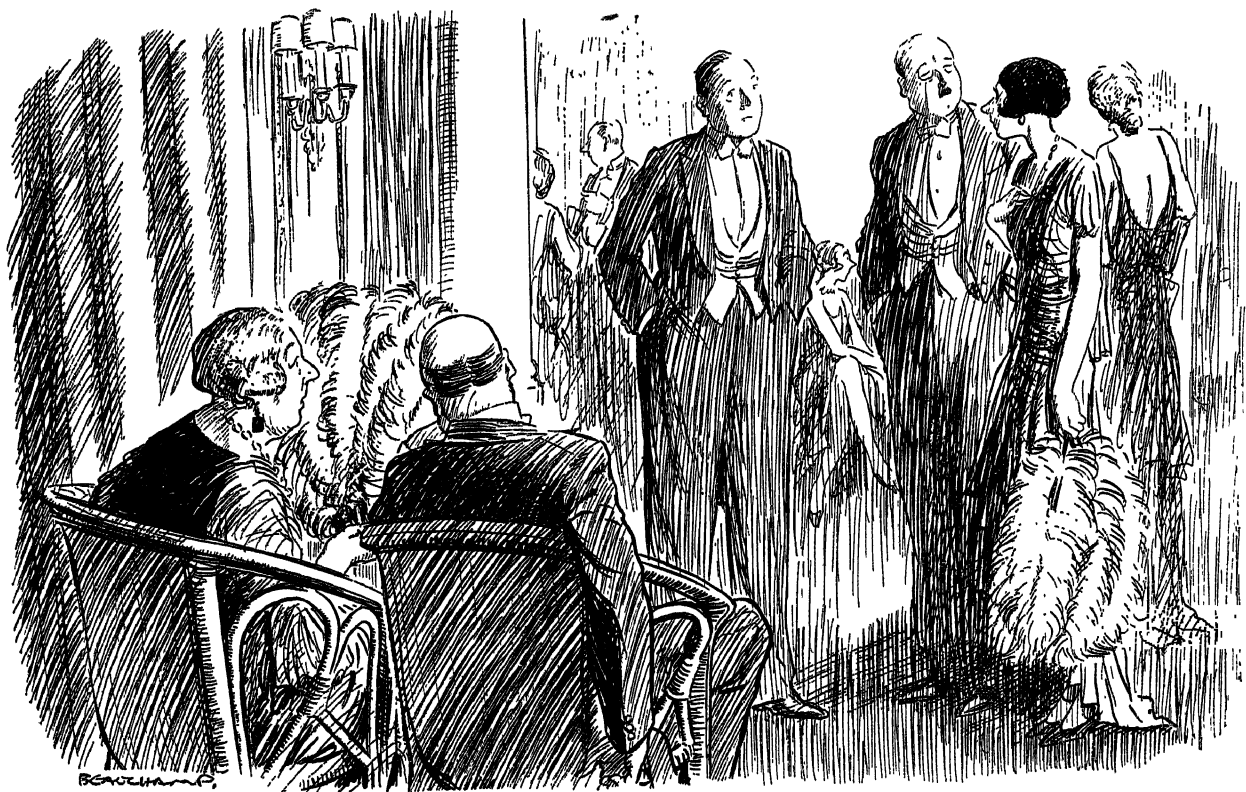
"An official of the Thames Conservancy Board added, 'Whether or not there will be any further flooding depends on the amount of rain to come.'"—*Evening Paper*.

"From the opening bar of the overture right on to the final crudeness of the festival scene . . ."—*Scots Paper*.

Our Spoonerist says this term is not to be found in *his* "Corden's Concrudence."



TRouble IN ARCADY;
OR, RAMSAY MACSTREPHON AND THE BLACK SHEEP.



Old Lady. "SHE ALWAYS GIVES ONE THE IMPRESSION OF LISTENING FASTER THAN ONE CAN TALK TO HER."

GANGER'S GOUT.

Blethers interrupted a long discussion of his symptoms in order to point out an elderly man crossing the club smoking-room.

"See that fellow," he puffed. "That's Ganger. Ever hear about his gout?"

"No. Tell me," I said gratefully. It would at least be a change from listening to Blethers describing his own infirmities, even though I had an idea he was breaking an unwritten law of his club. The Senior Valetudinarians never discuss another member's ailments in his absence; they invariably let him speak for himself.

"Poor fellow," continued Blethers, shaking his head; "he's had a rotten time." He ordered a tonic-water and took with it a large pill which he selected from an engraved silver box. Very hospitably he offered me one too, but I refused; whereupon he stood me a glass of port. Invalid port.

"Ganger," he said, "first joined the club about ten years ago. There was some doubt originally as to whether he was qualified, but we all understood he had a weak heart. At any rate he lunched here one day as Colonel Peccant-Hamour's guest and talked about his weak heart till 5.15 p.m. So he was later put up and elected without question.

"Then we had a shock. We discovered that the weak heart he had discussed so ably belonged to his brother! Ganger himself was as sound as a bell. It was difficult of course to do anything about it beyond hinting to him that it was bad form in this as in all the best clubs to discuss other people's infirmities. It rather broke him up, for he was naturally a talkative man. At first he used to listen wistfully on the outskirts of a conversational group, but you could see how he felt his position, especially if the talk turned to hearts.

"After about two years of that he suddenly appeared to perk up and went off on a mysterious holiday. We heard later that he had been on a cycling tour in the Peak district—did I tell you his brother's heart was supposed to have been brought on by bicycling up hills when young?—but it didn't do him any good; he even felt better after it. In fact, the poor devil came back so disgustingly bronzed and healthy that it actually made us all feel quite well to look at him. . . ."

"You said something about gout?" I hinted.

"Yes, yes, I'm coming to that. Well, for the next two or three years I will say Ganger tried hard—I think he very nearly had sunstroke one summer—but on the whole he only got fitter and

fitter. At last he went to an expensively-fashionable doctor, thinking that would do the trick, only to have it reluctantly broken to him that he hadn't even the *ghost* of a *maladie imaginaire*. At that he gave up, poor fellow, and just crept about the club looking the picture of health.

"And then"—here Blethers placed a hand to his lumbar region and with a slight groan of suppressed pain turned dramatically in his armchair to face me—"then about a year ago he *got gout*. Had it in the right knee and leg. At the first twinge he drank half a bottle of port to clinch it and came down at once to the club in a taxi. I saw him myself limp eagerly into the hall, his lips already moving in anticipation of how he was going to chat to the first member he met. It was of course unfortunate that the first member he did meet should be Colonel Tenderfoote, who has had gout on and off for twenty-three years, because his opening and perhaps ill-considered remark was, 'Morning, Colonel; do you know anything about gout?' and he didn't get a chance to say anything more for twenty-seven minutes, which took a bit of the bloom off.

"After that, however, he settled into his stride. He was here till well after midnight chatting to people. Towards the end of the evening he was also dis-

cussing a hoarseness and sore throat which he ascribed to the east wind. . . . Come to that," added Blethers thoughtfully, "my own throat isn't any too—"

"What about Ganger?" I asked just in time.

"Ah, Ganger, poor devil!" he continued sympathetically.

"Why poor devil?"

"He went to a doctor next day and the doctor found that it was only a touch of rheumatism. And he's never had even that since. Yes, poor Ganger's gout is quite a club story; I can't help feeling sorry for the chap. But you know he ought to have realised gout is quite different from rheumatism. I've had both and I know. In fact, I had a touch of gout only yesterday. Have some more port and I'll tell you about it. . . ." A. A.

FACE VALUES.

[Dean INGE, writing in an evening newspaper, observed that "in an assembly of professional men—doctors, lawyers, clergymen or teachers . . . one can see their natural features partially moulded into the professional type. Those who fail to acquire this stamp are at a disadvantage."]

I've very often wondered, since my career began,

Why I have lagged so far behind, a hopeless "also-ran,"

While some dull fellow forged ahead, collecting cash and fame,

An eminent position and a handle to his name.

My much superior brain

Has functioned all in vain,

And I've inquired how is it thus

That I have always missed the bus?

Now the comments of Dean INGE,

So pregnant with meaning,

Would seem to go straight to the spot;

If doctors and teachers

Must model their features

To suit their vocation or count it a blot,

I've palpably failed, to my lasting disgrace,

To acquire the distinctive professional face.

Oh, I might have been a butcher, I might have owned a farm,

And my simple homely aspect would have caused me little harm;

I might have peddled collar-studs and done tremendous biz,

But I entered a profession and was stymied by my phiz.

It's clear that such a dial

Presiding at a trial

Must mar the pomp and circumstance for which the courts have catered;

And a bishop on a see

Who looked at all like me

Would scandalise the diocese and have to be de-gaitered.



"I GUARANTEE THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NOT ONLY AS A CERTAIN CURE FOR COLDS BUT AS AN INFALLIBLE PREVENTIVE. MOREOVER ONE BOTTLE WILL LAST YOU 'ALF-A-DOZEN COLDS.'"

For my face won't conform
To the recognised norm
That spells an outstanding career
In the Church or the Law,
Where the right kind of jaw
Is worth quite a thousand a year.
I lack the august and distinguished expression
That leads to success in a learned profession.

I might have been a broker, since men
who deal in stocks
May prosper in the City however odd
their clocks;

I might have been a bookie, for mine, I
frankly own, is
A luckier man than I am, but he isn't
an Adonis.

Oh, I might have been a baker
Or a useful undertaker,
Or settled down to plumbing and done
quite well at that;
I might have thrived in milk
But I'll never wear the silk
Or own a house in Harley Street or
sport a shovel hat.

My commonplace mug
Is an obvious drug
On the legal and medical mart;
Its bourgeois good-humour
Is plainly a stumer
And ruins my chance at the start,
Since no one, observing its lay-out or
plan,
Could think me a worthy professional
man.
C. L. M.

WHY TWOPENCE ?

II.

THE Musical Copyright Bill, 1929, has already produced one or two rather acid jokes, but the big jest is still to come.

For the benefit of the reader who has only just tuned in on this comical affair and is still somewhat mystified I will summarise the provisions of the Bill; and, to make it simpler still, I will give them in terms of horses instead of in the language of musical copyright. Indeed, we will call it the

HORSE PROPERTY BILL, 1929.

Clause 1.—Every person owning a horse shall put his name on it, and a notice to say "THIS HORSE MUST NOT BE STOLEN."

Clause 2.—If any person omits to label a horse all his horses may be stolen.

Clause 3.—The owner of horses shall not be compelled to sell his horses, but if he does sell horses he shall sell them for a sum not exceeding twopence per horse.

Clause 4.—This Act may be cited as the Horses (Permission to Steal) Act, 1929.

People have remarked with a mild surprise that *Punch* has taken these curious proposals rather seriously. Well, it shall never be said that *Punch* was fiddling while the composer was burning; and I am authorised to say that *Punch* is definitely against the principle of the Statutory Maximum Wage, and has an old-fashioned prejudice against robbery.

But now for the joke.

In the course of the Second Reading debate Sir JOHN WITHERS said:—

"I do not agree . . . that people should get exactly what their work would fetch in the market. As regards copyright that is not so, and . . . Clause 19 of the Copyright Act, 1911, specifically mentions the rates of royalties to be paid for the mechanical reproduction of music, and, the principle being admitted, the matter is one of detail."

"The principle being admitted? Who has admitted the principle? No

author or composer that I have ever met. But the honourable gentleman's other facts are correct. In 1911 the copyright royalty on a gramophone record was limited by law to 5% on the sale-price. Last year it was graciously raised to 6½ by Board of Trade Order, and the Board of Trade alone knows why the limitation was not removed altogether. What it means is this—and, gentle reader, if you ever had

those records could not exist, who are forbidden by Parliament to make their own terms and earn what profits they can. The dramatist or the novelist has an ascending scale of royalties, so that the greater the success of his work the greater his remuneration: he may go up to 15 or 20 or even 25%. But, though the gramophone company may sell 100,000 records and make a fabulous profit, the composer and author may receive no more than the same flat 6½ between them.

This is very odd. There is neither sense nor justice in it. The long-suffering creator does not say much about it, but this sort of thing may be carried too far. And now that by this Bill "they" have stirred up the copyright quarrel again I warn all those concerned that we will carry the war into the other camp.

The Bill has gone to a Select Committee, which has power, I understand, to call witnesses, go deeply into the whole subject of musical copyright and shape, if it will, an entirely new Bill. Well, the Select Committee will, of course, have to tear out the Twopence Clause; but more than that, if the Bill is not dropped instantly, it shall be moved, seconded and carried in that Committee that the limitation of gramophone royalties be abolished. So that the persons who set out in this Bill to whittle down still further the composer's freedom of contract shall see it restored to him entirely. And that, reader, is the joke.

The *International Council of Music Users* (Golly!), which promoted and still defends the Bill, have wantonly put the cat among the

chickens; but these chickens can bite. And I therefore advise the gramophone companies (I do not know if they count as Music Users) to have a word with the Board of Trade, for if this Bill is not dropped it shall be converted into a Composers' (Restoration of Rights) Bill. And how we shall laugh!

THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE, who gave a dubious blessing to the Bill, confessed to a deputation of distinguished composers that he knew nothing of the subject. Neither he nor any other legislator is to be blamed for ignorance in this matter;



Chambermaid (to hotel manager). "I THINK YOU OUGHT TO GO UP TO THE BATHROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR, SIR. I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHETHER THE GENTLEMAN INSIDE IS SCALDING TO DEATH OR JUST SINGING."

pleasure from a gramophone record I adjure you to give your mind for a moment to the squalid affairs of its creators—what it means is that for a two-sided song-record the composer and author may receive 6½% between them, and if they have only one side they will get 3½% between them. Usually the singer gets more. Now the gramophone companies make vast profits, and they deserve them, for they are efficient, enterprising and give enormous pleasure and instruction. But *their* profits are not limited by law! It is only the creators, without whose work



"TALKING OF BOOKS, DARLING, HAVE YOU READ *EMBERS OF SACRIFICE*?"
 "NOT QUITE. I'VE FINISHED IT, BUT I HAVEN'T STARTED IT."

but they are to be blamed for their recklessness. In the case of any other trade, either they would have taken the trouble to acquire knowledge or they would have taken the advice of the representative organisations in the trade. They would have insisted that a subject so vast and having international complications must only be tackled after proper inquiry by the Board of Trade. And when there was offered to them a patched-up piece of vindictiveness, thrust into the hands of a Private Member by wealthy "interests," they would have flung it out with ignominy as a piece of insolence and ignorance. But in this case they proceeded in flat defiance of the clearly-expressed view of the Society of Authors and the Incorporated Society of Musicians that the Bill was bad and should be rejected. And for that callous conduct we will bite them and bite them and bite them again!

A very long political essay might be written about this Bill. It might be seen as a crowning example of the

Something For Nothing spirit which distinguishes our age; or it might be considered as the first overt act in the campaign to crush the professional brain-worker between Big Business and the Big Battalions. For its real backers are the rich hotels and the democratic corporations—a strange alliance of the grill-room and the Socialist. But no more of that; we will at any rate die biting. And I have thought of another little joke. If this Bill is not dropped, I suggest very seriously to the Musicians' Union that it might be fun for them to make a vigorous demonstration in defence of the composers, without whose work they would not exist. In their own interests they are firm and active enough, and the composers' interests are theirs. Let them declare a lightning strike. Let there be a night when not one note of music is heard in the land, as a lesson to the House of Commons that the makers of music have rights and stomachs like other men, and may not be sat upon with impunity. Ha!

A. P. H.

LARK PIE.

THE cannibal in his ingenuous way
 Devours his captives' hearts, explorers
 say,

Not grossly as a gourmand, but intent
 To gain the courage once there resident.

Is it then such as desperately long
 To win the lofty gifts of flight and song
 Who, from their noble object still far
 off,

Guzzle the soul of summer in their
 trough? W. K. H.

Hints on Hydrostatics.

"Use two heaped tablespoonfuls of freshly boiling water; hot, not boiling milk, loaf sugar or sugar crystals."—*Provincial Paper*.

"JAPANESE AROLIAN CHIMES.

To a cheer for loneliness, a cure for unhappiness, and an eucharistic music which plays automatically as the wind blows. Its tinkling sound is so jaccinating that it . . ."

Advt. of Japanese Toy.

Musical critics anxious to enlarge their vocabulary will welcome these admirable neologisms.

GIFTS IN SEASON.

[Our Lady Shopping Expert, like her sisters on the daily Press, has made an exhaustive and exhausting tour of the Christmas bazaars and discusses her discoveries in the following informative letter.]

MY DEARS,—Many of you are now engrossed with that annual puzzle—what to give to your gentlemen friends at the approaching Yuletide season of goodwill and good cheer, and I know you'll be delighted to hear of the discoveries I made last week during my rounds of the big stores (and some of the littler ones too). I expect you are racking your brains to know what you can give (and so many of us in these days have to remember the slenderness of our purses, haven't we?) to all those who expect, and rightly too, to be remembered at this season. I always follow the same procedure year after year and find that it works quite effectively. I make a list of all those whom I can possibly think of who may expect some little reminder from me, and then I write against their name something which I think they might like. I think it is such a good plan. Knowing that many of you would be indulging in the usual despairing cry of "What can I give to father (or brother, or son, or husband, or Mr. Right, as the case may be)?" I have made a special search for what may be called "manly" gifts. However, I am sure you are all longing to hear what I have seen, so I must plunge into my subject.

In one of our smartest stores I found a too attractive combination smoking-bridge, puff-billiards and table-tennis set, all enclosed in a light varnished oak case. It really is an excellent idea. The cubic measurements are 5ft. 2in. by 4ft. 10in. by 2ft. 4in. The tennis-table is in sections, you see, and it would be an ideal present for a small flat-dweller, where it is so difficult as a rule to store the impedimenta for a game like table-tennis, isn't it? It is moderately priced at eighteen guineas, and I can send you on a postcard the address, if you like.

I always think that a business man is partial to some little gadget for his desk (and it shows that you appreciate the importance of his big interests, doesn't it?), so I have kept a special look-out for desk adjuncts. And my search has been amazingly rewarded. What about a really natty little set of golf-clubs, in all sorts of gay colours, encased in a little bag? The clubs being, as you will have guessed, pens, pencils, etc. In the pocket there are three tiny balls, which are made of good india-rubber for rubbing out. For an extra sixpence the initials of the lucky recipient can be painted on the bag.

Or you might give him one of the many smart animal gadgets that are so popular (I nearly said pupular!), such as a china dog with its tongue hanging out. By an ingenious contrivance the tongue is always wet, and this is for moistening stamps. For a little more you can get a dog (or most other animals) which has a concealed hole in the top of the back through which you can draw stamps out. Care must be taken to see that the supply of stamps is always replenished. These animals can be had in non-breakable composition—so useful when a man is in a temper, I think.

Another desk item which appealed to me strongly was a stationery-rack which was a model of an ancient castle. The paper, envelopes, etc., are stored in the castle itself, and when required the drawbridge lets down in front and displays the stationery, which can then be extracted. It is a little expensive, perhaps, as the ancient brickwork is very faithfully reproduced by the artist, but it should add a note of dignity and solidity to the business man's desk.

I think, however, that the *pièce de résistance* was a cover for that perpetual eyesore (and earsore, too!) the telephone. It was a little rustic mill, and the sails were alphabetically divided for jotting down telephone numbers. It is most ingenious and not expensive, and can be purchased in several artistic shades. I strongly recommend this to the business girl who wants to give her chief something really useful but at the same time that breathes the personal taste of the donor.

Of course the masculine toilet allows the would-be gift-giver plenty of scope, and I always say, stick to something both useful and ornamental and you can't go far wrong. What do you think of a combined tooth-powder container, bath-salt jar and shaving-soap holder? It is made like a little lighthouse (so appropriate for the bathroom, I thought), and there are three little coloured globes, representing the lights, of course, which have to be pressed to release the particular commodity desired. Care must be taken to press the right globe or the bath-salts may inadvertently be sprayed on the tooth-brush; but most men are very methodical, are they not?

Another gift which should appeal to the masculine taste of the inveterate week-ender is a combined clothes-brush, hair-brush, comb, coat-hanger, boot-tree and hat-box. It is small, compact and portable and can be had in excellent imitations of lizard, crocodile, python or water-snake.

Space does not permit of a complete list of the things which I saw to appeal

to the masculine mind and taste, but a postcard to me (with stamped addressed envelope enclosed, please) will bring you a list of all sorts of seasonable gifts connected with sports, wireless, the car, the garden, music, art, smoking, etc., etc. Just write to me. Next week I hope to deal with "Gifts for the Kiddies," so don't buy anything for them yet, but wait till you've read my latest discoveries! POLYANTHUS.

[I shouldn't wait.—ED.]

A LIMERIGMAROLE.

AN overworked typist in St.
Swithin's Lane made the tearful complt.,
"You keep me so busy
It's making me dusy,"
And fell on the floor in a ft.

Her principals sent for a dr.
(One James Æsculapius Prr.),
Who gave her a draught
Which she gratefully quauht,
But his fee was so high that it shr.

In his books she appeared as a Dr.
Until he indited a lr.

Which notified Winnie
He'd write off that £1 1s. 0d.
If she took him for worse or for br.

Espoused at the Church of St. Jno,
A trip they decided upno,
And, fired by the notion
Of crossing the otion,
Set sail for the isle of Ceylno.

But there the undutiful Jas.
Got up to some very queer gas;
He drank a great deal &
Eloped to New Zeal&
With one of his numerous flas.

To-day Winnie's under the c/o
An affluent aunt in a sq./o
High standing in Chiswick;
She never takes phiswick,
For doctors she's learned to bew/o.

* * * * *

Author's Note:—

At this point my mentor, the Rev.
Charles Smith, much afraid I should
nev.,

Remarked "That's enough,"
So this singular stough
I will bring to a more or less clev.

— "DO YOU KNOW—"

Who said 'L'Etal, c'est Moi'?"

Australian Paper.

We don't know for certain, but CESARE
BORGIA fancied himself a bit in the
slaughter line.

A gossip-writer tells us that he has
been lunching with a man who is
directly descended from all five sons of
EDWARD III. It's a wise child that
knows his own fore, or five, fathers.



Motorist (recognising victim). "FANCY RUNNING ACROSS YOU, SMITH! I WAS ONLY SAYING TO THE WIFE THE OTHER DAY I HADN'T BUMPED INTO YOU FOR AGES."

CANNED CONVERSATIONS.

ONE had thought of most after-dinner conversation chiefly as a test of endurance; but the writers of our feminine columns have here discovered yet another weakness in the defences of our middle-class pretensions and have set out to repair it. Not only do they supply recipes for jumpers, instructions for Baby's First Bath or Twenty Ways of Serving Bottled Peaches, but the best types of social after-dinner prattle, canned and ready for use entirely without cooking—prattle with that personal touch that will make all the difference to your dinner.

"Many's the hostess," so Janet says, "who has realised only with the dessert that her party has been but a fairly well-sustained drone of local gossip; the tennis-club, the monthly medal, the Church bazaar and even perhaps, by oversight, the same instalment again of somebody's holiday in Unknown Tirol, Lovely Lucerne or Glorious Devon."

"We cannot all aspire," so Janet says, "to the quite exclusive effects of Diana, Lady Bilkington's birthday-party last Friday in her luxurious Mayfair flat, but we *can* be with the Bright Young People in spirit, if not in bottle-or bathing-suit, by utilising the rich store of

information supplied in any one of these publications."

So we did. One evening a few weeks ago we faced each other across the dinner-table, Janet and I, prepared to give them a trial, and, if they proved as chic as promised, use them on the Markhams, as a "defensive attack," the next night.

Instead of what Janet crudely calls the authentic suburban gambit relating to golf or the new car next-door, I kept my peace and allowed her to try a new opening.

"The Little Season is now in full swing, James," she said with amazing fluency, "and the sunburnt of all ages

are bent on removing every trace of the fiery kisses of King Sol. The beauty-doctors are literally coining! Yesterday morning, as I passed a famous *maison de beauté* in Bond Street, I met popular Mrs. Jiggs Porter ("Bunch" Wallop that was, you know) with all her sunburn quite gone."

Here Janet stopped to indicate by signs to Emily, our parlourmaid, that nothing at all was the matter and she might serve the next course.

It was now my turn.

"Lady van Howitzer," I said, "of that fine old Worcestershire stock, still prefers the polka, so she says. Although indeed," I added gaily, "not many evenings ago I noticed her dancing away with young 'Pooks' Bish, Lord Dangle's second son, at a certain famous night-club, quite indefatigably, to a perfect swoon of a tango tune."

"Talking of the Younger Married Set," I went on brightly, "dainty little Mrs. 'Johnnie' Yidde (who of course was Cherrie Brandie before her marriage to the Hon. 'Johnnie' Yidde) has decided to do all her cooking herself in the sweet wee flat her husband has furnished for her not a hundred miles from Shepherd's Market. She cooks such simple homely dishes for him, and all this on the dinkiest oil-stove in the lounge-hall.' (Here I skipped a little, though I was nearly word perfect.)

"Her husband is often seen taking a hasty snack late at night in a well-known sandwich-bar in the neighbourhood. That is the young folk's latest craze."

When Janet had got Emily started on another round of plates she herself cut in with what looked like a real winner: "My dears," she whispered shrilly, "did you see the lovely Princess from the Balkans at London's newest dance-club last night? All the *cercle intime* are simply agog; but of course we never gossip, so we will leave it at that."

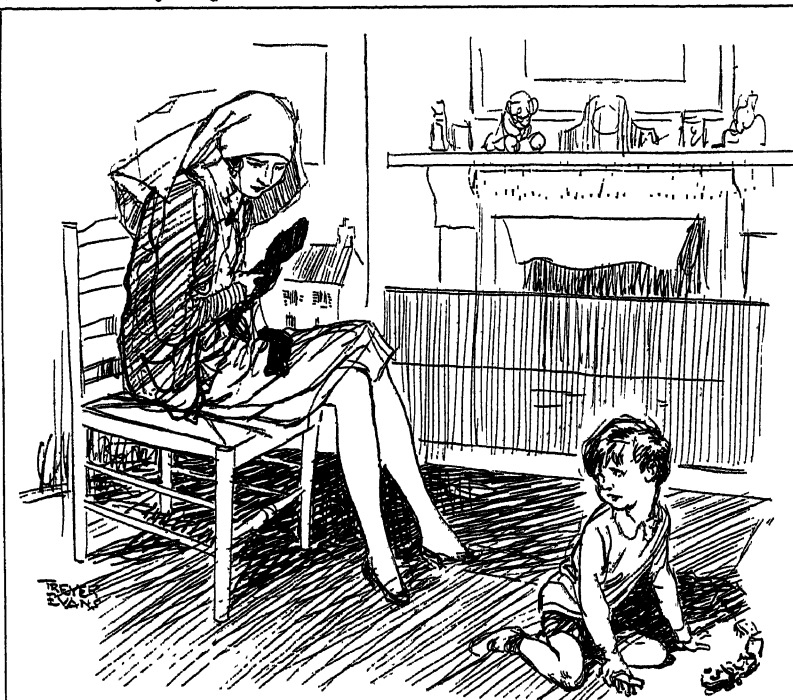
We did. I shifted to higher ground, Emily breathing hard behind me. "In the Lobby, some forty years ago, I remember meeting GLADSTONE—"

"Nonsense," snapped Janet; "you weren't born forty years ago."

"Well, anyhow," I said, "'Lady Sylvia's little son is to be called Thomas Aquinas, not Jean-Jacques, as at first suggested.'"

I now felt it was time to make an end in a more homely style.

"You can make them yourself," I said, "and these large mats are increasingly fashionable for all sorts of uses. Bathroom, bedroom, boudoir are the better for them, and their lovely wool surfaces are so rich and warm—so cosy," I insisted cooly. "'The *haut monde* is entranced with them and a certain Great Lady has bought one, and mat-weaving and oakum-picking are the rage of the hour at all Bottle Parties.'"



Nurse. "I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU SAY; YOU MUMBLE SO. NOW WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

Bobby. "DON'T KNOW. I DIDN'T CATCH IT EITHER."

Memory failed me for a moment, but as Janet's mouth opened I went on triumphantly. "One can do so many things with them and even buy an outsize one and cut it up for the dinkiest undies imaginable—"

Here Janet indicated that I had turned two pages. Not that it mattered.

So ended our rehearsal of the entertainment we were to give the Markhams on the following night.

* * * * *

The symposium was opened by Mrs. Markham. "Lady Sylvia," she said, "tells me that the baby boy is to be called Thomas Aquinas. Isn't it quaint?"

"Very," said Janet drily.

Dear old Markham brought up reinforcements. "Talkin' of things bein'

quaint," he said heavily, "I always think when I see young 'Pooks' Bish dancin' with Lady van Howitzer that—"

"There are some of the younger set that are not so bad," his wife was confiding to me through her husband's CARNERA tactics; "for instance, I heard the other day from a mutual friend that Johnnie Yidde's wife does all her own cooking on an oil-stove in the hall..."

There was a short silence. Janet, for a married woman, should know better; but when she sniggers she is apt to snort through an otherwise attractive nose. Markham came to the rescue with a short anecdote about a certain lovely Balkan princess who dines quite a lot at a dance-club we all know (by hearsay). His wife swept across Markham's anecdote, as she so often does, and this time with a brief bright dissertation upon the incredible chicness of woolly mats. Janet can as a rule maintain poise when everything else is a riot, but at this juncture she broke into what can best be described as "peals of girlish laughter."

I will not dilate on the break-up (or rather the incredibly spontaneous combustion) of the dinner-party, but send a report of the proceedings to my friend Lord CASTLEROSSE for his own use in some such form as this:—

"It was my friend 'Jimmie' Wandle who told the following amusing story. Mrs. Wandle is the heroine of the subsequent *débacle* (she of course was Janet Robinson before her marriage three years ago to Jimmie Wandle of Inland Revenue fame)," etc.

Things which might have been Expressed More Sweetly.

"OBITUARY."

Mr. A. T. Barber accepted the captaincy of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club.
South of England Paper.

"CLOTHES AND THE WAITER."

Outfitters' Association Perturbed.
Whether the result be epaulettes or fancy waistcoats—for waiters, or—just nothing, will now be awaited by a breathless world.
Morning Paper.

If the last case we shall insist on a vine-leaf for the wine waiter.

A NATIONAL SHORTCOMING.

["I find the Englishman is the most difficult man in the world to vamp."—"Romantic Recollections" of Mme. LYDIA KYASHA.]

THE Englishman when twitted with torpidity of soul
Regards himself as gifted in the art of self-control,
And when the world condemns him for a heavy-witted fool
Considers that he's master of the trick of keeping cool.

Where others get excited and gesticulate or weep
He shrugs an easy shoulder and appears to go to sleep,
And if he has reluctantly to play a lover's part
His head is unaffected by the motion of his heart.

A modest man in general, he owns he may be held
Inferior in details in which others have excelled,
But equally he claims to be superior to them
In what is (unattractively) identified as phlegm.

But here there comes a lady with another point of view,
A charmer of experience who knows a thing or two,
Who looks with scorn on persons of the strong and silent
stamp,
And sweeps him up as merely being difficult to vamp.

She's tried it on, she tells us, and she's always brought
it off,
From chewing-gum Americans to Russians with a -koff,
But, vamp she ne'er so skilfully, the English in a lump
Are proof against the vampire, for they're lacking in the
gump.

O Englishmen, take warning. After all, you may be wrong;
The cabbage isn't noble and the oyster isn't strong;
Besides, to put it broadly, though I own I haven't tried,
The act of being vamped should have a pleasurable side.

Then pull yourselves together; for though ethically right
You ought to be responsive, if it's just to be polite;
It may be patriotic to be dignified and chilly,
But when you stand to lose a lot it's merely being silly.
DUM-DUM.

"The Sesoun Priketh Every Gentil Herte." (Chaucer.)

"WEATHER AT BRITISH RESORTS.
St. Ives . . . Mainly bloody."—Daily Paper.

This Freedom.

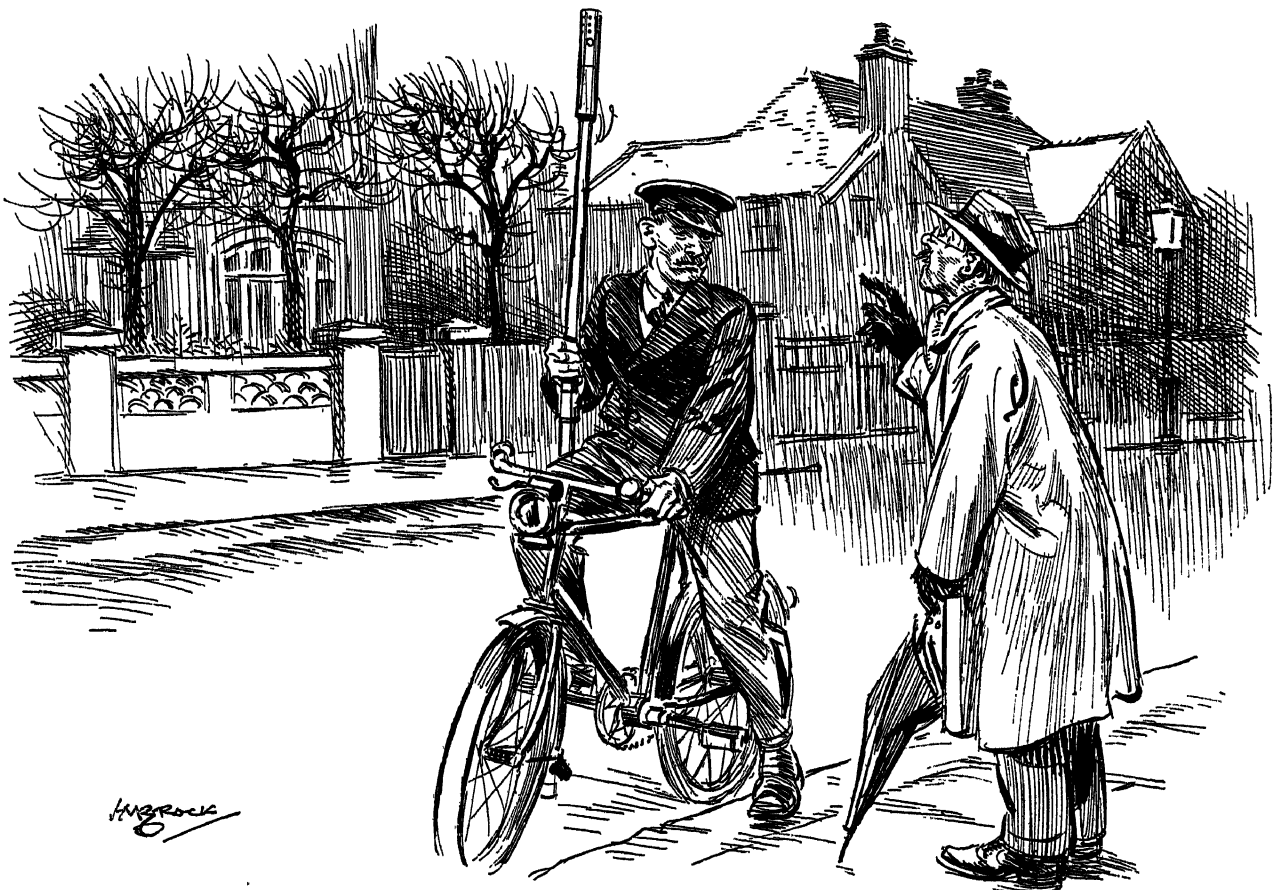
["Viscount Brentford (formerly Sir William Joynson-Hicks), who represented Twickenham in Parliament for eighteen years, is to receive the freedom of Twickenham."—Daily Paper.]

As "Jix" he pinched men's freedom in the past
In divers ways that were enough to sicken 'em,
Now coals of fire upon his head are cast—
Freedom's to be conferred on him at Twickenham.

"Mr. Henderson made a statement as to the present fishing between the Soviet and Chinese forces. He was then asked by Mr. Harris:—Are these actions a breach of the Kellogg pact?"

Scots Paper.

Fishing actions are normally just a breach of the GEORGE WASHINGTON Convention.



"DO YOU THINK I COULD BUY ONE OF THOSE THINGS IF I WENT TO THE GAS-OFFICE?"

"YOU COULD TRY IT ON. WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"

"I WANT TO BE ABLE TO LIGHT MY GAS-FIRE IN THE MORNING WITHOUT GETTING OUT OF BED."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE POSTMAN.

ONCE there was a postman called Hector Bolsover who started by being quite honest, but one day he saw a postal order for ten shillings in an envelope that had come unstuck, and he happened to want an extra ten shillings just then because he owed for an instalment on a gramophone he had bought on the hire-system, so he stole the postal order and tore up the letter. And after that he often used to steal postal orders, because he got clever at feeling envelopes to see if there were any inside them, and he used to steam open the envelopes over a kettle, and sometimes he stuck them up again after he had stolen the postal order and sent them on, and sometimes he tore them up. And he made quite a lot of extra money out of doing this, but he didn't spend it on beer or horse-races or anything like that, but on buying nice clothes for his children and on a wireless set. And the Vicar often used to tell people what a nice home he had and say that he wished there were more people in his parish like him.

Well of course it couldn't go on for ever like that without its being found out, and one morning the Postmaster called Hector Bolsover into his office and he said do you mind telling me how many postal orders you have stolen within the last month, because I am making up my accounts and I don't want to have any mistakes in them.

And Hector Bolsover was so surprised at this that he told him, and the Postmaster said thank you, I wish you hadn't taken to stealing postal orders, because I was doing it myself before you began on it, and it is more likely to be found out if two people are doing it than one.

Well Hector Bolsover thought it was perfectly awful for a postmaster to be so dishonest as that, and he said I should never have thought it of you, I have a good mind to tell the Vicar.

And the Postmaster said well why not? I always like to do people a good turn if I can, and you and I have always got on well together, if you put it all on to me nobody will think that you have been stealing postal orders too, and I shan't mind myself because I shan't be here.

And Hector Bolsover said why not? And he said oh because a policeman is

coming here to-morrow to take me to prison. I opened a letter which told me all about it, so I thought I had better go to America before he came, only I thought I should like to leave everything in order here, except the money I have stolen, and that is why I mentioned the subject to you. It is rather funny that there should be two dishonest persons in this post-office because in most post-offices there isn't even one.

Well that made Hector Bolsover see what a wicked man he was to be a thief and not to think more of it than that, and he said what have you done with

Well Hector Bolsover was pleased to hear this, and he was so shocked at finding the Postmaster had been a thief all the time that he forgot he hadn't really been very honest himself, and he said well there is one thing I would never do and that is to gamble on race-horses, so if I tell them that perhaps they will be all the more likely to make me postmaster.

And the Postmaster said yes I should think they would, well give my love to Mrs. Bolsover and the children. I am sorry I can't look in to say good-bye to them but I have got all my packing to do. And you might tell the Vicar that

I should have been more dishonest still if it hadn't been for him. I don't suppose I should, but he is a nice old thing and it will please him.

Well of course there was a great fuss made when it was found out how dishonest the Postmaster had been, especially as he had taken all the money there was in the post-office that day as well as what he had stolen before. And he didn't leave everything in order as he had said he would but burnt all his papers before he went away. And he didn't go to America either, because he knew they would look for him on the steamers, but skipped away somewhere else and they never caught him. But a few years later there came a letter from him to the Vicar from Spain to say that he had been found out doing something dishonest and had been sent to prison for it, and would he send him some nice books to read.

Well by that time Hector Bolsover had been postmaster for some time, and everybody said he was a great improve-

ment on the old one, because he never gambled on horse-races and he was bringing up his family so well that everybody in the place was proud of them, and he was so honest that people were sure of getting their postal orders now even if they were sent in envelopes that came unstuck. And the Vicar was rather old by this time, but he often used to say that it was a great comfort to him to think they had such an honest postmaster and he wished he could say the same of everybody else in his parish.

Well this was all very well, and Hector Bolsover was pleased with himself for having turned out so honest after all. But the thought of all the postal orders he had stolen when he had been a postman began to prey on him, and one day he went to the Vicar and



"I WISH YOU HADN'T TAKEN TO STEALING POSTAL ORDERS."

all the money you have stolen, have you been gambling on race-horses?

And he said oh yes, that and other things, and I have done very well out of it or else I shouldn't have enough money to go to America with.

And Hector Bolsover said well I hope you will lead an honest life when you get there. And he said oh no I shan't. I shall go on stealing, I haven't done much work lately, but I would much rather do none at all and that is the best way. But don't you worry about me, it is you I am thinking of. Your wife was very kind to me when I had my appendix out, and I should like to do her a good turn. I shall leave a letter recommending you to be postmaster instead of me, and I shall say I have always found you quite honest.



Customer. "OH, NO, THAT'S MUCH TOO DEAR. AFTER ALL IT'S ONLY RABBIT."
 Assistant. "PARDON ME, MODOM, GENUINE LAPIN."

said I have got something on my conscience, I can't very well tell you what it is, but I think the best way will be for me to leave off being a postmaster and go back to being a postman again, and then I shall feel more comfortable.

And the Vicar said well will your wife and children feel more comfortable? because you ought to think of that, as you won't be earning so much money.

And he said well the children are grown up now and they are all doing well, and there will be enough for me and my wife to live on, and I think I had better do it if you approve.

So the Vicar approved, and Hector Bolsover became a postman again. And at first he found it rather difficult not to steal postal orders, but he soon got over that, and the Vicar told people what he was doing it for, though he didn't tell them exactly what he had done wrong because he didn't know himself.

And everybody was very interested, and they were proud of having Hector Bolsover as their postman, because he was getting fairly old now with a white beard, and no other town had one like

him. And they gave him such good Christmas-boxes that he made almost as much money as he had made when he had been a postmaster. And he felt much happier because he hadn't got nearly so much on his conscience now.

A. M.

OUR COMIC COURTS COMPETITION.

II.

THIS week our prize is divided between a coroner and a jury.

(1) The inquest on the death of two women in Buckinghamshire disclosed a shocking case of jay-walking. The two women were walking on the footpath, which had a white five-inch kerb, and they most carelessly failed to get out of the way of a motor-car which came up behind them along the footpath and killed them.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death and regretted that the driver did not take sufficient care to avoid an accident when a clear view of the road was not possible.

(2) In connection with the above "accident" the remarks of a West-Country coroner in another case (the

killing of a deaf man) have especial interest.

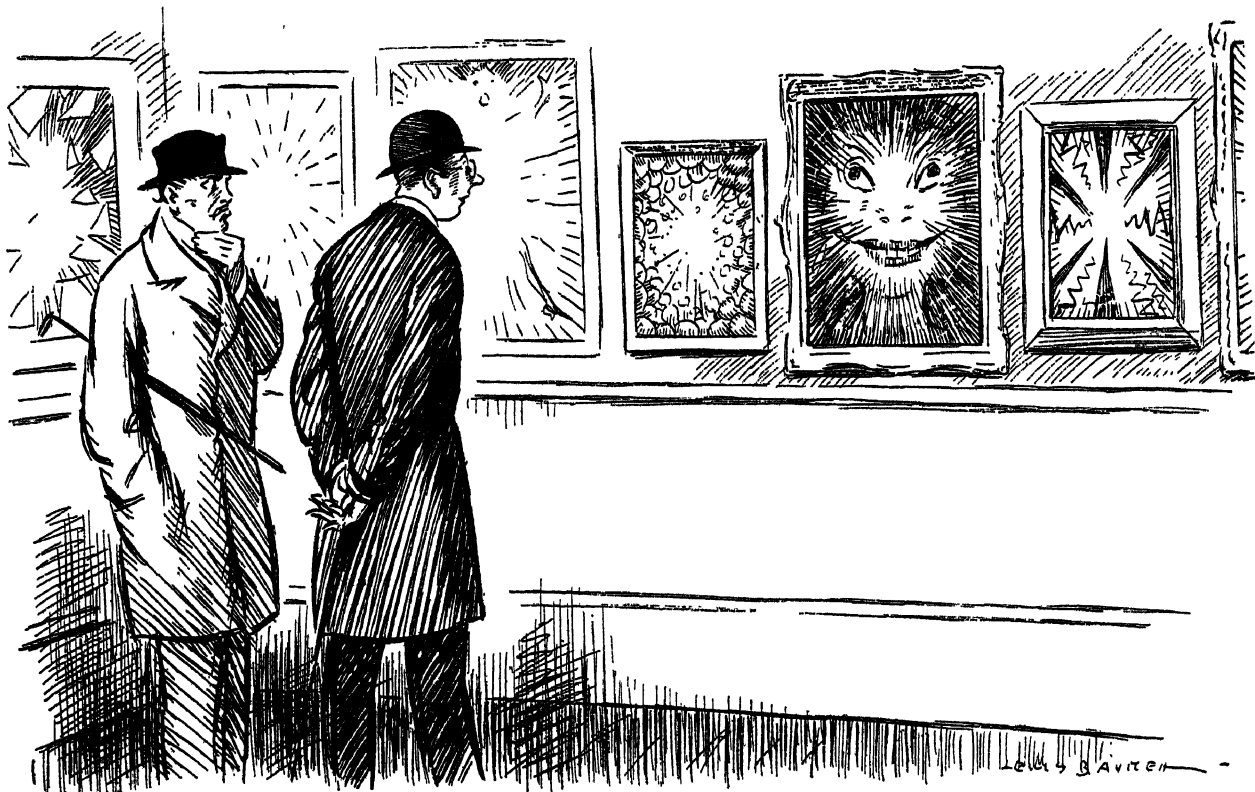
"I am inclined to think," he said, "after a good many years' experience and after carefully considering these matters, that in nine out of ten of the cases where there are fatal road accidents the person who has paid the penalty is the cause of the mischief. I do not think there is the slightest exaggeration in saying that."

No sensible pedestrian, for example, assumes that he is safe on the pavement.

NOTES.

A clergyman accustomed to walking about the streets of London recently applied to an insurance company for a life-policy to cover the special risk of his being run over and killed by a motor-car. The company replied that the premium payable would be £4 per £1,000; but if he were a passenger in a vehicle he would receive £2,000 for the same premium.

It almost looks therefore as if in the opinion of the insurance company motor-cars had something to do with motor-accidents.



ASPECTS OF MODERN ART.

PRESS DAY AT THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE "EXPLOSIONIST GROUP."

First Critic. "I DON'T QUITE SEE WHAT THEY'RE TRYING TO DO, BUT THERE OUGHT TO BE GOOD COPY IN IT IF WE COULD GET UP AN ARGUMENT."

Second Critic. "SO I THINK. LOOK HERE—I'LL TOSS YOU WHICH SIDES WE TAKE."

THE CITY OF AWFUL AFTERNOON.

["Five thousand men leave Brighton every morning for London offices, leaving behind them five thousand lonely wives and sweet-hearts. . . . Behind the gaiety, the piers, casinos, cinemas, cafés and dance-halls, lies the tragedy of Brighton. . . . I made a short tour of Brighton to-day. The pathos of it—a town of yawning women and young men dancing commercially. . . . Those pitiful women! They hang around the station. . . . There are many . . . who turn away disappointed. . . . Lights are lit in the station and they are still waiting."—*Sunday Express.*]

THE lonely women of Brighton
Have nowhere to go when it rains;
The lonely women of Brighton
They wait for the evening trains;
They walk on the endless asphalt,
They stare at the idle blue;
Ah, pity the women of Brighton
With nothing whatever to do!

They are tired of ping-pong and tennis,
They faint on the golf-course greens,
They are weary of putting pennies
In the automatic machines;
Haggard and worn are their faces,
And their hearts are chilled and dumb

As the trout that swim in the cases
Of the new Aquarium.

They rise up late in the morning
To the hell of another day,
They spend long time adorning
Their lips as best they may;
They turn in vain for a heartener
To the cocktail's heady boon,
And they wait for their dancing partner,
They sigh for the afternoon.

But the ballroom's mazy pleasure
Is dust to their deep desire,
For the men whose love they treasure
Have suddenly sent a wire:
"We have been delayed in the City."
They must weep and suffer alone—
Or go to the movies. Ah, pity
The women of Brightelmstone!

They look at the joys of the million,
The promenade and the piers,
They gaze at the great Pavilion
And their eyes are wet with tears;
They have no delight in the legioned
Chairs that are set by the main,
And the dome of the good PRINCE
REGENT
Beckons them all in vain.

Wearily feeding and shopping
And having a permanent wave,

Till the last train finds them dropping,
Sickened with sweets, yet brave;
The lonely women of Brighton,
They are sports of the world's mis-
chance;
The lonely women of Brighton
With nothing to do but dance!

EVOE.

A Challenge to Samson.

"Ted (Kid) Lewis said: 'Carnera is undoubtedly the next world heavy-weight champion.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Things We can well Imagine.

"SUPERB ALL-TALKING
'WOMAN TO WOMAN.'"

Cinema Poster.

"STUNT AUTOIST FILES \$10,000 SLANDER
SUIT.

Krantz accuses Barder of making the original
remarks.

edustuuu-ESQPrdodarp-ETAOIN SH."

American Paper.

Yet we seem to have heard them before.

"BIRTHS.

To Iris (*nee* Railing), wife of —, a daughter."—*Daily Paper.*

The only parallel to this is the case
of *Pooh-Bah*, who was, of course, born
sneering!



THE CHUCKERS-OUT.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. "THERE'S A FELLOW IN THERE GETTING A BIT FRESH."
STANLEY BALDWIN. "WELL, LET HIM GET A BIT FRESHER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 2nd.—Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON explained to various questioners the steps that had been taken to remind the Chinese and Soviet Governments that little birds in the Kellogg Pact nest should agree, or at any rate disagree peacefully. The only difficulty seemed to be that nobody quite knows whether China and the Soviet Republic are at war or are merely fighting.

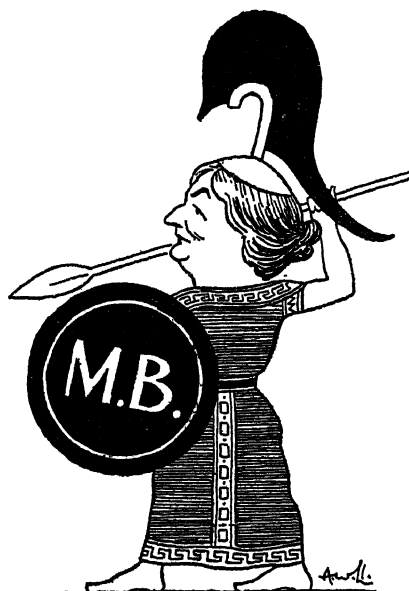
Mr. MACDONALD read out the names of the members of the Committee on Electoral Reform. The complete ignorance of several members of the Committee about Electoral Reform and all matters therewith connected was lost sight of in the presence on the list of the name of Lord HEWART, the Lord Chief Justice, as a Liberal nominee. Mr. BALDWIN asked leave to move the adjournment of the House to consider this highly undesirable step of putting a member of the Judiciary on a political Committee.

Mr. MACDONALD politely "passed the buck" to the Liberals, and Sir H. SAMUEL explained that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had nominated Lord HEWART because he regarded the Committee as a sort of non-party conference. That explanation Mr. LLOYD GEORGE repeated later when the motion for the adjournment came up, at the same time reading a letter in which the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE asked to be released from his agreement to serve on the Committee. Thus all was well that ended well. Even Mr. DEVLIN, disturbed because the minority in Northern Ireland will not be represented on the Committee, got a kind word from the PRIME MINISTER.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS having explained that Hyde Park's popular amusements are to be augmented by a putting-green, and that the equestrian statue of Earl HAIG is to be equipped with a less hippopotamine horse than that originally conceived by the sculptor, Mr. HERBERT MORRISON unexpectedly unfolded the Government's ideas on London traffic co-ordination. The Minister was distractingly nebulous, assuring the House that commercial management is to wait on public control and keen business enterprise on both, but omitted to explain how this difficult result is to be achieved. The Minister might certainly have made himself clearer, and Sir KINGSLEY WOOD's objection

that Mr. MORRISON had thrown away the late Government's perfectly good Bill and given the House a lecture in the place of it was not unjustified.

Once more Miss BONDFIELD was left



THE GODDESS AT BAY.
MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD.

to face the foe practically single-handed in Committee on the Unemployment Bill. For a time (while Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was speaking) she managed to lay hold of Mr. SNOWDEN's coat-tails and fortify her soul with his presence, but for the most part she had, as before, only poor Mr. LAWSON to share the burden and heat of the day.

Not but that MAGGIE is able for them,

but to-day she found herself boldly assailed from the rear by the Clyde-side malcontents. With admirable self-possession she moved the Closure just as Mr. WHEATLEY was about to hurl himself upon her, and found a staunch ally in the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, who promptly accepted the motion.

A Chairman of Committees can be excused for helping a lady in distress, but Mr. YOUNG's gallantry merely infuriated Mr. WHEATLEY, who expressed an eager but fruitless desire to move that Mr. YOUNG was not a fit and proper person to occupy the Chair. Meanwhile Miss BONDFIELD had almost, but not quite, promised to ensure that young persons of fifteen shall not draw their whack of dole unless they are imbibing secondary instruction from some suitable font.

Tuesday, December 3rd.—It is not only the tail of the Labour dog that sometimes fails to synchronise with the rest of the animal. In the Lords this afternoon there were distinct evidences of ataxia as between two, if one may so put it, of the animal's teeth.

It was those heavenly twins, Lord PARMOOR and Lord PASSFIELD, who divagated in policy, and the subject was Mr. BLYTHE's speech in Dail Eireann threatening to render nugatory the result of any appeal to the Privy Council which an Irish subject might (and has a constitutional right to) make. Lord PARMOOR characteristically condoned the Irish Minister of Finance's utterance. Lord PASSFIELD stoutly condemned it, but maintained that it would be premature to protest until words were translated into deeds. The House agreed, and those stalwart Custodians of the Irish Treaty, Lords DANESFORT and CARSON, reinforced for once by Lord READING, pressed the matter no further.

In the Commons Mr. MACDONALD gave the Imperial League of Opera the Government's blessing, but declined to contribute. It seems that the Treasury is equally unwilling to contribute to Letters. Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE declined to consider a request that the Government should distribute free copies of the projected catalogue of the British Museum to the more important public libraries. So they will have to pay in the neighbourhood of five hundred pounds for their copy, like the rest of us.

Should motorless Members of Parliament who sit



"WHEN BABES FALL OUT."
LORDS PARMOOR AND PASSFIELD.

late taxi home at the expense of the taxpayer? Lady CYNTHIA MOSLEY adumbrated the notion, but Miss JENNY LEE said it would be a "shameful thing." Even sisters in Socialism, it seems, can on occasion unsheath the merest tip of a claw.

The frank and graceful humility of the PRIME MINISTER having won the obvious sympathy of the other Party leaders, the House, ignoring the plea of Commander BELLAIRS for an investigative committee, hastily passed through all its stages a Bill to indemnify all parties concerned with having seven Under-Secretaries of State in the House instead of the six allowed by law.

The House returned to the Unemployment Bill, and an Amendment by the Member for Bootle, rejected by the Government, to give dependents other than children another bob a week gave the Clydesiders another opportunity of passing, with snorts of defiance, into the Opposition Lobby.

Wednesday, December 4th.—The Upper Chamber voted against resuming diplomatic relations with Russia—a satisfying if ineffectual effort. Lord THOMSON in defence of the Government's action was a little, but only a little, less limpid than Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON in another place. He categorically promised Lord BRENTFORD that if the Soviet Government resumed propaganda the Russian envoy would be sent about his business, but when asked if that applied also to propaganda by the Third International replied in the affirmative, but added rather cryptically that he did not want to leave an impression in the minds of the House that propaganda was going to cease as if by magic.

In sharp contrast to Lord BIRKENHEAD's expressed desire to have no part or lot with Bolsheviks and Lord READING's apprehensive acquiescence in the Government's action was the attitude of Lord CECIL, that incorrigible peacemaker, who thought that recognition of the Soviet Government would "do good to this country in the widest sense."

While Lord CECIL was peacemaking with Russia Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the Commons was peacefully pulling the stuffing out of the League of Nations to see if anything might conceivably make it go. Denouncing its activities as "flapdoodle," the Liberal leader besought the Government to prod the League into real activity and persuade

the nations concerned to honour their Versailles Treaty pledges to disarm. All speakers agreed that Britain had gone further along the path of disarmament than any other nation, and the motion—that the Government should try to

one ancient Viscount had announced his intention of turning up for the Second Reading of the Road Traffic Bill in top-boots and a hunting-coat as a sort of mute but not inglorious protest against the Supremacy of the Machine.

As a matter of fact criticism of the Bill (whose contents have already been adequately advertised) was keen and pertinent. Lord BRENTFORD, for example, wondered if a thirty-mile-an-hour limit on heavy passenger vehicles would not put British manufacturers to the heavy expense of turning out one design for home use and another for export. Lord HOWE wanted to know if persons injured by a motor-car in the hands of a thief would be insured.

Lord CECIL, on the other hand, propounded the astonishing suggestion that "Parliament should lay down broad general rules as to reasonably careful

driving, so that, unless a driver conformed to them, he should *prima facie* be guilty of dangerous driving." As every motor is *prima facie* a dangerous instrument, that is tantamount to suggesting that every motorist should be presumed guilty of dangerous driving until he has proved himself innocent.

In the Commons Mr. MACDONALD said that Members might expect to get home and stir the Christmas-pudding around December 20th, but it depended on the Government getting a certain programme of business done which they considered essential. As that programme includes the Second Reading of the Coal Bill the respective calls of the Christmas-tree and duty are not likely to be settled without a struggle.

Further debate on the Unemployment Insurance Bill resulted in the Minister agreeing to delete the whole of Clause 4 (about "genuinely seeking work") from the Bill and to produce, on the Report stage, a formula nearer to the House's desire—*anglicé*, something in which the words really mean what the Government wants to say.

It was Mr. BALDWIN who came to the Minister's rescue and suggested withdrawal of the whole clause after various sub-sections had been condemned all round. This was too much for Mr. HARRIS of Bethnal Green. "A trap!" he cried; but poor Miss BONDFIELD, harassed on all sides and not particularly assisted by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, decided to fall into it.



Lord BIRKENHEAD. "TUT, TUT! HE'S TAKING IT NEAT! SHOCKING, I CALL IT."

stimulate international action in the same direction—was accepted.

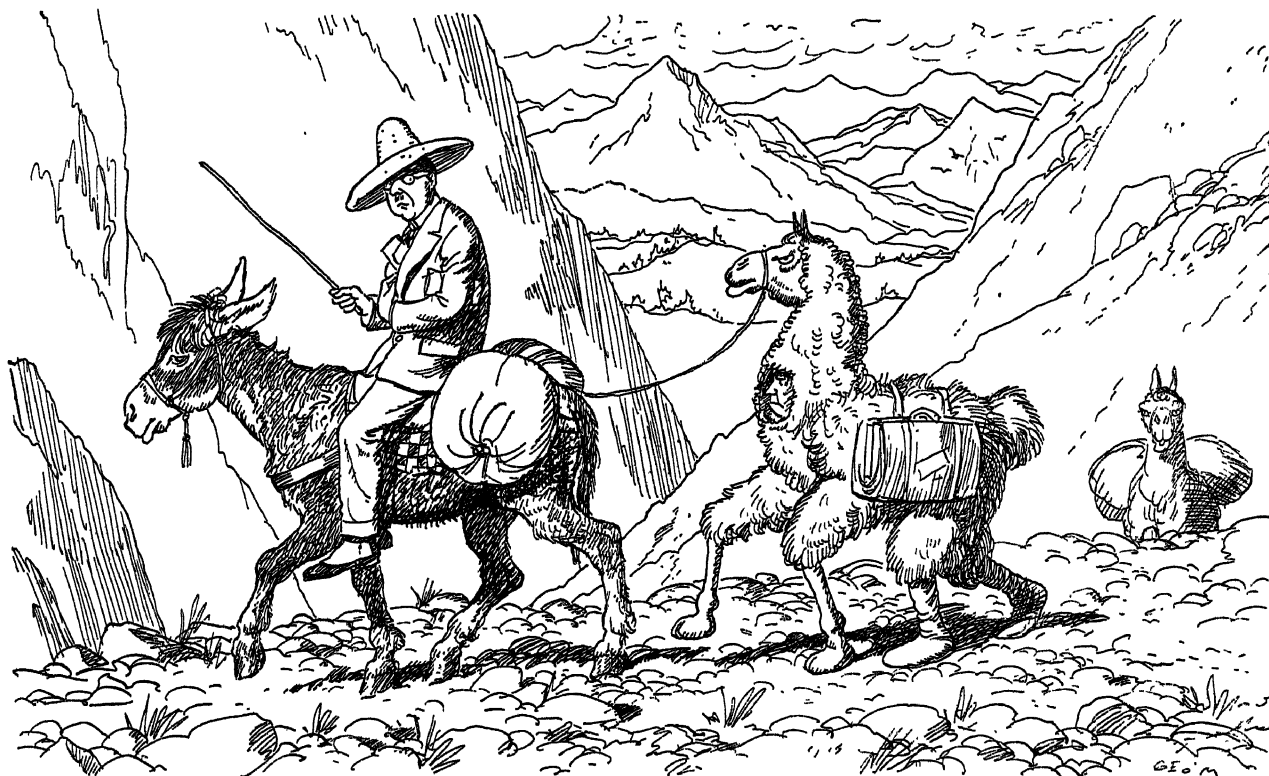
Thursday, December 5th.—Ever since Lord CECIL propounded his scheme for curbing too exuberant motorists by digging ditches across the high roads and erecting tumuli at each end of the village street the House of Lords has



DOVE "DISPLAYED."

THE WELSH BIRD REBUKES THE GENEVA DOVE FOR LACK OF RAMPANCY.

been under suspicion as an authority on traffic regulation. Stories went about of elderly noblemen murmuring over their port, "Damme, Sir, no gentleman would be seen riding in one of the things," and it was whispered that



SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD.

ZEALOUS C.I.D. MAN, DISGUISED AS A LLAMA, TRACKING A DEFAULTING COMPANY-PROMOTER THROUGH THE ANDES.

DRUMS.

(South India.)

Drums!

Down the long, lit bazaar,

High on his wooden car,

Iswara comes;

With his tom-toms' roar the street is
rockingAs the drums beat up, his thunder mock-
ing,

Up to the uttermost star,

At the very gates of heaven knocking—

Drums, temple drums.

Drums!

Over the jungle hill

Where the tiger made his kill

And the hot air hums

With the song the jungle bees are sing-
ingThe drums of the Hunting Feast come
swinging,

Swinging through with a will,

The cattle-killer's death-knell ringing—

Drums, hunting drums.

Drums!

Now is the marriage night,

Now in the torches' light

The minstrel strums

His lute and the pipes play shrill and
bitterAnd the tireless nautch-girls leer and
titter

While, round-eyed in affright,
A child sits in the bridal litter—
Drums, marriage drums.

Drums!

Funeral, feast or fair,

Barred house or open air,

Jungles or city slums,

Afield or in highways of men's meeting

In the drums the voice of Hind gives
greeting;

Always and everywhere,

Near or afar, a drum is beating—

Drums, always drums.

H. B.

WHAT OUR BOYS ARE THINKING.

(At last we know—thanks to "The Daily Mail.")

WHAT do I think, I, who am face to face with the startling, almost devastating, fact that I am sixteen? For many years now I have been thinking steadily, my thoughts revolving unfailingly about my own entity, until I am an expert on the subject. That is why my views will be absorbed so eagerly by the two million odd readers of a great London daily newspaper.

Not that this is my first essay in journalism. Even at the comparatively tender age of three I was severely reprimanded by an avuncular relative for purloining his stamps in order to send my early effusions to the Press. These

juvenile literary efforts were, oddly enough, returned by editors who lacked vision; for it could not be that I lacked literary ability. If I had any doubts they did not assail me for long. I said to myself, as others have said before me, "I am I." This gave me immense courage.

And so I went on thinking—think-
ing. . . .

My aims in life? I intend, of course, to be famous—wealthy too, if it can be managed at the same time. Whatever doubts I have about other things, however gravely I may question the riddle of the universe, I am perfectly certain on this point.

As I pen these words I ask myself what will my millions of readers think of me when they see this article? I am a boy; nay, more, I am just sixteen. That ought to startle them a little. They will look at each other and shake their heads and mutely question, "What does it mean?"

Yes, it is perplexing even to myself. What indeed can be the significance of sixteen? Why am I so superior to men twice my age? What am I? I go on thinking—thinking. My thoughts flow over me like a ceaseless tide—they go round and round and up and down, and on and on and on—

[Here's where they stop.—ED.]

F. A. K.

AT THE PICTURES.

EMIL THE GREAT.

THE talking and singing film called *Rio Rita* at the Tivoli is the completest



THE BEDSIDE MANNER.

POLDI MOSER (MR. EMIL JANNINGS)
CHEERS THE PATIENT, ANDRÉ FREY (MR.
GARY COOPER).

challenge to the theatre that I have yet seen. It steals the stage's thunder all the time and lasts as long as a play. If every provincial theatre and music-hall in Great Britain were wired for the purpose and mechanical musical comedies of this type were produced instead of real ones, there would not be room in the workhouses for anyone but actors, actresses, chorus-girls, scene-shifters and musicians. Fortunately the prospect is not as dark as that; but the menace of the *Rio Rita* type of full-length entertainment—it is described as "a musical screen spectacle"—cannot be wholly disregarded.

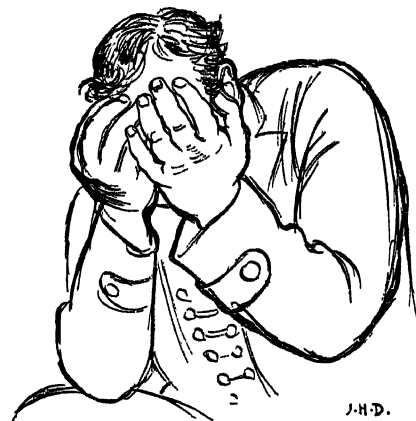
I personally deplore the cinema's tendency to usurp the functions of the theatre. It began by putting the world before us and performing silent dramas with miraculous effects, of which the annihilation of time and distance was not the least. Now that talking and singing have come in we have

lost the old mystery and beauty; sordid or vulgar life is the staple, with tiresome emphasis on incidents drawn from stage life as well as on stage methods. There is indeed something indecent in this reliance by the talkies upon the life of the stage, stage effects and peeps behind the scenes: they batten on that which they are out to destroy.

Rio Rita is however not a stage story but a stage imitation. We are not told so, but it was, I presume, a musical comedy before it was filmed. No single ingredient is missing. The scene is Mexico; the Mexicans address each other in broken English; the path of love between *Rita Ferguson* (Miss BEBE DANIELS) and *Captain Jim Stewart* (Mr. JOHN BOLES) runs roughly for an hour-and-three-quarters and then becomes smooth; the songs are called "Sweet-heart, we need each other," "You're always in my arms," "If you're in love you'll waltz"; the leading funny man, *Lawyer Lovett* (Mr. ROBERT WOOLSEY), wears horn-rimmed glasses; the other, *Chick Bean* (Mr. BERT WHEELER), whom the lawyer charges with bigamy, is a trick-dancer; while their principal scene is one of those riots of drunkenness in which so many tired comic authors are now taking refuge.

Add to this that the chorus is seldom

absent and, as an additional attraction, has been photographed in the ruddy tints of life by Techni-colour. We are, in short, present at a regulation musical comedy which has faced the sound-registering camera and suffered



CONCEALED ART.

MR. JANNINGS GIVES US A CLOSE-UP.

in the process. There is barely a trace of the art of the movie.

Should you, however, wish to find that art at its best it is to be found in *Betrayal* at the Plaza, a silent film where all the old patience and thoroughness have been applied to almost too poignant a plot, and the understanding genius of EMIL JANNINGS to make it irresistible. Here, instead of noise, is the atmosphere of a Swiss valley. Room both for the spurious Mexico and the true Alps; but for those who, entering a cinema house, like to pass under some kind of spell, there is no comparison between such noisy nonsense as *Rio Rita* and the stealthy unfolding of the drama of *Betrayal*, where all the early movie thrills may be recaptured.

The *Betrayal* is double; first, *Vroni* (Miss ESTHER RALSTON), the peasant-girl, is betrayed by *André Frey* (Mr. GARY COOPER), a wandering artist (why do these fellows never paint any pictures?); and next the jovial large-hearted Burgomaster, *Poldi* (Mr. EMIL JANNINGS), is betrayed by being unwarned, when marrying



THINGS THAT MATTER.

OUR FAN DULY IMPRESSED WITH THE FILM'S COST-OF-PRODUCTION BOOST.



COMPETITION IN NECK-WEAR.

WHAT OUR BEARD-REVIVALISTS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

her, that her first child will not be his. That is enough to tell of the course of this very unusual chain of events, every link of which is made credible by the skill and imagination of the whole company, and by no means least the two small boys, JADA WELLER and DOUGLAS HAIG, who play *Poldi's* children. But good as they all are and admirable as is the photography, it is the great JANNINGS whom one remembers. Here is the screen actor raised to his highest power, and it will be indeed a calamity if, as has been stated, *Betrayal* is to be his last silent film. Will not a cinema manager give us a JANNINGS' season? E. V. L.

"The show, which is strictly private, has been much frequented during the last week by the 'White' Russians in London. Many of them are of the fifteenth century, and some are elaborately decorated with gold, silver and stones."—*Gossip in Daily Paper*.
One can forgive them a little ostentation at their time of life.

Question set to applicants for Membership of the Institute of Motor Trades: "What is the standing of a pedestrian when crossing the road?"
Answer: Often a very brief one.

THE ONLY WAY.

[Mr. GARVIN, in *The Observer*, after rebuking Mr. J. H. THOMAS for his "piffle about pin-money," appeals to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD to confer with Mr. BALDWIN and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and endeavour to secure at last a nationaleconomic policy, to be steadily pursued for five years at least, irrespective of Party change, and thus make this Parliament a "Council of State."]

In the season of ivy and holly
We long for legitimate cause
To be festive and jocund and jolly
And suitably greet Santa Klaus;
So it makes one ejaculate "Golly!"
To learn from a Prince of the Quill
That "we're all in a nightmare of
folly"
And going down-hill.

Yet in the mid-welter of madness
A glimmer of hope is decried,
To allay our despair and our sadness,
By GARVIN, infallible guide;
If only, abandoning courses
That threaten to rivet our chains,
Our leaders would pool their resources
And mix up their brains.

For himself, he confesses a hearty
Disgust with ten blithering years—

The "mechanical snip-snap" of Party,
The platitudes dinned in our ears,
And in tones of insistent command he
Appeals to MAC, L. G. and STAN.
To unite in devising a grand E-
conomical Plan.

For several strenuous sessions
The Left and the Centre and Right
Must all be prepared for concessions
And ready at times to unite;
Till Parliament, where Boanerges
Has often controlled the debate,
As a purified order emerges—
A Council of State.

If then we no longer would starve in
A world that is deadened with doles,
Let us welcome the efforts of GARVIN
To save both our purses and souls;
And, bent on distilling the honey
Of wealth from industrial hives,
Cease with piffulent talk of pin-money
To harass our wives.

Common Thoughts which we have never Dared Express.

"A very enjoyable affair was the Children's Halowe'en Party. Added to the beauty of it all was the fact that few of the children could be recognised as they all wore masks."
Jamaican Paper.

THE BATTLE OF THE GREEN CLOTH.

It may be thought that the Congregationalist Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, where WILLIE SMITH of England and WALTER LINDRUM of Australia have just played a remarkable billiard-match, was an odd place for such a contest. But there is no real incongruity in a billiard-match being played beneath a religious roof. The odour of sanctity may not be present, but when it comes to a rapt and intense silence, beyond all devotions, the spectators of two such manipulators of the cue can give points to any assemblage of worshippers. We were chiefly hard-bitten middle-aged men, with carved faces—old-fashioned types; but I detected one clergyman and a few women. Not a cough, not a rustle were we guilty of. Applause, yes—such as many a preacher would like, only he mayn't have it.

I note that TOM NEWMAN, an ex-champion, has been writing that LINDRUM is probably the best player of billiards that ever existed, the great JOHN ROBERTS not excluded. Having seen JOHN ROBERTS when he was nearer his prime than NEWMAN (who, as a boy, was his pupil) could have done, I am pained by this statement. I want to continue to think that no one could be better than that giant of the game; and even more do I hope it. I want to carry to the tomb the belief that JOHN ROBERTS was as much and as immutably the best billiard player as W. G. was the best cricketer. They had indeed three things in common, these Titans: each had unusual and impressive height and solidity; each had a beard; and each came to his domain—the table and the pitch—as though there was nothing there to dismay him.

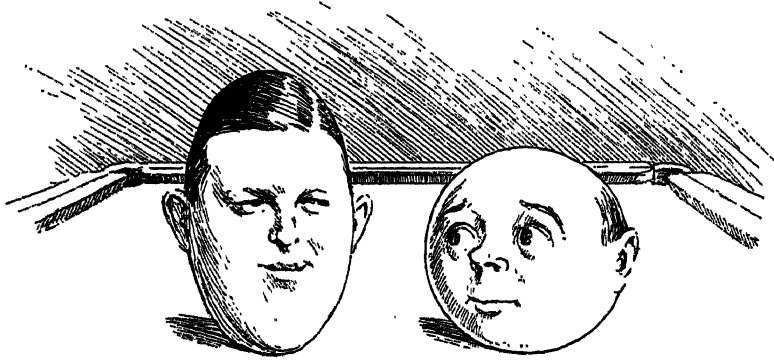
All the same, NEWMAN probably knows better than I. One thing, however, I must state: WALTER LINDRUM is a magician and his slender cue is a wand: no doubt about that; his control of the balls is so exquisite as to bring tears to the eyes. But he occasionally pauses to think, whereas JOHN ROBERTS never did; he would disdain anything so common as that. JOHN ROBERTS made up his mind instantaneously; his mind and his hand were one. That is one difference between him, the English and world champion (with ivory balls, remember) of the seventies and eighties and nineties, and this marvellous youth

from the Antipodes. I am not expert enough, nor did I begin to study billiards early enough, to be authoritative in this discussion; let me leave it with the reiteration that I hope that NEWMAN is wrong.

That said, I have nothing but eulogy for LINDRUM and his miracles. In appearance he is more like REECE than any of our players; he has much the same quiet taste in dress (all billiard experts are *soignés*) and the same facial suggestion of self-containment, command and discretion. Not only are all billiard experts careful with their tailoring, their shoes (how they point and shine!) and their hosiery, but all share a disinclination to smile. I cannot remember JOHN ROBERTS smiling, although he could look both surprised and mortified. DIGGLE, of course, was the picture of woe; STEVENSON had a melancholy cast, while INMAN was notoriously

his points with the alternate cannon and red winner, and showing the most amazing skill in preventing the white ball from intercepting the next shot, as it always does with me. In fact, one noticed yet again that the real difference between these classical players and ourselves is their control over the second object ball. When settled down to it, LINDRUM's speed is terrific: I timed him over one of his hundreds and it lasted from 4.40 to 4.42. His attraction, I should remark, is increased by his playing left-handed. There is something very charming in left-handed billiards: no strokes, as in cricket, which the right-hander cannot make (F. G. J. FORD and H. T. HEWETT both had their own idiosyncratic and inimitable way of dealing with certain balls), but an added gracefulness.

I came away longing to get to a table to see to what extent my own game had benefited by the experience. So easy! I soon found that it was, if possible, worse. Perhaps I ought to get a cue with a metal ring round the tip, like SMITH's? Perhaps I ought to try playing left-handed? It is too late to have been born in Australia. E. V. L.



THE SPECIALIST AND THE ALL-ROUNDER.

Mephistophelean, especially when playing REECE. As for REECE, he compressed his lips and bore it. LINDRUM also smiles but rarely, although on the day that I saw him play he had reason to be happy, for the gods were being very kind to him and, when, by the tenderest caresses, he had made 73 and 54 nursery cannons with his own unaided skill, put themselves out to give him position again so that he could make 81 more. Realising this act of grace, which he had not expected, LINDRUM's grave features lighted up with a sudden relaxation; that was all. But SMITH's earnest countenance, with almost nothing to amuse him, more than once became human, as, since it is cherubic underneath, it ought to.

SMITH's wonderful abilities, once so irresistible, suffer by comparison with LINDRUM's, who makes the older artist look almost an artisan. Yet SMITH is a very fine performer indeed. His game is a more open one than the Australian's. LINDRUM, on that afternoon, was "in hand" only two or three times throughout the session, making most of

OUR ERUDITE ADVERTISERS.

EAT more cheese;
Our varieties are sure
to please.

You can acquire the habit
By starting off with Welsh-rabbit.

The poet MILTON
Was partial to a bit of Stilton,
Unlike SAVONAROLA,
Who simply adored Gorgonzola.

QUEEN ANNE said her
Own favourite was Cheddar,
But she allowed her armies an
Iron ration of Parmesan.

LA BRUYERE
Turned green after Gruyère,
But Dr. JOHNSON was much fresher
When he rose and left the Cheshire.

Eat more cheese
And develop brains like these.
You can acquire the habit
By starting off with Welsh-rabbit.

"Judge — decided that the plaintiff was entitled to bring his claim on his own behalf, and not through an insurance company, and gave judgment for him, with the question of fitting ball-bearings on to the whole of their costs."—*Trade Paper*.

In many such judgments a brake is a more useful device.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."
(KINGSWAY).

IT is unfortunate to have to record the disappearance of *The Rising Sun*, a good play well presented, after but a few weeks' hearing. Tragedy, unless it be the tragedy of war, is no longer fashionable. It is, however, some consolation to see Mr. FRANK CELLIER and Miss ANGELA BADDELEY in that perpetually fresh comedy, *The School for Scandal*. Mr. CELLIER, who produces it with great intelligence, has brought out the fundamental human qualities of the play by dropping much of the stylised formalism which is usual. Although it will never be quite possible to think of *Joseph Surface* as other than a rather over-elaborately manufactured villain, Mr. IAN FLEMING contrives to make him sufficiently plausible by refusing to underline the part too heavily; while Mr. HENRY HEWITT as *Charles* is not so hopelessly hearty and lovable a person as the popular stage tradition suggests. The two men might conceivably in fact be brothers.

The scandal-makers ply their trade with a genuine eagerness and relish. The dances introduced into revivals of this type I usually find, I confess, rather tiresome. But here a very charmingly designed minuet was danced with an ease and freedom which made the thing come alive. The drinking scene, despite Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN's singing—he was in excellent voice—was less successful because somewhat over-elaborated. This and the clever but, I think, exaggerated sketch of *Moses* by Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN were perhaps intended as a concession to the weaker brethren.

Mr. CELLIER's *Sir Peter Teazle* was a really delightful study, well-balanced, excellent in detail, and one genuinely grew to like the old boy; and Miss

ANGELA BADDELEY succeeded admirably in suggesting, behind the lady of fashion, traces of the raw pert country-girl whose beauty had made *Sir Peter* forget the unwisdom of an elderly man's marrying so young and lively a wife. The screen scene was excellently managed and

Miss BADDELEY made the penitence of *Lady Teazle* seem not only true but in the character. In fact both these parts had been studied with real intelligence, and I cannot recall a performance of this much-played piece in which the author's intention was so well conveyed.

The *Charles* was, as I have hinted, whether by design or accident, less rollicking than usual, and I think this is to the advantage of the piece. If I were ever to believe in *Joseph Surface* Mr. IAN FLEMING's reading would go far to persuade me. Mr. JOHN CHARLTON's *Backbite* seemed to me cleverly calculated, and Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY, having clearly just stepped out of a ROWLANDSON drawing, made a good thing of *Crabtree*.

I can commend this most intelligent revival not only to all genuine lovers of the theatre, but to those who merely look for casual entertainment. Mr. SHERIDAN is in fact a jolly good author and has found in Mr. CELLIER an excellent producer. I should recommend it if only for the one moment of *Lady Teazle*'s arch roguish triumph when she countered *Sir Peter*'s "Zounds! Madam, you had no taste when you married me!" T.



H. S. G.

THE "DAILY JANGLE."

Lady Teazle MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.
Sir Peter Teazle MR. FRANK CELLIER.



H. S. G.

A RATHER BIG "LITTLE PREMIUM."

Sir Oliver Surface (as "Mr. Premium") . . . MR. EDGAR K. BRUCE.
Charles Surface MR. HENRY HEWITT.
Moses MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN.

A Ball and Pageant will be given under the Presidency of Lady CARISBROOKE, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Thursday, December 12th, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., in aid of The People's League of Health, an institution that was founded by Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE. Scenes will be shown "depicting what has made life worth living from the time of ADAM and EVE to the Sun Bathers of 1929." Tickets (including Supper and Buffet, two guineas) may be obtained from the Ball Organiser, Mrs. ARTHUR CROXTON, People's League of Health, 12, Stratford Place, W.1. Phone: Mayfair 0386.

BRIGHTER BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS.

WITH the advent of the thousands of American Conventions and other means of legitimate cheating, a brighter era has dawned for the bridge beginner. No longer is it necessary for him to admit his inferiority and humbly crave the favour of a game. To-day there is a much better way. Let me tell you about it.

Sit down anywhere you like and in a very short time "three players in search of a fourth" will appear. On seeing you they will begin a privy consultation; one will shrug his shoulders resignedly, the second will protest that you're bound to be rotten, while the third points out optimistically that they can always cut for every rubber. Eventually one of them will approach. "Excuse me, Sir," he will say, "but do you play bridge?"

This is your opportunity. Do not look pleased and mumble that you have played a little and would like a game. If you do they will excuse themselves hastily and vanish, or at the best you will enact the rôle of constant dummy. Your partner, having made up his mind in advance to play every hand himself, will take you out of all the calls that you can make, go down heavily himself, and then, to add insult to injury, advance some complicated technical explanation for the disaster that will put you completely in the wrong.

But, if you appear slightly bored, light a cigarette, look the fellow up and down as if estimating the possibilities of his game and at last draw languidly, "Yes—contract or auction?" it is a different matter. You will immediately be taken for an expert. Consolidate this on the first hand by calling a suit that isn't represented in your hand; you will probably go down five hundred, but it will be worth it. Look at your partner in pained surprise, apologise and explain that you had not realised they did not play the Pfeifionx Convention.

If any one of them still has sufficient nerve left to inquire what the Pfeifionx Convention is, remark coldly that he will find it fully set out in your textbook, *Bridge for Beginners*. The news that you actually write about bridge will destroy the last fragments of their moral, and fear of revealing their own ignorance will eliminate any awkward questioning of your own mistakes. The chances against your stratagem being found out are enormous; no bridge-player could demean himself by inquiring after a book with such a title.

The rest is easy. Make your bids quickly and firmly. Never remonstrate

with your partner—merely shake your head sadly. It is also useful to reproach yourself at intervals with "Terrible play; I should have known you held the three of spades; it was the key-card to the whole game."

Follow these rules carefully, and at the end of the session, no matter what the financial result, they will depart flattered at having played with so super an expert.

THE SURTAX-PAYER AND THE BURGLAR.**A FABLE.**

THERE was once a Burglar who, by reason of his Lack of Application at an Elementary School and his subsequent Disinclination for Continuation Classes, was barely literate enough to spell out the Runners and Form in the Racing Editions.

Through the Disclosure of an Indiscreet Valet to a Talkative Lady's Maid and thence through the Retinue to a Scullion Wench with whom the Burglar was Walking Out more for Intelligence than for Amatory Purposes, he had the Good Fortune to become Possessed of the Keyword of the Combination Safe of the Master of the Mansion, a certain Surtax-payer of Ancient Lineage.

The Burglar was Overjoyed at this Stroke of Luck and Anticipated that the Cracking of the Crib would be as easy as Falling Off a Log; but when he had arranged the Letters to form the All-Important Keyword he was chagrined to find that the Door of the Safe would not Yield. While he was Wondering whether he had been Misinformed, he became aware that the Surtax-payer, who had been Sitting Up Late in another Room with Schedule D, was standing over him with a Battle-axe which had not been used by the Family for many Generations.

The Burglar began to evince Extreme Dejection now that he saw that his Project must Fail; while the Surtax-payer smiled an Inward Smile to think that the Burglar had Jeopardised his Liberty to crack a Safe that contained Naught but the Insurance Policy which would just Cover the Surtax-payer's Death Duties, always supposing the Scale was not Increased in the meantime by some Unmentionable Vote-catching Politician.

Presently the Surtax-payer, whose Sense of Equity was Uneasy at the thought of Punishing the Burglar for failing to do what Chancellors of the Exchequer with a different Technique practise with Impunity, said: "I am willing to Save you, my Man, from the Consequences of your Misguided Act if you can give me Anything Like an Adequate Reason why I should Let you Off."

"As to that, Guv'nor," replied the Burglar glibly, "I have never had no Chance in Life."

Then the Surtax-payer, after regarding the Burglar's attempt with the Combination, said Coldly, "I can forgive Anything but Ingratitude. You received a Free Education for which I am Flayed Alive by the State. If you had made the Most of your Schooling at my Expense you would not have come a Purler in Attempting to Crack my Safe. You would have known that the Combination Word 'Siege' is not spelled 'Seige.'"

With that the Surtax-payer ordered a Minion of the Law to Do his Duty.

MORAL: I before E except after C.

VERY MUCH HIGHER EDUCATION.

[According to a film magnate the use of the talkie in schools is going to revolutionise education.]

We found the road to Learning

A rugged road and strait,
Continuously earning

Our unrelenting hate;
We sought with laggard paces
The schools where we must show
Our shining morning faces—
But that was years ago.

That state of things is ended,
And, glancing down the years,
I like to think how splendid
The schoolboy's lot appears;
Each *Beetle* and each *Stalky*
Will learn with rapture when
The pedagogic talkie
Usurps the place of men.

He'll yield to the seduction
Of lessons deftly planned
With celluloid instruction
And oratory canned;
No stern instructor's dry jaws
Shall teach him discipline;
Even the very "pi-jaws"
Will issue from a tin.

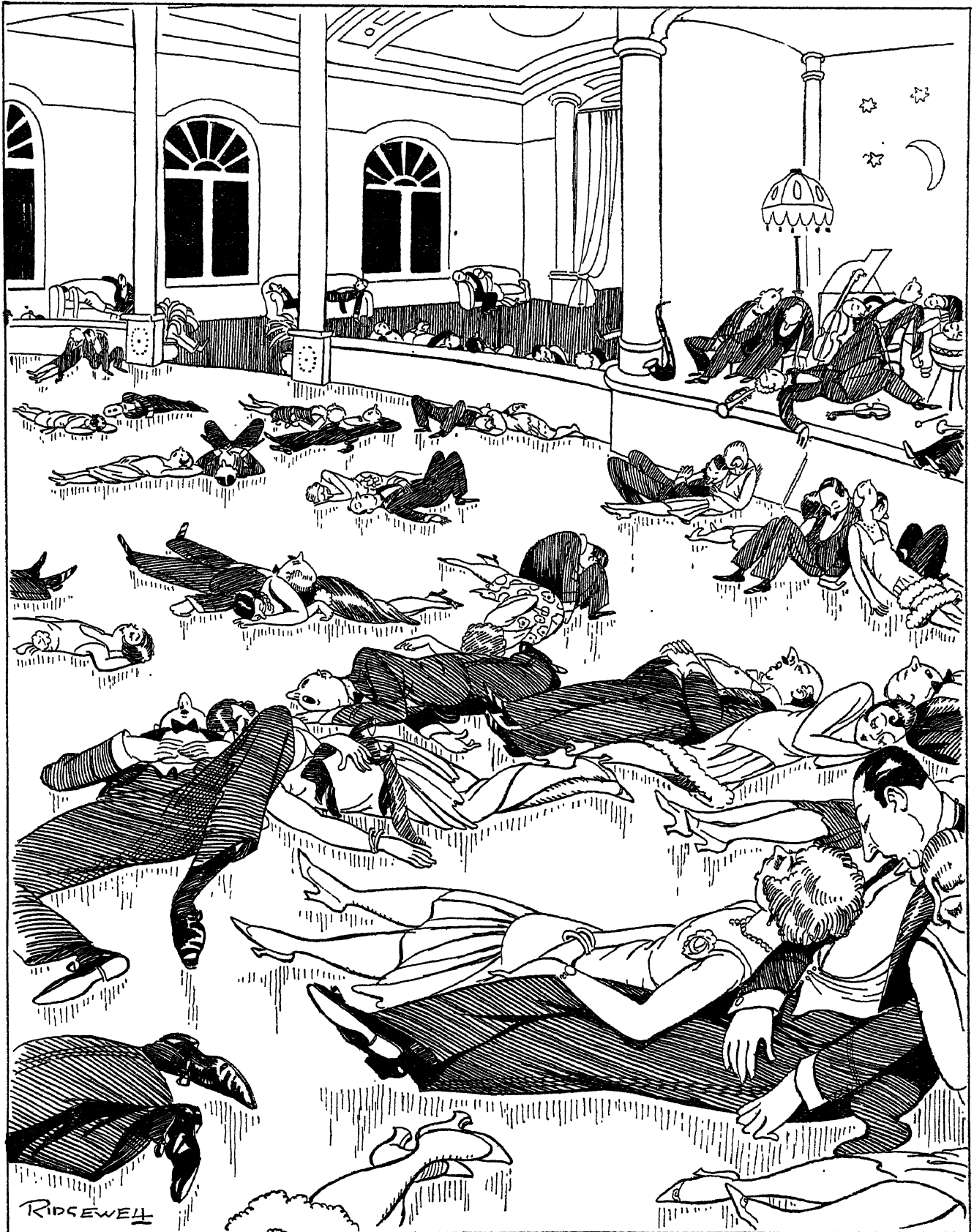
He'll turn his little nose up
At us whose ways were trite;
A caligraphic close-up
Will teach him how to write;
And primers be contraptions
That he'll no longer need
When bright and snappy captions
Explain the way to read.

Nor will they face disaster
Whose job is thus destroyed;
No superseded master
Will join the unemployed;
The schoolroom's transformation
For him will simply mean
He'll find his true vocation
In acting for the screen.

A Statement which our G.P. will Resent.

"DOCTORS WILL NOT STOP KISSING."

Headline in Australian Paper.



THE WALTZ THAT WAS TOO DREAMY.



Professor. "HAVE YOU ANY VIEWS ON RELATIVITY?"

Lady. "WELL—AH—I DARESAY THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR IT, BUT THEY 'LL NEVAH DARE TO ENFORCE IT IN THIS COUNTRY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE story of the life of COWPER, a drama as *Æschylean* as it is domesticated, deserves better of the biographer's art than to subserve consideration of "The Task" or even "John Gilpin." Its terrible pathos, its gentle and innocent alleviations, its attendant spirits and circumstances, absurd, heroic and (as is the way of the domestic genius) both, exact a presentment of exquisite sensitiveness if they are to be presented at all. This they have found in *The Stricken Deer* (CONSTABLE) of Lord DAVID CECIL, one of the most sympathetic adjustments of handling to the matter in hand that English literary biography has lately produced. Proluded by an enjoyable indictment of the eighteenth century as reconstructed by present modes, COWPER's England is portrayed as it was: a certain cosmopolitan formality on top, a wholly English eccentricity underneath. Belonging to the first world by birth and the second by election, the poet succumbed to madness at thirty-one in the endeavour to cope with a career. Wounded as a child to the quick by his mother's death, he had already found that evangelical faith which was to be at once "balm and cor'sive" to his wound. But as he grew older his emotional certainty of salvation turned into an equally emotional despair—"the heavens opened only to shut again." How he sought security in a "fragile intricate cocoon of taste and habit" at Huntingdon, Olney and Weston; how he rejoiced in the UNWINS, NEWTON, Lady AUSTEN, Lady HESKETH and the

three hares, we know and are never tired of being retold. Yet we are not allowed to linger in the parlour with its hissing urn, in the greenhouse with its carnations and balsams. Nothing is allowed, and rightly, to interfere with the proportions of a great and memorable tragedy.

In that manner of grave quietness that made him the natural refuge in storm of hard-pressed Chancellors, the sane adviser of the over-driven, the British Ambassador of Peace in Berlin continued through the turbid years of post-war crisis to jot down in his private record shrewd deliberate comments on daily recurrent threats of irreparable chaos. The second volume of *Lord D'Abernon's Diary* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), covering as it does the period of the French entry into the Ruhr, the Communist rising in Saxony, the HITLER monarchist *Putsch* and the headlong downfall of the mark, lacks no outward circumstance to make it sensational, and, though less often than the earlier instalment does it become consciously melodramatic, there is endless variety of "liveliness" to underline the gravely humorous running commentary. Whether he is likening Germany and Austria to two betrothed lovers deferring marriage till they can better afford it, or telling how he advised—unsmilingly—that German negotiators dealing with Entente Powers should not lay claim to moral superiority, or noting his impressions of the prevailing facial angle in a crowd of Bolshevik demonstrators, his work has the same quality of wise benevolent detachment. But on one subject he was always confident, insistent, even

importunate. At a time when the Director of the Reichsbank was boasting of a daily issue in paper money of forty billion marks, and when financial experts called in counsel seemed able to do no more than debate the relative advantage of interment and cremation for the unfortunate German currency, he declared that stabilisation of values was possible and was the one essential condition for a return to prosperity and a solution of the Reparations tangle. If this was perhaps his greatest technical contribution towards that upward movement which his third volume is to indicate, yet hardly less important was the personal influence of his presence in establishing a basis for future friendliness between his own country and Germany.

KATHARINE NEWLYN BURT'S *Cock's Feather*

Makes me inclined to wonder whether
All that the novelists bring to view
About America's really true.
Take the typical business man:
Surely he's always built on a plan
Of push and hustle whereby he collars
Tons and tons of almighty dollars.
So I imagined; but here we find
One of a totally different kind,
Whose cautious ploddings certainly win
Respect in the one-horse town he's in,
But rather fail in the acid test
Of rousing the reader's interest.

The story (from HEINEMANN'S house)
displays

Details of all he does and says,
And every detail appears to pass
Under a magnifying-glass
Which, while it exhibits the inwardness
Of things at which you might vainly
guess,

Brings into prominence rather much
That doesn't require that sort of touch.

So, whether they're true or not, for sport
I'm all for the hackneyed hustling sort.

The really indigenous English cookery—as opposed to methods imported from the Continent—mainly consists in exposing the very best possible materials to the simple action of fire and water. Sometimes fire has a solo part, but water (usually boiling) is a popular concomitant; and though a coarse mimicry of Latin procedure with butter and oil is occasionally initiated with dripping and lard the best English cookery is as a rule the most elementary. These facts were vividly brought home to me by that suggestive and entertaining little book, *County Recipes of Old England* (COUNTRY LIFE, LTD.), a compilation of the culinary specialities of thirty English counties, with the popular dishes of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales thrown in. Not much has escaped Miss HELEN EDDEN'S research, and she is usually a purist in her versions; though I miss the Cumberland "haver-cake"—a notable relation of Scots oat-cakes—and deplore the substitution of mushrooms for oysters in the case of Lancashire hot-pot. It is amusing to compare



"PLEASE, 'M, MUVER SAYS WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME THE BROOM YOU BORROWED ORF OF 'ER LASS TOOSDY FORTNIGHT?"
"YUS, BUT DON'T FORGIT TO BRING IT BACK."

local variants of the same dish—my own "Squab Pie," for instance, produced by a Cornish landlady in Salisbury, turned out to be a Devonshire rendering. The apparent multiplicity of sweet (not savoury) puddings is deceptive, so many counties improvise on the Bakewell Tart theme of pastry and breadcrumbs. But those who, with COWPER'S Mrs. UNWIN, would "enterprise a cake," will find Derwentwater, Chester, Ruthven and a score of other localities as forward with happy suggestions as Banbury, Eccles and Shrewsbury.

A few months ago a book on the French novel by Professor FREDERICK C. GREEN, of Toronto University, was acclaimed with an enthusiasm which, though I am sure it was just, I could not help thinking a little ungrateful to Dr. SAINTSBURY, that vigorous veteran, whose more

comprehensive history of the subject is, or should be, one of the classics of literary criticism. But in *Eighteenth-century France* (DENT), Professor GREEN follows paths which no one in England or America has trodden with steps so carefully recollected as his. In form his book is a string of half-a-dozen detached essays loosely strung on the thread of a period. In effect it is a multilateral survey of the plateau which divides the cultivated heights of the Grand Siècle from the beetling crags and cloud-capped precipices of Romanticism, a plateau on which VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU and DIDEROT stand as no mean eminences. Thus in a lively biographical sketch of "MISSISSIPPI" LAW is envisaged the financial chaos of which the Revolution was the only possible *dénouement*; while a careful pursuit of the long battle between FRÉRON, the enlightened and tolerant champion of tradition, and VOLTAIRE, the fine old crusted free-thinker (and enraged egomaniac), and a study, enriched with quotations, of the writings of an obscure Abbé COYER, who had the condition of his unprivileged compatriots very much at heart, are pointers to the same inevitable end. For the rest, Professor GREEN writes of the Paris stage, of the literary censorship and of the mutual repercussions of French and English fashions; and all that he writes, springing from deep research intelligently digested, is as convincing in matter as it is attractive in style.

What I particularly like about Miss FOX SMITH is that she is a little mad. This, I hasten to say, is not a libel. When it comes to talking about the sea and the ways of ships I am quite as mad myself, and very glad to be so. The world, as I find it, is divided into those on whom the sea has laid a spell of enchantment, and those to whom it is dreary or terrible. This observation is not an irrelevant introduction to Miss FOX SMITH's latest book, *There was a Ship* (METHUEN), because it is a book of detail which depends for its interest upon the reader's attitude towards the sea. Miss FOX SMITH dwells affectionately upon every point in some ship's log recording a long passage under sail, upon every little incident in the history of a vessel never famous and now perhaps vanished for ever. The lamentably sane may see no more point in describing every hour in a voyage than in describing every hour in a railway journey. To me, Miss FOX SMITH's sea-learning is a delight. Her enthusiasm carries me away to sea—this time in an Australian clipper, or in a clipper of the "Star" fleet, or in a Bengal pilot brig, or in one of Nourse's coolie ships. When the cargo is rusty iron or sewing-machines she makes it, because she feels it to be, as romantic as a cargo of ivory and pea-

cocks. It is strange that sailing-ships were never nobler in form, never faster and never better handled than just before they were swept from the seas by steam. It was as though a lovely flame flared up exquisitely as it died.

In *The Wasted Island* (MACMILLAN), of which the original edition, now revised, appeared in 1920, Mr. EIMAR O'DUFFY, forsaking his lighter mood, tells a most tragic tale of Ireland. Bernard Lascelles was unfortunate in his parents. His father, Sir Eugene, was a Dublin physician and a snob; in his mother's veins "flowed the attenuated blood of a very ancient Ulster clan." For some time, Bernard developed conventionally enough to please Sir Eugene, and it was not until he read deeply of his country's history, and thus derived a fierce hatred of England, that he began to flout parental authority. Of his two younger brothers one, a gentle soul, was killed in France; the other was crippled for life; but to Bernard the European War meant first and only that Ireland had been given an opportunity to win her freedom. In that cause he worked, was imprisoned and ultimately met a fate far sadder than death. This is a spacious story, remarkably well written, and, although English readers may feel some resentment before they reach the end, I am sure that they will also admire Mr. O'DUFFY's sincerity and the courage with which he has tackled a vexed portion of history.

The China Venture (MURRAY) is a delightful story, but it is more than that. Miss DOROTHY GRAHAM has divided it into three "books": "Canton—1835," "Pekin—1900," "Shanghai—To-day," and in this sequence you can read no little of China's history and also see how the fascinations of that amazing coun-

try affected the Meades, an American family who traded with the Chinese. Three women, symbolic of their periods, influenced the Meades. First of all, *Jade Willow*, a courtesan, both repelled and allured the "barbarian" Jared Meade "as China had repulsed and yet given lavishly in those early days." Then followed a Manchu woman, and later *Miss Wang*, "awkward and baffled, with odd impulses erupting through the traditional calm of her race. Unhappy, groping and blinded." *Miss Wang*, I gather, represents the China of to-day as she gropes blindly "between the new freedom and the old laws." I would invite all those who welcome a story that is at once informing and entertaining to embark upon this "Venture." They will have a memorable voyage.

"GUARANTEED USED CARS."—Notice in Showroom Window.
Our 1910 model needs no guarantee of use.



Typist (to lift-boy). "I'LL HAVE TO POP DOWN AGAIN WITH YOU. I HAVEN'T YET THOUGHT OF AN EXCUSE FOR BEING LATE."

CHARIVARIA.

INTEREST in pugilism is said to be increasing, and promoters are always confident of a packed house for the next big foul.

From a newspaper discussion on the subject of the age attained by doves it appears that thirty years is not very unusual. Still, that isn't good enough for Mr. KELLOGG.

In connection with the burglary at a West-End house last week, there is a theory that the culprit is evading arrest by going about disguised as a mail-bag thief.

The Press is unanimous in the opinion that there are too many mail-bag robberies, but not one of our contemporaries suggests what would be a reasonable number.

Lord BRENTFORD admits that he has bought advowsons. But not, of course, after 8 P.M.

Asceptic declares that when he attended a séance all he heard was chuckles. He must have struck a very happy medium.

A grass-drying machine has just been invented. A correspondent says that he would like to try it on his garden at Maidenhead if he can get a diver to take it down.

During a violent storm in the Five Towns district panic was caused by a dazzling meteorite which stunned and momentarily blinded a policeman and disappeared with a deafening detonation. Locally the experience is described as comparable only with a flying visit from Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT.

The Rev. E. L. MACASSEY complains that when hunting people do venture upon classical quotations they use hackneyed ones. A deplorable feature of the hunting-field is the neglect of the dead languages at the covert-side.

Attention is drawn to the change in the relative ages of dancing partners. Nowadays it is by no means unusual to see a woman of advanced years dancing with a man old enough to be her son.

Complaint is made that, in spite of

questions asked in the House, the tiles leading to the Division Lobbies are as slippery as ever. There is a lamentable deficiency of non-skid M.P.s.

"Scarface" AL CAPONE, the Chicago gunman, is reported as expressing the opinion that woman's place is in the home. Certainly it would seem safer not to go outdoors in Chicago.

The three little boys who decided to run away to sea, but gave up, exhausted, at Southend, are believed to have lost heart on discovering how far they still were from their objective.

however, be no Inter-University meeting to decide this, as it might provide excuse for the rowdiness of an "Uplift Night" in Town.

When Lord PARMOOR was at the Bar, we are reminded, he had a crisp forensic manner. "Crisp CRIPPS" has undergone changes.

"Anybody," declares a doctor, "is liable to have hiccoughs at any time." No wonder so many wireless-announcers grow old before their time.

Thames Valley estate-agents are understood still to incline to the view that the only real peril to bungalows and other riverside residences is from dry-rot.

A Los Angeles woman is suing for divorce because her husband has thrown her out of the house eleven times. We respect any woman who can take a hint.

While at work the other day a Worcester scavenger found a concertina in a dustbin. This only goes to show that there is a place for everything.

To reduce the number of burst pipes the Aldershot authorities are to give siren warnings, two hoots being sounded when severe weather is forecast. It will be optional for local plumbers to give three groans in reply.

A French authority on male deportment observes that it needs a man of breeding to carry off an umbrella. Yet a fellow of no breeding

at all has carried off ours.

A contemporary reports the case of a Harpenden man who is determined to die poor. We see no reason why the matter cannot be left in the safe hands of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

An M.P. says he had to refuse a peer's invitation to shoot at his house because he was a very poor shot. But surely with a bit of luck he ought to have been able to hit it.

Two members of the same angling club were married in the Midlands last week. We picture the happy couple leaving the church under an archway of outstretched arms.



"DO YOU STOCK THAT EXCELLENT BRAND OF CIGAR WHICH A WOMAN FONDLY IMAGINES SHE IS BUYING WHEN SHE BUYS HER HUSBAND A BOX OF CIGARS?"

Mr. W. T. TILDEN as a cabaret raconteur is considered to have "got over." Any failure to do so would of course have been reckoned as a "fault."

A lady-writer ascribes her father's bad temper at breakfast to the effect of the red wall-paper. Lady-writers' fathers are lucky if they have nothing worse than that to endure.

The New Zealand Government has called a conference to discuss the problem presented by the alarming increase of deer. An "Eat more Venison" campaign is anticipated.

It is claimed that Oxford is superior to Cambridge in "uplift." There will,

HOW TO PLEASE LORD BEAVERBROOK.*To the Editor of "The Daily Express."*

ALL good Cambridge men will generously rejoice over the defeat of their Rugger team at Twickenham. But the well-deserved victory of Oxford was not needed to disprove the mythical legend of her decadence; which is just as well, since a result which might easily have been reversed but for the accident which deprived Cambridge of the services of her most brilliant player, Bowcott, cannot in itself be regarded as giving the lie to this allegation. But to readers of *The Daily Express* the most significant feature of the Varsity match is the fact that of the Oxford fifteen no fewer than seven came from the Dominions—six from South Africa and one from New Zealand—a crowning proof, if one were still needed, of the value of your crusade for Empire Free Trade.

To the Editor of "The Evening Standard."

I see that some correspondence in one of your contemporaries draws attention to the excessive length of time devoted to training for the Boat-Race. Surely, Sir, this period might be curtailed if the crews were encouraged to train exclusively on Empire products. Along with all patriotic readers of *The Evening Standard* I wish you a speedy triumph in your noble crusade for Empire Free Trade.

To the Editor of "The Daily Express."

I see that the Minister responsible for dealing with the floods explained that the inadequacy of the precautions taken was due to neglect on the part of the late Government. I can well believe this of a Ministry which so grossly neglected its Imperial opportunities. Many of your readers will join me in regarding the present deluge as a judgment upon the country's indifference, fostered as it was by the callous attitude of Mr. BALDWIN, to the claims of Empire Free Trade. Happily that indifference is fast disappearing, thanks to the far-flung enthusiasm aroused by your crusade.

To the Editor of "The Evening Standard."

I congratulate you on your courage and public spirit in publishing in serial form a play that has been banned by the Censor. I understand that the action of this official was determined by the consideration that there are features in the play which vividly recall a comparatively recent trial for murder. This murder might never have been perpetrated if the standard of British morality had only been higher. Health of mind depends largely upon physical

health, and the condition of the body politic will never be satisfactory until the nation adopts the ideals of Empire Free Trade. God bless you in your efforts to attain that glorious consummation!

To the Editor of "The Daily Express."

The Dear Coal Bill, with its reduction of working hours to meet the demands of MAXTON and his mutineers, will entail a heavy increase in the price of this commodity as required for home consumption, both household and commercial. If and when the Socialists appeal to the country they will have to face the cry, "Your coal will cost you more." This slogan will be based on incontrovertible fact, thus differing from that other slogan, "Your food will cost you more," a mere shibboleth of antiquated and moth-eaten prejudice which I am convinced will be drowned by the battle-cry of your Empire Free Trade crusaders.

To the Editor of "The Evening Standard."

Last week the coping-stone was placed on the Temple of Peace when the final units of our Army of Occupation withdrew from the Rhineland and the Union Jack was hauled down at Wiesbaden. How pleased our troops must have been to see it again, on their return to Old England, braving the breeze from the flag-pole at Dover Castle! And what a wonderful addition it will be to the joys of Christmastide home-coming if in that symbol of Imperial unity they read, as I doubt not they will read, the promise of a still closer union shortly to be achieved by your fearless and bloodless fight for Empire Free Trade!

O. S.

THE NURSERY TIMES.**ROUND THE SHOPS.**

THE proximity of Christmas is now evident in Shopland and our readers should make a point of taking their parents to the more popular establishments before the rush sets in. It will be found that when visits of inspection are left too late the shops are overcrowded and parents quickly become impatient and irritable.

One of the greatest attractions again this year will be the miniature motor-car, which is now well within the means of parents with quite moderate bank balances, and there were many eager enthusiasts round the various models on show at Messrs. Horridges yesterday. This firm is showing a new super-sports model this year which promises to be very popular. It is a chain-driven one-seater fitted with rubber-bumpers front and rear to minimise wear and tear on furniture—a feature which should make an immediate appeal to nervous and

house-proud parents. It is light enough to be carried upstairs without difficulty, and it is equipped with useful headlights supplied from a battery under the driving seat, thus making possible short spins round the nursery after dark.

Another interesting model is the Horridge Two, a useful runabout for those who use their cars for getting to and from school. It is fitted with a locking device which makes theft well-nigh impossible, a much-needed improvement on the present type of vehicle, as the new legislation for joy-riding will not, it is understood, apply to miniature cars.

Girls are almost as interested in cars this year as boys, and at another famous store yesterday our representative saw a young lady of five lost in admiration over one of the new Marker Minors. This model is fabric-covered, with rabbits and squirrels embossed on the bonnet, and has a dickey-seat affording ample accommodation for two fair-sized dolls.

Model railways seem to be regaining favour, and round a large display of these at a popular City store there were noticed almost as many children as parents. At the same establishment are other mechanical toys at all prices and in great variety. No boy should have difficulty in finding here something to keep his father or uncle amused during the holidays.

THE OLDEST BEATER.

ABOVE the brow the beaters bob

And down the fallow lea

The oldest driver at the job

Is of their company;

His whistle's at the coveys' backs,

His voice, anon, we'll know

Among the thunder of the packs

That spring, that roar, that go.

Though older than METHUSELAH

Or any pipes of Pan,

He sends us stuff like hip-hurrah

And beat it if you can;

Yes, when to keep in line's his whim

And flip the flags about,

The bird you get along with him

Is worth the brace without.

Oh, who has just that ancient's knack

To hold a heart in pledge

The while he puts a crackerjack

Hot chance across a hedge?

He gilds our triumphs, takes our blame

When coveys pass unthinned,

And keeps the mean twist gun and game,

Old partridge-driver, Wind.

P. R. C.

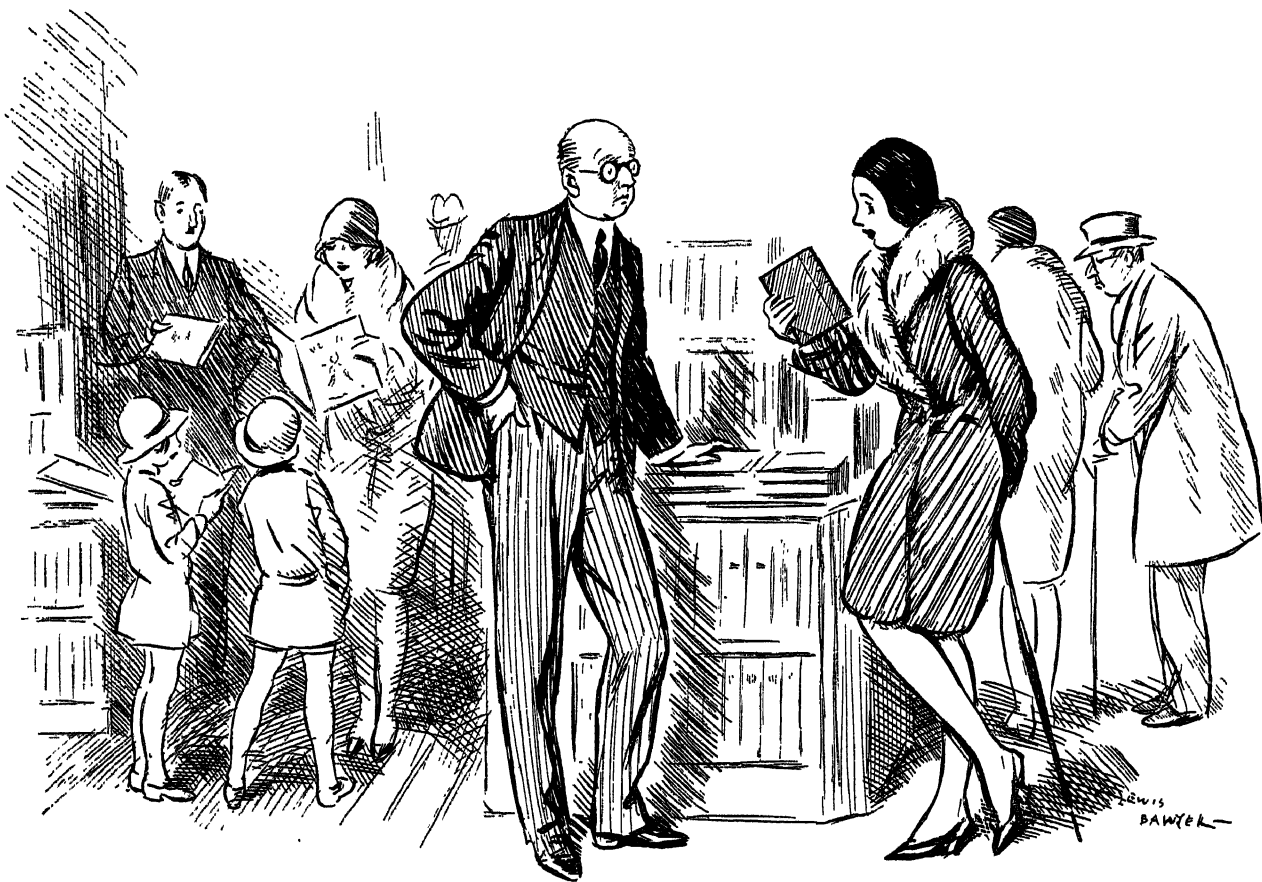
"He was unable to follow his unemployment for some weeks."—*Liverpool Paper*.

But we are sure that Miss BONDFIELD is doing her best to alleviate pathetic cases like this.



ANY CRAFT IN A FLOOD.

SPECTACLE OF THE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL "OPPOSITION" MAKING UP HIS MIND ABOUT COMING TO THE RESCUE OF THE GOVERNMENT.



Young Lady (choosing Christmas present). "THIS LOOKS RATHER A Highbrow Effort, if you understand me. Not that I want exactly tosh, if you see what I mean. Haven't you something about fifty-fifty?"

THREE FABLES.

I.—*The Young Man of Frugal Habit and the Fashionable Restaurant.*

A YOUNG Man of Frugal Habit and a certain Aptitude for Business was once dining with Three Friends at a Very Fashionable Restaurant. And at the end of the Meal when Flown with Wine, he said (somewhat Rashly): "Now, boys, this Bit is On Me. Let us Hititup! Waiter, bring an Old Brandy for Each of us."

Now this was Such a Fashionable Restaurant that the Management Scorned any appearance of Commercial Transaction, such as Glasses with little engraved Lines to denote a Vulgar Tot and Wine Waiters carefully filling them to within a Halfpenny of the Plimsoll. Instead they placed a Full Bottle on the table with an Air of Careless Munificence and Lordly Trust that was Wonderful to Behold. Nevertheless the Italian Head Waiter had Secret Marks on the Bottle which he alone (wisely) Understood.

When the Young Man called for a Reckoning he explained Honourably that he and his Friends had each helped themselves Twice.

"Very good, Sir," said the Head Waiter, glancing with Careless but Practised Eye at the half-empty Bottle, and he wrote "To Eight Old Brandies —£2" on the bill.

When the Young Man had recovered Consciousness he Paid the Reckoning, but said to the Italian Head Waiter:

"That was Very Excellent Brandy, though Expensive. Am I allowed to Purchase a Bottle?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied the Wop; for the Restaurant was not too Fashionable to Miss a Profit.

"And to what Extent will it Set me Back?"

"A Bottle, Sir, is Forty-Seven Shillings and Sixpence. I will Procure it."

"Never mind," smiled the Young Man. "Here is the other Seven-and-Sixpence. I am taking this one of which I have only had about Half."

And it Was as he Said . . .

Moral: Get Your Brandy by the Keg.

II.—*The Soldier Who Spoke too Soon.*

Once upon a time there was a Soldier who was soon due to Leave the Army. One night when in the Canteen bar he said to a Friend: "I am entirely Glad,

Charles, that I am Leaving. No more Ruddy Saluting for me as Long as I Live." Or Words to That Effect.

But his Friend, full of Wisdom and Beers, said: "Have you got a Job yet?"

"My Company Officer, Charles, has Promised me one, though what I do not yet Know," replied the Soldier affably. . . .

But when the Job Materialised it was that of an A.A. Road Scout.

Moral: Life is like That.

III.—*The Youthful Sub-Lieutenant and the Sextant.*

Once upon a time, in the days when the War was Still On, there was a Small Submarine on Listening Duty in the Large North Sea. And every morn at Nine and Noon it came to the Surface to Verify its Position by Sun and Sextant.

Now there was on board an Extremely Youthful Sub-Lieutenant, who one morning was Detailed by his Skipper to Perform this Duty, which he set about with Some Misgiving for at his School he had learnt more about Rugby Football than Mathematics. Much more.

So he Juggled Hopefully with the Sextant and with the Sun, but when he came to the Actual Working Out of the Observations he had made, his Heart Misgave him completely, for, as I have said, he was Weak on Mathematics though Strong on the Wing. So he took them to the Skipper and said—

"O Sir, my Maths are a Trifle Rusty. Can you help me in Working Out these Observations I have made?"

At this the Skipper made Some Observations of his own [*Lacuna in original MS.*] but concluded more kindly, "You go and Con ship and I will Work Out our Position for you."

Ten Minutes having passed, the Extremely Youthful Sub was summoned to his Skipper's Presence and went hoping possibly for a Small Word of Commendation upon his Play with the Sextant and the Sun, if he were Not Much Out.

But as he entered the Skipper began in a Voice Charged with Reverent Emotion—

"My Boy, Remove your Cap! We are Now in York Minster!"

Moral: You never Know Where you are with Mathematics. A. A.

PRECIOUS STONES.

(*A few wholly unreliable observations.*)

How often, from the ages
When the bronto roared and mammoth hissed,
A wife has spent the wages
Of her husband on an Amethyst!

A man with wrath will fairly sway
And call his wife a booby
Who leaves about in a careless way
A twenty-carat Ruby.

And many a *pat. familias*
Has pointed to the peril
That menaces a silly ass
Who's reckless with her Beryl.

A stone whose sparkles please us
And adorn the richer fry—a MOND
Or any modern Croesus
And his missus—is the Diamond.

But folk of lofty status will
Be moved to murmur "Darn it"
At losing, from too great a swill
Of vintage port, a Garnet.

And Kings have condescended—
And I quite expect the Pope has,
And that TURPIN now and then did—
To admire the little Topaz.

A stone that maidens covet
(If it came from Adrianople
Idle rhymesters too would love it,
But it doesn't) is the Opal.



Joan (just returned from a Rugger match). "GRANNY, DARLING, IT WAS SO EXCITING AND JOHN DROPPED A GOAL."

Granny. "VERY ODD! THE DEAR BOY IS USUALLY SO TENACIOUS."

The Pearl's another favourite

As sweet to some as ottar,
And, though you've got to pay for it,
It's cheaper than a lot are.

All modes in female clothing,
Do they hide the knees or show
knicks,
Or amount to next to no-thing,
Look intriguing with an Onyx.

She has the will to fly high
(And if you deny she has you lie)
Who shows a garter thigh-high
With a fringe of Lapis Lazuli.

And other gems there must be
Worth a leader in *The Times* to them
Which I have not discussed be-
Cause they haven't any rhymes to
them. C. B.

Tests for Magisterial Sobriety.

"Charges brought under the Distillery Ordinance against the Wong Wo Sun Distillery of Cheung Sha Wan were investigated yesterday. The charges were (1) failing to record in his Molasses Mash Book the addition of molasses to molasses mash in mash kongs, the full charge of molasses having been already recorded as placed in the kongs; (2) removing and distilling certain molasses mash from molasses mash kong, such molasses mash being recorded in his Molasses Mash Book as being due for distillation."—*Chinese Paper*.

"9799—Wanted, fox-terrier, smooth, young, intelligent; state particulars. Must see London."—*Weekly Paper*.

It is of the utmost importance that all our intelligent young dogs should have an intimate acquaintance with the Metropolis.

THE GIVING OF GIFTS.

A DUOLOGUE.

They (coming in suddenly). I thought you were doing a third of William's fur gloves with me and Arabella?

I. I wish you wouldn't come bursting in like BOADICEA. The dog threw himself violently at the door a little while ago and opened it and rushed in, and I had to get up and shut it again. I was just reading a little piece in the paper about Traffic Control at the time. And now you start gate-crashing with William's fur gloves.

They. Well, are you?

I. Am I what?

They. Giving a third?

I. How can I possibly? William hasn't got three hands.

They. Please do try to be sensible.

I. I was. Of course one could have an extra glove with a reversible thumb, in case one got lost. Rather a good idea. I wonder nobody's ever thought of it.

They. Do stop. Arabella now says that she and you are giving the gloves alone.

I. Are we? I think it depended upon whether they were going to be a natural rabbit fleecy-lined or a real opossum with cape palms. I thought William would feel more himself in a natural rabbit fleecy-lined, and she agreed. But of course, if we went as far as a real opossum—I wonder

how far real opossums do go when they have cape palms? Miles and miles, I should imagine.

They (stamping the foot). Well, of course, if you want to smash the whole arrangement, do. Anyhow, you've got to settle now and at once, because if not I've got to think of something else for William.

I. Get him something there's only one of (*taking catalogue from them*). A tie-press.

They. A tie-press!!

I. It says here it's a good solution to the gift problem. You can get it with a mahogany finish. I rather think William would like that. Of course it comes less in oak. But where a brother-in-law's concerned you can't be too refined.

They. Really, if you won't be more helpful—

I. Well, what about an expanding

spring-belt and golf-garters set—proof against rust? Of course you can't tell whether his present golf-garters are rusty, but his golf is sure to be. Or what about—

They. I'm going away now.

I. Don't go, please; you've ruined my morning's work already. By the way, wasn't I getting a present to send to my godson?

They. You mean, wasn't I getting a present that I was going to send to your godson and tell him it came from you. Well, that's done.

I. How do you mean, done?

They. I mean settled. I've bought it. It's a cart and two horses.

I. I thought he always had a motor-car.

They. Yes, he has till now. But I

They (impatiently). It must be sent off this afternoon.

I (on the floor again). Well, I have three clear hours before me. What about Aunt Isabel's present? Has that been got?

They. You're supposed to be giving her a book.

I. What book?

They. I leave that to you.

I. Yes, but it's rather difficult. I might give her the first volume of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, and then, if she liked it, another next year, and so on. I believe it gets rather exciting towards the middle.

They. There's poetry and memoirs.

I. Is there? I mean, are they? I suppose it wouldn't be any use giving Aunt Isabel one of those fur gloves, would it?

They. No, nor golf-garters.

I. Who's being unhelpful now? I'm going to look at the catalogue again. . . . I see here it says that musical instruments make delightful gifts. What about giving her a Swanee whistle or a hunting horn? . . .

They. Do if you like.

I. Wait a minute, though—how about a Taxidermist's Companion? It says at the top of the page, "Giving pleasure to the naturalist." Do you think Aunt Isabel is a naturalist? I see the skinning-knives are only five shillings per set. She could make herself one or two nice fur gloves, and—

They (firmly). I really haven't time to listen to all this fatuous nonsense. If you like I'll send Aunt Isabel a book of some sort for you.

I. A nice book?

They. Certainly.

I. Not one with any of those what-do-you-call-it bits in, where you have to fill up the asterisks and so on.

They. No. And you and I and Arabella will share the gloves?

I. You and I and Arabella and William, if he's good.

They. I suppose I'm to buy them?

I. Please. It is the spirit of the gift, I think, rather than the trouble of purchasing, that counts with the receiver.

They. And you'll let them be opossum?

I. They have my permission. Is that all now? Because I'm rather busy getting the collar—

They. You perfect idiot! I knew you



Novice (quite excited). "WHERE DID THAT ONE GO, BOY?"
Caddie. "IT DIDN'T; YOU'RE STANDING ON IT."

felt he was getting old enough for a cart and horses. Would you like to have a look at them?

I. Most certainly yes.

[*They are driven in.*]

I (after kneeling some time on the floor). I say, this is entirely wrong. The back horse won't come out.

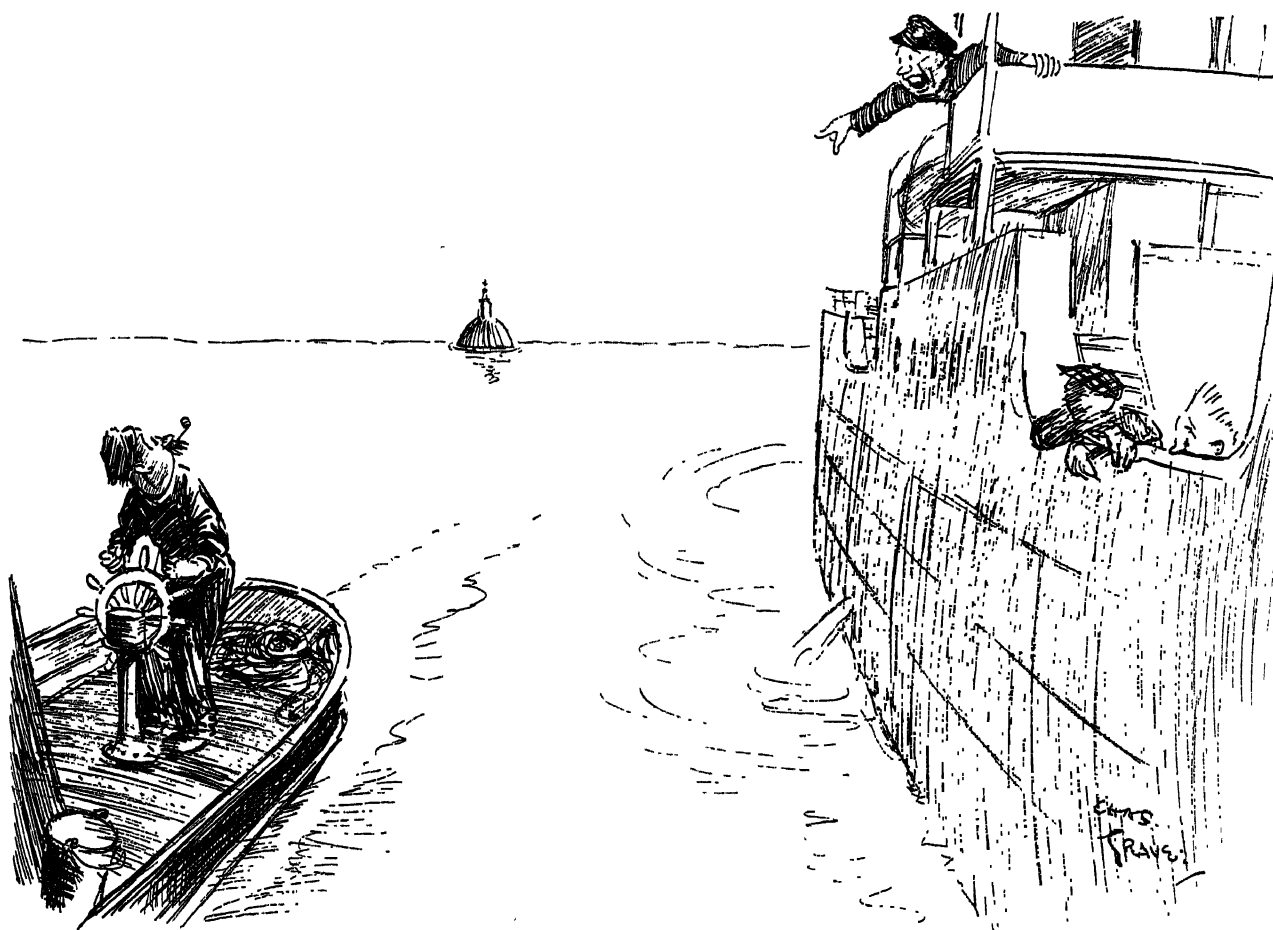
They. What does it matter?

I. Matter, indeed! One of the first things he'll want to do is to take the back horse out of the shafts and put the front one in instead. Anyone who ever had any dealings with horses and carts would know that. Are we to have this young child going through the rest of its life remembering that he has a godfather who once gave him a back horse that wouldn't come out of its shafts?

They. Well, it can't be altered now.

I. It can, with a little patience. I'll just go upstairs and fetch a chisel and a few nails and things.

[*I do so.*]



THE MENACE OF THE FLOODS.

Skipper of incoming Steamer. "I DON'T QUITE KNOW WHERE I AM. WHAT BUOY IS THAT?"
Bargee. "ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL."

would. You've broken the harness of that horse! -

I (indignantly). What I feel and always have felt about this business of giving Christmas presents is that the whole thing should be carried out in the spirit of friendship and goodwill amongst men. But directly I start dealing earnestly with it you import an atmosphere of envy, malice and all uncharitableness. I wash my hands of the whole concern. Give my godson *Jew Süss!* Send Aunt Isabel the cart with the two opossums! Let William have a dozen golf-garters in a mahogany box with Cape palms! What do I care? (*They go.*) EVOE.

HURRY ALONG, PLEASE.

MR. PUNCH has had the good fortune to secure an advance copy of a very important form which is expected to come into use when the means of transport in London have passed under public ownership. He understands that this form, when completed by the proposed passenger, will have to be handed to an inspector and, if approved,

stamped by him before any public conveyance may be entered.

Forms of different colours will be issued for intended journeys by (1) Omnibus, (2) Tube, (3) Tram, (4) Other modes of conveyance.

It is thought by the authorities that the innovation may have a marked effect on the problem of traffic congestion, and with this view Mr. Punch heartily concurs.

The questionnaire to be answered is as follows:—

- (1) Name.
- (2) Address.
- (3) Sex (M. or F.).
- (4) Nationality, (a) now, (b) on August 4th, 1914 (if already born).
- (5) Place and date of birth. (The exact hour need not be entered.)
- (6) Next of kin.
- (7) Religious denomination.
- (8) Profession or calling.*

* If there is any doubt as to whether the occupation of the proposed passenger is a profession or a calling, reference should be made to Leaflet No. 49135/PT/1930, to be obtained of any inspector.

(9) Point at which it is proposed to join a public conveyance.

(10) Point at which it is proposed to descend from a public conveyance.

(11) Estimated fare.

(12) Is the proposed passenger suffering from any contagious or infectious disease? If so, state which, and give the name and address of probable source of infection or contagion.

(13) Has the proposed passenger ever made any claim for damages or compensation arising out of an accident incurred in a public conveyance? If so, was his (her) claim successful?

(14) Is the proposed passenger insured at the present time? If not, why not?

(15) Is smoking or non-smoking accommodation required?

(16) Is the proposed passenger travelling for the purpose of (a) private business, (b) Government or public business, (c) pleasure? If (c) state why.*

(17) Has the proposed passenger ever been (a) summoned for, (b) convicted

* Ladies on shopping expeditions should enter their reply under (c).

of, mutilating (1) an omnibus, tube or tram ticket, or (2) an omnibus, tube or tram inspector?

(18) Has the proposed passenger ever entered or descended from a public conveyance while it is in motion?

(19) Has the proposed passenger ever (a) attempted to travel, (b) succeeded in travelling (1) without paying his (her) fare or (2) for a distance exceeding that for which the fare has been prepaid? If (b), (1) or (2), state the means employed.

N.B.—If the proposed passenger is accompanied by a dog, baby, and/or invalid the appropriate form or forms must be obtained and completed before any public conveyance is entered.

A REVERSION TO TYPE.

JANE undulated gracefully towards me instead of striding in her usual boyish manner. Yes, "undulated" is certainly the right word.

"Why," she asked, offering me her hand, "do you look like that at me?"

Feebly I tried to pull myself together.

"This is very strange and interesting," I said. "I never knew before that you possessed a waist. I suppose it is the sort of thing that used to thrill our grandfathers and rouse their worst passions. How did you achieve it?"

"I've only just discovered it myself," said Jane, preening herself. "I've got the smallest one amongst my friends. They are wildly jealous. Of course," she added in the tone of one who suffers martyrdom in a just cause, "it's very painful. But I shall probably grow used to it in time."

"What have you done with your pretty legs?" I said, making further investigations.

Jane cast a frightened look round to make sure that no one had overheard us.

"Hush!" she said. "Don't you know that legs aren't mentioned any more? They have disappeared."

"And quite time too," I said righteously. "Some that I know ought never to have seen daylight. All the same I shall miss the old familiar friends."

"It seems rather a pity," said Jane regretfully. "They were quite my best feature. Still, I suppose I shall have to make the best of my face now. I never used to bother much about that except to see that it was decently powdered."

"Come and have a cocktail," I said, as she seemed rather sad.

"Cocktail!" said Jane innocently. "What is that?"

Sternly I fixed an eye upon her and she had the grace to look rather ashamed. At our last meeting, if I remember rightly, Jane had consumed at

least three cocktails straight off without a qualm or the flicker of an eyelash.

"Come and dance then," I suggested.

We revolved round the room to the strains of "The Blue Danube." Our progress was not one of unalloyed bliss. Jane's long skirts billowed out and got entangled in my legs. Several times I nearly tripped over her and she made several pointed remarks quite in her own forceful manner. It seemed like old times again.

"Oh, let us sit it out," she gasped at length. "I think our parents must have had stronger constitutions than we imagine they had to have stood this sort of thing all night."

Jane fanned her hot face. We had spent many evenings fox-trotting together, but I had never known her turn a hair before.

"Let me get you a chaste lemonade," I said.

Jane sipped her drink pensively but without much enthusiasm. She was silent and her eyes had a wistful far-away expression.

"Good heavens!" I thought, "she'll expect me to make conversation and pay her compliments next. The idea revolted me. I had never in my most impassioned moments said more to her than, 'Well, old thing, you've got some quite decent rags on to-night. You don't look such a scarecrow as usual.'"

"Da—— I mean bother!" gulped Jane hastily as she spilt a spot of lemonade on her frock.

Suddenly I noticed a small protuberance in the nape of her neck. "How have you grown your hair in such a short time?" I asked.

Jane fingered her "bun" tenderly. "I haven't. This is pinned on, and I've been terrified all the evening that it would drop off."

"It must be a great anxiety," I admitted, "but there's one gleam of comfort; at any rate I shall be able to get hold of a hairpin now when I want to clean out my pipe."

I felt rather uncomfortable with the unfamiliar aloof Jane. She sat beside me cultivating the new allure of silent mysterious womanhood. I missed my old boyish pal with her blunt manner and habit of saying anything that came into her head.

"If this continues," I thought, "I shall be reduced to making love to her out of sheer boredom."

Jane turned and ogled me coquettishly. I found it most embarrassing.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" she whispered. "I've had five proposals just lately. Men simply fall for the new femininity, I find."

I rose to the occasion. "Come," I said gallantly, "let me make it half-a-dozen."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

WE all want something. Mr. SNOWDEN wants several hundred million pounds to make him really happy and I want £4 13s. 7d. in order that I may pay my quarterly gas-bill. Depressed by this thought I recently visited our local hostelry, "The Mare's Nest," where for fourpence one can obtain a small quantity of liquor which is alleged to be intoxicating and a large quantity of interesting conversation. Having paid my fourpence I found that the subject under discussion was Socialism, a discovery which at first disappointed me, because I am not very poignantly interested in politics. At the tender age of eighteen I swallowed a lavish allowance of poison gas and it is thought that my political virus was thus homœopathically destroyed.

As the discussion at "The Mare's Nest" proceeded, however, I became interested despite myself; particularly when the chief orator on behalf of Socialism announced that the Labour Party were going to see that the workers of Britain all got a fortnight's holiday every year paid for by their employers. At this point I was almost thrilled. Looking dreamily at the inflamed face of the orator I began to wonder whom I might truthfully call my employer. Did an editor, I wondered, by accepting some work of mine, render himself liable to pay for my next holiday? And, if so, should I get a complete fortnight from each editor separately or would they be permitted to share the expense of one glorious two weeks' stretch? And would they have to pay for me to go to the Lido or should I be bound to go to Blackpool? At this stage I remembered devastatingly that from the Labour Party's viewpoint I am not a worker of Britain at all. I may use my pen and my brain for twenty-two hours of the twenty-four and still I do not bear comparison with the gentlemen who "mind" a hole in the road during their eight-hour day.

"Ah! you may frown," the orator continued, pointing suddenly in my direction, "but it is coming, I tell you. It is coming."

"What is coming?" I asked, for I had been busy with thoughts of my own.

"What I've been telling you. The time is coming when Capital will be abolished."

"Speaking personally," I began, thinking of the gas-bill, "I have already——" but he waved me into silence.

"Money," he announced, "will be used no more. In its place goods will be exchanged. The gardener will give vegetables to the cobbler in return for having his boots repaired. The doctor will



Mother. "ARE YOU DINING AT HOME TO-NIGHT, FRANK?"

Father. "NO, DEAR. I'M DINING AT THE JUNIOR CARLTON."

Little Girl (who is expecting her first remove at school). "ISN'T IT TIME YOU WERE MOVED UP TO THE SENIOR CARLTON, DADDY?"

give his services to the tailor in return for a suit. The chimney-sweep—"

Once again I lost the train of his rhetoric as I followed another rosy dream-path to an earth-heaven where I paid all my accounts—including gas-bills—with a promptness and despatch seldom met with before. I even composed some of the letters accompanying the payments:—

"DEAR DR. BLANK,—My influenza is now completely cured. In payment of your fee I enclose a five-hundred-word article on 'Poultry-Carving'—by An Expert."

Yours very sincerely."

Here another thought occurred to me and I began to feel less happy. Who, I wondered, would be the judge as to the value of the goods or services exchanged? Would, for example, Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW receive a ton of potatoes for writing "You be damned" on a post-card while I only received a pound-and-a-half for a complete short story?

Then I remembered that the basic belief of Socialism is that all men are equal. I began to wander again in my dream-world. I even began to be a confirmed Socialist. Then the landlord said, "Time, gentlemen, please," and the spell was broken.

As I have already admitted I know very little about politics, but, if the Socialists are really going to carry out the two schemes I have mentioned, I hope they will do so without delay. The Gas Company is becoming impatient.

No Slimming in our Styes.

"Fat pigs maintained last week's figures."
Wireless Report.

"'R.A.P.' (Stockport).—Could any reader tell me the most economical way of getting rid of moss from a red shale tennis court?"

Daily Paper.

Has "R.A.P." tried rabbits?



LONDON LIFE

PICKETS WAITING TO EXPOSTULATE WITH BLACKLEGS OUTSIDE THE BRITISH MUSEUM DURING A STRIKE OF EGYPTOLOGISTS.

THE PERFECT CITIZEN.

SOMETHING will have to be done about Honeybubble.

I should not allude to my old friend's distressing case but that I fear his complaint may become common. This (whatever the Bishops say) is an age of discipline. We spend our days doing what we are told, and every day we are told more. Turn your gaze which way you will in this land and you will see some request, command or injunction addressed to *you*—from the Government, the clergy, the Press, the doctor, the advertiser, the Society, the County Council; and the splendid thing is that your instinct is at once to comply. You are approaching the state of mind of the good soldier, whose first duty is to obey, and obey without question. You know that you are a weak imperfect individual and that men wiser than you have been given the charge of practical affairs; you know that after much thought and trouble they have devised ways and means of ordering things for the general good and that you can best help yourself and the community by falling easily into line. Yet it is conceivable that Honeybubble, for example, may be even too well drilled.

Late the other night, after a dinner-party, we were descending the stairs of a block of flats. Outside the door of a flat about half-way down, I saw

Honeybubble halt and peer intently at a small brass plate. He then placed his thumb on the electric bell-push and pressed with all his might, wearing an expression of great determination.

"Hullo," I said, "found a friend?"

"No," he said, but jerked his head at the brass-plate and passed on down the stairs.

Interested, I too peered at the small brass-plate, and I saw these words:—

PLEASE RING LOUDLY.

While I was still wondering at Honeybubble's strange behaviour the door opened and a very old lady in a dressing-gown inquired shortly what I wanted. I explained lamely that there had been a mistake, and the old lady, having replied in suitable terms, slammed the door. Embarrassing.

Honeybubble is the last man I should suspect of horse-play or practical joking. So I was still more surprised when, on the floor below, I found him vigorously working the brass knocker of No. 21, pulling at the bell with the other hand, and gazing earnestly at a single brass plate, which said—

KNOCK AND RING.

Once again, with the air of one who has done his duty, he passed on his way

and left me to face the occupant, who in this case was a man of fierce aspect and enormous dimensions, also in his dressing-gown. This gentleman alarmed me so much that I did not dare to attempt an explanation. I blurted out the unconvincing words, "It's Honeybubble," and bolted down the stairs pursued by a noise like a cyclone.

Convinced now that all was not well with Honeybubble, I made no comment upon his proceedings, but made up my mind to watch him closely.

The Tube station was the usual scene of hurry and bustle, and I made my usual rush to the end of the queue. But Honeybubble paused and looked about him as if seeking guidance. Then he rapidly crossed the hall. I got our tickets and followed. On the wall were about twenty-five tin boxes containing leaflets and booklets about the pretty country through which the "Underground" passes. They were all labelled "*Please Take One*," and Honeybubble was methodically taking one from each box (and carefully replacing one whenever by accident he had taken two).

I shook my head and led him gently on to the moving staircase, with his armful of literature. On the way down he made a note of the name of a patent medicine whose owners invited him in persuasive terms to try it, and at the bottom he stumbled off awkwardly and

nearly fell down. But as he recovered his balance he looked up and saw the notice, "*Step off with Right Foot First.*" and he said, "I must do that again."

I was too surprised to stop him. He ran back on to the moving staircase, and three times stepped off with the right foot first. Things were said by other passengers, but Honeybubble would not desist till he was satisfied that he had the movement right.

I got him home safely. It is difficult to know what to do. The trouble is that Honeybubble seems perfectly sane. The habit of obedience and discipline has become so strong that he obeys every order he receives without question and takes infinite pains to carry it out exactly. In other words he is the perfect citizen, and one can scarcely shut a man up for that.

A day or two later there was trouble at the club. I found Honeybubble in the rather dingy washing-cum-cloak-room, which has a notice over the washing-basins: "*Place used towels in basket. Please leave the wash-room as you would wish to find it yourself.*" Well, I found Honeybubble decorating the row of basins with bunches of flowers and tying pretty coloured ribbons to the taps. On the long hair-brush shelf he had placed framed photographs of aunts and uncles and various other relatives, also half-a-dozen clean tooth-brushes. The Committee did not take this at all well, and I had the greatest difficulty in making them appreciate the kindly thought behind Honeybubble's action.

Since then I have basely avoided the man, but rumours of his proceedings have reached me from time to time. A notice in one of the Parks ("*Please Deposit Litter Here*") attracted him, it seems, and the conscientious fellow took to carrying great sackfuls of litter from his house to the Park on Sunday afternoons, under the illusion, I suppose, that the County Council had need of litter. And I am told that he never travels on the Tube now without a dog. (You know the notice on the moving staircase—"Dogs Must Be Carried.")

The last time I saw him he was at one of the busiest and most dangerous road-crossings in London. We stood for some time under the "*Please Cross Here*" notice and at last safely made the journey. But at the other side was another notice which said, "*Please Cross Here.*" Honeybubble gave it one look, turned on his heel and plunged into the traffic again. I watched him, fascinated, and when, a few minutes later, he returned to me I tried to hold him. But he wriggled away, muttered something about "We must all do what



THE DAY AFTER A FIRST NIGHT.

Actor-Manager. "I DIDN'T SEE YOU AT OUR SHOW LAST NIGHT. DID YOU COME ROUND AFTER?"

Critic. "NOT FOR A LONG TIME."

we can," and again darted across the road. There reluctantly I left him; and either he has been arrested or killed, or he is still crossing the road. Sad. A. P. H.

A New Walk for You and the Dog.

"The meteor Mr. — mentions was visible from the heathland at Weybridge, Surrey. I was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of it as I traversed a long path, beginning, so far as I was able to judge, round about the Pleiades in Taurus, and disappearing in an easterly direction."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

Tramps like this make London to Brighton seem just an airing.

In Defence of the Nightdress.

"By sleeping in shifts a Michigan family of 18 contrive to live comfortably in three rooms." *Hampshire Paper.*

"PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S NEW CENTRE.

... The buildings and the land upon them are the gift of an anonymous donor."

Daily Paper.

The excavators of Ur could probably suggest the best way out.

"Constable, damaged; offers? Collection of Jap prints."—*Advt. in Lady's Paper.*

We presume that the officer was tattooed while on foreign service.

LIFE IN THE RAW.

Hammond was a journalist. He had not been one for very long, but he was already so successful that he doubted, just occasionally, if he could be a genius. He had come up from the country, with the blessing and consent of his parents, all ready to face hardship and poverty and rats in a garret. After a short stay in a hostel he took a flat in Bloomsbury and worried about nothing except his income-tax.

His journalistic friends, especially the unsuccessful ones, told Hammond that it was his duty to present Life to the public, Life in the Raw, Crude Life, Brutal Life, Life as it is lived by Pavement Artists, Dope Fiends, Miners, Tramps and Barmaids. Hammond felt, as his friends did, that it was not right

that one whose life had been bounded by hedges in the country should have such an easy time with editors. He determined to investigate LIFE IN THE RAW.

He went to the kindest editor he knew and suggested a series of articles on Life as it is lived by those who really do live, Dope Fiends, Miners, etc. The editor was a little difficult about it; he insinuated that Life in the Raw had already been done to a turn, said that his public preferred Life in the Leaf, and suggested a series of fragrant nature-stories instead.

However, in the end he gave way and commissioned Hammond to write a sketch on A Day in the Life of a Pavement Artist.

Hammond waited for a particularly sodden morning, when the pavements had a good coating of grease. Then, putting on his shabbiest coat, he went in search of a pavement artist.

Presently he found a bearded scallywag sitting on a sack beside a row of very crude pictures of the Prince of Wales's feathers, the Princess ELIZABETH, the *Cutty Sark*, a cheese on a plate and a bunch of lilies.

Hammond dropped sixpence into a ragged cap, walked on, turned back and said "Good morning" in his most genial voice.

"Mornin'," grunted the artist, who was finding great difficulty in colouring a map of England, partly because the rain made his chalk skid and partly because he was not a very good artist.

"I wonder—" began Hammond, and

stopped, because it really did seem unkind to question this man about his very drab life.

"I wonder," he said again—"I wonder if you'd mind telling me how you learned to draw and—er—anything interesting about your profession?"

There was a pause. The man rubbed out a river with his sleeve, drew it in again very shakily and glanced shyly at his audience.

"Does it make you nervous to be watched?" asked Hammond sympathetically.

"I lives for art," announced the other simply. "I've drawn all my life. When I was a nipper I drew on toffee-papers, and when they was done I drew on me dad's shirt-fronts. Dad was a waiter."

He scratched his head and then spat into the blue river.



The Head of the House (proffering box of gift cigars to charlady).
"WONDER IF YOUR HUSBAND WOULD LIKE THESE, MRS. HIGGS?"
Charlady. "SORRY, SIR; BUT 'E'S OBLIGIN' 'ALF-A-DOZEN GENTS ALREADY."

Speech and gesture delighted Hammond. At last he had found an exponent of Life in the Raw—of real, real life as it is really lived. He questioned, tactfully he hoped, and the man answered. At first he hesitated, but after a time the words came freely. The tale of his experiences thrilled Hammond. He had scarcely dreamed of such squalor, of such horrors, of art so triumphant over poverty. He thought of turning his article into a novel, into a crude, stark, frank, brutal human novel.

At the end of it all he fumbled in his pockets and dug up a ten-shilling note, three half-crowns, a sixpence, four pennies and a halfpenny, which he put into the artist's cap.

"Swelp me, guv'nor," said the man, "I don't want to rob you!"

"You're not robbing me," said Hammond. "I've robbed you. I'm making money out of you."

The artist looked embarrassed.

"You're very welcome," he muttered. "Not like some nose-grinders! Scoffers! Rosy plutocrats with no feelin' for art!"

"Look here," said Hammond, "you must share the money I'll get for my article. Where do you live?"

"Sometimes one place, sometimes another. I sleeps anywheres. Vine Street, if they move me on."

Hammond shuddered as he felt for his card-case.

"There's my address," he said, pushing a card into the sodden cap. "Come and see me to-morrow. We'll have another talk. You'll be worth something to me and we can square up afterwards."

"You're a real gent," said the artist. He raised a hand to his ragged beard. Hammond, guessing that he was trying to hide tremulous lips, hurried away.

That night, at a studioparty, Hammond was very silent. His thoughts kept straying back to the pavement artist. Journalism was a heart-breaking profession.

"Penny for your thoughts, Jack," burbled Kitty Hallard from her place by the cocktail bar.

"I'll raise you," said a tall young man who was handing sandwiches round. "I bid eighteen shillings and fourpence-halfpenny."

Hammond stared at him. He stared even

harder at the ten-shilling note, the three half-crowns, the sixpence, the four pennies and the halfpenny that the young man dug up from his trouser pocket.

"Swelp me, guv'nor, I don't want to rob you!"

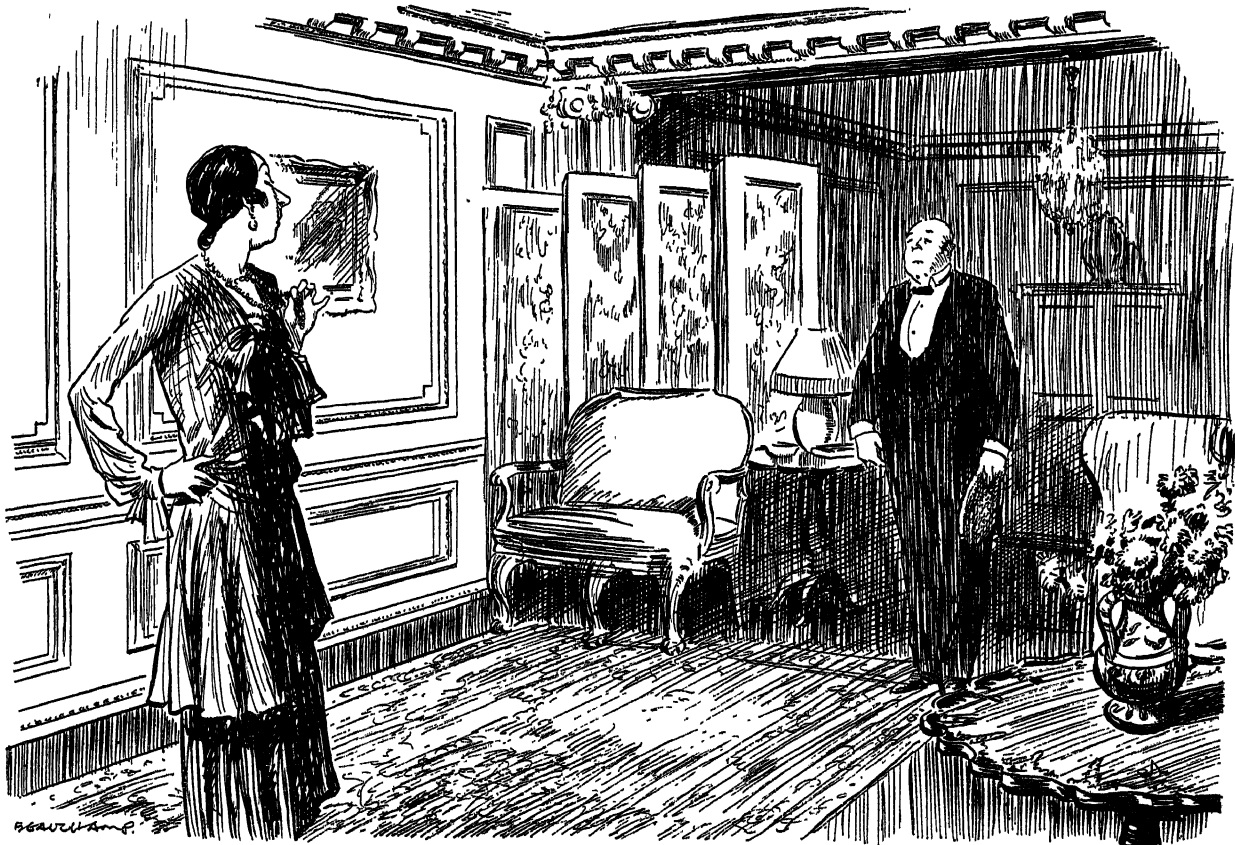
Hammond stared at a closely-shaven jaw.

"My beard nearly slipped this morning. I'm a journalist too, author of *A Day in the Life of a Pavement Artist*, appearing in to-morrow's *Daily Stunt*. I'd have sent the money back if I hadn't met you to-night. Life in the Raw! I handed you some good rashes, didn't I?"

"The annual message of the President of the United States, Mr. Herbert Hoover, was communicated to Congress yesterday. It covers the whole field of American political and economic lice for the past year."

Scots Paper.

We dare not guess what "lice" is a misprint for.



Lady (to stolid butler). "HOPKINS, SHOULD A YOUNG PERSON CALL ON ME WEARING A MODEL COAT IN TWEED VELOUR, WITH INVERTED PLEATS AT THE BACK, FRONT SMARTLY STRAPPED, INSET POCKETS, NEW POINTED BACK COLLAR AND CAVALIER CUFFS OF SHADED BEAVER CONEY, I AM NOT AT HOME!"

Butler (woodenly). "QUITE, MADAM."

THE CHILD'S UNNATURAL HISTORY.

The addle-pated Dozzorink
Is fed on buns and butter;
The only liquid he can drink
Is water from the gutter;
He guzzles gallons every day
To beautify his hide
And lives in twenty tons of hay—
With half of him outside.

The supercilious Quollopoid
Inhabits cooking-ranges;
His face is like a saucepan-lid,
Its aspect never changes;
He feeds on tripe and potted eels
Whenever he's inclined,
But if you give him soles and heels
He really doesn't mind.

The ordinary Megawump
Is found in various places;
He can be taught to run and jump
And entered for the races;
He's over fifteen inches tall,
And when he wants to doze
He curls himself into a ball
And twirls his twenty toes.

The double-breasted Caterack
Is made of skin and bone

And never thinks of hitting back
If he is left alone;
He dines on apple-pie and dough;
His drink is lemon-fizz;
He is a gentle beast, although
You would not think he is.

The European Sitasooth
Is found in every Zoo;
He only has a single tooth,
Though there is room for two;
He has no sympathy for man
And hides his curly head
On all occasions that he can;
He's only useful dead.

You must have seen the Doverish,
She's found in every water;
She is a very frequent fish,
Though very few have caught her;
Her teeth will bite through any net,
Because they're sharp as pliers;
For this she is a dangerous pet
And hasn't many buyers.

The deadly Wattasocabnook
Is known to men of science;
Her beak is like an iron hook,
Her breath is all defiance;
She dines on cannibals and corks,
Or else the Royal Navy,

And always uses knives and forks
When eating soup and gravy.

The unresponsive Toorooloo
Is never seen in trains,
But, if you're very careful, you
May capture him in drains;
He never says a word too much;
His character is prim;
He's very sensitive to touch—
You mustn't tickle him.

The sunny-hearted Bigawig
He lives on turnip-trees;
He dances saraband and jig
And always tries to please;
He may be fed on Indian ink
Or cocoa, if it's pure;
He's said to be the Missing Link,
But I am not quite sure.

"WASPS NOT EXTENDED."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

Probably the R.S.P.C.A. has intervened
to stop this cruel sport.

"Doctor —, who breeds racehorses as a
hobby, is a direct descendant of Wallace the
Bruce."—*Daily Paper.*

Or, as he is more usually called, William
the Robert.



Thames Valley Husband (about to catch the 8.30). "JOHNSON IS TAKING ME TO THE STATION IN HIS FUNT."

Thames Valley Wife.. "YOU MEN HAVE ALL THE FUN."

ADDRESS WANTED.

I REALLY must get that address so that my Aunt Rosalie can send off her pair of socks. Socks with a history like theirs cannot be allowed to pine away in a bottom drawer.

She began knitting them for me in 1915, and went on all through the War. The Armistice found her with the first sock just going round the corner, but, if you think she stopped her war work because of a little thing like the Armistice, then you don't know my aunt. When she has once put her hand to the plough it doesn't matter whether ploughing is in season or not.

Three weeks ago the last sock was successfully knotted off or cast away, or whatever it is you do when you wind up a sock. I cannot say that I have tried them on, but I tried to try them on. The calibre is a bit small in places and there is an impediment in one instep, but apart from that they are a lovely pair of socks, light grey, with a thin band of red, white and blue round the top, and embroidered with the flags of the Allies. She still wanted me to have them, but I told her that since Locarno the flags of the Allies simply were not worn. Besides they were obviously intended for a fighting man; they are socks fit for heroes only.

Since then Aunt Rosalie has been searching the newspapers. Not only has she found a war, but she has found a warrior worthy of her socks. The war is in China. I forget the name of the lucky man, but it is something like Fing Fang. He is a General; more than that, he is a Christian. His selection is entirely due to that fact, as Aunt Rosalie prefers that her socks should fall on to Christian feet. So one of these fine mornings Fing Fang is going to receive a surprise packet; that is if we can get his address. I suggested

GENERAL FING FANG,

Christian, etc.,

The War, China.

But Aunt Rosalie says it is too vague and would never find the right place. I told her from experience that the difficulty about a war is not to find it, but to avoid running into it; but she has a quaint idea that during a war there is a certain amount of confusion, and however honest everybody may try to be (and she is quite sure they all try) it must be very difficult to be scrupulously careful about other people's property. I can't think where she got hold of that idea, but it is immovable.

So if anybody knows the exact address of the War in China, please write to my aunt. Information about the postal rates per sock to the Far East would also be welcome.

THE THREE BEARS.

In the pocket of her coat
Molly had a one-pound note;
She made certain every minute
That the one-pound note was in it.

As they went upon their way
Uncle said, "The shops are gay;
Better shops could not be found
For anybody with a pound."

Molly, with the note clutched fast,
Found a lovely shop at last;
All was bustle, noise and stir,
Which exactly suited her.

Uncle said, "I think a book
Would do for Dad—or, Molly, look!
Here's a splendid writing-pad."
But Molly bought a bear for Dad.

Uncle said, "This napkin-ring
For Mum would be the very thing.
Don't you think so, Molly? Come!"
But Molly bought a bear for Mum.

Parted lips and eager eyes!
Her uncle, who was old and wise,
Said, "Not three, my dear, not three!
You mustn't buy a bear for me—

"You really mustn't. I can play
With Mum's or Daddy's any day."
But Molly said, "I must be fair!"
And bought another Teddy-bear.



MUSSOLINI THE MAGNIFICENT.

[For the Exhibition of Italian Art which is to open at Burlington House on New Year's Day we have in great measure to thank the energy and enthusiasm of Signor MUSSOLINI.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 9th.—The Lords do not habitually sit on a Monday. To-day they not only sat on it but did so for the comparatively academic purpose of hearing Lord ELIBANK discuss the Economic Conference of 1930. He and other noble Lords besought the Government to say that the terms of reference to the Conference would allow of a businesslike discussion on all aspects of inter-Imperial trade.

Lord PASSFIELD replied in effect that the Governments concerned would have to decide what they were going to discuss, but intimated that proposals relating to the promotion of inter-Imperial trade would certainly be included—all of which their Lordships might reasonably have assumed without tearing themselves away from their comfortable firesides.

Questions in the Commons early involved Russia. Mr. HENDERSON, answering Mr. ALBERY, said he expected the Soviet Ambassador would reach London on December 10 or 11. Could the right hon. gentleman say when the Ambassador would be leaving? asked Captain EDENS smoothly. "That will depend upon when the gales subside," replied the FOREIGN SECRETARY, having apparently a different ambassador in mind.

Further questions elicited from Mr. HENDERSON that Paragraph 9 of the Protocol, which says that the Protocol shall be submitted to the approval of Parliament, really meant the House of Commons. It had been submitted to the Commons and the PRIME MINISTER'S undertaking to the House had thus been complied with.

Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON rose to carry the matter further, but the SPEAKER had already called the next Question and the Ministerial benches vociferously invited the gallant gentleman to sit down. They desisted when he announced a point of order, but the point of order was to ask the SPEAKER why he, Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON, should be howled down. "I have done my best to prevent the hon. Member from being howled down by getting him to sit down," replied the SPEAKER diplomatically.

Lord FERMOY asked Mr. Buxton if

he was aware that potatoes cost £3 10s. a ton wholesale in East Anglia and £8 a ton retail in London. "For the purposes of illustration," replied the Minister, "the wholesale prices quoted by the noble Lord would seem to be broadly representative of certain varieties." That, it seems, was all the Minister of Circumlocution-culture knew about it.

The House learned, not without relief, that the Committee on Ministerial Emoluments will not consider, *inter alia*, the question of salaries for Leaders of the Oppositions. New Oppositions are cropping up quite fast enough as it is.

The House in Committee wrestled further with the Unemployment Insurance Bill.

Tuesday, December 10th.—The Lords made further progress with the Mental

Perhaps it was the unexpectedness of their assault on one another that rendered Sir H. SAMUEL's outpourings of conciliatory oil so inutile. It all began with Mr. HORE-BELISHA twitting the Government with leaving Miss BONDFIELD to plough a very lonely furrow. There, to be sure, was Mr. TOM SHAW, but what he was there for Mr. HORE-BELISHA could not imagine.

Mr. SHAW took umbrage at this remark, intended to be facetious, and declared that the hon. Member had been "studiously insulting" to him. Mr. HORE-BELISHA hotly denied it, and the two of them continued to exchange charges of bad manners with the DEPUTY CHAIRMAN and Sir H. SAMUEL bobbing up at intervals to say that they felt sure neither of the hon. gentlemen

would intentionally say anything unparliamentary about the other. A mutual withdrawal of the offensive things that neither party had really meant was finally agreed to. Honour declared itself satisfied and the debate proceeded.

It seemed hardly the propitious moment for Mr. LAWTHORP to ask the LORD PRIVY SEAL to be more liberal with Rural District Councils anxious to improve their water supplies. Mr. THOMAS reminded the House that the Government had offered to pay forty-one per cent, as against a former twenty-six per cent, of the capital cost of this sort of undertaking.

They could not go higher than that.

Nothing was said about Rural District Councils temporarily anxious to curtail their water supply. The Minister, however, explained to Sir KINGSLEY WOOD that "the execution of a comprehensive drainage scheme for the Thames catchment area must await the legislation that the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE hopes to introduce in the near future." The House, recalling how unsubstantial is the fabric of Mr. BUXTON's alleged hopes, listened gloomily.

Mr. ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL urged the LORD PRIVY SEAL to consider the erection of "shellfish cleansing tanks" as a means of increasing employment. The House did not learn what a shellfish cleansing tank is—apparently it is something along the lines of a miners' pit-head bath, in which the grateful mussel can frisk itself free of copperas or other poisonous attributes—but it is clear the



THE POT AND THE KETTLE EXCHANGE COMPLIMENTS.
MR. TOM SHAW AND MR. HORE-BELISHA.

Treatment Bill, the House again falling into two camps—the legalists, anxious that mental cases should not be sent to an asylum, even for a short period, against their will without legal safeguards, and the therapists, opposed to legal intervention as the one thing that inspires people to conceal cases of mental derangement in early stages, when treatment would really do good. Lord BRENTFORD, for the legalists, offered to withdraw his Amendment in return for an undertaking, gladly given by Lord RUSSELL, that he would consult his expert colleagues on the subject of further safeguarding the interests of the prospective patients.

Members must have their little tiffs, but if one were asked to name two Members pre-eminent for their parliamentary good manners, one would be as likely to select Mr. HORE-BELISHA and Mr. TOM SHAW as any others.

Walrus and the Carpenter would never have had their bit of fun if Mr. ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL had got there first. Mr. THOMAS, who is not the man to deny any facilities to the poor man's oyster, indicated that he and his friends, the MINISTERS OF HEALTH and AGRICULTURE, were three bivalves with but a single shell when it came to shellfish cleansing tanks.

Once more the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND, betrayed by the slow hand of Time, had to stand the raking fire of philanthropic Scots eager to sell to him a fisherman's relief fund badge. Once more Mr. ADAMSON presented a brave front to these wanton bangers of Government bawbees. Major WOOD gave notice that he would raise the matter on adjournment, which so impressed Mr. JACK JONES that he asked plaintively, "What about the fishermen of Silvertown?"

When Sir BOLTON EYRES MONSELL asked the PRIME MINISTER what the programme of work would be for the remainder of the Session, Mr. MACDONALD unfolded a time-table that roused the wrath of all Parties opposite. In the first place it gave a bare two days for the Second Reading of the Coal Bill. In the next place it gave no time at all for a further discussion on the Government's unemployment schemes, or for debates on Singapore and Egypt.

"Have the Opposition no rights at all under a Socialist Administration?" wailed Sir BOLTON. It immediately became evident that they had. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE arose and intimated that, while he did not oppose the Second Reading of the Coal Bill, he regarded with gravity the absence of a further opportunity to debate unemployment. Would not the PRIME MINISTER accede to what was clearly the wish of a majority of the House?

This sinister reference to majorities affected the PRIME MINISTER. He acceded with good and prompt grace, suggesting that an extra day be taken for the debate on unemployment. Even this unique opportunity of dropping another brick in the toe of the LORD PRIVY SEAL'S Christmas stocking did not satisfy Sir BOLTON EYRES MONSELL, who angrily demanded further days to debate Egypt and Singapore, and intimated—optimistically perhaps—that the Tories were prepared to sit until Christmas-Eve if need be.

Further progress was made with the Unemployment Insurance Bill, including the clause making payment of bene-

fit to juveniles dependent on their absorbing, where practicable, additional education.

Wednesday, December 11th.—Their Lordships debated Egypt in that grave and informed way they have when dealing with imperial or international matters. Lord SALISBURY led the as-

sault, but its weight was provided by Lord LLOYD. His was a temperate but formidable indictment, that part of it especially in which he sketched the prospective plight of the British Army marooned on the Canal zone and enjoying, one gathered, all the vicissitudes of MOSES and his tribes in the wilderness without any of their prospects.

Lord PARMOOR for the Government sounded the high and magnanimous note, but was not especially convincing. To his aid unexpectedly and potently came Lord GREY (he of Fallodon), pointing out that Lord LLOYD was chiefly concerned about the reservations to the Declaration of 1922 and quite forgot that its main business was the recognition of Egypt as an independent sovereign state. That Declaration put an end to the CROMER policy in Egypt, no matter what benefit Egypt derived from it.

Lord THOMSON pointed out that parts of the Suez Canal zone were health-resorts. On the other hand he appeared somewhat disconcerted when Lord BRENTFORD reminded him that, if the Egyptian Government did not keep law and order under the new régime, Britain's only remedy would be to go to Geneva.

In the Commons a further petition was presented, this time by the Trinity House River Pilots, asking the House to reject Article 41 of the International Convention relating to helm orders at sea.

This article, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE subsequently explained, provides that after a certain date all helm orders at sea must be given in the direct sense. The opportunity of asking what in the Government's view would now be the appropriate words for describing, say, a strong movement to the left was not seized.

A motion by Mr. MARLEY dealing with native races and demanding that "franchise and legal rights should be based upon the principle of equality for all, without regard to race or colour," aroused the watchful ire of Miss RATHBONE, and the House obediently added the words "or sex"—and adjourned the debate.

"Having hunted in the best parts of England for eight seasons, I doubt if they have many foxes as good as ours, which are often the survival of the fittest."—*Letter in Irish Paper.*

This ought to finish the Eighteen-day Diet even in the most fashionable vulpine circles.



THE NEW BATTLE OF THE NILE.
I.—THE PROTAGONISTS.
LORDS SALISBURY AND PARMOOR.



II.—REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE GOVERNMENT.
LORDS THOMSON AND GREY.



Child (during political discussion). "MUMMY, WILL FATHER CHRISTMAS BE IN POWER AGAIN THIS YEAR?"

OUR COMIC COURTS COMPETITION.

III.

THIS week we award our prize to a North-country coroner for his address to a jury, and in addition a *special* prize for the words "unfortunately for him."

X, driving a private car at 6.40 P.M. on October 13th (note the time of day), collided with a bus after rounding a corner on a country road. X's passenger was pinned under the car and killed.

Witnesses put the speed of the car just before the accident between fifty and sixty miles an hour.

Witness Y said "the car never seemed to straighten out as it came round the bend. The car was on the wrong side of the road and it did not allow the bus sufficient room to pass."

The Coroner, D, said that the jury had to consider whether there had been ordinary or criminal negligence. Undoubtedly the private car was going at a fast pace, but to-day the tendency was all against conviction unless there was a clear and specific case against a man that he was doing something rashly or wrongly.

"The most you can say against this man," remarked the Coroner, "is that he was going fast, and if I were you I

would hesitate a long time before bringing in a verdict that the driver was guilty of manslaughter, because, even though he was travelling fast and playing a fool's game, that is a different thing to saying that the man was doing it without due regard to life and limb.

"The whole cause of the accident was that this man was going round the bend, and just as he got to the bend he overtook motor-cyclists. Unfortunately for him he was going at such a speed that it was practically impossible to recover himself before the bus was upon him.

... The driver of the bus could not be blamed in the slightest degree."

The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." The jury went on to state that the collision was caused by the probable fast pace of the car, and also probably because the driver was blinded by the lights of the bus.

NOTES.

(1) This case lends striking support to the "expert" view that speed has nothing to do with accidents.

(2) Under the Traffic Bill now before Parliament it is proposed to have no speed limit for private cars, and to allow the private car-driver to travel as fast as he thinks fit. X (like the drivers in most fatal accidents) was driving as fast as he thought fit. We are

informed that the penalties for "careless" and "dangerous" driving will protect us from X. But, so long as our courts and coroners show the cheery lenience of this week's prize-winner, have we any reason to suppose that those provisions will be effectively enforced? There is no word in D's address to the jury which suggests that in his opinion X was driving "dangerously." On the contrary, he suggests strongly that X was *not* driving "without due regard to life and limb." He was only driving too fast, "unfortunately for him." And if sixty miles an hour is not dangerous now what is going to make it dangerous when there is no speed limit? We are not even clear that D would have judged X to be guilty of "careless" driving. However, a bench of magistrates might have decided that X was guilty (under the Bill) of "careless driving" and then he would have been liable to a fine not exceeding twenty pounds.

(3) We confess that, in spite of the deep sense of security which the Bill has brought to many people, we shall continue to climb the nearest tree when we hear X coming.

"CHINA GIVES WAY."

Headline in Daily Paper.

"It come away in me 'and, Mum."

AT THE PICTURES.

JOLSONS ALWAYS SING.

WITH the diversity of news that is now provided there is no cinema programme completely lacking in interest.



FILM-TYPES.

Kitty Evans (Miss EVELYN BRENT) to *Dan Malone* (Mr. HAL SKELLY). "WHEN YOU SEE ME ON THE BILL YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW THAT SOONER OR LATER I SHALL SCARE SOMEBODY."

The big attraction may disappoint, but one, at any rate, of the vigilant cameramen now going up and down the earth must have found something. I don't say that the Postmaster-General of the United States at Washington, reading from a paper an appeal to Americans to post early because of the Christmas rush, makes an exciting two minutes. In fact I think he holds the record for dullness. But I like to see AL JENNINGS, an ex-train-bandit, who, after his life-sentence has been commuted, is devoting his remaining days, he tells us, to a campaign to urge young men to run straight, but refers with a smacking relish to his own past exploits with the Rochester Express. Only these strange new inventions, working hand-in-hand, could give us so odd a two minutes as this. Thames floods rushing over a weir may not make much of a picture, although the cinema's way with moving water has always been fascinating; but a little Galway girl named KATIE LADEN reciting "Rock-a-bye, Baby," in her sweet brogue will remain in my memory for a long while—longer than the KING OF DENMARK being saluted by the Buffs or the PRINCE OF WALES among cocked hats at Bart.'s. Certainly they seem to find something for everybody, these news-hunters; and there is no need to wonder at the lure of the cinema-houses

when the programmes can be as varied as this, even if the big talkie, weighed down and handicapped by self-praise, is a failure—as it so often is.

Take, for instance, *Woman Trap*, another New York underworld drama; it is at least five minutes before one has any idea who the speakers are or what it is about. And for why? Partly because we can't read our programmes in the dark; partly because our ears are not ready; but chiefly—and again—because our old friend and ally, the caption, has been abandoned. After a while we realise that a tall man who has been behaving like a blend of a schoolboy and a sufferer from St. Vitus his dance is a responsible detective, and gradually, but far too late, the plot unfolds. Having unfolded, it becomes absorbing; but what a lot of wasted time! What I shall, however, never believe is that *Kitty Evans* (Miss EVELYN BRENT), the woman who lays the trap to get *Ray Malone* (Mr. CHESTER MORRIS) arrested by his own brother, *Dan Malone* (Mr. HAL SKELLY), the detective, would ever be happy as *Dan Malone's* wife—as we are asked to accept. No, Sir.

We now arrive at the mystery of AL JOLSON. For years I have heard about AL JOLSON the great black-face comedian as the funniest man in America. When FRANK TINNEY came over and drew everyone to the Palace to hear his back-chat with his ERNEST, Americans used to smile a superior smile and say, "If you really want to

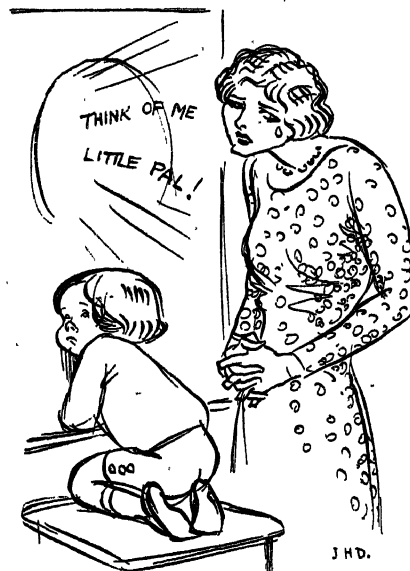


AH! THIS IS THE SOB-STUFF.

JOE LANE (MR. AL JOLSON) SUPPLEMENTS THE PUNISHMENT OF HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS BY SINGING:

"Birdies sing in cages too;
They know that's the thing to do.
Little birds can do it—why can't you?"

laugh at that kind of thing you should hear AL JOLSON; TINNEY's only an imitation." Well, here is AL JOLSON at the New Gallery, dominating a talkie that lasts an hour-and-a-half, and he never causes one chuckle. Also he has



MORE SOB-STUFF.

JOE'S WIFE AND CHILD LISTENING-IN TO HIS PRISON-SONGS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Little Pal MASTER DAVEY LEE.
Katherine Lane . . MISS MARION NIXON.

forsworn burnt cork. The film is called *Say it with Songs*, and, O boy, how he does sing! He sings with provocation and without it, he sings even in the penitentiary, softening the hard mugs of crooks. No harm in that if the songs lilted or had any fun; but they are all dreary and all of the type in which the singer has to struggle to make the words fit the music; and since "Sonny Boy," in the same performer's *Singing Fool*, was a winner, there is as its successor a paternal dirge of the same type called "Little Pal," not a single note of which, sung over and over again, are we spared.

Little Pal (DAVEY LEE) brings us to the plot, for he is the adored and heavily-kissed infant son of *Joe Lane*, the radio-singer, played by AL. How old he is we are not told, but the fact that he never grows any older reduces our pity for his father when he is imprisoned for justifiable homicide—for obviously his term must have been a matter only of a few days: long enough, however, for two considerable bouts of song to his fellow-convicts, one of which is broadcasted to the ears of his wife and boy. On getting his liberty *Joe's* first action is to visit the boy at school: a disastrous proceeding, for it leads to the child being run over and so badly injured that he becomes a mute.



Yuletide Burglar. "BLIMEY! THE BLINKIN' WAITS. 'ERE—BUNG 'EM THESE TREASURY NOTES—QUICK!"

After the doctors (one of whom is court-
ing Joe's wife, a pathetic figure, monoton-
ously played by Miss MARION NIXON)
have done their worst with him, *Little*
Pal is cured as the direct result of his
father's prayers on Brooklyn Bridge,
while the *tertium quid* medical man
also suddenly acquires grace.

A curious mixture of sentimentalism
and what ought to be pure melody, but
isn't. It made me long for the Savoy
Theatre. E. V. L.

An Impending Apology in Fleet Street.

"We understand that Mr. Maurice Fagence
will leave the 'Daily Mail' to join the new
'Daily Herald' as one of the three principal
porters."—*Press Paper.*

"AU PERE.—Young Swiss lady desires posi-
tion as Governess in English family."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

Mother, however, may have something
to say about it.

"As the Japanese constitution requires that
the Minister for the Navy shall belong to the
Navy, it is unavoidable that the Navy's repre-
sentative should be a naval man."

Evening Paper.

Still, every nice girl loves a sailor.

"All sorts of excuses are made to defend
this practice of bride drives," says the vicar of
— in a Christmas letter to the members
of his congregation.—*Liverpool Paper.*

The general feeling is that they've got to
get her away from the church somehow.

"AND THAT'S FLAT."

"[The truth is that the earth is a circular
plane]" (Cablegram to *The Daily Mail* from
the President of the State Board of Education,
Illinois, who gave instructions, some time ago,
for the teaching in all schools of Zion City,
Ill., of the theory that the world is flat).]

Now let the spinster Science know,
Her boasted lore is nil,
And in that knowledge undergo
A sharp and poignant chill;
And let her votaries, who prize
The world's repute for being wise,
Hear what they look like to the eyes
Of Zion City, Ill.

She has instructed us in youth
To hold as solid ground
The calm and axiomatic truth
That this old world is round;
If in a moment's loss of tact
Some gamey boy denies the fact,
He is industriously smacked
Until his views are sound.

But in the State of Ill. they take
A more enlightened view,
One that no argument can shake
Because they know it's true;
They merely say the world is flat,
And let the statement go at that;
And Science, talking through her hat,
Can babble till she's blue.

In Zion City's earnest schools
At quite a modest fee

The young are taught to hold as fools
Any who don't agree;
They learn it with the local Board
Of Education's full accord,
And how that fact's to be ignored
Is one too much for me.

Yet is our Science much concerned?
Does she appear to care?
To put it bluntly, has she turned
A solitary hair?
No. She continues to instil
Her outworn pedantries until
One would suppose the State of Ill.
Might as well not be there.

Then let us wish our friends good cheer,
And, if we may, invite
Some of the right sort over here
To lead us to the light;
And may the old maid Science bark
Her shins against them in the dark,
For it would be a gorgeous lark
If they should turn out right.

DUM-DUM.

Clues to Modern Prosody.

"'Arthur!' The monosyllable was delivered
with tremendous emphasis."

Magazine Story.

"There's a lot of mystery about this picture.
The ominous figure in black . . . is Edgar
Yallace's 'Terror.'"

Cinema Notice in South African Paper.

A brief account of this author is to be
found in *Yho's Yho*?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE AMORISTS" (ROYALTY).

The Amorists is a little obscure in intention. Mr. BRADLEY has a good many things to say, not all new and not all true or witty or wise, but he wants to say them, which is to the good. But he has not the art of putting them into shape. And you can't just throw words or ideas down in a heap if you want your work to be taken seriously. Even his amusing decadent painter-philanderer, *Rex Apellini*, admirably presented and elaborately decorated by Mr. ESMÉ PERCY, would, I suppose, admit that you couldn't squeeze all the tubes you happened to have in your box on to your canvas. Selection is of the essence of this art business. But Mr. BRADLEY's idea seems to be that, if our minds are in fact like waste-paper baskets, then let us fearlessly empty them, for truth is life, and every unreasonable thing, from War to *Lord Byfleet* and Fidelity-to-Marriage-Vows, is due to this curse of concealment. What you need, you smug people, he seems to be shouting, is a shock! I'll shock you! Just you wait!! Well, I waited. And I was not in the least shocked. I had heard it all before so often.

And yet I have an uncomfortable feeling that this may be doing our author much less than justice. Is he, after all, showing us these over candid, hysterical, incontinent people only to make us despise them and their flippant futilities, and is his real moral that the only thing that matters is the honest simple love between two kindred souls—the nice stupid boy, *Brian* (Mr. CECIL LANDEAU), and *Lord Byfleet's* nice colourless daughter, *Joan* (Miss EILEEN PEEL)—and that where such love exists all that the young thing of the stronger sex has to do is to slip out after dinner and drive on and on into the night with the boy of her choice and sleep at a wayside hotel so that in the morning she may break the news harshly to her father that now she simply has to marry the penniless young man and must let her affluent affianced Viscount go.

Frankly, I'm not sure. The extremely silly rich young man, *Con Delaney* (Mr. ROBERT HARRIS), talked a great deal of pretentious

nonsense to the effect that it was sex that made the world go round, and that the more sex you had the faster it would go and the better writers would write and painters paint; that it was all these horrid timid concealments with clothes and laws and conventions that made life so intolerable and so base.

Yet when his wife, *Diana* (Miss ISABEL JEANS), thought she would express her ego by going away and sitting to the esurient *Apellini* for a week-end, *Con* turned sulky and jealous. When *Diana* thought that her friend *Stella* (Miss ALISON LEGGATT)—or rather *Stellar*, if my ear did not deceive me, and it didn't

—was really a very virtuous (or selfish) young woman and distinctly dull, she was furious. *Apellini's* one was unperturbed and went off quite happily with the vaguely wicked red-haired siren, *Julie*, about whom *Lord Byfleet* knew a thing or two which would make you sit up if he told you.

The saddish poor young man, *Alan Corlett* (Mr. JOHN WYSE)—V.C. and conchie, who passionately emptied out Mr. BRADLEY's ideas on war (which are good enough ideas and very commonly held, however differently expressed) over *Lord Byfleet's* thick devoted head, seemed a decent sort of young man who was obviously ill at ease in that company. And as for *Lord Byfleet*, he was a mere joke and was played as a mere joke, and most amusingly, by Mr. MORRIS HARVEY; but if you have something really serious to say against a system it is of first importance that the defenders of that system should

be reasonably serious people and have serious arguments put into their mouths if your victory is to have any value. There may be queer peers queerly created, but they are not created for such gifts as the author's *Lord Byfleet* possessed, nor is the position of those who supported the war sustained merely by such arguments as this cad, sensualist, mountebank and half-wit was made to offer for our consideration.

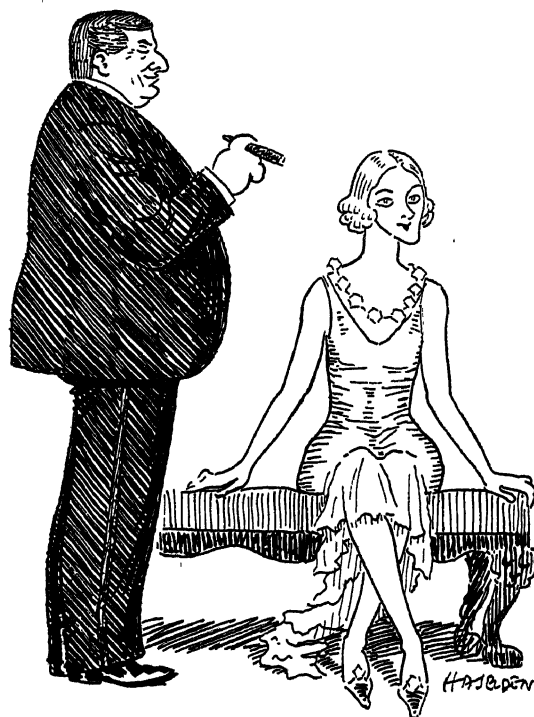
Consciously bright and desultory conversation, with epigrams such as "They soil not neither do they sin"—whatever that may mean—cannot be sustained for three Acts without causing a certain weariness of the flesh and spirit.

Mr. BRADLEY needs that most discouraging but indispensable of writing tools, the blue pencil. I think he also needs to realise that all is not gold that glitters. And is any man likely to say to any woman he is attempting in the most barefaced way to seduce, "Let's be honest. You have sensed the possibilities between us"? And there was quite a lot like that. T.



Husband (to lounge-lovers). "YOU DON'T SEEM TO NOTICE MY APPROACH."

Diana MISS ISABEL JEANS.
Rex Apellini MR. ESMÉ PERCY.
Con Delaney MR. ROBERT HARRIS.



A VETERAN AMORIST.

Lord Byfleet MR. MORRIS HARVEY.
Julie Davon MISS FAITH BEVAN.



THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

BOTTICELLI'S GODDESS AFTER CROSSING THE BAY.

HAIL, APHRODITE!

(In commemoration of the fact that BOTTICELLI'S famous picture, "The Birth of Venus," has arrived with the rest of the Italian masterpieces at Burlington House.)

BEAUTIFUL, foam-born, wishing to surprise us,
Sent by IL DUCE, though I understand that
Jupiter's name was also on the passport,
O Cytherean!

Packed to avoid all risk of influenza,
Easily caught when riding on a sea-shell,
Thou, who hast not when voyaging aforetime
Left the Uffizi—

Lo, the deep, fog-bound, gale-infested river,
After long tossing in the Bay of Biscay—
This I infer from matutinal news-sheets—
Safely received thee.

Thee the old Thames bank, chilly in the noontide,
Hung with all kinds of advertising matter,
Welcomed, distinguished lady of the bright lands,
Thee Piccadilly!

Try to look kindly on our little customs
Born of much toil in rigorous conditions—
Factories, smoke-stacks, mufflers and goloshes,
Female policemen.

(Possibly thou who, wedded unto Vulcan,
Knewest Ætnean, super-human workshops,
Mayest have tips for THOMAS and Miss BONDFIELD
Re unemployment?)

Anyhow, Venus, hail upon arriving,
Hail to the good ship *Leonardo*, hail to
SANDRO, the nickname cultivated people
Give BOTTICELLI!

Swift to behold thee, daughter of Firenze,
Child of sea-foam, I presently shall journey,
Yielding unasked to resolute attendants
First my umbrella. EVOM.

Things Which We Should Have Tried To Say More Prettily.

"Miss ——— thanked the retiring Committee, especially those who were not standing for election this time."—*Parish Magazine*.

"Many of the Eton playing fields are under water."—*Daily Paper*.
Now we know where the Battle of Trafalgar was won.

"Sir Josiah Stamp said the railways did not want to institute roar services to compete with existing roar transport firms, but to co-ordinate with them."—*Evening Paper*.

It sounds like the death-blow to conversation in England.

"Sympathetic reference was made by the chairman to the many losses by death St. ———'s had sustained during the winter. A new stove, imperatively needed, had been ordered, and would swallow up most of the balance."—*Church Magazine*.

Can nothing be done to stop this wholesale cremation?

"In the right-hand corner of the top drawer lay a pair of pink silk stockings. They were not allowed to mix with the common 'half-silk' and 'cotton-tops' in the lower drawer, but slept secluded with their toes tucked into each other's mouths—like aristocrats."—*Monthly Magazine*.

This form of aristocratic seclusion is fortunately giving way to more hygienic habits.

THE MASCOT.

* "Oh, the darling!" said Lamia, surveying her birthday present as it stood simmering against the kerb. "And shall I really be able to drive it?"

"I see no reason against it," I said, "so long as you don't tread on it getting in or out."

"Just look at its little lamps and—oh!"—her face fell—"it hasn't got a mascot."

"No," I said hastily; "I thought you had better tell me what you wanted for that."

She considered this seriously for some moments.

"It must be something quite original. What about a tiny model of Crumbs?"

I looked at the nucleus of our kennel; he is nothing if not original-looking.

"I doubt if he would stand reduction to that size," I said; "his legs only just reach the ground as it is. He might be mistaken for a Sealyham or something."

She shuddered.

"That would be dreadful. They're on simply every car you see—or else one of those wind-swept nymph things. Oh, I've got it—a faun!"

"A faun what?" I asked weakly. "I thought it was to be nothing but greens and moorland shades this winter."

"Three hearty British giggles," countered Lamia. "You know what I mean quite well—one of those sweet little boys with goat's legs and pointed ears."

"Not unlike Crumbs, after all—even the legs," I said under most of my breath.

Lamia looked at me suspiciously.

"Well, I want a faun—a nice little one," she said.

"They had horrid habits when they grew up," I warned her.

"Mine isn't going to grow up, and if it does you can have it for your great clumsy car," she retorted.

I swallowed the insult; we have all been car-proud once in our lives.

"Very well, then," I said, "I'll try to get you one to-morrow."

After all, who should more justly flaunt a small immortal on her radiator than Lamia, who at thirty bids fair to have solved the trick of immortality? Was she not hailed as seventeen this late summer? And even Mr. SHAW allows his ancients a beginning.

* * * * *

"Motor-car mascots? Yes, Sir. Mr. Hallworth, show this gentleman some car mascots."

"Yes, Sir. Any particular design? Perhaps you would care to look round?"

"Thank you," I said; "I want a small model of a faun, if you have such a thing."

"Certainly, Sir—one moment, if you please."

He opened a drawer beneath the counter and there came the enticing sound of tissue-paper.

"I'm afraid we haven't exactly got a faun, Sir; perhaps something like this would do"—and he placed on the counter an imposing model of a stag—quite large enough to give Lamia's car a good forty minutes. "After 'The Monarch of the Glen' by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER," he said proudly.

"Some years after," I murmured. "No, it's not that kind of faun I meant. F-a-u-n, you know."

"I'm afraid that I—er—" he said; and it was plain that he didn't.

"A little boy with goat's legs," I explained.

His face remained troubled, then cleared a little.

"I think we might have a Felix left, Sir," he said; "something similar—the legs of a cat and the face of a—er—"

"No," I said hastily, "that would not do."

"I'll just make quite sure. Mr. Jones!"

Mr. Jones advanced.

"We haven't such a thing as a faun, have we, Sir? F-a-u-n, faun?"

Mr. Jones pondered. "Faun?"

"Little goat-legged chap," I said apologetically.

Mr. Jones beamed at me.

"Oh, a faun! Now I know what you mean, Sir. Of course—a faun! You know, Mr. Hallworth—the body of a man merging into a calf."

With the word "merging," which he pronounced with great unction, Mr. Jones swept his right hand through the curve of one who merges. It was clear that he liked the word. He called Miss Simmonds from the other end of the counter and used it on her.

"Miss Simmonds, have we ever had such a thing as a faun? (Pause.) You know—the body of a man merging into the legs of a calf."

Again the gesture. Miss Simmonds reacted but feebly. She was sure that they had had no such thing, though it was plain that she had no idea what the thing might be. She conveyed the impression that it was not the sort of thing any refined young lady ought to know about. I felt that we had been indelicate in mentioning the subject in front of her. But Mr. Jones was now possessed by an idea of such brilliance as I am sure brightened the rest of that day for him, and probably lighted the way home to his wife, if he had one.

"I tell you what, Sir," he said excitedly, "we once had a centaw in the Statuary—the body of a man merging into a horse."

I had steeled my face for the gesture. It came, gaining opulence from repetition—a sight to gladden the heart. Mr. Jones looked at me expectantly. But I would not buy a centaw for Lamia, merge it never so luxuriantly. I collected a catalogue or two and left. Lamia shall buy her own mascot.

THE PERIL OF THE PARKS

(Being a humble appeal to Mr. Punch.)

IN hailing Mr. LANSBURY

By an ingenious quip

As Mr. Peter Pansbury

For his park-keepership,

O Sage most venerated,

Old but not antiquated,

I think you perpetrated

A rather serious slip.

I do not want to rake up

The tale of his belief

In LENIN's moral make-up,

But must express my grief

That GEORGE, by his conjunction

Of energy and unction,

Bids fair to make his function

Tea-gardener-in-chief.

Punch couldn't give his Judy tea

In comfort on a sward

Confronted by the nudity

Of the sun-bathing horde

Gathered in glass pavilions,

While round and round on pillions,

Or "solo," London's millions

Along a race-track reared.

Let panels, paint and gilding

Elsewhere exert their sway,

Parks were not meant for building

But as a place for play;

And all this garish kioskiness

And pseudo-Moorish mosqueiness

Will turn their bloom and boskiness

Into a dire decay.

Our parks are open spaces

Unmatched from pole to pole

Where children run their races

And frolic, romp and roll;

Then spare, O GEORGE, their scenery,

Their swards, their sylvan greenery,

Lest buildings and machinery

Make havoc of their soul.

The Dangers of Discernment.

"Discerning women recognise that these exquisite stockings are the only wear for every occasion."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

"WEATHER FORECAST.

ENGLAND, S.E.— . . . alternating rainy and showery periods."—*Daily Paper.*

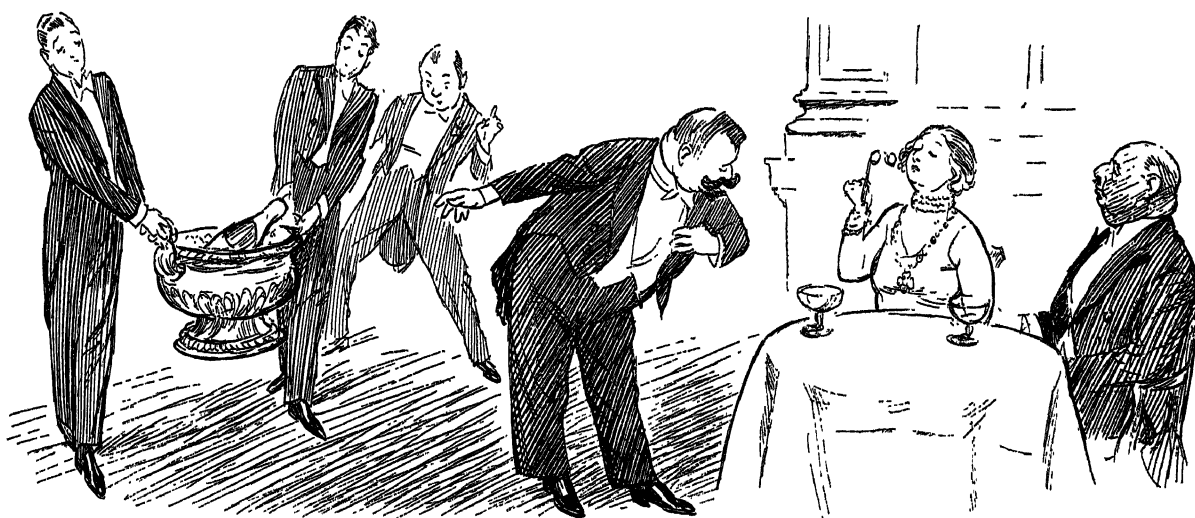
Our own impression was that it was just WET.

"Mrs. — has left on a honeymoon tour of New Zealand, with her husband."

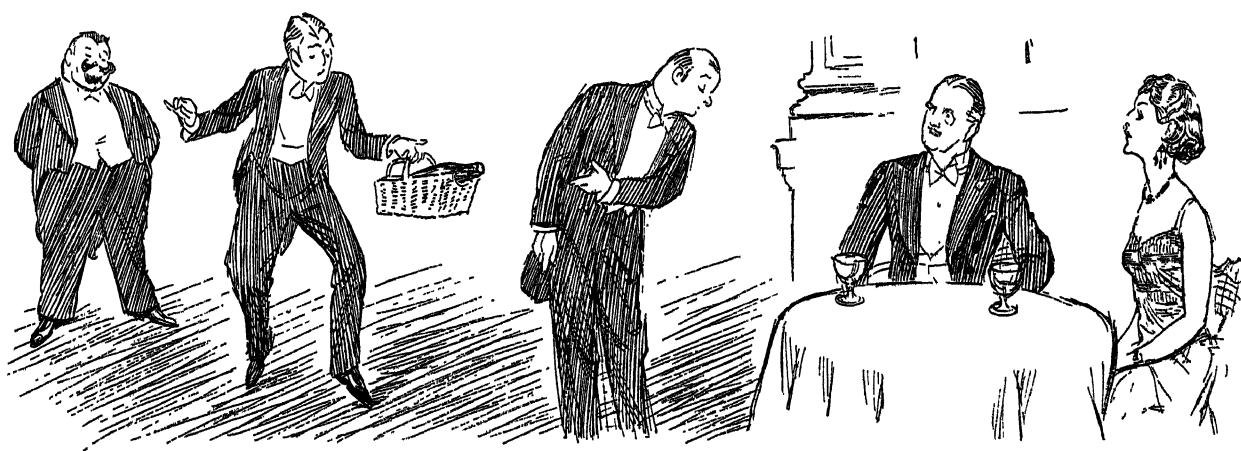
Australian Paper.

We are so glad he was able to go too.

DIFFERENT WINES DIFFERENT MANNERS.



A MAGNUM OF CHAMPAGNE.



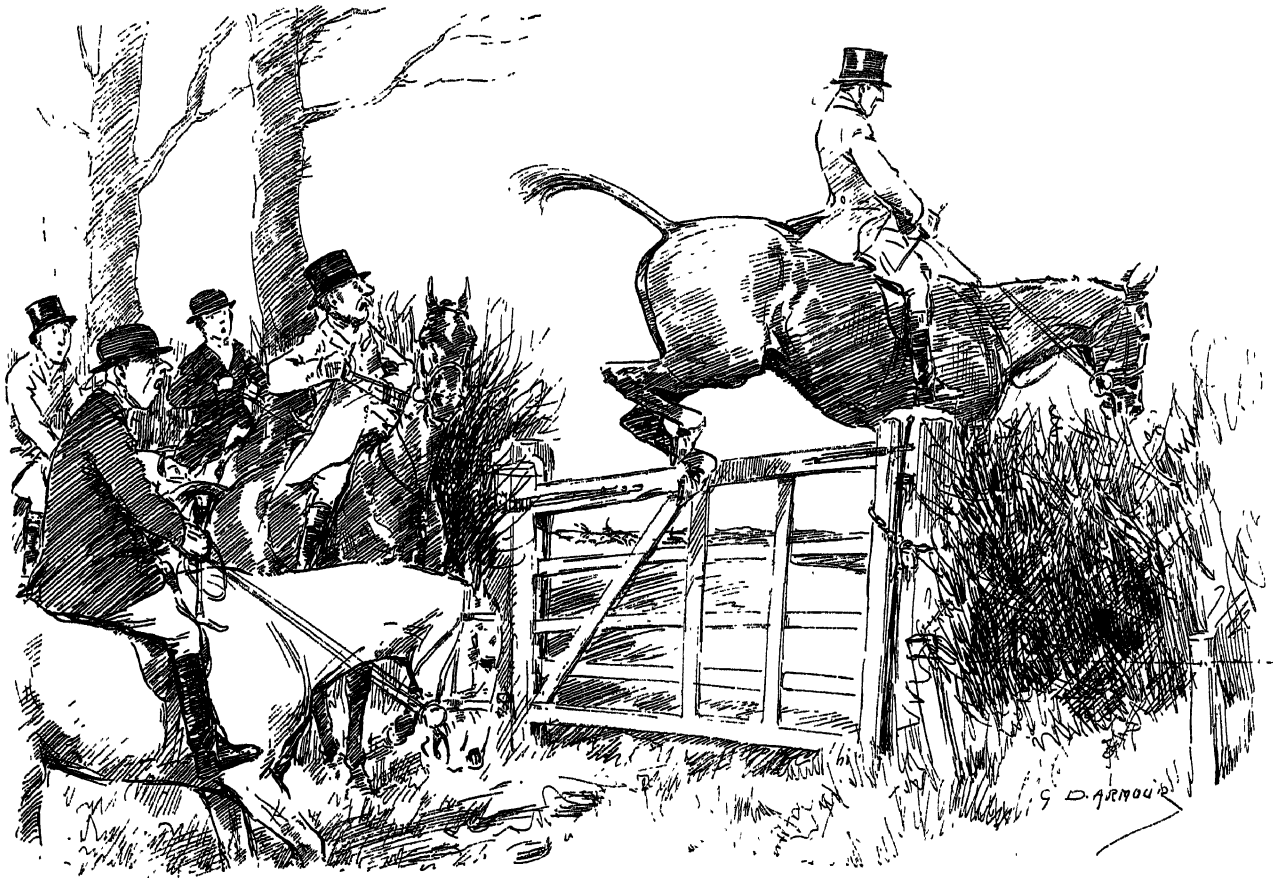
A VINTAGE BOTTLE OF CHAMBERTIN.



A BOTTLE OF GRAVES.

A HALF-BOTTLE OF RED WINE.

L. Gilchrist



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

I.—"NO OTHER TIGER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE have been so many books on EMILY BRONTË written to serve the preconceptions of critics that it is refreshing to find a disinterested tribute—a tribute, too, not only to her genius but to the unsophisticated North-country girl in whom that genius was incarnate. From a literary point of view Mr. CHARLES SIMPSON'S *Emily Brontë* (COUNTRY LIFE) has neither pretensions nor lapses. Its author is wholly and unaffectedly occupied telling in simple language what he knows about EMILY BRONTË, and he knows, I think, more of the unadorned truth than any writer who has gone before him. This he relates to a plain chronological scheme, with a few—laudably few—excursions into theory. There is an extraordinary fascination in the recital of EMILY'S sayings and doings by a "servant" who has so closely sifted the reputed words and deeds of his mistress; moreover Mr. SIMPSON shares his heroine's passion for the moors, and a score of paintings in colour and monochrome of EMILY'S heathery uplands and EMILY'S austere habitations reinforce the sympathy of his text. Most of these compositions are enchanting in themselves, as "the grim exterior of Law Hill"—the school near Halifax where EMILY taught at nineteen—and the façade of Ponden Hall, probably the "Thrushcross Grange" of *Wuthering Heights*. In the matter of *Wuthering Heights* it is only fair to note that this unostentatious biographer has done—for one reader at least—the greatest service of any in discovering step by step the slow and complicated genesis of that wonderful book, undoubtedly conceived in the mind of the

exile at the Halifax School, where *Earnshaw* was one of the maids and a Heathcliffian proprietor a family tradition. This is no novel theory, but it has never received more effective support.

His ostensible biographical subject, *Jose Antonio Páez* (HEINEMANN), is the least important part of Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S latest literary sally across the drawbridge. PÁEZ was a *lanero* of the plains of Venezuela, who helped his country to win independence in a hundred battles and sieges, and, rising from insignificance to a perilous dictatorship, was adored and detested in alternating spasms by a populace that changed its allegiance with the weather, looking for a new revolution from the *llanos* much as we expect another depression from Iceland. The hero, not at all a pleasant person, one suspects, in real life, at any rate in his early days, is at least an excellent peg on which to hang the greaves and gauntlets of chivalry, and if the cities he besieged were sometimes no more than groups of wattle-huts in a marsh, and the battles mere scuffles in the dark tending to degenerate into Homeric slanging-matches, even so was it in the glorious days of old. This volume has all the failings which Mr. GRAHAM'S admirers will remember—and forget. Here are the gibes at Western ways and institutions and politicians, as easy and perfunctory as the English in which they are expressed, with endless minor repetitions and contradictions, and hardly more complete historic continuity than is to be found, say, in TENNYSON'S account of the wars of KING ARTHUR; yet in his main purpose the writer has been successful. His book leaves an impression of a country, huge and hot and horrible, endlessly see-sawing between intoler-

able flood and intolerable drought, where a man must live on a horse and eat unvarying beef or perish, yet where something of the gaiety and the joy and the valour of the knighthood of the great days of ancient Spain somehow still miraculously survives.

O leader-writers of *The Times*,
Nameless instructors of the nation,
I offer you in humble rhymes
Congratulation.

Long years you scorned to raise a smile;
Jove-like aloft you sat and thundered
Reproof, advice, invective, while
All the world wondered.

Then there uprose a Chief who cried,
"This leader page is over-weighted;
A comic note must be supplied,
Some fun created.

Preserve the scholar's touch, I pray,
Keep up the Dignity of Letters,
But be as funny as you may,
Dancing in fetters."

Agreed! You sought the daily jest,
Urbanely joked as he had hinted,
And here's a hundred of the best
Nicely reprinted.

These trifles from your practised pen,
Aptly entitled *Light and Leading*,
Fresh from the firm of METEVEN,
Make dainty reading.

Sipped soberly, with frequent pause,
They bring refreshment without
question,
Though swallowed straight I think
they'd cause
Some indigestion.

The thirteenth LOUIS is remembered mainly in France as the subordinate of RICHELIEU, in England (if at all) as the brother of HENRIETTA MARIA. Yet he was an extremely important Dauphin, being in fact the first Dauphin to be born a Dauphin for nearly a hundred years of French history. And when he did arrive—the first-fruits of the belated marriage of HENRI QUATRE and MARIE DE' MEDICI—he acquired with an extensive household, got together in advance by the King, a pearl of physicians who was also a child-lover and a diarist. The journal of this Doctor JEAN HÉROARD is the principal source of Miss LUCY CRUMP'S *Nursery Life Three Hundred Years Ago* (ROUTLEDGE), an extraordinarily detailed account of the rearing of little LOUIS, his five legitimate brothers and sisters and several *fêfés* and *soeu-soeus*, as scornful legitimacy called the subsidiary products of the royal harem. HENRI's Court was in this respect a truly Oriental *ménage*, and one can only plead that the king's paternity was none the less ardent for its diffusion. Little LOUIS of course was *Enfant de France*, a thing sacrosanct and unique; and it speaks volumes for the humanity of HÉROARD that he could blend such understanding of the eternal and individual child with adequate appreciation of that child's hierarchical importance. His



J.H. DOWD-29.

Boy (to Cook). "DON'T FORGET THAT PLUM-PUDDINGS ARE BEING MADE LARGER THIS YEAR."

account is crammed with quaint material details of the Dauphin's babyhood and boyhood—his games, lessons, diet, doctoring and what not—but it also contains such endearing biographical *trouvaille* as the story of his relations with "little Canada" the Indian. Miss CRUMP has done her work with admirable enthusiasm and thoroughness, though I feel she is slightly over-inclined to illustrate HÉROARD from outside sources—a case of gilding the lily.

One hears that foxhunting is upon the wane; it always was, I suppose, though I notice few signs of Diana's setting, and most surely I see no declension in the new literature of the Chase, the handsome and costly new literature that goes yearly to a good Christmas market. And here is CRASCREDO once more with *Manners and Mannerisms*, a book of fifteen light essays for foxhunters—a *Country Life* issue. These cheerful papers treat not at all of the actual science of hunting the fox or of riding to foxhounds, but they discuss, a little facetiously sometimes, the social sides of hunting and

the cost of it. And CRASCREDO's tables of minimum expenditure are interesting, and of course it *may* be possible to keep two hunters and a pony and pay a groom and his book on two-hundred-and-fifty pounds per annum; but it would be a tight fit, I fancy, and your success would depend upon the country in which you made the attempt, the number of days a week on which you hunted, and upon how often you had to box your mount to a meet. CRASCREDO does not budget closely enough. But I like to read about our wardrobe requisites along with the reasons that CRASCREDO supplies, or does not supply, for the necessity of them. Yet the essays that I like best are those put down in the greater seriousness—that charming paper "Greatness," for instance, wherein the walking of a puppy is considered and the reward thereof. And again the final pages, where CRASCREDO talks to the critics of foxhunting and of the happy future of the same—I like these well. And I close his book feeling that here, and flippancy apart, is some authority and a very real love of the most beautiful and, at its best, the most soul-stirring of the pastimes. Mr. CHARLES SIMPSON's excellent and ample illustrations lose a great deal in the printing.

Mr. AYLME HUNTER appears to be a new writer. There was little need for his publisher to tell us that he is a young one: *Fool's Purgatory* (MURRAY) is as full of the faults of immaturity as a properly constituted Gruyère cheese is of holes. Its mood wavers between cynicism and sentimentality, both of too easy a sort. Its characters talk too much and too elaborately in accordance with their types; and some of those types are defaced from long usage. Mr. HUNTER is often face-

tious when he intends to be witty; he is guilty of some shocking bad bits of "fine writing"; and there are gaps in his knowledge not only of life but of the English language. Nevertheless I believe that he has the right stuff in him. His story is well constructed and in spite of certain taxes which it levies on our credulity it captures our interest. Its hero, a novelist of considerable obscurity, with intentions which are more admirable than his perceptions, is by no means a badly conceived if an imperfectly realised figure; and the wayward and highborn *Monica*, whom he marries—and hence the story and the tears in it—commands our sympathy the while (and this is also to her author's credit) we want to spank her. If Mr. HUNTER is as yet only a "writer of promise," there is no earthly reason for him to despair of fulfilment.

The convention, both in literature and on the stage, of the comic sailor dies hard, harder even than that of the comic Irishman. There are probably quite a number of people who still think vaguely of the average bluejacket as a sort of licensed mountebank or as "a low Billingsgate type, only redeemed from pity and contempt by a final display of 'heroism,' during which he distinguishes himself by second-rate humour taken from the music-halls." This and kindred

popular misconceptions Mr. TRYSTAN EDWARDS has set himself the task of dispelling in *Three Rous of Tape* (HEINEMANN), a social study of the lower-deck derived from the author's own experiences as a bluejacket from 1915 to 1918. Mr. EDWARDS writes with humour, sympathy and discernment as well as with a refreshing sanity of outlook painfully lacking in most of the much-trumpeted Continental War literature with which the bookshops are just now flooded; and his book should do a good deal to interpret to their fellow-countrymen the members of a calling whose many excellent qualities emphatically do not include those—if excellent they be, which is a doubtful question—of self-analysis and of fluent self-expression.

Nobody, I am confident, will read *Slavery* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) without applauding the motive that urged Lady SIMON to write it. Here we are told, and it will be surprising news to some of us; that the number of slaves in the world to-day is some six millions, and Lady SIMON's object in putting this fact before us is to stir up public opinion—which, she writes, is "invincible when once roused to the

pitch of zealous indignation"—to realise the position and to demand that such a monstrous crime against the human race shall cease to exist. Quietly and effectively she makes her appeal, and not for a moment does she minimise the difficulties which those who engage in this fight for freedom will encounter. The difficulties are indeed great but they are not insuperable, and the action of the Maharaja of NEPAL, when he purged his kingdom of slavery in 1924-6, was an invaluable encouragement to those who are trying to solve



"CHRISTMAS PRESENTS ARE SO DIFFICULT."
"WELL, WHAT ABOUT AN ART PRAYER?"

this terrific problem. The League of Nations is awake to the urgency of the matter, and, although their refusal to agree to Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's proposal that slavery should be treated "as a crime of the same nature as piracy" is deplorable, their help in removing such a shameful blot upon civilization is not likely to end in merely passing resolutions. This is a book which will closely appeal to all who have the cause of freedom at heart.

In *A Detective in Kent* (THE BODLEY HEAD) you can take a delightful inland voyage over the lost seas of Kent, and it was indeed a happy thought that set Mr. DONALD MAXWELL to work on the task of recalling and reconstructing the past. By means of clues in the landscape he shows us forgotten seas and takes us for a most informing cruise over waters which have now become a fertile part of Kent. No detective has ever used his powers of observation and deduction with more definite results, but by some place-names he admits himself beaten. "I am entirely floored," he writes, "by the name Snave . . . at present I am inclined to think that Snargate and Snave must have been ancient Saxon comedians appearing in a music-hall turn when the world was young." Illustrations, maps, diagrams and an index add to the pleasure of reading this fascinating little book.

CHARIVARIA.

"EVERY speech," says a K.C., with special reference to after-dinner oratory, "should have a beginning, a middle and an end." We ourselves are not convinced that the beginning and the middle are indispensable.

Cannibal natives of a South Sea island are said to play Rugby. There is a heavy local penalty for biting in the scrums.

A paragraphist learns that Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE will make her maiden speech in the House of Commons, on the subject of rural housing, early in the New Year, from a corner seat on the second bench below the gangway, immediately behind her father's seat. Any alterations in these arrangements will of course be duly notified.

Many thoughts this Yuletide are with absent slate-club treasurers.

Dean INGE considers Ulysses a most amusing rascal, but not the kind of man whom a respectable Englishman would ask to dinner. It is a moving thought that the Wanderer would not have been received at the Deanery.

The description in a recent *Times* article of the sense of exhilaration induced by the beauty of the December floods would seem to provide a clue to the mystery of the high spirits of Thames Valley residents.

Some of the flooded riparians are wondering whether it ought not to be called Mermaidhead.

A new garden-suburb which is being developed on the outskirts of Vienna as a colony of people who practise the arts is described as the Austrian Chelsea. Another view is that it is the Austrian Golders Green.

The controversy going on in a morning paper on Religion and Golf seems to suggest that golf isn't a religion after all.

Comparing the Universities, Sir MICHAEL SADLER admits that Cambridge seems to have a more solid core of authoritative statesmanship in aca-

demic policy. Oxford would appear to be the home of lost cores.

We read of a foreign girl-golfer, anxious to improve her knowledge of our tongue, who asks the origin of the words cleek, mashie and niblick. Our feeling is that, on the golf links, curiosity as to our language may easily be carried too far.

A luxurious gambling resort, on the lines of Monte Carlo, is to be formed on the coast of Dalmatia, and fears are entertained that it will be an inducement to go to the spotted dogs.

The revelation, as the result of a New York inquiry, that Americans spend about a hundred-and-forty-million pounds annually on soda-water enables

Lord RIDDELL remarked that England is fortunate in possessing Law Reports dating back to a remote period. Historians of more modern times have a rich field in the files of his lordship's *News of the World*.

A drunken man was found by a policeman in Manchester with his arms round a petrol-pump. Brighter lamp-posts for revellers seem to be indicated.

Professor I. S. FALK, of Chicago, claims that he has found the influenza germ. It serves it right to be found at a place like that.

A correspondent writes to a morning paper pointing out that potatoes contain potash. The price being charged for them in some places seems to have led to the belief that they contained radium.

"Some girls suffer from shiny complexions in spite of cosmetics," says a writer. They shouldn't use varnishing cream.

The wastage among telephone-operators is in the normal course very high, says Sir EVELYN MURRAY, secretary of the G.P.O. Nothing is said about the wastage among subscribers.

A thief who was chased through City streets last week entered an office and es-

caped the police. It is thought likely that he must have jumped into one of those business-efficiency card-index systems.

We understand that a boys' paper contemplates publishing a series of War stories by children under ten years of age.

It is said that taxi-drivers prefer rainy weather. Their favourite outlook, of course, is "No change."

With reference to the view expressed by an American professor that man is not descended from the ape, many scientists consider that the wish is ancestor to the thought.

Ladies' shoes are to be more pointed, we read. Husbands who go to bridge parties with their wives should wear shin-guards.



Burglar (a family man). "FANCY PUTTING A THING LIKE THAT IN A KID'S STOCKING! 'NUFF TO FRIGHTEN IT OUT OF ITS LIFE."

us to form some conception of the fortunes made by bootleggers.

A famous conductor is said to have given up fishing because he considered it inhumane. Yet he has no qualms about conducting.

Among seasonable novelties we have noted a realistic-looking cigar which contains a pen, pencil and letter-opener. This is an improvement on those realistic-looking cigars which men were expected to smoke.

With reference to the charges for cabins on cross-Channel boats, complaint is made that the passenger of moderate means has to be sea-sick in public. Being sea-sick in private is of course a luxury.

In opening an exhibition of newspapers from the reign of CHARLES I.

THE MODERN WAIT.

"WHY do you want to sing me a carol?"

I said to the child;

"You are not very poor and you wear quite decent apparel;"

And the boy smiled.

"And why should you want to come and sing to me

So long before Christmas Day

That the date doesn't mean anything to me?

Now, say.

"And what are you going to do with the pennies

Which I give you when you have sung?"

For I always give money to children, and many's

The time I've been stung.

And the boy said without any traces of horror,

"I can't come at Christmas, I can't,

Because I'm goin' away into the country termorrer

Ter stay wiv me aunt.

"And I don't want the money fer food, Mister—

It isn't hungry we are,

But ter go ter the pictures wiv me sister

And see the new star."

So the boy stood there on the pavement

And sang me "The First Nowell,"

All about the rescue of mankind from enslavement

And hell.

Most of the words and the tune he had forgotten,

But no doubt it was kindly meant,

And, though the whole performance was really rather rotten,

I gave him sixpence, and he went.

But I consider that the Board of Education

Ought to teach a child to sing carols less flat,

Seeing that I pay my rates along with the rest of the nation;

And that will be that.

EVOE.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

Mr. Punch's Special Eavesdropper contributes some items of social gossip which he thinks compare favourably in interest, importance and veracity with those collected by other anonymous, and pseudonymous, "sneak guests" for some of his contemporaries in the "Serious" Press.

A LAUGHING CAVALIER.

General Cumberbund, who is, of course, a member of a branch of the well-known Shire family, the Hotspurs, and whose witty speech at a private meeting of the Come Hither Club yesterday was the talk of London to-day, is known to his intimates (among whom he numbers jockeys, archbishops, pugilists, actresses, auctioneers, high financiers, politicians and others of most ilks) as "Webby," on account of his curious gait. His speech positively scintillated with brilliant and witty *mots*; for instance, when he referred to Mr. SNOWDEN's "snow-capped peak," the laughter and applause were so continuous that he could not make himself heard for some minutes! He married, of course, that very bold rider to hounds—so well-known with the Quorn, Pytchley, Beaufort, V.W.H. (Cricklade), V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), Percy, etc., etc., Hunts—Lady "Pippy" Dakres, whose brother, "Fluffy" Dakres, is farming coffee in Kenya.

WEDDING BELLS.

The bells will peal out merrily to-day for the nuptials, within an ancient edifice whose aisles have echoed to the

tramp of many a bridal procession of the brave and the fair, of one who, four seasons ago, was the toast. Fair, tall, lissom, svelte, *soignée*, assured, Miss "Bébé" Harrobbred, who is of course the step-daughter of the Duc de Mélonade et Aubergine, will be followed up the aisle by thirty-two little attendants. Miss Harrobbred is striking a new note in weddings, for instead of the time-honoured satin and orange-blossom she will be garbed in a sports two-piece of pale beige. The children will be *en suite* and will carry tennis-racquets instead of the more usual floral bouquets. A privileged friend tells me that the bride will wear above her right knee a garter that once belonged to NELL GWYN.

PHEASANTS AND "PRETTIES."

Last week-end I was a member of the house-party for the Earl of Panterlune's shoot in Norfolk. The other guests were all of the hard-riding, straight-shooting kind, whom nobody knows better than Lord Panterlune (or "Tenterhooks," as his intimates call him) how to collect round him. I hear that his half-brother, "Bubbly" Dixon, whose first wife, pretty Billy Forthchampleigh (pronounced, as all the initiated know, "Fourly"), has recently opened a lingerie shop under the name of "Scanties," is shortly to espouse a certain young thing whose lady-mother is famed for the candour of her remarks and the youthful brilliance of her complexion.

A NAPERY REVOLUTION.

Lunching last Wednesday at an *intime* party in one of those exclusive little streets which give on to Grosvenor Square, I learned on unimpeachable authority that the Duchess of Verrileigh is giving up the old fashion of dinner-mats and reverting to the Victorian idea of table-cloths. Her Grace is always in the van of fashion, and the outcome of so revolutionary a step is sure to be watched with breathless suspense by other well-known hostesses. The Duke is, of course, a keen amateur of old bottle-labels and has an exceedingly choice collection.

MUSIC IN MAYFAIR.

"Piggy" Looning, whose horse, Marble Pillar, was well thought of before the Pick-em-up Stakes (though it did not, in fact, run), tells me that his cousin, Vi-Vi Gabblestraw, whose solos on the whistle are so well-known a feature of the social life of our bright young intelligentsia, is learning to play a new instrument—nothing less than the old musical-glasses. Another hint of returning Victorianism. Good luck, Vi-Vi, to your new venture!

"EAVESDROPPER."

A Cerebral Coiffure?

"FAMOUS HAIR SPECIALIST'S BRAIN WAVE."

Adv. of Hairdressing Novelty.

The need of the moment, a cynic maintains,
In regard to the up-to-date minx,
Is not a machine that will Marcel the brains
But one that will comb out their kinks.

"Already there are designs and tenders with the Air Ministry for flying goats that will carry fifty passengers."—*Manchester Paper.*

Mr. Punch looks forward to the time when the heavens will reverberate with the bleat of these giant craft.

"TOMATO & EGG SANDWICHES."

1 egg (hard boiled), $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ mincing machine, add salt and pepper, bread and butter."—*Daily Paper.*

Personally, we find the nuts of these machines very indigestible.



FED UP.

MR. MACDONALD (to Cook, A. J.). "TAKE IT AWAY AND PUT IT IN COLD STORAGE FOR A BIT. I'VE HAD ABOUT AS MUCH AS I CAN MANAGE."



YULETIDE AT OUR CLUB.

ENTRY OF THE BORE'S HEAD.

THE DAY AFTER.

THE period between Christmas and New Year's Day is the drabdest of the year. Your system feels as though it could never recover from the strain it underwent on December 25th; your bank balance is down the drain; everyone (even the dustman, and that's saying something) touches his cap to you with a superior and predatory grin; and above all you have about twenty-eight hundred letters to write. Well, say twenty-eight, if you *will* have accuracy. After the twentieth it seems like anything.

The one thing you must not do in writing those letters is to go at it haphazard. The year before last I got in bad with my Aunt Araminta because in my anxiety not to forget her I wrote three times to thank her for her Christmas present (twice for the embroidered cushion-cover which she had sent and once for a clock which she hadn't).

So last year I introduced a little organisation. I devoted a day to the job—Boxing Day, because it's a wasted day anyway. I collected all the presents I had been given on to the drawing-room table in front of me, taking care to cover up the purple ornamental cat (Cousin Wilhelmina) with the blue silk handkerchief (Great-Uncle Roger). Then, smoking my new pipe (Percival)

and with the box of cigars (Aunt Matilda) at the farthest corner of the table, I set to work with the new fountain-pen (Aunt Araminta).

At the end of four minutes I had down—

*Dear Aunt Araminta
I am using your pen. It
writes beautifully.*

This didn't look very tactful, so I stopped. Besides, I had no blotting-paper. I went off in search of some and my own fountain-pen. Of course there *was* no blotting-paper in the house. I remembered then I had used the last sheets the previous night to mop up the contents of a bottle of brandy I had spilt while trying to put a surreptitious extra kick in the Christmas pudding. The dog had subsequently eaten every sheet and had already been asleep for nineteen hours on the drawing-room sofa.

So I started off again, writing one side of a page and letting it dry while I started another letter. This was a triumph of organisation and I hardly wasted a minute. Indeed, at one time, so quickly did I write and so slowly did the ink dry, I had no fewer than five letters going at once, and even found time to write a cheque for the last quarter's rent.

I am now willing to admit that perhaps I had over-organised. I should have read the letters through before I sent them off. A few weeks later I saw some of them. They were certainly original. Here are a few of the better ones. I have indicated with a vertical line the ends of the first pages to show that my intentions were good:—

"DEAR GREAT-UNCLE ROGER,—It was indeed kind of you to think of sending me a silk handkerchief for Christmas. It is really most opportune, because I have a nasty cold and so I am proposing to give it | to the bazaar next week. I wish it every success. Lady Bicuspid will, I suppose, open it.

Your Nephew, ARTHUR."

"DEAR AUNT MATILDA,—I am so looking forward to smoking one of your cigars which are at my elbow. It is nice to receive a useful present, instead of, say, an ornamental cat, which has been given me by someone else | a trial. I hope you are feeling fitter and that the trouble you had with your stomach (about which you were telling me the other day) is now over. Yes, I can recommend Snip and Co. for new flannel trousers.

Your affect. Nephew, ARTHUR."

"DEAR COUSIN WILHELMINA,—Your charming Xmas present of a cat is standing before me as I write. It will

later, I am sure, look delightful in the spare bedroom. Did you choose it yourself, or did Betty help you? | If there is one thing I detest it is a so-called ornamental cat, and this one is too revolting for words.

Yours affectionate'y, ARTHUR APPLE."

"DEAR PERCIVAL,—Well, you old stiff, I'm smoking your pipe now and I may as well tell you it's not so bad. Yes, you certainly do seem to be having a hectic time at dances, my lad. By the way, it's all off about coming out on Monday | I am glad to hear Betty is going off alone with you to Paris for a week. It will be a change for her to be away from her husband for a bit.

Yours very sincerely, ARTHUR APPLE."

"DEAR AUNT ARAMINTA,—The fountain-pen you sent me is just perfect and I am using it to write this. It is just what I wanted. I am afraid I cannot come | to the Hotspot Night Club with you. I must get some sleep. I have the hell of an Xmas hang-over, and, if I know you, yours is worse. But go with some other old tough and hit it up for me. Don't get too pi-eyed. Bye-bye, old leper.—A."

There *was* trouble over-all that. The only bright spot was a letter from the bank some weeks later saying that the enclosed cheque passed in from my landlord's bank did not bear my usual signature. They were right. It was signed "Your affectionate cousin—ARTHUR."

This year I have provided a ream of blotting-paper, and no new letter shall be started until the previous one is sealed. A. A.

THE GIRL WHO BURN'T THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

THIS is a story of Christmas-time, that time of muddle and mirth; To show how the wisest folk get left while the fools inherit the earth; Witness the record of Arminel, the girl who was such a muff She utterly ruined the Christmas Feast by burning the Christmas duff.

Valerie stuffed the turkey-bird, Marjorie crumbled bread, Millicent chopped the parsley up. "Is Arminel there?" they said. "Alison's mincing the lemon-peel and Mary's decking the tree." Then Arminel cried in her careless way, "Leave the pudding to me."

Arminel set the pot to boil, dreamed for a minute or two; Presently Arminel went to sleep, as dreamers generally do.



Carol-Singer (to partner, whose efforts have not helped the performance). "WAIT TILL I GET YOU 'OME, 'ERBERT. I WON'T 'ALF GIVE YOU NOEL."

Somebody asked, "Is the house ablaze, for the kitchen's full of smoke?"

Valerie shouted "Arminel!" and Arminel awoke.

* * * * *
There was turkey and chestnuts and sausages, snapdragon, mince-meat pie,

But the pudding was out in the potting-shed where the bulbs are left to dry.

Nobody spoke to Arminel, nobody gave her a toast,

Till Marjorie said, "Let Uncle call for the one he likes the most."

Uncle shouted for Arminel till his grey hairs stood on end, The wonderful girl who'd saved the day for an elderly liverish friend, Virginal martyr Arminel, the girl who was rash enough To burn the suety, indigestible, horrible Christmas duff.

"CROW SAVED BY ROCKET APPARATUS."
Irish Paper.
We hope no pheasants will read this.

"Witness explained that a gust of wind had blown his summons into the river."

From a Police Report.
His excuse, in fact, was "writ in water."

MR. PUNCH PEEPING.

II.

(Continuing, by request, our series of descriptive broadcasts, we take you to-day to the centenary celebrations at the Abdul Turkish Baths, London. Mr. Mervyn Flute will again act as describer.)

"It is Mr. Mervyn Flute speaking, and I am at one of the microphones which have been established at the Abdul Turkish Baths in London on the occasion of the centenary celebrations, to which a number of well-known people have been invited. A hundred years ago to-day, in the year 1829, the Abdul Turkish Baths were opened for the first time, and this is therefore the centenary of these baths, and a number of distinguished citizens have been invited to be present on this occasion, which is the hundredth anniversary of the opening of the Abdul Turkish Baths in London, and which—

"I don't know how many listeners know what a Turkish Bath is like, but in case there are any listeners who have not had a Turkish Bath I must explain that a Turkish Bath is not like an ordinary or, if I may say so, Christian bath. A Turkish Bath is not so much a water-bath as a hot-air bath; indeed, many Turkish bathers do not enter the water, in the strict sense, at all. The principal thing about a Turkish Bath is the production of—well, I am not sure that the word I am going to use has ever passed through this rather delicate microphone before, and as a matter of fact there is another word which in a sort of way conveys what I want to say, and that word is the word 'perspiration'—This is Mr. Mervyn Flute and I am at one of the microphones which have been set up in the Abdul Turkish Baths on the occasion of the centenary celebrations of these baths, and I was just saying that the prime object of a Turkish Bath is the production of what, for the want of a better word (and really, if I may say so, there is no better word) can only be described by the fine old British word, 'sweat.'

"Sweat! There, I have said it, and I hope that listeners will forgive me. Well, as a result of sweating, or perhaps I should say a cause of sweating, the pores of the skin are opened and certain beneficial results follow, among them being, for those of an adipose

tendency, a certain reduction of—However, I do not wish you to think that all those who take Turkish baths are of an adipose tendency; certainly not to-night, when many well-known people have been invited, including a number of literary gentlemen who are of an exceptionally spare and athletic build, and as a matter of fact one of the great features of a Turkish Bath is that people of any size can obtain benefit from their bath at the Abdul Turkish Baths, which are celebrating their centenary this evening; at the same time, in view of the festive

these squares representing the various 'rooms.' I am now in the first room, or *tepidarium* (Square 2), which has a temperature of 110°, and where the bather begins the gradual process as a result of which he will ultimately sweat. I should mention that the bather wears nothing but a white towel about his middle, and it is really very interesting to see the many distinguished people who are here to-night dressed in this way. From where I am sitting I can see Mr. MAURICE BARING, the Bishop of LONDON, Mr. A. P. F. CHAPMAN, Mr. MAXTON, Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, the Italian boxer CARNERA, and the President of BALLIOL, which is one of the better known Cambridge Colleges.

"Placed round the *tepidarium*, but at a slightly higher level, are the various 'hot' rooms, each hotter than the one before (Squares 3 to 5). These rooms have glass sides, so that from where I sit the distinguished persons in them have the appearance of very large red fishes moving slowly about in the tanks of an aquarium. I can see Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON in the third hot room (Square 4). Lord BRENTFORD has just entered the *tepidarium*, wearing his towel with an air.

"I should mention perhaps that the unaccustomed bather sometimes finds it difficult to sweat, and in the absence of sweating a heaviness of the head and danger of taking cold ensue. In this case the bather is instructed (in the Directions for Sweating) to take copious draughts of water, to pour tepid water over the head and await the free outburst of perspiration. I observe that the Bishop of LONDON and Mr. BERNARD SHAW are thus engaged at this moment. Mr.

MAURICE BARING is an old hand and has already passed on to the next room (Square 2 to 3), sweating gracefully, as we should expect. One rather interesting phenomenon to be observed from this vantage-point is this—as the bathers progress from room to room the bodies gradually change colour: here in the *tepidarium* the bodies are pale cream with a dry matt surface; after a short period in the next room they are pink, and a faint gloss begins to appear; in the third room they grow red and shiny—and so on. It is really very interesting to watch this transformation (which can only be compared to the approach of dawn or the rapid ripening of an apple). The



New Millionaire (to gardener on Christmas-Eve). "IF YOU CAN GET A SAW OR SOMETHING, THOMPSON, AND HAVE THIS TREE DOWN BY TEA-TIME, WE'LL HAVE A REAL YULE-LOG FIRE TO-NIGHT."

season which we are now enjoying and in which the pleasures of the table are perhaps—well, as I was saying, it is perhaps fortunate that the centenary celebration of these Baths, at which any tendency to over-consumption can be so delightfully counteracted, have coincided with that other season of which I have spoken, and which—As a matter of fact I see many well-known members of the Lucullus Club here to-night. However, I need not dwell upon that. It is Mr. Mervyn Flute speaking from the Abdul Turkish Baths.

"Well, if listeners will look at the sketch-map of the Baths with which they have been provided they will see that it is divided into numbered squares,



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Miss Flossie Footlight (to Press-agent). "WHAT'S ALL THIS EYE-WASH ABOUT MY LOST PEARLS? TELL THE WORLD I NEVER HAD ANY. I HATE THESE PERISHING PUFFS."

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has just come in. I can see Mr. CHESTERTON, who is now, as it were, swimming into the fourth room (Square 5), where the temperature is very high indeed. Mr. CHESTERTON appears to have solved the problem of perspiration. Mr. SHAW, on the other hand, is still pouring tepid water over his head. A literary critic, I dare say, might find something instructive in the different reactions of these two great writers, comparing them with the easy exuberance of Mr. CHESTERTON's writings and the somewhat inhuman frigidity of Mr. SHAW's. That, however, is not the business of this observer. I am Mr. Mervyn Flute and I am at the Abdul Turkish Baths. Mr. MAURICE BARING is now rose-pink. Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS has moved into the second room (Square 3). The Bishop of LONDON has given up the tepid water and, on the advice of Mr. BARING, has gone into the Russian Steam Bath (Square 7). This is a small compartment where the bather sits in a cloud of Russian steam; and very often this produces a free outburst

of perspiration when all else has failed. Mr. SHAW has followed the Bishop of LONDON. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is sweating well. Mr. JACK HULBERT is sweating beside him (Square 2). Mr. CARNERA is bright-red (Square 4). Lord BRENTFORD is sweating slightly. MAURICE BARING, a very rapid bather, has finished the final stages and gone to the shampooers (Square 10).

"I have now a rather important announcement to make. I expect you have all been feeling a little anxious about Mr. BERNARD SHAW and the Bishop of LONDON. As I told you before the bather who fails to perspire runs a risk of cold or even pneumonia. And I am sure you will be glad to hear that both the BISHOP and Mr. SHAW have now come out of the Russian Steam Bath and are sweating satisfactorily. Very possibly some of you heard the low murmur of applause which ran round the *tepid-arium* when it was seen that these two valuable citizens were out of danger. I am now going to the hottest room of all (Square 5). One minute, please.

"I am now at Square 5, where the heat is very hot—about 250°. On my way here I passed Mr. SHAW and Mr. HARRY PRESTON discussing boxing with Mr. CARNERA. Mr. PRESTON, never a pale man, was very red indeed. Generally in the hot rooms there is absolute silence, but both Mr. SHAW and Mr. PRESTON seemed to have a good deal to say. Looking about me, I can see some very distinguished bodies recumbent on the couches—Mr. CHESTERTON, Mr. COCHRAN, Mr. HERMANN FINCK, Lord BIRKENHEAD, Lord CASTLEROSSE, the Archbishop of YORK, Mr. HUGH WALPOLE and Mr. TOM SHAW. In this room there is no talking and nothing is to be heard but the panting of the various bodies. Lord BRENTFORD has just cautiously entered the room. Lord BRENTFORD has now gone out. I am now going to the shampoo room (Square 10).

"It is Mr. Mervyn Flute speaking, from the Abdul Turkish Baths (Square 10). Here the bodies are laid upon seven marble slabs and thoroughly soaped, massaged and rinsed. Perhaps you can

hear the sound of splashing water and the rhythmic movements of the shampooers as they massage the chests or slap the livers of the bathers. Mr. SHAW (BERNARD), Mr. HULBERT, the Bishop of LONDON, Mr. HARRY PRESTON, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Mr. GEORGE ROBEY and Lord BRENTFORD are now lying on the slabs. What you heard then was the final slap which the shampooer (a powerful ex-sailor) administered to Lord BRENTFORD's liver. Mr. SHAW's (BERNARD'S) shampoo is nearly finished. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE looks a size or two smaller. Lord BRENTFORD is being hosed with a hose. After the hose the bather is led to a cold plunge-bath, the far end of which is in the *frigidarium*, where the bather lies wrapped in towels till it is time to dress. The plunge-bath is optional, and Lord BRENTFORD has decided to walk round. Mr. SHAW (BERNARD) is now approaching the plunge-bath. It will be very interesting to see if this well-known writer takes the plunge-bath or walks round. Mr. SHAW is now standing ready for the plunge. Mr. SHAW has plunged.

"I am now in the *frigidarium* (Square 1), where refreshments are served. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is weighing himself. Lord BRENTFORD is enjoying a cocktail. Good-night, everybody, Good-night!" A. P. H.

REFLECTION.

We met, 'twas in the open street,
I think on Tuesday last,
And being strangers did not greet
Each other as we passed.
I did not find him grand in size
Or great about the head;
I merely thought, how green his eyes;
His nose, alas, how red.
His hat was right, his garb correct;
As far as I could see
He did not consciously detect
Anything odd in me.
Just for a moment's flash we met
And parted, West and East;
The fact that we are strangers yet
Affects me not the least.
But somewhere through this moving
scene
Of human joys and woes
He wanders on—his eyes, how green;
How red, alas, his nose. DUM-DUM.

Another Headache for Chronologists.

"It was in 1457, two years after the War of Roses was started by the rival clans of New York and Lancaster in England."

Japanese Paper.

"FOOTBALL IN LOW WATER."

Heading in Yorkshire Paper.

We are glad to deduce that the floods are subsiding.

POTATOES.

It is not merely because the English potato is declining, not merely because there is a potato dumping crisis, not merely because the growers have been obliged to form a British United Potato Marketing Board, that I intend to write about the potato.

I have long desired to do it. There is nothing perhaps quite so beautiful as the English potato. Poets have spoken more often of the shining waves of wheat and the colour and scent of roses, but there is to me something infinitely lovelier in a field of potatoes touched by the first radiance of spring, every tuber hidden deep in the trenches, yet subconsciously fulfilling its destiny.

We must not let our potato die. It has been with us too long. It has stood by us through thick and thin. It is part and parcel of our inheritance. I am inclined to think that modern civilisation began with the potato, that is to say, the English potato, and that the potato, rather than the Renaissance, brought about the change between the world as we know it to-day and the Middle Ages. With the potato came longevity, humanitarianism, toleration and the gradual inability to eat two boars and a peacock at every meal. As the potato spread its benign and gentle influence over Englishmen's souls, feudal tyranny and religious warfare faded away. "The noblest gift of a kindly providence, an acceptable gift to the rich man, the poor man's bread," it has been called by a great writer, and that too before anyone had thought of serving it *sauté* or *maitre d'hôtel*.

An American professor has recently announced that man is not descended from the ape or man-ape or ape-man, but rather from the proto-man or pre-man or early man-like man exhibiting anthropoid characteristics.

I believe him to be wrong. I consider that man is descended from the potato, and I am reinforced in my view by the very old rune or distych of uncertain authorship—

"The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,
They all came out of a roasted potato."

Or, as some scholiasts read—

"They all jumped out of a rotten potato."

This indicates, in my opinion, a far more ancient, and probably a truer, tradition of the origin of our species. It also explains why a lunch or dinner without potatoes leaves us with a sense of physical incompleteness, as though we lived in a two-dimensional world.

I have been studying the history of the potato. It was not (as you supposed) brought to England by Sir WALTER

RALEIGH, but by HAWKINS. The Germans, with their usual proneness to error, believed that it was brought here by DRAKE and erected a statue to him at Baden as the first potato-bringer. It is clear to me that of all our Elizabethan sea-captains HAWKINS is the man whose character the boon of the potato best fits. The Incas of Peru had long been potato-lovers, and it is very significant that riches and power are returning at long last to the continent where the potato has been always indigenous.

"Potato" is not the original form of the word. The Spaniards, who also brought it to Europe, mentioned it first under the name of *batata* or *papa*. This is curious, because quite recently in England I have heard an English papa called a potato.

The insignificant and futile CHABREUS, who wrote in 1566, includes the potato in a list of malign and poisonous plants, and the French for many years supposed that it caused leprosy. That may be true of foreign potatoes, but not of ours. How different in spirit was the gentle and high-minded GERARD, writing in 1597, who shows himself on the frontispiece of his *Herball* holding a potato in his hand:—

"Their knobbie roots are fastened into the stalkes with an infinite number of threadie strings," he says, after speaking of the succulence of the plant. These are the tones of love. This man stands for ever among the pioneers of progress.

It was long before the potato came into popular use, although the Royal Society did their best to encourage it in 1663. Ireland, then as ever the most civilised part of Europe, had long been enjoying the potato and finding in it the inspiration of fairy-story and of song. It is not known who was the first man to mash it or fry it in chips.

The English potato, I say, must not die, for with its death the whole fabric of our culture would disappear. No trouble about market prices, no disposition to bant must be allowed to lead us back ever so little towards the bad old pre-potato days.

"Dearly beloved brethren,
Is it not a sin
To peel a baked potato
And throw away the skin?"

we used to say in the nursery. And many Harley Street specialists agree. I have roasted potatoes in garden bonfires until I burnt my fingers and there was nothing to eat but cinders and butter and salt. The potato thus twines itself round the earliest memories of childhood. And how often does not the dweller in the outposts of Empire think with tears of the first new potatoes



Sam Bell

Bright Boy. "COOK, WILL YOU LEND ME ONE OF YOUR STOCKINGS TO HANG UP?"

of London, perhaps never to be tasted again!

I intend to repopularise the potato. England, if it is to be kept safe for anything, must be kept safe for potato-eating (though I do not really care for them boiled). The potato must go on. Let whoso will make a nation's wars so long as I can write about her potatoes. The night hath a thousand eyes, the potato only a few. Shall they be put out by foreigners?

BYRON and SHELLEY adored potatoes. I say so without fear of contradiction. SYDNEY SMITH said of the potato—I have forgotten what, but something

quite good. Nothing displeased the great PRINCE CONSORT so much as a potato slightly underdone. CARLYLE, that downright philosopher, invariably called a spud a spud. "Show me a man who does not love potatoes," said HERBERT SPENCER, "and I will show you a fool."

With the actual cultivation of the potato, its infinite varieties, its proportions of starch, nitrogenous matter and fat, I have no time to deal. I reserve them for a future and still more interesting article. But remember that this must be a potato-eating Christmas. The potato must come first in our dreams. EVOE.

Descriptions which are Saying a Lot.

"'London's Lure for Our Girls,' by Irene —, the Most-Painted Woman in the World, next week."—*Weekly Paper*.

"DROP IN THE SEVERN."

Ready response to Mayor of Gloucester's appeal."—*Bristol Paper*.

Every little helps.

"SUNDERLAND PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY."

The Philharmonic Choir will sing—
'Blast Pair of Sirens' (Parry)."

Sunderland Paper.

That's what we say when a brace of tugs come screaming down the river under our bedroom window at 3.0 A.M.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE DRAGON.

ONCE a long time ago there was a very horrible dragon that settled itself in a swamp near a city and began to eat up the people who lived near it. So of course they didn't go on living there but came into the city, where there was less chance of the dragon getting at them.

Well nothing happened for about a week because the dragon was sleepy after its last meal and was drinking water out of the swamp as it didn't believe in drinking with its meals. But when it began to feel hungry again it came waddling up to the city to see what had become of all the people. And everybody saw it come, and they had time to shut all the gates, but that didn't make any difference because the dragon just blew fire at them out of its nose until they were burnt down. And it was no use their shooting arrows at it because its skin was so hard and thick that they didn't even stick in it and none of them got through. So all they had time to do was to take a murderer out of prison and tie him to a post just inside the gate and then run away again. So the dragon ate the murderer and waddled back to its swamp.

Well the King lost no time in collecting all his counsellors together to make a plan about it. And he said to them it is very unfortunate this happening just now because I was just arranging for a nice little war, we haven't had one for some time and the soldiers are getting fat and lazy, but of course we must get rid of the dragon first.

And the counsellors said well how are we to get rid of it? and one of them said much the best way will be to give it a murderer once a week and perhaps that will keep it quiet.

And the King said oh that's silly, for one thing we haven't got enough murderers, and besides the dragon is sure to want a change of diet. None of you seem to have read history, the only thing to do with dragons is to send out notices that anybody who kills one which has happened to turn up shall marry the King's daughter and have half his kingdom.

And the counsellors said well that might work, but it is more a thing for you than for us.

And the King said well I have only got one daughter and she will have to

get married some time or other, though she is a little young for it now. Of course she must marry a prince, but there are plenty of them about, and it won't so much matter if they haven't got kingdoms of their own as they will have half of mine.

And the counsellors said but will you like giving up half of your kingdom? and he said oh of course it will be for me to say which half.

Now the Princess was too beautiful for words, but as she was so young and had been kept in the schoolroom until then none of the princes who wanted to get married knew much about her

about it, and before the princes went out to the swamp to try and kill the dragon the King always gave them a nice banquet with plenty of good wine and flowers on the table and interesting people to talk to. And at the end of the banquet some trumpets were blown and the Princess came in looking too utterly lovely and the Prince who had come that week was allowed to talk to her for half-an-hour on a sofa, and then her governess took her up to bed. And they all fell so much in love with her that they never minded going to the swamp the next morning to fight with the dragon.

But the Princess didn't fall in love with any of them, so she didn't mind it as much as she might have done when they never came back again, though of course she was sorry for their relations.

Well it doesn't say in the histories how many princes tried to kill the dragon, but there must have been a good many, and one of them must have run away, because the dragon was hungry and came into the city the next day and took a lame poulterer who was going along the street. And presently there was only one prince left who came from a long way off, and if he didn't manage to kill the dragon the King didn't know what on earth to do next. And he said well it is no good worrying beforehand, let us enjoy the banquet.

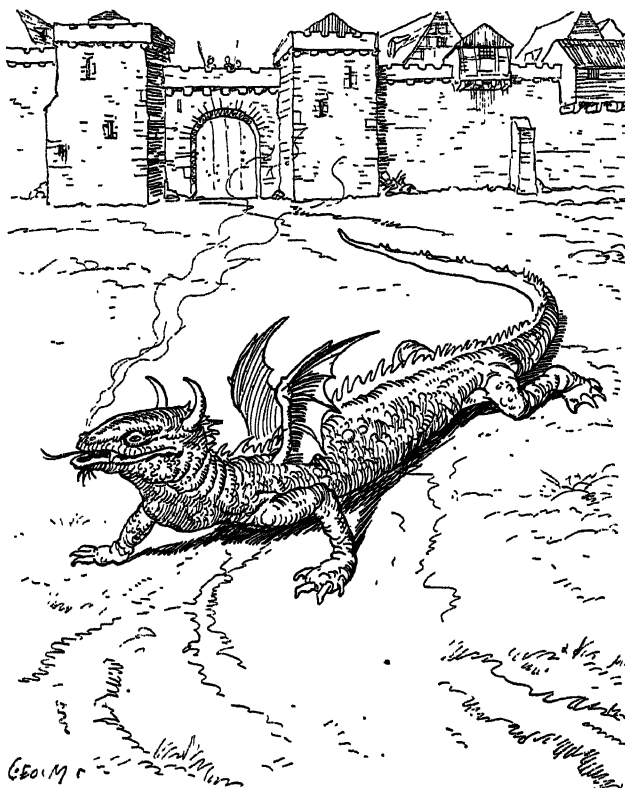
Now when the Princess heard that the last prince of all was coming she said to her old nurse supposing he doesn't kill the dragon, what will happen then?

And the old nurse said oh I can easily arrange that for you.

I was a witch before I came to

be your nurse, only I had got very tired of it because it led to so much unpleasantness so I was glad to take the situation. I will give you a tabloid that makes whoever swallows it invisible for any time up to half-an-hour, so all you will have to do is to give it to the Prince and he can swallow it just before he begins to fight the dragon, so then the dragon won't see him and he can stick his sword through its eye and that will kill it.

Well the Princess thought this was a very good arrangement and when she went down after the banquet she took the tabloid with her. But directly she saw the Prince she thought it would be so awful to marry somebody who was perfectly hideous and bald and middle-aged that she didn't know what to do



"SO THE DRAGON . . . WADDLED BACK TO ITS SWAMP."

except that she would be quite rich when her father died. But the King had a lot of pictures done of her with her hair up and sent them all round, and presently all the princes who weren't married and were brave enough not to mind about the dragon were sending in and asking to have their names put down.

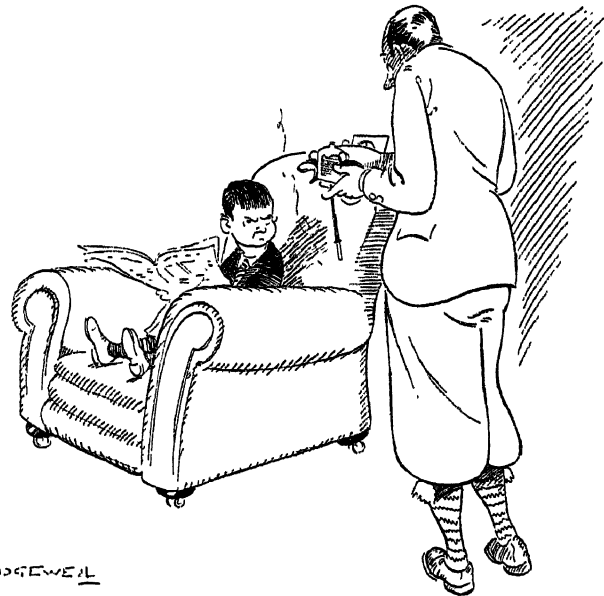
Well the King was pleased at this, and he got his counsellors to help him make a list, so that he could invite one prince a week, beginning with the one who lived nearest, and keep the dragon quiet until one of them managed to kill it. But it all took a little time, and they had to give the dragon another murderer until the first prince had made his arrangements.

Well the Princess had been told all



AS IT WAS.

"PAPA, I'M EXCEEDINGLY SORRY, I FEAR I'VE BROKEN
THE CHRISTMAS GIFT YOU GAVE ME."



AS IT IS.

"JOHN, I'M AWFULLY SORRY, I'M AFRAID I'VE BROKEN
THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT I GAVE YOU."

about it, but waited until he came to sit on the sofa beside her.

But he didn't come to sit on the sofa beside her, because he didn't want to marry somebody as young as she was, he only wanted half of the kingdom. And he was having such an interesting talk with the King about some new dungeons he had been making that he sent his page to sit beside her instead.

Well directly she saw the page, whose name was Florizel, the Princess fell in love with him, and of course he was in love with her because nobody who was young could help being, and as the governess had gone upstairs to read a book they had a lovely talk together and settled what they would do.

So the next morning the Princess asked if she might go to the swamp to see the fight with the dragon, and the King said yes let's all go and make a picnic of it. So they all went, and of course the dragon killed the Prince, and the King said well that's the last of them and after we have had lunch we must think what we are going to do next.

So then Florizel stepped forward, and he said if I kill the dragon may I marry the Princess? I don't want half the kingdom, you can keep that for yourself.

And the King said well if there had been any princes left I should have said no, but as there aren't any more you can have her if you kill the dragon.

So Florizel said thank you, and directly he had said it the King said why where ever has he gone?

Well of course Florizel was invisible

because he had just swallowed the tabloid which the Princess had given him. And the next thing that happened was that the dragon looked up from eating the Prince and gave a great howl of anguish and the blood began to spurt out of its right eye and presently it was dead.

And there was Florizel kissing the Princess and she was kissing him, and the King was so pleased at getting rid of the dragon at last that he didn't mind at all.

So they got married and loved each other more and more as the years rolled on. A. M.

THE LIMITATIONS OF PROPHECY FOR 1930.

As the last lap of the declining year
Lands us upon the brink of 1930,
What auguries confront the anxious seer
When, with prophetic faculties alert,
he

Ponders the omens, seeking to divine
Whether the forecast should be "Fairly
fine,"

"Dull" or "Distinctly dirty"?

Show me the turkey! Let me utter sooth
And in an outburst of inspired prediction

Puncture the veil that hides from us the
truth.

Alas! I see no end to one affliction:—
Murder and rapine, every sort of crime
Threaten us from the farther side of
time.

So much for next year's fiction.

In matters appertaining to the State
Appears some cause for modest
jubilation:

Our senators, relentless in debate,
Will spare no word to save an ailing
nation,
Nor will they in their virtuous zeal re-
fuse

Actively to consider "avenues"
Worthy of exploration.

Abroad, warlike alarums will be few
With RAMSAY as the Pact's protective
genie;

Pres. HOOVER will as rigorously eschew
Big navies as he'd shun a dry Martini;
While peeping with respectful awe at
Rome

One notes the laurel still adorns the
dome
Of Signor MUSSOLINI.

Loud stunts we still must suffer from
the Press;

New causes will be boosted, others
mocked at;

But to what purpose I decline to guess—
A failure that I trust you won't be
shocked at,

Since even the most self-confident of
seers,

Pitted against our journalistic peers,
Gets knocked into a cocked hat.

C. L. M.

"THE AGA KHAN'S WIFE TO RACE HER
OWN HORSES."

Headline in Evening Paper.

This seems to us to be carrying femin-
ine athletics a little too far.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE ALPS.

HEROIC FATHER DISPLAYS ALL HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AS HE PROCEEDS TO THE CURLING-RINK.

AND SO WE GO ON

(Being an intelligent forecast of the Correspondence Columns of a popular Wireless Journal of the future).

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Cannot something be done to brighten the broadcast programmes? Last night's televised tour of London's monuments may have interested a few lookers-in, but I am sure the majority prefer items of a more popular nature, such as Piccadilly Circus by night. In any case seven minutes' transmission of the Albert Memorial is more than the eye can bear.

Yours faithfully, A. J. K.

DEAR SIR,—Some of the wireless announcers are developing the most irritating mannerisms. I particularly dislike the bald-headed man who fidgets with his tie. And who is the nervous youth whose ears twitch every time a director enters the studio?

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) MARTHA MEEKINS.

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations to the B.B.C. upon the excellent transmission of the Beauty Competition. I venture

to suggest, however, that the result would have been more satisfactory if the judges had attended it in person. One cannot help feeling that some of their receiving sets must have been out of order, otherwise they would surely have awarded the first prize to the young lady in puce pyjamas.

Yours faithfully,

REGINALD DARCY (Capt.).

DEAR SIR,—I think it was a mistake to allow the Hon. Mrs. Gargoyl to read her own fairy stories during the Children's Hour last night. My little boy was so frightened by her face that he refuses to look in again.

Yours truly, A MOTHER.

DEAR SIR,—When will the dancers at the Savoy Hotel refrain from the childish habit of stepping in front of the radioscope to wave and smile greetings to their friends who are looking in? I detest the sight of them.

Yours faithfully, A. K. N.

DEAR SIR,—My radio receiver has developed colour distortion. During the exhibition of billiards last night the champion's nose frequently assumed a bright green hue with occasional

magenta spots. Can any reader account for this?

Yours truly, "PUZZLED."

DEAR SIR,—Since the new regional transmitter has been broadcasting the London programme from the Shetland Isles I cannot get any other station without interference. Whilst watching a recent performance of a Continental talking film, the power of the local transmitter was so great that the signals mingled, with the result that the heroine appeared to have the voice, whiskers and cheek of Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Yours faithfully, O. H. M.

DEAR SIR,—Your readers may be interested to hear that, on Tuesday last at 2 A.M., with my sixteen-valve super-sensitive "Televisaroma," I received an experimental transmission from the Chicago Opera House with remarkable clarity. The only fault in an otherwise perfect reception (it may, of course, have been due to a flaw in my olfactory valve) was that, in the rose-garden scene, the *prima donna* appeared to have been eating garlic.

Yours faithfully, EXPERIMENTER.



THE HUMOURS OF SANTA CLAUS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Thursday, December 12th.—In Committee on the Traffic Bill the Lords bent their minds chiefly to the question of driving tests for motorists. Lord CECIL advocated a test which might have been regarded as desirable if the noble lord's proposals for rearing hummocks in village streets and trapping the hastening motorist with trenches dug in the road had received serious consideration. Lord HOWE opposed compulsory tests as impracticable, but said he would move an amendment to provide for voluntary tests.

This brought Lord BANBURY into the fray. What would be the good of a voluntary test? he asked. Lord HOWE said that if there was an accident the first thing the Court would inquire would be if the driver had passed a voluntary test. In that case, retorted Lord BANBURY, the magistrate would say, "You can go and run over Lord BANBURY and nothing will happen because you have passed a voluntary examination." The more skilful a driver was the more dangerous he was. What was wanted was not examination but road sense.

Lord BRENTFORD agreed that the "road hog" would always pass an examination with flying colours. Lord HOWE's amendment did not, but the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA by way of consolation accepted another Amendment from the noble and high-speed lord, increasing from three to five days the allowed time for producing one's licence at a police-station.

The Hunt would be up and all would be up with the Hunt if Mr. FREEMAN, the Labour Member for N.E. Leeds, had his way. But his request that the HOME SECRETARY should institute a public inquiry into "all forms of sport in which the suffering of animals is involved" was received coldly.

Mr. CLYNES demurred on the ground of the state of public business, adding that he "was not lacking in information." This might have referred to the HOME SECRETARY's fellow-feeling for all small hunted creatures; but Major COLFOX evidently thought otherwise, for he urged the right hon. gentleman to "use the opportunity provided by the Christmas recess to get some personal experience."

Mr. CLYNES did not respond, nor is it true that he was subsequently seen in a quiet corner of the Lobby murmuring "Yoicks!"

A further stage of the Unemployment Insurance Bill produced the new "genuinely seeking work" clause, which quickly revealed itself as not requiring the unemployed to seek work at all but merely to sit at home and wait to be

did all that could be done to put the entire onus of finding jobs for the jobless on the State. Mr. ALLEN, a Unionist Member for Belfast, probably expressed the general opinion when he stated that it was better to run no risk of doing injustice to men who were conscientiously seeking work.

The House crowned a busy day by setting up a Committee to consider the comic Musical Copyright Bill.

Friday, December 13th.—One swallow makes no summer, but three Scotsmen can make a full-dress debate. Mr. SCOTT, Major DUDGON and Mr. MACROBERT talked Scottish Small Holdings to a House containing not even the shadow of a quorum. Doubtless the faithful were lurking without, ready, if challenged, to rush in and bring to fruition a Bill which among other things gives the right to the Scottish smallholder who suspects the

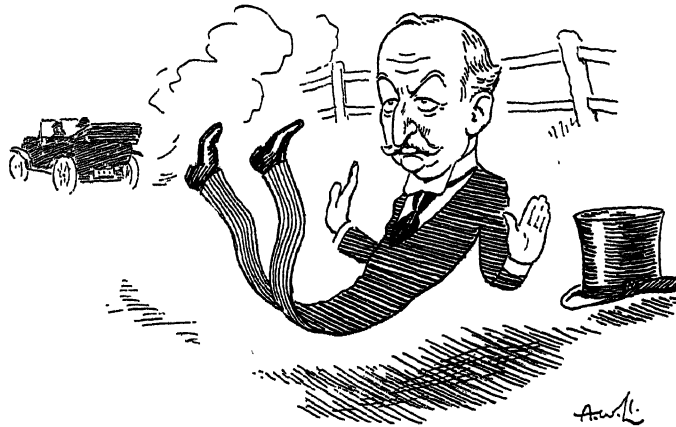
lordly stag, the insidious grouse and wanton ptarmigan of scoffing his vegetables to protect himself against their depredations by pursuing them to their lairs in somebody else's domain.

Monday, December 16th.—The FOREIGN SECRETARY refused to be drawn on the subject of the *Pravda's* depraved remarks on the British coal industry or a Comintern booklet on Egypt. On the other hand, he assured Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE that no diplomatic privileges had been sought or granted for members of Arcos, Ltd.'s staff.

The derisory note that has crept into all Questions to the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE was peculiarly audible when Mr. SMITHERS asked if it was still the policy of the Government that land should come under public control. An evasive answer drew from Mr. FRANK OWEN, the "baby" of the House, an impulsive demand to know when the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE was going to be brought under Government control. On the other hand, another Question, this time by Mr. GRANVILLE, asking when the Government intended to introduce its agricultural policy, gave Mr. BUXTON an opportunity of reeling off a catalogue of minor benevolences which, if they really represent the Government's agricultural policy, fully explain the Minister's ardent anxiety to shun debate on this subject.

"It had happened in two seconds! . . . —'s eyes, glazed and tortured, struggled to his feet, useless."—*Daily Paper*.

Even worse than having your heart in your mouth.



MORE HASTE, LESS PEER.

LORD BANBURY IMAGINES HIMSELF TO BE RUN OVER BY A MOTORIST WHO HAS PASSED A VOLUNTARY EXAMINATION AND IS THEREFORE IMMUNE FROM PENALTY.

notified that there was a job going. This new arrangement, the Minister admitted, would add another ninety thousand to the benefit-drawing unemployed and cost another four-and-a-half millions.

Mr. MAXTON's almost hearty endorse-



HEAVY GOING.
(After LEECH).

MR. CLYNES ACCEPTS THE SUGGESTION THAT HE SHOULD UTILISE THE CHRISTMAS RECESS TO GET SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF THE HUNTING-FIELD.

ment of the Clause was in itself sufficient to indicate that, short of pensioning off the unemployed (a course that Major DAVIES intimated might ultimately become necessary with the "hard core of permanently unemployed"), the Clause



OUR ENTHUSIASTS.

UNDETERRED BY THE WEATHER, THE CANUTE SOCIETY DOES ITS ANNUAL PADDLE ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

MUMPS.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS SONG.

My wife, poor thing, has got the mumps;
Her neck is just a lot of lumps;
Her Christmas she will spend in bed,
Consuming gruel, milk and bread;

And it is cruel

To play with gruel

When turkeys are the trumps;

I say it's crule

To spend one's Yule

In quarantine for mumps.

My wife has gone and got the mumps;
The family are in the dumps;
It would enrage a plaster saint
To get this infantile complaint

At Christmas-time,

When birds are prime

And off go all our humps;

I say it's hard

To be debarred

From merriment by mumps.

What is the use of doctors who
Know all the things that doctors do,
Can draw a complicated plan
Of what goes on inside a man,

And tell what's best

For someone's chest

With three well-chosen thumps,

But in a case

Of swollen face

Can only say, "It's mumps"?

Has Science with impartial pride
Mapped out the stars and my inside,

Yet can't it obviate or check
A silly swelling in the neck?

Why such conceit

In Harley Street?

What are their stomach-pumps,

Their diets, dopes

And stethoscopes?

They cannot stop the mumps!

But we will garlands to her bring,
Hang holly round the bed and sing,
"Oh, may the man who gave her
mumps

Be wed to five successive frumps,

And may his stocks

Take nasty knocks

In all the Wall Street slumps!"

For it is crule

To spend one's Yule

In quarantine for mumps.

A. P. H.

Our Potted Prelates.

"Rev. J. F. — was concentrated Bishop
ten years ago."—*Canadian Paper*.

"LEGAL EXAMINATION SUCCESS.

Mr. Douglas —, of Sidmouth, was successful at the final examination of the Lad Society held on the 4th and 5th of November last."
Local Paper.

The morning after the Final Examination must have been a memorable one.

"Fond of sport and poor at conversation, her arms, though excellent on the tennis-court, were a little over-developed for the evening."—*Monthly Paper*.

One of these strong silent women.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

My newspaper, to the great joy of its many registered readers, is running another series of Striking Articles. I dare say other newspapers are similarly engaged; indeed, without the Striking Article the modern Press would scarcely be what it is.

What is a Striking Article?

A Striking Article is one that can be advertised as Outspoken, Fearless, Provocative and Refreshingly Unconventional; one that Calls a Spade a Spade and is certain to Arouse Widespread Interest.

Very well. Now we can get on.

The problem that has been worrying me, and which ought to worry everybody, is entitled "Where Are We Going?" I have others on my mind, of course, but somehow it does seem particularly urgent to know where one is going. I believe the newspapers have often had series of striking articles by brilliant young novelists (or maybe they were powerful articles by leading public men and women), entitled "Where Are We Going?" but in spite of that, whenever I have put the question to people, I have noticed an extraordinary uncertainty in their replies. In other words they do not appear to know. So it is evident that the final Outspoken, Fearless, Provocative and Refreshingly Unconventional word remains to be said.

Let it be clear that when I say "Where Are WE Going?" I include Scotsmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Icelanders and other foreigners too numerous to mention but quite nice in their way. In a Striking Article one must not be insular; one must embrace everybody, even the women and children. After all, even other nations must be presumed to be going somewhere; we have no right to suppose they are just doddering about. That would be rude, and the writer of a Striking Article should not be rude to anybody except the English middle classes, who of course are ghastly people. I hope to give them a jolt some other time, but for the moment I am going to embrace even them.

In order to deal strikingly with the question, "Where Are We Going?" the first thing to be considered is whether we have come from anywhere or anything. In short, have we progressed? That is an easy one. Centuries ago the human race was more or less wallowing in mud. I know that because I have seen pictures of these primitive mud-wallowers "specially drawn" for some illustrated paper or other by a distinguished artist.

Now, to-day the only people who wallow in mud are footballers and other sufferers from unpleasant complaints. What is more, these folk wallow intentionally, whereas the primitive wallowers wallowed because they knew no better than to wallow. That is putting the matter very frankly; but then, now-a-days, one is nothing if not frank, and I am anxious to get down to the root of this problem, "Where Are We Going?" as fearlessly and provocatively as possible.

If someone had predicted to EDWARD the Confessor that the day would come when members of the human race would get up several times during the course of a meal and rotate round the room to the strains of a jazz band, EDWARD, in his austere fashion, would have contradicted him. If this outspoken statement reflects upon the monarch's perspicacity, so much the better, as an historian is not much use unless he can either blacken the saints or whitewash the sinners of the past; and, anyway, all this does seem to be evidence of a distinct movement towards something, a going on, as it were. I think Miss Thingumbob, who is so terribly clever at making her verse look like prose, sums up the whole position in those marvellous lines:—

"I look upon a flower and say, 'That thing was not here yesterday. By Thursday week it will have gone, and so I know that Life moves on.'"

There still remains, however, the



Vicar (ex-Padre). "YOU'RE LOOKING MARVELLOUSLY FIT, GEORGE. I SUPPOSE YOU GET A LOT OF THAT WONDERFUL THING, PHYSICAL TRAINING?"

George. "AH DON'T THINK WE 'AVE THAT IN OUR REGIMENT, ZUR. BUT WE GETS 'EAPS O' P.T."

question, "WHERE Are We Going?" With a quiet smile I disregard the speculative solutions which have already been furnished in innumerable striking articles, for the simple reason that I have a still more striking theory of my own, which is that we are not going anywhere.

After all, when we look around and catch a glimpse of Mr. EPSTEIN, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Miss SITWELL, Mr. WOOLWORTH, Viscount ROTHERMERE and Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, we are surely justified in considering that human nature has reached the limit and that life on this planet may now reasonably be expected to peter out.

That, at any rate, is my striking solution of the riddle, "Where Are We Going?" and I believe I am right in claiming to be the first to offer it. If in fifty years' time events have proved me to have been wrong, I will, if possible, apologise, but not a day before. Meanwhile let the controversy to which I have so daringly and outspokenly contributed go on raging. D. C.

A Thundering Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The attendance was one of the largest I ever remember at a Cathedral nave service. The amplifiers must have been a big boom to those far removed from the pulpit."

Provincial Paper.

AT THE PICTURES.

A BAD MAN MARRED.

ONE feels resentful enough when a favourite actor on the real stage is not true to type; but how much more so when film actors disappoint! They should always be the same. Take for example GEORGE BANCROFT. We go where he is advertised for no other



FILM VOGUES.

Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT ("Thunderbolt" Jim Lang) to Mr. RICHARD ARLEN (Bob Moran). "HULLO, DICK, YOU TOO! THEY'RE PUTTING US ALL IN 'CLINK' CAGES NOW—AND HOW!"

purpose than to see a very tall, very strong, hard-bitten American, with a walk leisurely but menacing and irresistible, and an instantaneous way, whether as a tough or a detective, with his fist and his gun; and, if our expectations are always high, no matter what picture he is in, how much higher must they be when he is the central figure of one called *Thunderbolt*! GEORGE BANCROFT as "*Thunderbolt*," the most dreaded criminal in New York, the man who is wanted for robbery and murder: what could be more promising than that?

Judge then of our sorrow when we find that almost all his thunder is over; the bolts have all been shot. There is hushed talk about his unscrupulousness and his might—a negro night-club attendant says to a friend, "One smack of his fist and your jaw is only the place where your teeth used to be"—but this fist is hardly employed at all and he never pulls a gun on anybody. In fact, he is almost at once arrested, convicted and sentenced to the chair; and the rest of the film is concerned with his change of heart.

GEORGE BANCROFT, bandit and killer, with a change of heart! Unbelievable. More than unbelievable; extremely dis-

tasteful to his old admirers. Will it be credited that not only does he make no effort to escape but allows all his plans for revenge to fade away? I hope he will soon revert to wallops and brutal force. If there must be conversions on the films let the converts be other than this: new performers, not the old and the trusted.

He is so foolish, too, that our sympathies leave him even before the deterioration sets in. After the usual scene at headquarters, when the usual chief detective (with his soft hat and insolence) informs the usual under-detectives (with their soft hats and resentfulness) that the darned crook has got to be brought in or he'll sack the lot of them—even after this the *Thunderbolt* makes no effort to disguise himself but moves about the streets with his habitual provocative and recognisable gait, first on his way to a night-club to meet his ex-girl, and later, accompanied by a tell-tale dog, on his way to destroy the youth who has cut him out ("Just let me hit him once—only once"): an outstanding figure for every cop in the force to identify and apprehend. Little wonder that he is so quickly behind the bars.

The ex-girl, *Ritzie*, is played ably by Miss FAY WRAY, and Mr. RICHARD ARLEN does his best with her new lover; but we can't take much stock in either and shall never understand why they have to meet secretly in the Park and go home separately at midnight. The part of the dog, who is, I fancy, intended to symbolize the *Thunderbolt's* regrettable better nature, is in the capable paws of "King Tut."

Thunderbolt belongs to the old style, with captions and music for every action; although it began, I am told, as a talkie.



J.H.D.

NOT "THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID." Miss Streeter . . . Miss EDNA MAY OLIVER.

A new talkie, with much movement and vivacity, is *The Saturday Night Kid*, in which the popular Miss CLARA BOW plays a good girl in a Department Stores; and Miss JEAN ARTHUR plays her sister, a bad girl, in the same place of business; and Mr. JAMES HALL is the floor assistant whom *Janie*, the bad girl, tries to take away from *Mayme*, the good. The bad girl's meannesses, deceptions and



J.H.Dowd.

SISTERLY LOVE; OR, THE "IT" GIRL. *Mayme Barry* . . . Miss CLARA BOW. *Janie Barry* . . . Miss JEAN ARTHUR.

thefts get punished in the end after *Mayme* has put in some very damaging work on her pretty face with both lefts and rights—a novelty among women of the films, and one to be used sparingly. All ends with the customary embrace.

Miss CLARA BOW is always animated, but I do not personally esteem her voice above her silence, and she is handicapped in her serious moments by a mouth that persistently registers amusement. The best performance of all is that of Miss EDNA MAY OLIVER as a saleswoman of commanding personality and the author of a pageant of departmental store service which, although rehearsed, never gets performed. For the reason why, the reader is urged to see the film.

E. V. L.

THE DUCHESS THEATRE.

At the end of his notice of *Tunnel Trench* Mr. Punch, after congratulating the architect of the new Duchess Theatre on his design, added that "it does not empty itself anything like quickly enough." In case this reservation may seem to have done an injustice to the architect, he wishes to say that the technical regulations laid down by the authorities for the construction of theatres have of course been complied with.



Mistress. "I DON'T REMEMBER TELLING THE MAN TO COME AND ATTEND TO THE WIRELESS."
Butler. "NO, MADAM; COOK'S ORDERS."

THE POETASTER'S APOLOGY.

'Tis not for me laboriously to linger
Over the quest of "jewels five words long
That sparkle upon Time's outstretched forefinger"
And lend immortal lustre to a song.

It is no good—*nullum sanguineum bonum*—
For the poor bard who merely boils the pot
To wander *per sepulcra regionum*
Or meddle with the magic of *Shalott*.

The minstrel boy who sings to earn his supper
Should give a miss to metric anarchists,
And, studying the works of MARTIN TUPPER,
Avoid the lure of precious prosodists.

Dreams of renown can only lull or dope us,
For the stark salient fact cannot be hid
That MILTON for his deathless *magnum opus*
Only received five miserable quid.

While WHITMAN (WALT), the great barbaric yawper,
Could never be accused of waxing rich,
And was indeed no better than a pauper
Compared with Mrs. WILHELMINA STITCH.

So, envying not the millions of a MORGAN,
A ROCKEFELLER or a HENRY FORD,
Contentedly I grind my barrel-organ
To pay the charges of my bed and board.

Or, if allowed the metaphor to vary,
Leaving the way of eagles in the lurch,

I sedulously ape the caged canary
And chirp and twitter on my humble perch;

Unvexed, unterrified by wild surmises
And unrefreshed by paradisaical dews,
But curbing with five-finger exercises
The wayward motions of my mundane Muse.

Regardless of the Cosmic Whence or Whither,
The shears of Atropos, the rope of Norns,
And resolutely disinclined to dither
Impaled upon some dire dilemma's horns.

Life, as great WILCOX sings, is sad and serious,
But sunshine mingles with the hail and sleet;
And, while desipience may be deleterious,
In season it is often passing sweet.

The meeds of genius fade into the distance;
We lesser fry, in these precarious times,
Are wise to blend, in lines of least resistance,
A minimum of reason with our rhymes.

Ancestor-Barter.

"I am 28 years of age and have fair complexion and will willingly exchange photographs and also my family for generations. Both cannot be questioned."—*West-Country Paper*.
Perhaps it is just as well.

"Mrs. — is a white-haired oil lady, but she behaved with great calm and courage through her long and trying ordeal.—*Reuter*."
We have always admired the similar calm with which the oil ladies at Burlington House face the summer crowds.

THE NEW PHYSICS.

I HAVE lately been reading some jolly books on Physics, all about EINSTEIN and Sir ISAAC NEWTON (now a hopeless back number, poor fellow, though undoubtedly a trier in his day), and light and electrons and things of that kind. Every work I have tackled so far has been written by an F.R.S.; indeed I refused to look at any author without this credential, not caring to accept the guidance of amateurs. And now I am asking myself, What have I learnt from these volumes?

Well, the first piece of definite knowledge I have acquired is that the basis of classical Physics is all wrong; classical Physics simply haven't got a leg to stand on. This must be true because Professor EDDINGTON, F.R.S., heads the first chapter of his entertaining book, "The Downfall of Classical Physics"; and who am I that I should question the dicta of Professor EDDINGTON?

And who, I should like to know, is Jones? In my frame of space and time (note that phrase, the outcome of my recent studies) I have no room for my next-door neighbour, Jones, nor for that matter have any of us who share a compartment with him on the 8.45 A.M. to Victoria, since, in addition to weighing some eighteen stone, he is a loud and laborious early-morning breather. These are not, however, his only offences. As a scientist of sorts (though unlikely, I suspect, ever to become an F.R.S.) he frequently refers in contemptuous tones to what he calls my lack of education, because, forsooth, I read Latin and Greek at school and did not waste my time in creating unwholesome smells in a laboratory. I have now a neat counter for his next onslaught. "Tut, tut, my man," I shall say with a wave of my hand, "I have discovered what you are—a mere Newtonian. The bottom is out of your school of Physics. Run away and read EDDINGTON." That ought to jolt him.

Another impression I have gained is that the modern top-notchers in Physics are by no means the dry-as-dust fogies I had imagined them to be. On the contrary they seem to be emphatically lovers of the wide, open, inter-stellar spaces, ready for any daring adventure and brimming over too with fun and high spirits. Their speciality is speed,

and on almost every page they are inviting the reader to dash round the world in an aeroplane or hop off on a trip to Sirius or Neptune. They have only one regret—that it is impossible for a material body to rival the speed of light, which is, to within an inch or so, one-hundred-and-eighty-six thousand miles a second.

Talking of velocities, I always used to think of the heavenly bodies as fairly humming through space, but I gather now that, compared with light, they are all in the also-ran class. The earth, for instance, in her path round the sun, dodders along at a paltry nineteen miles

a fluke, he is so small that you could not bisect him with a razor-blade or stab him with a pin.

As an illustration of his extreme minuteness I need only remind you that the material portion of the human body is composed of electrons, the rest of it being merely space; and it has been calculated that, if we could eliminate the space intervals between those tiny fellows and pack them all together in a solid lump, a man would be reduced to a size which would render him barely visible with the aid of a magnifying-glass. When I look at Jones this seems absurd. But there it is; Professor EDDINGTON has said it; and after reading his book I feel I can believe anything.

Last night I had a happy dream. Jones and I were by ourselves in a railway-carriage, and he was looking larger and breathing more stertorously than ever. He had just opened his mouth to begin one of his fatuous arguments, when suddenly—how the feat was accomplished I cannot remember—I compressed his electrons.

Then, after studying him for a short time through a microscope which I found on the seat beside me, I put him in a match-box and hurled him through the window, not to perdition (at least, I hope not), but to what EDDINGTON calls the Absolute Elsewhere. I am not quite certain where that is, but it seemed an appropriate locality for Jones.

Brighter Athletics.

"The next event the shot put went to Hirschfeld (Germany), who hurdled the shot 15.51 metres."

Twentieth Paper.

Our ambition has always been to pole-jump the hundred yards.

"A gene is something that has never been seen or felt."—*From Book on Science of Life.* This is not DEMPSEY's opinion.

"His previous reference to the matter had, he said, caused some comment in artistic circles, and he wished to remove any misapprehension."—*Liverpool Paper.* Most people do it just to remove dirt.

"A new make of car is fitted with rubber-cord suspension instead of springs. This means that there is no rebound when the car hits inequalities in the road."

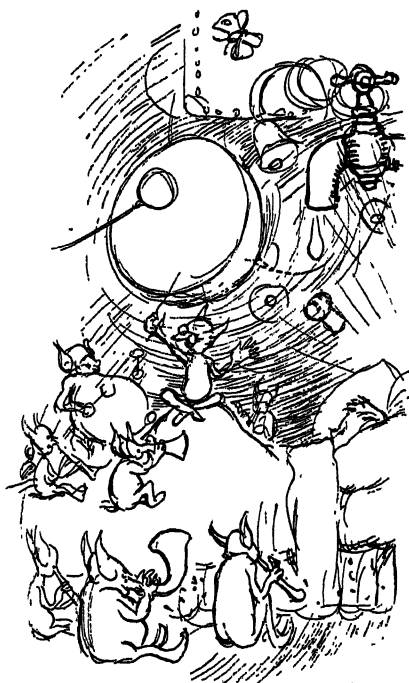
From a Catalogue.

The best pedestrians, of course, only bounce once.



Jones (completely lost in fog). "BY JOVE, ICE!"

a second, while the sun himself, who is cautiously advancing towards a possibly unpleasant contact with the constellation Hercules, seems to be a pretty slow mover. This may be due to sheer funk, though another view is that he is just practising a preliminary sparring movement, and as he warms to his work will get quicker on his feet. There are, however, on our planet itself some bodies which are constantly putting up very creditable speed records. I refer to the electrons. The distinguishing features of an electron are: first, that the rate at which he buzzes round his private Brooklands, the atom, makes it quite impossible to catch him; and, secondly, that, even supposing you got him by



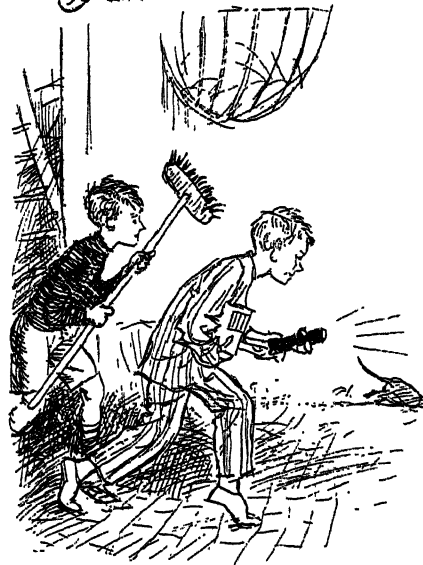
Ernest H. Thompson

SMALL BOYS.

I LIKE small boys:
I like their noise
And the things they hear,
Things that would make
Their sisters quake
With fear—
The goblin-folk
That croak
Beside the creek;
The tiny elves
That hide themselves
And squeak
Behind
The door;
That never grind
Their teeth
Or snore,
But lie instead
Beneath
A little bed
And set to words
The songs
Of sleepy birds
And dinner-gongs,
Of taps
And razor-straps,
Of corks that pop
And things
That fall
With clumsy wings
Or flop
Against the wall.

I like small boys
And they like me.
I like their noise
And the things they see—
Green eyes they flash
Their torches on
When daylight's gone;
Grey things that dash
Across the park
At dark
And splash
Into the lake
Merely to make
A small boy
Leap for joy
And think
Of water-sprites,
Of nurseless sands
And fairy-lights
That wink
In pixie hands;
Things that you,
However wise,
Shall never know,
For it's only eyes
Of a certain blue
And curls that grow
Just so,
Grubby knees
And a grubbier hand—
These
Are the keys
To Fairyland.

J. M. S.





Shade of Sir John. "WHAT IS THE MATTER, LADY CLARA? WHAT DID THEY SAY TO OFFEND YOU?"
Shade of Lady Clara. "THEY ONLY WANTED TO KNOW THE NAME OF MY DRESSMAKER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE most characteristic story in Lady HOSIE's *Portrait of a Chinese Lady* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the story of the Chinese magnate who owed it to his dignity to be president of all the local societies. It did not in the least worry him that he was President of the Society for Preserving the Town Wall and President of the Society for Tearing Down the Wall and Making a Tramway. In the same comprehensive spirit he furthered the maintenance of ancient temples for religious purposes and the transmutation of these relics of barbarism into thoroughly up-to-date schools and hospitals. Lady HOSIE is, if she does not mind my saying so, of a similar turn of mind for dissimilar reasons, and, having read her extraordinarily informative account of Mrs. SUNG and her contemporaries—the modern Chinese woman confronted by modern problems—I am not at all sure that her attitude, though illogical, is avoidable. Lovers of China wish that country the best of both Orient and Occident. In many respects she seems to be enjoying the worst. The appalling speed of her transition from native culture to cosmopolitan is, of course, the main difficulty; the graver side of the book is given over to its heartrending maladjustments. The work of both English and American educationists arises for consideration—discerning and devoted efforts to share approved treasures, hectic recommendations of modern for the sake of modern. The University student who has barely escaped a life of concubinage is not exactly getting the brightest notion of English matrimonial happiness by being given *The Forsyte Saga* as a reader; and this is a comparatively innocuous misfit. The educational is, I feel, far the most important aspect of Lady HOSIE's chronicle, though nothing that concerns the modern Chinese woman is alien to her sympathy.

When Mr. AL. CARTHILL, in his latest volume, *The Company of Cain* (BLACKWOOD), tries his hand at a bit of very graphic description, picturing a real *pukka* murderer, for instance, stealing along "under the brilliant light of Orion and the other stars," he does not somehow quite convey the creepy sensations that I am sure he feels; and when it occurs to him that in a new-born age of psycho-analysis he is as good a man as the next he does sometimes make me wish he would stop mere talking and get on with his yarn. When, however, from the treasure-house of his experience as a District Judge in India he is content simply to bring forth strange tales of the ways of a people still far-off and foreign, anyone may well be content to listen. In Mr. CARTHILL's India a boy may in a trance reveal to his master the secrets of hoarded jewels guarded by evil spirits that must be placated even by human sacrifice; or one of the sacred caste of the Bhattas may slay his wife—or for that matter himself—to bring the wrath of the gods on a defaulting debtor, as part of a business transaction which he has guaranteed at a small premium from the creditor; or a petty usurer may in a few years' time gather to his coffers the entire resources of a district; or a respected landowner may make a respectable living by hiring out ancient firearms to murder-bands at five rupees a night. Throughout his book there is an underlying appreciation of the clamant need of the Indian peasant for the justice and simplicity of British guidance, which strongly denies his judgment, uttered surely in a moment of pessimism, that the British occupation has been a "splendid but futile adventure."

ST. AUGUSTINE (if I remember rightly) expressed disgust with the scribes who told the Three Kings the way to Bethlehem, because, like milestones, they pointed out the road and did not take it. DICKENS said much the same thing about

Mr. Pecksniff. But, after all, your milestone or direction-post cannot possibly function both ways. It cannot stand sentry at the crucial corner and march in the right direction at the same time. And I believe there are ever so many excellent critics who are none the less excellent as critics for failing to carry out their counsels of perfection. Among these—and *RUSKIN* on his own admission was one of them—I have the temerity to place *Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF*, whose inquiry into the conditions which should ultimately produce the feminine *SHAKESPEARE*—they resolve themselves into *A Room of One's Own* (*HOGARTH PRESS*) and five hundred a year—is one of the most accomplished, stout-hearted and right-minded pieces of criticism I have encountered for months. From the graceful and charitable banter of the beginning—where the amenities of a man's college luncheon at *Oxbridge* are contrasted with the lack of amenities in a women's college dining-hall—the chances of producing *SHAKESPEARE*'s imaginary sister from a comparatively "labouring, uneducated and servile race" are discerningly canvassed. Nothing is further from *Mrs. WOOLF*'s aim than to produce a feminist tract. She would not sacrifice at any price the unique and disciplined creative power of the woman who does not write or live like a man or look like a man. She would, if possible, release it. But there, of course, lies the difficulty—to release without destroying; and it cannot be said that *Mrs. WOOLF* has solved it, though she has undoubtedly rendered first aid.

In *The Great Pearl Robbery* (*HEINEMANN*) *Mr. CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS* retells the story of the theft and recovery, in 1913, of the pearl necklace which its owner, *MAX MAYER*,

valued at £150,000. The necklace, it may be recalled, was stolen somewhere in its journey from Paris to Hatton Garden from a registered package which was duly delivered. After the four criminals had been arrested the pearls were found in a matchbox which had been thrown into a street gutter. *Mr. HUMPHREYS*' narrative, though it is at times a trifle over-elaborated, makes out a fairly good case for the proposition that truth is stranger than fiction. But it fails to prove that it is more interesting, for two mysteries, to which fiction would certainly have provided a solution, remain unsolved. We still do not know how the theft was actually carried out, and why or by whom the pearls were thrown away. The ordinary reader must therefore be prepared for this much of disappointment. But there are compensations. No work of fiction would venture to go in such interesting detail into the legal arguments based on the six counts of the indictment. These groped for a possible loophole of escape owing to the fact that, though the prisoners had undoubtedly had the pearls in their possession and knew they were stolen, it was uncertain whether the theft had been committed in France or England.



"CAN'T SING THE RIGHT TUNE, CAN'T I? ANYWAY, I GOTTA BETTER EAR FOR MUSIC THAN YOU."
"WELL, SING IT WITH YER EAR!"

In *Echoes and Memories*, published three years ago, *General BRAMWELL BOOTH, C.H.*, related part of the Salvation Army's history, and now *These Fifty Years* (*CASSELL*), which he had prepared before his death last June, gives a further and most interesting series of reminiscences. The scorn with which the Salvation Army was treated in its earlier stages has long since passed away, but it is natural that remembrance of that long period, when taunts abounded, should have remained with those who were in the front of the battle. Quite truly we are told that at one time any caricaturist who dressed up a prominent man in a Salvation Army jersey was on sure ground. Such gibes seem terribly cheap to-day, but at the time they were explicable if not excusable. The blatant methods used in this great campaign against evil were a real shock to some of us, and without a thought of the future we giped and jeered. It is the splendid achievement of the Salvationists that they have turned scorn into admiration, and have convinced the world that their methods were justifiable. Readers of this

informing and attractive volume can but feel an increase of sympathy with those whose vision led them on in their wonderful fight.

Without actually twisting the tiger's tail in *The Architectural Side of Golf* (*LONGMANS*), *Mr. ROGER WETHERED* and *Mr. T. SIMPSON* have made some statements with which golf-rabbits will most cordially agree. The architect of golf-courses "has to remember," so we are told, "that the 'cracks' represent not more than one per cent of the golfing community—a great minority, no doubt, but not one that should be allowed to dominate the situation. . . . The

presence of the indifferent player on the links has not only a humane but an important financial bearing which it would be a folly as well as an injustice to ignore. It is they, if one may venture the expression, who supply most of the sinews of golf. . . . The architect has to satisfy every class of golfer if he is to fulfil his purpose as he should." Surely these are words over which rabbit-hating tigers will do well to ponder. Admirably written, beautifully produced and containing illustrations that are most informing, this volume is certain of a loud welcome from all golfers, whether they are so expert that they are almost inhuman or as abysmally inefficient as *Mr. J. C. SQUIRE*, in a light-hearted preface, declares himself to be. And I am sure that most of us who belong to Green Committees would be far more useful and less destructive than we are if we studied carefully what *Mr. WETHERED* and *Mr. SIMPSON* have written for our learning.

"Counsel for — said that — made his first bet on the Derby of 1013."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

That was the year when *KING ETHELRED THE UNREADY* held up the proceedings while he decided where to place his shirt.



A COUNCIL OF STATE.

The Cynic. Well, we've had six months of the Socialists. What do you make of their record, Mr. Punch?

The Sage. They've hardly had time to construct the new heaven and the new earth which they pictured in Impressionist colours at the Election. But they might easily have done worse. SNOWDEN, for instance, kept a stiff chin about those two millions at the Hague.

The Cynic. I wish he'd keep that feature a bit stiffer at home. He's already been squeezed for a good many more millions than he retrieved from France and Italy.

The Sage. All the same I have a sneaking confidence in SNOWDEN. He would like to go down to history as a great Chancellor, and he knows better than to overtax the resources on which our industries depend. Then again there's HENDERSON. He too did well at the Hague. One had looked upon him as the PRIME MINISTER'S dummy at the Foreign Office, but he seems to have some ideas of his own.

The Cynic. He does indeed, if he was responsible for that *volte-face* in the affair of the Soviet Ambassador. And what of Egypt? Our Napoleon of the Foreign Office isn't content with his retreat from Moscow, he must retreat from Cairo too. The case of our nationals out there promises to be much the same as it would have been at Shanghai if LLOYD GEORGE had had his way.

The Sage. We need not go to meet trouble. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

The Cynic. More than sufficient. Look at THOMAS and his Utopia. You may recall that six months ago we talked in this connection of the PRIME MINISTER'S way of sneering at his predecessors. He and THOMAS, he said, had been setting in motion a scheme that represented "the first real handling of the Unemployment problem." Yet the tale goes—and if it's not true it's well found—that THOMAS, after ransacking the pigeon-holes of the late Government and discovering that every possible scheme for dealing with Unemployment had been "explored," went to the Cabinet and said, "You've sold me a — pup."

The Sage. You will at least admit that he has set his face courageously against the unproductive expenditure of money as a solution of the difficulty.

The Cynic. Oh, I grant that his head's screwed on all right; but I doubt if his heart is quite so well adjusted for his work. He has too few illusions left and too many distractions. After all, he is a rich man, a bloated capitalist who can afford to dispense with politics as a career. I shouldn't be surprised to see him following BIRKENHEAD into the City and taking a job in Imperial Chemicals or the like.

The Sage. It seems to me that in a really tremendous matter like this of Unemployment all parties should resolve themselves into a Council of State.

The Cynic. An excellent idea and extraordinarily convenient for a Government that finds itself in the predicament of being unable to redeem its Election pledges. Recognising that its prospects are not too rosy, it appeals to the patriotism of the Opposition to help it out of its embarrassment. And then, while the echo of this appeal is still in our ears, the PRIME MINISTER tries to make party capital out of the Coal difficulty by publicly casting odium on the late Government for its failure to solve it.

Still, you may count on my own Party—or most of it—to contribute its quota to your Council of State. It has a good record for assisting, when in opposition, the Government of the day when it needs support in a national cause. I dare not contemplate what would have happened if it had not strengthened the doubtful knees of the Government in August, 1914. And in the same way it generously approved the attitude of SNOWDEN at the Hague. Yet it has been justly said that if a Tory Minister had taken the same course as SNOWDEN took he would have been bitterly criticised by the Socialists for imperilling the Entente.

The Sage. I hope the Conservative Party will maintain this record of which you speak and not attack, except on points of detail, any sound policy put forward by the Government.

The Cynic. You may trust BALDWIN for that, as far as he himself is concerned; but he cannot command absolute loyalty in his own ranks. It needed a pretty good speech from him on the Indian question to defeat what I understand to have been something like a conspiracy between LLOYD GEORGE and the die-hards to split up the Tory Party. By the way, have you noticed anything strange about Jix?

The Sage. Nothing, except his peerage.

The Cynic. Well, he wants watching. I hear that he doesn't cherish very gratefully the thought that he wouldn't have been included in the Ministry if BALDWIN had returned to power.

The Sage. No scandals, I beg. I am less interested in the intrigues, if any, of the new Burgher of Twickenham than in this idea of a Council of State. You may remember that when we last discussed affairs of State you suggested that the style and dignity of "Labour," at present monopolised by a single section of workers, should be assumed by the community at large, since practically all of us, you said, are engaged in some form of labour.

The Cynic. I did, in spite of the ludicrously disproportionate exploitation of the "idle rich" by the Society Photographic Press, the greatest asset of Socialism.

The Sage. Your idea was to effect a return to the two-party system by letting this universal Labour Party break up, on the lines of political and not social differences, into Moderate and Immoderate Labour. But why not go a step further and have only one party, its representatives constituting a Council of State? That, you will say, is too good to be practicable. But at least your two parties, or even the present three (or four, counting MAXTON's), might put their heads together over any question that concerns the very life of the State.

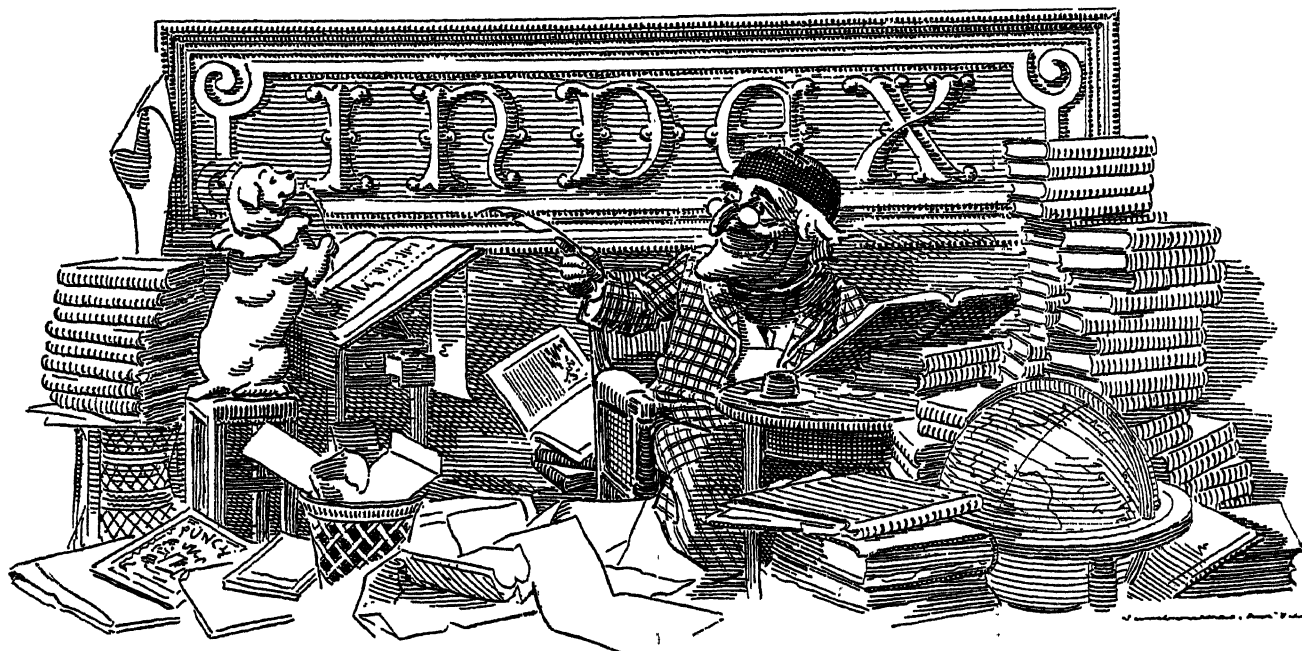
I shall do my possible to promote this end by appealing to the leaders of all parties to make their best endeavours to get us out of our mess.

The Cynic. Do I understand that you propose to relinquish the practice of critical humour?

The Sage. Such is the frailty of man's best endeavours that I see no prospect of having to sacrifice that unbridled freedom of speech which is my most salient feature—even more salient than my hump. I flatter myself that it has been exhibited with sufficient prominence in my latest Book of Wisdom. I allude to my

One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Volume.





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